

THE

# COMPLETE WORKS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

COMPRISING HIS

## PLAYS AND POEMS,

WITH

A HISTORY OF THE STAGE, A LIFE OF THE POET, AND AN  
INTRODUCTION TO EACH PLAY:

### THE TEXT OF THE PLAYS

CORRECTED BY THE MANUSCRIPT EMENDATIONS CONTAINED IN THE RECENTLY  
DISCOVERED FOLIO OF 1632.

By J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq., F. S. A.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

GLOSSARIAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

AND

NOTES TO THE EMENDATIONS, CONTAINING THE READINGS OF FORMER EDITIONS,

By JOHN L. JEWETT.

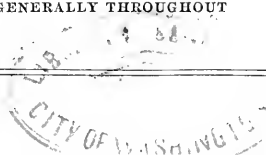
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## PREFACE.

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It is known to all who have bestowed attention upon the early history of Shakespeare's writings, that his dramas came originally from the press in a most imperfect state: so inaccurate, indeed, so defective and mutilated were the first editions of some of these admirable productions, that, were they reproduced at the present day with all the faults of their primitive typography, it is doubtful whether their transcendent merits would be discovered, even by many who are now their sincerest admirers. They were often without stage directions, and deficient in all the divisions of act and scene; halting rhymes and intolerable rhythm disfigured every speech; prose was solemnly measured off into verse, and verse unmercifully degraded into prose; omissions and redundances rapidly succeeded each other; they abounded with blunders in grammar and in sense, in orthography and punctuation, and with incoherences and inconsistencies of every imaginable description.

For so much of this gross carelessness as may fairly be attributed to the printers, it may be remarked in extenuation, that in the age of Shakespeare the art of printing was comparatively in its infancy. The correction of the press, as it is called, or the business of securing the most perfect accuracy in printed works, was not then, generally, as it has since become, a distinct department, intrusted to an experienced person specially trained for the purpose; but was often exercised at hap-hazard, either by the proprietor of a printing-office, who was sometimes incompetent, or by one of his deputies no better qualified than himself. It is true that among the old printers there was not wanting here and there one, who justly prided himself upon the superior accuracy with which he executed the works intrusted to his care; but it was not the good fortune of Shakespeare's plays, on their first publication, to fall into any such competent hands.

The carelessness or ignorance of printers was not, however, the only source of inaccuracy. The unwillingness of the old stage-managers to have their popular acting dramas printed, and thus made accessible to the public—probably through fear that such publicity would tend to diminish the desire to witness their performance at the theatre—often rendered the publication of a play a surreptitious work. Publishers being thus driven to indirect means to obtain possession of a manuscript copy, the author of a play, by his joint interest with the manager, was necessarily excluded from furnishing it, as well as from any supervision of his own production while passing through the press. That such was the case with the first impression of Shakespeare's plays there can be no doubt. The manuscript from which they were printed was evidently an imperfect copy, obtained from the memory of subordinate

many of the most valuable of these emendations the reader will desire no authority; they carry conviction on their face, and that they are the genuine language of the poet becomes at once self-evident. If, however, there are a few which seem to deserve only a qualified approbation, we hazard nothing in saying, that from the large majority it will be found utterly impossible to dissent.

The text of Collier being without notes, or any means of distinguishing the new readings, for the present work we have collated it with the best modern editions, principally with those of Verplanck and Singer, and denoted its variations from them by figures, which are placed before the word or passage referred to. The reading of former editions is inserted, under corresponding figures, in the "NOTES TO THE EMENDATIONS" at the close of the volume. The means are thus furnished not only of comparing this edition with previous ones, but of restoring the former reading whenever desirable. As the drama of "Pericles" is not contained in the folio of 1632, none of the proposed emendations can of course be applicable to it: the text, in this instance, is that of the most authentic impressions.

Our text of the Poems is from Collier's edition of 1844.

Collier's "History of the English Stage to the Time of Shakespeare," affording, as it does, a view of the poet's stand-point at the outset of his career, is of great value in forming an estimate of the creative and reformatory power of his genius. It contains, however, much irrelevant matter of inferior interest, and has accordingly been abridged for the present work. The Life of Shakespeare and the Introductions to the Plays inserted in this edition have also been abridged from the same source.

As something of interest to the reader, the preliminary matter belonging to the folio of 1632—consisting of "The Dedication," "Commendatory Verses," &c.—has been reproduced in the form and order there observed.

More than ordinary pains have been bestowed upon the foot-notes of this edition, in order to obviate the necessity of looking beyond the volume itself for any thing needful to its proper elucidation. While many difficult words and passages hitherto neglected have been explained, many lengthy interpretations of commentators have also been condensed; and it is believed these notes, as now arranged, will afford all the essential aid that can be derived both from a glossary of antiquated words, and a commentary upon obscure or involved passages, obsolete customs, &c. The foot-notes are referred to by letters of the alphabet, which, in the text, are placed before the word or passage to be explained.

J. L. J.

NEW YORK, June, 1855.



Mr. Collier says of the "recently-discovered Folio": "The singularity and interest of the volume arises out of the fact that from the first page to the last it contains notes and emendations in a handwriting not much later than when it came from the press. . . . As there is no page without from ten to thirty of these minor emendations they do not in the whole fall short of 20,000. . . . Corrections only have been hitherto spoken of, but there are at least two other peculiar features in the volume. *Many passages in nearly all the plays are struck out with a pen as if for the purpose of shortening the performance.* [See *Fac-simile*.]. . . . To this fact we may add that hundreds of stage-directions have been inscribed in manuscript as if for the guidance and instruction of actors in order that no mistake might be made in what is denominated stage-business."

For a full account of the history and value of this volume, see "Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays, from the early MS. Corrections, contained in a copy of the Folio of 1632, in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq." London. One vol. 12mo, reprinted by J. S. Redfield, New York, and to be had of the booksellers generally throughout the United States.



*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Charles, Alanfon, Burgundie, Bastard,  
and Pucell.*

*Char.* Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,  
We should have found a bloody day of this.

*Bast.* How the yong whelpes of *Talbot*, raging wood,  
Did flesch his puny sword in Frenchmens blood.

*Puc.* Once I encountred him, and thus I said:  
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquish't by a Maide.

But with a provd Majestick all high scorn

He answer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne

To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench,

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

*Bur.* Doubtlesse he would have made a noble Knight:  
See where he lies inherced in the armes

Of the most bloody Nurser of his harmes.

*Bast.* Hew them to peeces, hack their bones asunder,  
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.

*Char.* Oh no forbear: For that which we have fled  
During the life, let us not Wrong it dead.

*Enter Lucy.*

*Luc.* Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,  
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

*Char.* On what submissive message art thou sent?

*Lucy.* Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:  
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.

I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,

And to survey the bodies of the dead.

*Char.* For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st?

*Luc.* But where's the great Alcides of the field,  
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?

Created for his rare successe in Armes,

Great Earle of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,

Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*,

Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,

Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingefield*, Lord *Furnivall* of *Sheffeld*,

The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,

Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George*,

Worthy *S. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,

Great Marshall to our King *Henry* the sixth,

Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.



# HISTORY

OF

# THE ENGLISH DRAMA AND STAGE

TO

# THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE.

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IN order to make the reader acquainted with the origin of the English stage, such as Shakespeare found it when he became connected with it, it is necessary to mention that a miracle-play or mystery, (as it has been termed in modern times), is the oldest form of dramatic composition in our language. The stories of productions of this kind were derived from the Sacred Writings, from the pseudo-evangelium, or from the lives and legends of saints and martyrs.

Miracle-plays were common in London in the year 1170; and as early as 1119 the miracle-play of St. Katherine had been represented at Dunstable.

During about 300 years this species of theatrical entertainment seems to have flourished, often under the auspices of the clergy, who used it as the means of religious instruction; but prior to the reign of Henry VI., a new kind of drama had become popular, which by writers of the time was denominated a moral, or moral play, and more recently a morality. It acquired this name from the nature and purpose of the representation, which usually conveyed a lesson for the better conduct of human life, the characters employed not being scriptural, as in miracle-plays, but allegorical, or symbolical. Miracle-plays continued to be represented long after moral plays were introduced, but from a remote date abstract impersonations had by degrees, not now easily traced, found their way into miracle-plays: thus, perhaps, moral plays, consisting only of such characters, grew out of them.

A very remarkable and interesting miracle-play, not founded upon the Sacred Writings, but upon a popular legend, and all the characters of which, with one exception, purport to be real personages, has recently been discovered in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, in a manuscript certainly as old as the later part of the reign of Edward IV.

It was not until the reign of Elizabeth that miracle-plays were generally abandoned, but in some distant parts of the kingdom they were persevered with even till the time of James I. Miracle-plays, in fact, gradually gave way to moral plays, which presented more variety of situation and character; and moral plays in turn were superseded by a species of mixed drama, which was strictly neither moral play nor historical play, but a combination of both in the same representation.

Of this singular union of discordant materials, no person who has hitherto written upon the history of our dramatic poetry has taken due notice; but it is very necessary not to pass it over, inasmuch as it may be said to have led ultimately to the introduction of tragedy, comedy, and history, as we now under-

stand the terms, upon the boards of our public theatres. No blame for the omission can fairly be imputed to our predecessors, because the earliest specimens of this sort of mixed drama which remain to us have been brought to light within a comparatively few years. The most important of these is the "Kynge Johan" of Bishop Bale. We are not able to settle with precision the date when it was originally written, but it was evidently performed, with additions and alterations, after Elizabeth came to the throne. The purpose of the author was to promote the Reformation, by applying to the circumstances of his own times the events of the reign of King John, when the kingdom was placed by the Pope under an interdict, and when, according to popular belief, the sovereign was poisoned by a draught administered to him by a monk. This drama resembles a moral play in the introduction of abstract impersonations, and an historical play in the adaptation of a portion of our national annals, with real characters, to the purposes of the stage. Though performed in the reign of Elizabeth, we may carry back the first composition and representation of "Kynge Johan" to the time of Edward VI.

The object of Bale's play was, as we have stated, to advance the Reformation under Edward VI.; but in the reign of his successor a drama of a similar description, and of a directly opposite tendency, was written and acted. The anonymous author calls his drama "Respublica," and he adds that it was "made in the year of our Lord 1553, and the first year of the most prosperous reign of our most gracious Sovereign, Queen Mary the First." He was supposed to speak the prologue himself, in the character of "a Poet;" and although every person he introduces is in fact called by some abstract name, he avowedly brings forward the Queen herself as "Nemesis, the Goddess of redress and correction," while her kingdom of England is intended by "Respublica," and its inhabitants represented by "People;" the Reformation in the Church is distinguished as "Oppression;" and Policy, Authority, and Honesty, are designated "Avarice," "Insolence," and "Adulation." All this is distinctly stated by the author on his title-page, while he also employs the impersonations of Misericordia, Veritas, Justitia, and Pax, (agents not unfrequently resorted to in the older miracle-plays) as the friends of "Nemesis," the Queen, and as the supporters of the Roman Catholic religion in her dominions.

The production was evidently written by a man of education; but, although there are many attempts at humor, and some at variety, both in character and situation, the whole must have been a very wear-



some performance, adapted to please the court by its general tendency, but little calculated to accomplish any other purpose entertained by the writer.

In the midst of the performance of dramatic productions of a religious or political character, each party supporting the views which most accorded with the author's individual opinions, John Heywood, who was a zealous Roman Catholic, and who subsequently suffered for his creed under Edward VI. and Elizabeth, discovered a new species of entertainment, of a highly humorous, and not altogether of an un instructive kind; which seems to have been very acceptable to the sovereign and nobility, and to have obtained for the author a distinguished character as a court dramatist, and ample rewards as a court dependant. These were properly called "interludes," being short comic pieces, represented ordinarily in the interval between the feast and the banquet; and we may easily believe that they had considerable influence in the settlement of the form which our stage-performances ultimately assumed. Heywood does not appear to have begun writing until after Henry VIII. had been some years on the throne. His "John Tib and Sir John," his "Four Ps," his "Pardoner and Friar," and pieces of that description, presented both variety of matter and novelty of construction, as well as considerable wit and drollery in the language. He was a very original writer, and certainly merits more admiration than any of his dramatic contemporaries.

To the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth we may refer several theatrical productions which make approaches, more or less near, to comedy, tragedy, and history, and still retain many of the known features of moral plays. "Tom Tiler and his Wife" is a comedy in its incidents; but the allegorical personages, Desire, Destiny, Strife, and Patience, connect it immediately with the earlier species of stage-entertainment. "The conflict of Conscience," on the other hand, is a tragedy on the fate of an historical personage; but Conscience, Hypocrisy, Avarice, Horror, &c., are called in aid of the purpose of the writer. "Appius and Virginia" is in most respects a history, founded upon facts; but Rumor, Comfort, and Doctrine, are importantly concerned in the representation. These, and other productions of the same class, which it is not necessary to particularize, show the gradual advances made towards a better, because a more natural, species of theatrical composition.

What is justly to be considered the oldest known comedy in our language is of a date not much posterior to the reign of Henry VIII., if, indeed, it were not composed while he was on the throne. It has the title of "Ralph Roister Doister," and it was written by Nicholas Udall, who was master of Eton school in 1540, and who died in 1557. It is on every account a very remarkable performance; and as the scene is laid in London, it affords a curious picture of metropolitan manners. The regularity of its construction, even at that early date, may be gathered from the fact, that in the single copy which has descended to us it is divided into acts and scenes. The story is one of common, every-day life; and none of the characters are such as people had been accustomed to find in ordinary dramatic entertainments. The piece takes its name from its hero, a young town-gallant, who is mightily enamored of himself, and who is encouraged in the good opinion he entertains of his own person and accomplishments by Matthew Merrygreek, a poor relation, who attends him in the double capacity of companion and servant. Ralph Roister Doister is in love with

a lady of property, called Custance, betrothed to Gawin Goodluck, a merchant, who is at sea when the comedy begins, but who returns before it concludes. The main incidents relate to the mode in which the hero, with the treacherous help of his associate, endeavors to gain the affections of Custance. He writes her a letter, which Merrygreek reads without a due observance of the punctuation, so that it entirely perverts the meaning of the writer: he visits her while she is surrounded by her female domestics, but he is unceremoniously rejected: he resolves to carry her by force of arms, and makes an assault upon her habitation; but with the assistance of her maids, armed with mops and brooms, she drives him from the attack. Then, her betrothed lover returns, who has been misinformed on the subject of her fidelity, but he is soon reconciled on an explanation of the facts; and Ralph Roister Doister, finding that he has no chance of success, and that he has only been cajoled and laughed at, makes up his mind to be merry at the wedding of Goodluck and Custance. Were the dialogue modernized, the comedy might be performed, even in our own day, to the satisfaction of many of the usual attendants at our theatres.

The drama which we have been accustomed to regard as our oldest tragedy, and which probably has a just claim to the distinction, was acted on 18th January, 1562, and printed in 1565. It was originally called "Gorboduc;" but it was reprinted in 1571 under the title of "Forrex and Porrex," and a third time in 1590 as "Gorboduc." The first three acts were written by Thomas Norton, and the last two by Thomas Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, and it was performed "by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple." Although the form of the Greek drama is observed in "Gorboduc," and each act concluded by a chorus, yet Sir Philip Sidney, who admitted (in his "Apology of Poetry") that it was "full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases," could not avoid complaining that the unities of time and place had been disregarded. Thus, in the very outset and origin of our stage, as regards what may be termed the regular drama, the liberty, which allowed full exercise to the imagination of the audience, and which was afterwards happily carried to a greater excess, was distinctly asserted and maintained. It is also to be remarked, that "Gorboduc" is the earliest known play in our language in which blank-verse was employed; but of the introduction of blank-verse upon our public stage, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. It was an important change, which requires to be separately considered.

We have now entered upon the reign of Elizabeth; and although, as already observed, moral plays and even miracle-plays were still acted, we shall soon see what a variety of subjects, taken from ancient history, from mythology, fable, and romance, were employed for the purposes of the drama. Stephen Gosson, one of the earliest enemies of theatrical performances, writing his "Plays confuted in Five Actions" a little after the period of which we are now speaking, but adverting to the drama as it had existed some years before, tells us, that "the Palace of Pleasure, the Golden Ass, the Ethiopian History, Amadis of France, and the Round Table," as well as "comedies in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, have been thoroughly ransacked to furnish the play-houses in London." Hence, unquestionably, many of the materials of what is termed our romantic drama were obtained. The accounts of the Master of the Revels between 1570 and 1580

contain the names of various plays represented at court; and it is to be noted, that it was certainly the practice at a later date, and it was probably the practice at the time to which we are now adverting, to select for performance before the Queen such pieces as were most in favor with public audiences: consequently the mention of a few of the titles of productions represented before Elizabeth at Greenwich, Whitehall, Richmond, or Nonesuch, will show the character of the popular performances of the day. We derive the following names from Mr. P. Cunningham's "Extracts from the Revels' Accounts," printed for the Shakespeare Society:—

Lady Barbara.	Mutius Scævola.
Iphigenia.	Portio and D-morantes.
Ajax and Ulysses.	Titus and Gisippus.
Narcissus.	Three Sisters of Mantua.
Paris and Vienna.	Cruelty of a Stepmother.
The Play of Fortune.	The Greek Maid.
Alemæon.	Rape of the second Helen.
Quintus Fabius.	The Four Sons of Fabius.
Timoclea at the Siege of Thebes.	History of Surpedon.
Perseus and Andromeda.	Murderous Michael.
The Painter's Daughter.	Scipio Africanus.
The History of the Collier.	The Duke of Milan.
	The History of Error.

These are only a few out of many dramas, establishing the multiplicity of sources to which the poets of the time resorted.

Upon the manner in which the materials thus procured were then handled, we have several contemporaneous authorities. George Whetstone, (an author who has principally acquired celebrity by writing an earlier drama upon the incidents employed by Shakespeare in his "Measure for Measure") in the dedication of his "Promos and Cassandra," gives a compendious description of the nature of popular theatrical representations in 1578. "The Englishman," he remarks, "in this quality is most vain, indiscreet, and out of order. He first grounds his work on impossibilities; then, in three hours, runs he through the world, marries, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdoms, murder monsters, and bringeth gods from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell: and, that which is worst, their ground is not so imperfect as their working indiscreet; not weighing, so the people laugh, though they laugh them for their follies to scorn. Many times, to make mirth, they make a clown companion with a king: in their grave councils they allow the advice of fools; yea, they use one order of speech for all persons, a gross indecorum." This, it will be perceived, is an accurate account of the ordinary license taken in our romantic drama, and of the reliance of poets, long before the time of Shakespeare, upon the imaginations of their auditors.

Sir Philip Sidney is believed to have written his "Apology of Poetry" in 1583, and we have already referred to it in connection with "Gorboduc." His observations, upon the general character of dramatic representations in his time, throw much light on the state of the stage a very few years before Shakespeare is supposed to have quitted Stratford-upon-Avon, and attached himself to a theatrical company. "Our tragedies and comedies," says Sidney, "are not without cause cried out against, observing neither rules of honest civility, nor skilful poetry. . . . But if it be so in Gorboduc, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden: by and by we hear news of a ship-

wreck in the same place; then, we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now, of time they are much more liberal; for ordinary it is that two young princes fall in love: after many traverses she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two hours' space: which how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine, and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified."

Having thus briefly adverted to the nature and character of dramatic representations from the earliest times to the year 1583, and having established that our romantic drama was of ancient origin, it is necessary shortly to describe the circumstances under which plays were at different early periods performed.

There were no regular theatres, or buildings permanently constructed for the purposes of the drama, until after 1575. Miracle-plays were sometimes exhibited in churches and in the halls of corporations, but more frequently upon moveable stages, or scaffolds, erected in the open air. Moral plays were subsequently performed under nearly similar circumstances, excepting that a practice had grown up, among the nobility and wealthier gentry, of having dramatic entertainments at particular seasons in their own residences. These were sometimes performed by a company of actors retained in the family, and sometimes by itinerant players, who belonged to large towns, or who called themselves the servants of members of the aristocracy. In 14 Eliz. an act was passed allowing strolling actors to perform, if licensed by some baron or nobleman of higher degree, but subjecting all others to the penalties inflicted upon vagrants. Therefore, although many companies of players went round the country, and acted as the servants of some of the nobility, they had no legislative protection until 1572. It is a singular fact, that the earliest known company of players, travelling under the name and patronage of one of the nobility, was that of the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III. Henry VII. had two distinct bodies of "actors of interludes" in his pay, and henceforward the profession of a player became well understood and recognised. In the later part of the reign of Henry VII., the players of the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham, and of the Earls of Arundel, Oxford, and Northumberland, performed at court. About this period, and somewhat earlier, we also hear of companies attached to particular places; and in coeval records we read of the players of York, Coventry, Lavenham, Wycombe, Chester, Manningtree, Evesham, Mile-end, Kingston, &c.

In the reign of Henry VIII., and perhaps in that of his predecessor, the gentlemen and singing-boys of the Chapel Royal were employed to act plays and interludes before the court; and afterwards the children of Westminster, St. Paul's, and Windsor, under their several masters, are not unfrequently mentioned in the household books of the palace, and in the accounts of the department of the revels.

In 1514 the king added a new company to the dramatic retinue of the court, besides the two companies which had been paid by his father, and the associations of theatrical children. In fact, at this period dramatic entertainments, masques disguising,

and revels of every description, were carried to a costly excess. Henry VIII. raised the sum, until then paid for a play, from £6 13s. 4d. to £10. William Cornyshe, the master of the children of the chapel, on one occasion was paid no less a sum than £200, in the money of that time, by way of reward; and John Heywood, the author of interludes before mentioned, who was also a player upon the virginals, had a salary of £20 per annum, in addition to his other emoluments. During seasons of festivity a Lord of Misrule was regularly appointed to superintend the sports, and he also was separately and liberally remunerated. The example of the court was followed by the courtiers, and the companies of theatrical retainers, in the pay, or acting in various parts of the kingdom under the names of particular noblemen, became extremely numerous. Religious houses gave them encouragement, and even assisted in the getting up and representation of the performances, especially shortly before the dissolution of the monasteries.

In 1543 was passed a statute, rendered necessary by the polemical character of some of the dramas publicly represented, although not many years before, the king had himself encouraged such performances at court, by being present at a play in which Luther and his wife were ridiculed. The act prohibits "ballads, plays, rhymes, songs, and other fantasies" of a religious or doctrinal tendency, but at the same time carefully provides, that the clauses shall not extend to "songs, plays, and interludes" which had for object "the rebuking and reproaching of vices, and the setting forth of virtue; so always the said songs, plays, or interludes meddle not with the interpretations of Scripture."

The permanent office of Master of the Revels, for the superintendence of all dramatic performances, was created in 1546, and Sir Thomas Cawarden was appointed to it with an annual salary of £10. A person of the name of John Bernard was made Clerk of the Revels, with an allowance of 8d. per day and livery.

It is a remarkable point, established by Mr. Tytler, that Henry VIII. was not yet buried, and Bishop Gardiner and his parishioners were about to sing a dirge for his soul, when the actors of the Earl of Oxford posted bills for the performance of a play in Southwark. This was long before the construction of any regular theatre on the Bankside; but it shows at how early a date that part of the town was selected for such exhibitions.

Very soon after Edward VI. came to the throne, severe measures were taken to restrain not only dramatic performances, but the publication of dramas. Playing and printing plays were first entirely suspended; then, the companies of noblemen were allowed to perform, but not without special authority; and, finally, the sign manual, or the names of six of the Privy Council were required to their licenses. The objection stated was, that the plays had a political, not a polemical, purpose. One of the first acts of Mary's government, was to issue a proclamation to put a stop to the performance of interludes calculated to advance the principles of the Reformation; and we may be sure that the play ordered at the coronation of the queen was of a contrary description. It appears on other authorities, that for two years there was an entire cessation of public dramatic performances; but in this reign the representation of the old Roman Catholic miracle plays was partially and authoritatively revived.

It is not necessary to detail the proceedings in

connection with theatrical representations at the opening of the reign of Elizabeth. At first plays were discontinued, but by degrees they were permitted; and the queen seems at all times to have derived much pleasure from the services of her own players, those of her nobility, and of the different companies of children belonging to Westminster, St. Paul's, Windsor, and the Chapel Royal.

In 1572 the act was passed (which was renewed with additional force in 1597) to restrain the number of itinerant performers. Two years afterward, the Earl of Leicester obtained from Elizabeth a patent under the great seal, to enable his players, James Burbage, John Perkyne, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wilson, to perform "comedies, tragedies, interludes, and stage-plays," in any part of the kingdom, with the exception of the metropolis.

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen succeeded in excluding the players from the strict boundaries of the city, but they were not able to shut them out of the liberties; and it is not to be forgotten that James Burbage and his associates were supported by court favor generally, and by the powerful patronage of the Earl of Leicester in particular. Accordingly, in the year after they had obtained their patent, James Burbage and his fellows took a large house in the precinct of the dissolved monastery of the Black Friars, and converted it into a theatre. This was accomplished in 1576, and it is the first time we hear of any building set apart for theatrical representations. Until then the various companies of actors had been obliged to content themselves with churches, halls, with temporary erections in the streets, or with inn yards, in which they raised a stage, the spectators standing below, or occupying the galleries that surrounded the open space. Just about the same period two other edifices were built for the exhibition of plays in Shoreditch, one of which was called "The Curtain," and the other "The Theatre." Both these are mentioned as in existence and operation in 1577. Thus we see that two buildings close to the walls of the city, and a third within a privileged district in the city, all expressly applied to the purpose of stage-plays, were in use almost immediately after the date of the Patent to the players of the Earl of Leicester. It is extremely likely, though we have no distinct evidence of the fact, that one or more play-houses were opened about the same time in Southwark; and we know that the Rose theatre was standing there not many years afterward. John Stockwood, a puritanical preacher, published a sermon in 1578, in which he asserted that there were "eight ordinary places" in and near London for dramatic exhibitions, and that the united profits were not less than £2000 a year, equal to £12,000 of money now. Another divine, of the name of White, equally opposed to such performances, preaching in 1576, called the play-houses at that time erected, "sumptuous theatres." No doubt, the puritanical zeal of these divines had been excited by the opening of the Blackfriars, the Curtain, and the Theatre, in 1576 and 1577, for the exclusive purpose of the drama; and the five additional places, where plays, according to Stockwood, were acted before 1578, were most likely a play-house at Newington-butts, or inn-yards, converted occasionally into theatres.

We have thus brought our sketch of dramatic performances and performers down to about the same period, the year 1583. We propose to continue it to 1590, and to assume that as the period not, of course, when Shakspeare first joined a theatrical

company, but when he began writing original pieces for the stage. This is a matter which is more distinctly considered in the biography of the poet; but it is necessary here to fix upon some date to which we are to extend our introductory account of the progress and condition of theatrical affairs. What we have still to offer will apply to the seven years from 1583 to 1590.

The accounts of the revels at court about this period afford us little information, and indeed for several years, when such entertainments were certainly required by the Queen, we are without any details either of the pieces performed, or of the cost of preparation. We have such particulars for the years 1581, 1582, 1584, and 1587, but for the intermediate years they are wanting.

The accounts of 1581, 1582, and 1584, give us the following names of dramatic performances of various kinds exhibited before the Queen:

A comedy called Delight.	Ariodante and Genevora.
The Story of Pompey.	Pastoral of Phillida and Clo-
A Game of the Cards.	rin.
A comedy of Beauty and	History of Felix and Philo-
Housewifery.	mena.
Love and Fortune,	Five Plays in One.
History of Ferrar.	Three Plays in One.
History of Telomo.	Agamemnon and Ulysses.

This list of dramas (the accounts mention that others were acted without supplying their titles) establishes that moral plays had not yet been excluded. The "Game of the Cards" is expressly called "a comedy or moral," in the accounts of 1582; and we may not unreasonably suppose that "Delight," and "Beauty and Housewifery," were of the same class. "The Story of Pompey," and "Agamemnon and Ulysses," were evidently performances founded upon ancient history, and such may have been the case with "The History of Telomo." "Love and Fortune" has been called "the play of Fortune" in the account of 1573; and we may feel assured that "Ariodante and Genevora" was the story told by Ariosto, which also forms part of the plot of "Much Ado about Nothing." "The History of Ferrar" was doubtless "The History of Error" of the account of 1577, the clerk having written the title by his ear; and we may reasonably suspect that "Felix and Philomena" was the tale of Felix and Felismena, narrated in the "Diana" of Montemayor. It is thus evident, that the Master of the Revels and the actors exerted themselves to furnish variety for the entertainment of the Queen and her nobility; but we still see no trace ("Gorboduc" excepted) of any play at court, the materials for which were obtained from the English Chronicles. It is very certain, however, that anterior to 1588 such pieces had been written, and acted before public audiences; but those who catered for the court in these matters might not consider it expedient to exhibit, in the presence of the Queen, any play which involved the actions or conduct of her predecessors.

About this date the number of companies of actors performing publicly in and near London seems to have been very considerable. A person, who calls himself "a soldier," writing to Secretary Walsingham, in January, 1586, tells him, that "every day in the week the players' bills are set up in sundry places of the city," and after mentioning the actors of the Queen, the Earl of Leicester, the Earl of Oxford, and the Lord Admiral, he goes on to state that not fewer than two hundred persons, thus retained and employed, strutted in their silks about the streets. It may be doubted whether this statement is much exaggerated, recollecting the many noblemen who

had players acting under their names at this date, and that each company consisted probably of eight or ten performers. On the same authority we learn that theatrical representations upon the Sabbath had been forbidden; but this restriction does not seem to have been imposed without a considerable struggle. Before 1581 the Privy Council had issued an order upon the subject, but it was disregarded in some of the suburbs of London; and it was not until after a fatal exhibition of bear-baiting at Paris Garden, upon Sunday, June 13, 1583, when many persons were killed and wounded by the falling of a scaffold, that the practice of playing, as well as bear-baiting, on the Sabbath was at all generally checked. In 1586, as far as we can judge from the information that has come down to our day, the order which had been issued in this respect was pretty strictly enforced. At this period, and afterwards, plays were not unfrequently played at court on Sunday, and the chief difficulty therefore seems to have been to induce the Privy Council to act with energy against similar performances in public theatres.

The annual official statement of the Master of the Revels merely tells us, in general terms, that between Christmas, 1586, and Shrovetide, 1587, "seven plays, besides feats of activity, and other shows by the children of Paul's, her Majesty's servants, and the gentlemen of Gray's Inn," were prepared and represented before the Queen at Greenwich. No names of plays are furnished, but in 1587 was printed a tragedy, under the title of "The Misfortunes of Arthur," which purports to have been acted by some of the members of Gray's Inn before the Queen, on Feb. 28, 1587: this, in fact, must be the very production stated in the revels' accounts to have been got up and performed by these parties; and it requires notice, not merely for its own intrinsic excellence as a drama, but because, in point of date, it is the second play founded upon English history represented at court, as well as the second original theatrical production in blank-verse that has been preserved. The example, in this particular, had been set, as we have already shown, in "Gorboduc," fifteen years before; and it is probable, that in that interval not a few of the serious compositions exhibited at court were in blank-verse, but it had not yet been used on any of our public stages.

The main body of "The Misfortunes of Arthur" was the authorship of Thomas Hughes, a member of Gray's Inn; but some speeches and two choruses (which are in rhyme) were added by William Fulbecke and Francis Flower, while no less a man than Lord Bacon assisted Christopher Yelverton and John Lancaster in the preparation of the dumb-shows. Hughes evidently took "Gorboduc" as his model, both in subject and style, and, like Sackville and Norton, he adopted the form of the Greek and Roman drama, and adhered more strictly than his predecessors to the unities of time and place. The author possessed a very bold and vigorous genius; his characters are strongly drawn, and the language they employ is consistent with their situations and habits; his blank-verse, both in force and variety, is superior to that of either Sackville or Norton.

It is very clear, that up to the year 1580, about which date Gosson published his "Plays confuted in Five Actions," dramatic performances on the public stages of London were sometimes in prose, but more constantly in rhyme. In his "School of Abuse," 1579, Gosson speaks of "two prose books played at the Bell Savage;" but in his "Plays confuted" he tells us, that "poets send their verses to the stage upon such feet as continually are rolled up

in rhyme." With one or two exceptions, all the plays publicly acted, of a date anterior to 1590, that have come down to us, are either in prose or in rhyme. The case seems to have been different, as already remarked, with some of the court-shows and private entertainments; but we are now adverting to the pieces represented at such places as the theatre, the Curtain, Blackfriars, and in inn-yards adapted temporarily to dramatic amusements, to which the public was indiscriminately admitted. The earliest work, in which the employment of blank verse for the purpose of the common stage is noticed, is an epistle by Thomas Nash introducing to the world his friend Robert Greene's "Mennaphon," in 1587; there, in reference to "vain-glorious tragedians," he says, that they are "mounted on the stage of arrogance," and that they "think to out-brave better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank-verse." He afterwards talks of the "drumming decasyllibon" they employed, and ridicules them for "reposing eternity in the mouth of a player." This question is further illustrated by a production by Greene, published in the next year, "Perimedes, the Blacksmith," from which it is evident that Nash had an individual allusion in what he had said in 1587. Greene fixes on the author of the tragedy of "Tamburlaine," whom he accuses of "setting the end of scholarship in an English blank-verse," and who, it should seem, had somewhere accused Greene of not being able to write it.

We learn from various authorities, that Christopher Marlowe was the author of "Tamburlaine the Great," a dramatic work of the highest celebrity and popularity, printed as early as 1590, and affording the first known instance of the use of blank-verse in a public theatre: the title-page of the edition, 1590, states, that it had been "sundry times shown upon stages in the city of London." In the prologue the author claims to have introduced a new form of composition:—

"From jiggling veins of rhyming mother-wits,  
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,  
We'll lend you to the stately tent of war," &c.

Accordingly, nearly the whole drama, consisting of a first and second part, is in blank-verse. Hence we see the value of Dryden's loose assertion, that "Shakespeare was the first who, to shun the pains of continual rhyming, *invented* that kind of writing which we call blank-verse." The distinction belongs to Marlowe, the greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors, and a poet who, if he had lived, might, perhaps, have been a formidable rival of his genius. We have too much reverence for the exhaustless originality of the great dramatist, to think that he cannot afford this, or any other tribute to a poet, who, as far as the public stage is concerned, deserves to be regarded as the inventor of a new style of composition.

That the attempt was viewed with jealousy, there can be no doubt, after what we have quoted from Nash and Greene. It is most likely that Greene, who was older than Nash, had previously written various dramas in rhyme; and the bold experiment of Marlowe having been instantly successful, Greene was obliged to abandon his old course, and his extant plays are all in blank-verse. Nash, who had attacked Marlowe in 1587, before 1593 (when Marlowe was killed in an affray arising out of an amorous intrigue) had joined him in the production of a blank-verse tragedy on the story of Dido, which was printed in 1594.

It has been objected to "Tamburlaine," that it is written in a turgid and ambitious style, such indeed

as Nash and Greene ridicule; but we are to recollect that Marlowe was at this time endeavoring to wean audiences from the "jiggling veins of rhyming mother-wits," and that, in order to satisfy the ear for the loss of the jingle, he was obliged to give what Nash calls "the swelling bombast of bragging blank-verse." This consideration will of itself account for breaches of a more correct taste to be found in "Tamburlaine." In the Prologue, besides what we have already quoted, Marlowe tells the audience to expect "high astounding terms," and he did not disappoint expectation. Perhaps the better to reconcile the ordinary frequenters of public theatres to the change, he inserted various scenes of low comedy, which the printer of the edition in 1590 thought fit to exclude, as "digressing, and far unmeet for the matter." Marlowe likewise sprinkled couplets here and there, although it is to be remembered, that having accomplished his object of substituting blank-verse by the first part of "Tamburlaine," he did not, even in the second part, think it necessary by any means so frequently to introduce occasional rhymes. In those plays which there is ground for believing to be the first works of Shakespeare, couplets, and even stanzas, are more frequent than in any of the surviving productions of Marlowe. This circumstance is, perhaps, in part to be accounted for by the fact (as far as we may so call it) that our great poet retained in some of his performances portions of old rhyming dramas, which he altered and adapted to the stage; but in early plays, which are to be looked upon as entirely his own, Shakespeare appears to have deemed rhyme more necessary to satisfy the ear of his auditory than Marlowe held it when he wrote his "Tamburlaine the Great."

As the first employment of blank-verse upon the public stage by Marlowe is a matter of much importance, in relation to the history of our more ancient drama, and to the subsequent adoption of that form of composition by Shakespeare, we ought not to dismiss it without affording a single specimen from "Tamburlaine the Great." The following is a portion of a speech by the hero to Zenocrate, when first he meets and sues to her:

"Disdains Zenocrate to live with me,  
Or you, my lords, to be my followers?  
Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?  
Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms  
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.  
Zenocrate, lovlier than the love of Jove,  
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,  
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,  
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine,  
Than the possession of the Persian crown,  
Which gracious stars have promis'd at my birth.  
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,  
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus:  
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,  
Enchas'd with precious jewels of mine own,  
More rich and valurous than Zenocrate's:  
With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled  
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen poles,  
And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops,  
Which with thy beauty will be soon dissolv'd."

Nash having alluded to "Tamburlaine" in 1587, it is evident that it could hardly have been written later than 1585 or 1586, which is about the period when it has been generally, and with much appearance of probability, supposed that Shakespeare arrived in London. In considering the state of the stage just before our great dramatist became a writer for it, it is clearly, therefore, necessary to advert briefly to the other works of Marlowe, observing in addition, with reference to "Tamburlaine," that it is an historical drama, in which not a single unity is



regarded; time, place, and action, are equally set at defiance, and the scene shifts at once to or from Persia, Scythia, Georgia, and Morocco, as best suited the purpose of the poet.

Marlowe was also, most likely, the author of a play in which the Priest of the Sun was prominent, as Greene mentions it with "Tamburlaine" in 1588, but no such piece is now known: he, however, wrote "The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus," "The Massacre at Paris," "The rich Jew of Malta," and an English historical play, called "The troublesome Reign and lamentable Death of Edward the Second," besides aiding Nash in "Dido Queen of Carthage," as already mentioned. If they were not all of them of a date anterior to any of Shakespeare's original works, they were written by a man who had set the example of the employment of blank-verse upon the public stage, and perhaps of the historical and romantic drama in all its leading features and characteristics. His "Edward the Second" affords sufficient proof of both these points: the versification displays, though not perhaps in the same abundance, nearly all the excellences of Shakespeare; and in point of construction, as well as in interest, it bears a strong resemblance to the "Richard the Second" of the great dramatist. It is impossible to read the one without being reminded of the other, and we can have no difficulty in assigning "Edward the Second" to an anterior period.

The same remark as to date may be made upon the plays which came from the pen of Robert Greene, who died in September, 1592, when Shakespeare was rising into notice, and exciting the jealousy of dramatists who had previously furnished the public stages. This jealousy broke out on the part of Greene in, if not before, 1592, (in which year his "Groatsworth of Wit," a posthumous work, was published by his contemporary, Henry Chettle,) when he complained that Shakespeare had "beautified himself" with the feathers of others: he alluded, as we apprehend, to the manner in which Shakespeare had availed himself of the two parts of the "Contention between the Houses, York and Lancaster," in the authorship of which there is much reason to suppose Greene had been concerned. "The True Tragedy of Richard III." is a drama of about the same period, which has come down to us in a much more imperfect state, the original manuscript having been obviously very corrupt. It was printed in 1594, and Shakespeare, finding it in the possession of the company to which he was attached, probably had no scruple in constructing his "Richard the Third" of some of its rude materials. It seems not unlikely that Robert Greene, and perhaps some other popular dramatists of his day, had been engaged upon "The True Tragedy of Richard III."

Another of the dramatists who is entitled to be considered a predecessor of Shakespeare was Thomas Lodge. Only one play in which he was unassisted has descended to us, and it bears the title of "The Wounds of Civil War, lively set forth in the True Tragedies of Marius and Scylla." It was not printed until 1594, but the author began to write as early as 1580, and we may safely consider his tragedy anterior to the original works of Shakespeare: it was probably written about 1587 or 1588, as a not very successful experiment in blank-verse, in imitation of that style which Marlowe had at once rendered popular.

As regards the dates when his pieces came from the press, John Lyly is entitled to earlier notice than Greene, Lodge, or even Marlowe; and it is

possible, as he was ten years older than Shakespeare, that he was a writer before any of them: it does not seem, however, that his dramas were intended for the public stage, but for court-shows or private entertainments. His "Alexander and Campaspe," the best of his productions, was represented at Court, and it was twice printed, in 1584, and again in 1591: it is, like most of this author's productions, in prose; but his "Woman in the Moon" (printed in 1597) is in blank-verse, and the "Maid's Metamorphosis," 1600, (if indeed it be by him,) is in rhyme. As none of these dramas, generally composed in a refined, affected, and artificial style, can be said to have had any material influence upon stage-entertainments before miscellaneous audiences in London, it is unnecessary for our present purpose to say more regarding them.

George Peele was about the same age as Lyly; but his theatrical productions (with the exception of "The Arraignment of Paris," printed in 1584, and written for the court) are of a different description, having been intended for exhibition at the ordinary theatres. His "Edward the First" he calls a "famous chronicle," and most of the incidents are derived from history: it is, in fact, one of our earliest plays founded upon English annals. It was printed in 1593 and in 1599, but with so many imperfections, that we cannot accept it as any fair representation of the state in which it came from the author's pen. The most remarkable feature belonging to it is the unworthy manner in which Peele sacrificed the character of the Queen to his desire to gratify the popular antipathy to the Spaniards: the opening of it is spirited, and affords evidence of the author's skill as a writer of blank-verse. His "Battle of Alcazar" may also be termed an historical drama, in which he allowed himself the most extravagant license as to time, incidents, and characters. It perhaps preceded his "Edward the First" in point of date, (though not printed until 1594,) and the principal event it refers to occurred in 1578. "Sir Clyomon and Chamydes" is merely a romance, in the old form of a rhyming play; and "David and Bethsabe," a scriptural drama, and a great improvement upon older pieces of the same description: Peele here confined himself strictly to the incidents in Holy Writ, and it certainly contains the best specimens of his blank-verse composition. His "Old Wives' Tale," in the shape in which it has reached us, seems hardly deserving of criticism, and it would have received little notice but for some remote, and perhaps accidental, resemblance between its story and that of Milton's "Comus."

The "Jeronimo" of Thomas Kyd is to be looked upon as a species of transition play: the date of its composition, on the testimony of Ben Jonson, may be stated to be prior to 1588, just after Marlowe had produced his "Tamburlaine," and when Kyd hesitated to follow his bold step to the full extent of his progress. "Jeronimo" is therefore partly in blank-verse, and partly in rhyme: the same observation will apply, though not in the same degree, to Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy:" it is in truth a second part of "Jeronimo," the story being continued from one play to the other, and managed with considerable dexterity. The interest in the latter is great, and generally well sustained, and some of the characters are drawn with no little art and force. The success of "Jeronimo," doubtless, induced Kyd to write the second part of it immediately; and we need not hesitate in concluding that "The Spanish Tragedy" had been acted before 1590.

Besides Marlowe, Greene, Lodge, Lyly, Peele, and Kyd, there were other dramatists, who may be looked upon as the immediate predecessors of Shakespeare, but few of whose printed works are of an earlier date, as regards composition, than some of those which came from the pen of our great poet. Among these, Thomas Nash was the most distinguished, whose contribution to "Dido," in conjunction with Marlowe, has been before noticed: the portions which came from the pen of Marlowe are, we think, easily to be distinguished from those written by Nash, whose genius does not seem to have been of an imaginative or dramatic, but of a satirical and oburgatory character. Henry Chettle, who was also senior to Shakespeare, has left behind him a tragedy called "Hoffman," which was not printed until 1630; and he was engaged with Anthony Munday in producing "The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon," printed in 1601. From Henslowe's Diary we learn that both these pieces were written subsequent to the date when Shakespeare had acquired a high reputation. Munday had been a dramatist as early as 1584, when a rhyming translation by him, under the title of "The Two Italian Gentlemen," came from the press; and in the interval between that year and 1602, he wrote the whole or parts of various plays which have been lost. Robert Wilson ought not to be omitted: he seems to have been a prolific dramatist, but only one comedy by him has survived, under the title of "The Cobbler's Prophecy," and it was printed in 1594. He seems to have been a low comedian, and his "Cobbler's Prophecy" is a piece, the drollery of which must have depended in a great degree upon the performers.

With regard to mechanical facilities for the representation of plays before, and indeed long after, the time of Shakespeare, it may be sufficient to state, that our old public theatres were merely round wooden buildings, open to the sky in the audience part of the house, although the stage was covered by a hanging roof: the spectators stood on the ground in front or at the sides, or were accommodated in boxes round the inner circumference of the edifice, or in galleries at a greater elevation. Our ancient stage was unfurnished with moveable scenery; and tables, chairs, a few boards for a battlemented wall, or a rude structure for a tomb or an altar, seem to have been nearly all the properties it possessed. It was usually hung round with decayed tapestry; and as there was no other mode of conveying the necessary information, the author often provided that the player, on his entrance, should take occasion to mention the place of action. When the business of a piece required that the stage should represent two apartments, the effect was accomplished by a curtain, called a traverse,

drawn across it; and a sort of balcony in the rear enabled the writer to represent his characters at a window, on the platform of a castle, or on an elevated terrace.

To this simplicity, and to these deficiencies, we doubtless owe some of the finest passages in our early plays; for it was part of the business of the dramatist to supply the absence of colored canvas by grandeur and luxuriance of description. The ear was thus made the substitute for the eye, and the poet's pen, aided by the auditor's imagination, more than supplied the place of the painter's brush. Moveable scenery was unknown in our public theatres until after the Restoration; and, as has been observed elsewhere, "the introduction of it gives the date to the commencement of the decline of our dramatic poetry."

How far propriety of costume was regarded, we have no sufficient means of deciding; but we apprehend that more attention was paid to it than has been generally supposed, or than was accomplished at a much later and more refined period. It is indisputable, that often in this department no outlay was spared: the most costly dresses were purchased, that characters might be consistently habited; and, as a single proof, we may mention, that sometimes more than £20 were given for a cloak, an enormous price, when it is recollected that money was then five or six times as valuable as at present.

We have thus briefly stated all that seems absolutely required to give the reader a correct notion of the state of the English drama and stage at the period when, according to the best judgment we can form from such evidence as remains to us, Shakespeare advanced to a forward place among the dramatists of the day. As long ago as 1679, Dryden gave currency to the notion, which we have shown to be mistaken, that Shakespeare "created first the stage," and he repeated it in 1692: it is not necessary to the just admiration of that noble dramatist, that we should do injustice to his predecessors or earlier contemporaries: on the contrary, his miraculous powers are best to be estimated by a comparison with his ablest rivals; and if he appear not greatest when his works are placed beside those of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, or Lodge, however distinguished their rank as dramatists, and however deserved their popularity, we shall be content to think, that for more than two centuries the world has been under a delusion as to his claims. He rose to eminence and he maintained it, amid struggles for equality by men of high genius and varied talents; and with his example ever since before us, no poet of any country, has even approached his excellence. Shakespeare is greatest by a comparison with greatness, or he is nothing.

# THE LIFE

## OF

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### CHAPTER I.

No Shakespeare advanced or rewarded by Henry VII.—Antiquity of the Shakespeares in Warwickshire, &c.—Earliest occurrence of the name at Stratford-upon-Avon.—The Trade of John Shakespeare.—Richard Shakespeare of Snitterfield, probably father to John Shakespeare, and certainly tenant to Robert Arden, father of John Shakespeare's wife.—Marriage of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden: their circumstances.—Purchase of two houses in Stratford by John Shakespeare.—His progress in the corporation.

It has been supposed that some of the paternal ancestors of William Shakespeare were advanced, and rewarded with lands and tenements in Warwickshire, for services rendered to Henry VII. The rolls of that reign have been recently most carefully searched, and the name of Shakespeare, according to any mode of spelling it, does not occur in them.

Many Shakespeares were resident in different parts of Warwickshire, as well as in some of the adjoining counties, at an early date. The register of the Guild of St. Anne of Knolle, or Knowle, beginning in 1407 and ending in 1535, when it was dissolved, contains various repetitions of the name, during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.: we there find a Thomas Shakespere of Balishalle, or Balsal, Thomas Chacspier and John Shakespyre of Rowington, Richard Shakspere of Woldiche, together with Joan, Jane, and William Shakespere, of places not mentioned: an Isabella Shakspere is also there stated to have been *priorissa de Wroxale* in the 19th Henry VII. The Shakespeares of Wroxal, of Rowington, and of Balsal, are mentioned by Malone, as well as other persons of the same name at Claverdon and Hampton. He carries back his information regarding the Shakespeares of Warwick no higher than 1602; but a William Shakespeare was drowned in the Avon near Warwick in 1574, a John Shakespeare was resident on "the High Pavement" in 1578, and a Thomas Shakespeare in the same place in 1585.

The earliest date at which we hear of a Shakespeare in the borough of Stratford-upon-Avon is 17th June, 1555, when Thomas Siche instituted a proceeding in the court of the bailiff, for the recovery of the sum of £8 from John Shakespeare, who has always been taken to be the father of our great dramatist. Thomas Siche was of Arlescote, or Arscotte, in Worcestershire, and in the Latin record of the suit John Shakespeare is called "glover," in English. Taking it for granted, as we have every reason to do, that this John Shakespeare was the father of the poet, the document satisfied Malone that he was a glover, and not a butcher, as Aubrey had affirmed, nor a dealer in wool, as Rowe had stated. We think that Malone was right, and the testimony is unquestionably more positive and authentic than the traditions to which we have referred.

It deserves remark, that although John Shakespeare is often subsequently mentioned in the records of the corporation of Stratford, no addition ever accompanies his name. We may presume that in 1556, he was established in his business, because on the 30th April of that year he was one of twelve jurymen of a court-leet. His name in the list was at first struck through with a pen, but underneath it the word *stet* was written, probably by the town-clerk. Thus we find him in 1556 acting as a regular trading inhabitant of the borough of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Little doubt can be entertained that he came from Snitterfield, three miles from Stratford; and upon this point we have several new documents before us. It appears from them, that a person of the name of Richard Shakespeare (nowhere before mentioned) was resident at Snitterfield in 1550: he was tenant of a house and land belonging to Robert Arden (or Ardern, as the name was anciently spelt, and as it stands in the papers in our hands) of Wilmeccote, in the parish of Aston Cantlowe. By a conveyance, dated 21st December, 11th Henry VIII., we find that Robert Arden then became possessed of houses and land in Snitterfield, from Richard Rushby and his wife: from Robert Arden the property descended to his son, and it was part of this estate which was occupied by Richard Shakespeare in 1550. We have no distinct evidence upon the point; but if we suppose Richard Shakespeare of Snitterfield to have been the father of John Shakespeare of Stratford, who married Mary Arden, the youngest of seven daughters of Robert Arden, it will easily and naturally explain the manner in which John Shakespeare became introduced to the family of the Ardens, inasmuch as Richard Shakespeare, the father of John, and the grandfather of William Shakespeare, was one of the tenants of Robert Arden.

No registration of that marriage has been discovered, but we need not hesitate in deciding that the ceremony took place in 1557. Mary Arden and her sister Alicia were certainly unmarried, when they were appointed "*executores*" under their father's will, dated 24th November, 1556, and the probability seems to be that they were on that account chosen for the office, in preference to their five married sisters. Joan, the first child of John Shakespeare and his wife Mary, was baptized in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon on the 15th September, 1558, so that we may fix their union towards the close of 1557, about a year after the death of Robert Arden.

What were the circumstances of John Shakespeare at the time of his marriage, we can only conjecture. It has been shown that two years before that event, a claim of £8 was made upon him in the borough court of Stratford, and we must conclude, either that the money was not due and the demand unjust,

or that he was unable to pay the debt, and was therefore proceeded against. The issue of the suit is not known; but in the next year he seems to have been established in business as a glover, a branch of trade much carried on in that part of the kingdom, and, as already mentioned, he certainly served upon the jury of a court-leet in 1556. Therefore, we are, perhaps, justified in thinking that his affairs were sufficiently prosperous to warrant his union with the youngest of seven co-heiresses, who brought him some independent property.

Under her father's will she inherited £6 13s. 4d. in money, and a small estate in fee, in the parish of Aston Cantlowe, called Asbyes, consisting of a messuage, fifty acres of arable land, six acres of meadow and pasture, and a right of common for all kinds of cattle. Malone knew nothing of Mary Arden's property in Snitterfield, to which we have already referred, and, without it, he estimated that her fortune was equal to £110 13s. 4d., which seems to us rather an under calculation of its actual value. He also speculated, that at the time of their marriage John Shakespeare was twenty-seven years old, and Mary Arden eighteen; but the truth is that we have not a particle of direct evidence upon the point. Had she been so young, it seems very unlikely that her father would have appointed her one of his executors in the preceding year, and we are inclined to think that she must have been of full age in November, 1556.

It was probably in contemplation of his marriage that, on 2d October, 1556, John Shakespeare became the owner of two copy-hold houses in Stratford, the one in Greenhill-street, and the other in Henley-street, which were alienated to him by George Turnor and Edward West, respectively; the house in Greenhill-street had a garden and croft attached to it, and the house in Henley-street only a garden; and for each he was to pay to the lord of the manor an annual rent of sixpence. In 1557 he was again sworn as a jurymen upon the court-leet, and in the spring of the following year he was amerced in the sum of fourpence for not keeping clean the gutter in front of his dwelling. It is a point of little importance, but it is highly probable that John Shakespeare was first admitted a member of the corporation of Stratford in 1557, when he was made one of the ale-tasters of the town; and in September, 1558, he was appointed one of the four constables, his name following those of Humphrey Plymley, Roger Sadler, and John Taylor. He continued constable in 1559, his associates then being John Taylor, William Tyler, and William Smith, and he was besides one of four persons, called assessors, whose duty it was to impose fines upon their fellow-townsmen (such as he had himself paid in 1557) for offences against the byelaws of the borough.

## CHAPTER II.

Death of John Shakespeare's eldest child, Joan.—Two John Shakespeares in Stratford.—Birth and death of John Shakespeare's second child, Margaret.—Birth of William Shakespeare: his birth-day, and the house in which he was born.—The plague in Stratford.—Contributions to the sick and poor by John Shakespeare and others.—John Shakespeare elected alderman, and subsequently bailiff.—Gilbert Shakespeare born.—Another daughter, baptized Joan, born.—Proofs that John Shakespeare could not write.

It was while John Shakespeare executed the duties of constable in 1558, that his eldest child,

Joan, was born, having been baptized, as already stated, on the 15th September, of that year: she died in her infancy, and as her burial does not appear in the register of Stratford, she was, perhaps, interred at Snitterfield, where Richard Shakespeare, probably the father of John Shakespeare, still resided. In respect to the registers of marriages, baptisms, and deaths, at Stratford, some confusion has been produced by the indisputable fact, that two persons of the name of John Shakespeare, the one a glover, and the other a shoemaker, were living in the town at the same time, and it is not always easy to distinguish between the entries which relate to the one, or to the other.

John Shakespeare was again chosen one of the four assessors of Stratford in 1561, and the Shakespeare Society is in possession of the original presentation made by these officers on the 4th May in that year, the name of the father of our great dramatist coming last, after those of Henry Bydell, Lewis ap William, and William Mynsley. In September following the date of this report John Shakespeare was elected one of the chamberlains of the borough, a very responsible post, in which he remained two years.

His second child, Margaret, or Margareta (as the name stands in the register), was baptized on the 2d December, 1562, while he continued chamberlain. She was buried on 30th April, 1563.

The greatest event, perhaps, in the literary history of the world occurred a year afterwards—William Shakespeare was born. The day of his birth cannot be fixed with absolute certainty, but he was baptized on the 26th April, 1564, and the memorandum in the register is precisely in the following form:—

"1564. April 26. *Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspeare.*"

So that whoever kept the book (in all probability the clerk) either committed a common clerical error, or was no great proficient in the rules of grammar. It seems most likely that our great dramatist had been brought into the world only three days before he was baptized, as it was then the custom to carry infants very early to the font. A house is still pointed out by tradition, in Henley-street, as that in which William Shakespeare first saw the light, and we have already shown that his father was the owner of two copy-hold dwellings in Henley-street and Greenhill-street, and we may, perhaps, conclude that the birth took place in the former. John and Mary Shakespeare having previously lost two girls, Joan and Margaret, William was at this time the only child of his parents.

A malignant fever, denominated the plague, broke out at Stratford while William Shakespeare was in extreme infancy: he was not two months old when it made its appearance, having been brought from London, where, according to Stow, (*Annales*, p. 1112, edit. 1615,) it raged with great violence throughout the year 1563, and did not so far abate that term could be kept, as usual at Westminster, until Easter, 1564. It was most fatal at Stratford between June and December, 1564, and Malone calculated that it carried off in that interval more than a seventh part of the whole population, consisting of about 1,400 inhabitants. It does not appear that it reached any member of the immediate family of John Shakespeare, and it is not at all unlikely that he avoided its ravages by quitting Stratford for Snitterfield, where he owned some property in right of his wife, and where perhaps his father was still living as tenant to Alexander Webbe, who,

in 1569, had obtained a lease for forty years from his relative, the widow Agnes Arden, of the messuage in which Richard Shakespeare resided.

In order to show that John Shakespeare was at this date in moderate, and probably comfortable, though not in affluent circumstances, Malone adduced a piece of evidence derived from the records of Stratford: it consists of the names of persons in the borough who, on this calamitous visitation of the plague, contributed various sums to the relief of the poor. The donations varied between 7*s.* 4*d.* (given by only one individual of the name of Richard Symens) and 6*d.*; and the sum against the name of John Shakespeare is 1*s.* It is to be recollected that at this date he was not an alderman; and of twenty-four persons enumerated, five others gave the same amount, while six gave less: the bailiff contributed 3*s.* 4*d.*, and the head alderman 2*s.* 8*d.*, while ten more put down either 2*s.* 6*d.* or 2*s.* each, and a person of the name of Botte 4*s.* These subscriptions were raised on the 30th of August, but on the 6th of September a further sum seems to have been required, and the bailiff and six aldermen gave 1*s.* each, Adrian Quynney 1*s.* 6*d.*, and John Shakespeare and four others 6*d.* each: only one member of the corporation, Robert Bratt, contributed 4*d.* We are, we think, warranted in concluding, that in 1564 John Shakespeare was an industrious and thriving tradesman.

He continued steadily to advance in rank and importance in the corporation, and was elected one of the fourteen aldermen of Stratford on the 4th July, 1565; but he did not take the usual oath until the 12th of September following. The bailiff of the year was Richard Hill, a woollen-draper; and the father of our poet became the occupant of that situation rather more than three years afterwards, when his son William was about four years and a half old. John Shakespeare was bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon from Michaelmas 1568, to Michaelmas 1569, the autumn being the customary period of election. In the mean time his wife had brought him another son, who was christened Gilbert, on 13th October, 1566.

Joan seems to have been a favorite name with the Shakespeares: and Joan Shakespeare is mentioned in the records of the guild of Knowle, in the reign of Henry VII.; and John and Mary Shakespeare christened their first child, which died an infant, Joan. A third daughter was born to them while John Shakespeare was bailiff, and her they also baptized Joan, on 15th April, 1569.

We have now traced John Shakespeare through various offices in the borough of Stratford, until he reached the highest distinction which it was in the power of his fellow-townsmen to bestow: he was bailiff, and *ex-officio* a magistrate.

Two new documents have recently come to light which belong to this period, and which show, beyond all dispute, that although John Shakespeare had risen to a station so respectable as that of bailiff of Stratford, with his name in the commission of the peace, he was not able to write. Malone referred to the records of the borough to establish that in 1565, when John Wheeler was called upon by nineteen aldermen and burgesses to undertake the duties of bailiff, John Shakespeare was among twelve other marksmen, including George Whately, the then bailiff, and Roger Sadler, the "head alderman." There was, therefore, nothing remarkable in this inability to write; and if there were any doubt upon this point, (it being a little ambiguous whether the *signum* referred to the name of Thomas Dyxon, or

of John Shakespeare,) it can never be entertained hereafter, because the Shakespeare Society has been put in possession of two warrants, granted by John Shakespeare as bailiff of Stratford, the one dated the 3d, and the other the 9th December, 11 Elizabeth, for the caption of John Ball and Richard Walcar, on account of debts severally due from them, to both of which his mark only is appended.

### CHAPTER III.

The grant of arms to John Shakespeare considered.—Sir W. Dethick's conduct.—Ingon meadow in John Shakespeare's tenancy.—Birth and death of his daughter, Anne.—Richard Shakespeare born in 1574, and named, perhaps, after his grandfather.—John Shakespeare's purchase of two freehold houses in Stratford.—Decline in his pecuniary affairs.—Sale of John Shakespeare's and his wife's share of property at Sutterfield, to Robert Webbe.—Birth of Edmund Shakespeare in 1580.

ALTHOUGH John Shakespeare could not write his name, it has generally been stated, and believed, that while he filled the office of bailiff he obtained a grant of arms from Clarenceux Cooke, who was in office from 1566 to 1592. We have considerable doubt of this fact, partly arising out of the circumstance, that although Cooke's original book, in which he entered the arms he granted, has been preserved in the Heralds' College, we find in it no note of any such concession to John Shakespeare. It is true that this book might not contain memoranda of all the arms Cooke had granted, but it is a circumstance deserving notice, that in this case such an entry is wanting. A confirmation of these arms was made in 1596, but we cannot help thinking, with Malone, that this instrument was obtained at the personal instance of the poet, who had then actually purchased, or was on the eve of purchasing, New Place (or "the great house," as it was also called) in Stratford. The confirmation states, that the heralds had been "by credible report informed," that "the parents and late antecessors" of John Shakespeare "were for their valiant and faithful services advanced and rewarded of the most prudent prince, Henry the Seventh;" but, as has been before stated, on examining the rolls of that reign, we can discover no trace of advancement or reward to any person of the name of Shakespeare. It is true that the Ardens, or Ardens, were so "advanced and rewarded;" and these, though not strictly the "parents," were certainly the "antecessors" of William Shakespeare. In 1599, an exemplification of arms was procured, and in this document it is asserted that the "great grandfather" of John Shakespeare had been "advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements" by Henry VII. Our poet's "great grandfather," by the mother's side, was so "advanced and rewarded;" and we know that he did "faithful and approved service" to that "most prudent prince."

That William Shakespeare could not have procured a grant of arms for himself in 1596 is highly probable, from the fact that he was an actor, (a profession then much looked down upon) and not of a rank in life to entitle him to it: he, therefore, may have very fairly and properly put forward his father's name and claims as having been bailiff of Stratford, and a "justice of peace," and coupled that fact with the deserts and rewards of the Ardens under Henry VII., one of whom was his maternal "great grandfather," and all of whom, by reason of the marriage of his father with an Arden, were his "antecessors."

We are persuaded that when William Shakespeare applied to the office in 1596, Garter of that day, or his assistants, made a confusion between the "great grandfather" and the "antecessors" of John, and of William Shakespeare. What is stated, both in the confirmation and exemplification, as to parentage and descent, is true as regards William Shakespeare, but erroneous as regards John Shakespeare.

It appears that Sir William Dethick, garter-king-at-arms in 1596 and 1599, was subsequently called to account for having granted coats to persons whose station in society and circumstances gave them no right to the distinction. The case of John Shakespeare was one of those complained of in this respect; and had Clarenceux Cooke really put his name in 1568-9 to any such patent as, it was asserted, had been exhibited to Sir William Dethick, a copy of it, or some record of it, would probably have remained in the office of arms in 1596; and the production of that alone, proving that he had merely acted on the precedent of Clarenceux Cooke, would, to a considerable extent at least, have justified Sir William Dethick. No copy, nor record, was however so produced, but merely a memorandum at the foot of the confirmation of 1596, that an original grant had been *sent* or *shown*, which memorandum may have been added when Sir William Dethick's conduct was called in question; and certain other statements are made at the bottom of the same document, which would be material to Garter's vindication, but which are not borne out by facts. One of these statements is, that John Shakespeare, in 1596, was worth £500, an error certainly as regarded him, but a truth probably as regarded his son.

It is really a matter of little moment whether John Shakespeare did or did not obtain a grant of arms while he was bailiff of Stratford; but we are strongly inclined to think that he did not, and that the assertion that he did, and that he was worth £500 in 1596, originated with Sir W. Dethick, when he subsequently wanted to make out his own vindication from the charge of having conceded arms to various persons without due caution and inquiry.

In 1570, when William Shakespeare was in his seventh year, his father was in possession of a field called Ingon, or Ington, meadow, within two miles of Stratford, which he held under William Clopton. We cannot tell in what year he first rented it, because the instrument proving his tenancy is dated 11th June, 1581, and only states the fact, that on 11th December, 1570, it was in his occupation. The annual payment for it was £8, a considerable sum, certainly, for that time; but if there had been "a good dwelling-house and orchard" upon the field, as Malone conjectured, that circumstance would, in all probability, have been mentioned. We may presume that John Shakespeare employed it for agricultural purposes, but upon this point we are without information. That he lived in Stratford at the time we infer from the fact, that on the 28th September, 1571, a second daughter, named Anne, was baptized at the parish-church. He had thus four children living, two boys and two girls, William, Gilbert, Joan, and Anne, but the last died at an early age, having been buried on 4th April, 1579. On the baptism of his daughter Anne, he was, for the first time, called "*Magister Shakespeare*" in the Latin entry in the Register, a distinction he seems to have acquired by having served the office of bailiff two years before. The same observation will apply to the registration of his fifth child, Richard, who was baptized on 11th

March, 1573-4, as the son of "*Mr. John Shakespeare*." Richard Shakespeare may have been named after his grandfather of Snitterfield, who perhaps was sponsor on the occasion.

The increase of John Shakespeare's family seems, for some time, to have been accompanied by an increase of his means, and in 1574 he gave Edmund and Emma Hall £40 for two freehold houses, with gardens and orchards, in Henley-street. It will not be forgotten that he was already the owner of a copyhold tenement in the same street, which he had bought of Edward West, in 1556, before his marriage with Mary Arden. To one of the two last-purchased dwellings John Shakespeare is supposed to have removed his family; but, for aught we know, he had lived from the time of his marriage, and continued to live in 1574, in the house in Henley-street, which had been alienated to him eighteen years before. It does not appear that he had ever parted with West's house, so that in 1574 he was the owner of three houses in Henley-street.

It is, we apprehend, indisputable that soon after this date the tide of John Shakespeare's affairs began to turn, and that he experienced disappointments and losses which seriously affected his pecuniary circumstances. At a borough hall on the 29th January, 1578, it was ordered that every alderman in Stratford should pay 6s. 8d., and every Burgess 3s. 4d. toward "the furniture of three pikemen, two billmen, and one archer." Now, although John Shakespeare was not only an alderman, but had been chosen "head alderman" in 1571, he was allowed to contribute only 3s. 4d., as if he had been merely a Burgess. In November, 1578, when it was required that every alderman should "pay weekly to the relief of the poor 4d.," John Shakespeare and Robert Bratt were excepted. Several other facts tend strongly to the conclusion that in 1578 John Shakespeare was distressed for money: he owed a baker of the name of Roger Sadler £5, for which Edmund Lambert, and a person of the name of Cornishe, had become security; Sadler died, and in his will, dated 14th November, 1578, he included the following among the debts due to him:—"Item of Edmund Lambert and Cornishe, for the debt of Mr. John Shacksper, £5." And so severe the pressure of his necessities about this date seems to have been, that in 1579 he parted with his wife's interest in two tenements in Snitterfield to Robert Webbe for the small sum of £4.

It has been supposed that he might not at this time reside in Stratford-upon-Avon, and that for this reason, he only contributed 3s. 4d. for pikemen, &c., and nothing to the poor of the town, in 1578. This notion is refuted by the fact, that in the deed for the sale of his wife's property in Snitterfield to Webbe, in 1579, he is called "John Shackspere of Stratford-upon-Avon," and in the bond for the performance of covenants, "*Johannem Shackspere de Stratford-upon-Avon, in comitat. Warwick.*" Another point requiring notice in connexion with these two newly-discovered documents is, that in both John Shakespeare is termed "yeoman," and not *glover*: perhaps in 1579, although he continued to occupy a house in Stratford, he had relinquished his original trade, and having embarked in agricultural pursuits, to which he had not been educated, had been unsuccessful. This may appear not an unnatural mode of accounting for some of his difficulties. In the midst of them, in the spring of 1580, another son, named Edmund, was born, and christened at the parish church.

## CHAPTER IV.

Education of William Shakespeare: probably at the free-school of Stratford.—At what time, and under what circumstances, he left school.—Possibly an assistant in the school, and afterwards in an attorney's office.—His handwriting.—His marriage with Anne Hathaway.—The preliminary bond given by Fulk Sandells and John Richardson.—Birth of Susanna, the first child of William Shakespeare and his wife Anne, in 1583.—Shakespeare's opinion on the marriage of persons of disproportionate age.—His domestic circumstances.

At the period of the sale of their Snitterfield property by his father and mother, William Shakespeare was in his sixteenth year, and in what way he had been educated is mere matter of conjecture. That his father and mother could give him no instruction is quite certain from the fact that neither of them could write; but this very deficiency might render them more desirous that their eldest son, at least, if not their children in general, should receive the best education circumstances would allow. The free grammar-school of Stratford afforded an opportunity of which, it is not unlikely, the parents of William Shakespeare availed themselves.

As we are ignorant of the time when he went to school, we are also in the dark as to the period when he left it. Rowe, indeed, has told us that the poverty of John Shakespeare, and the necessity of employing his son profitably at home, induced him, at an early age, to withdraw him from the place of instruction. Such may have been the case; but, in considering the question, we must not leave out of view the fact, that the education of the son of a member of the corporation would cost nothing; so that, if the boy were removed from school at the period of his father's embarrassments, the expense of continuing his studies there could not have entered into the calculation: he must have been taken away, as Rowe states, in order to aid his father in the maintenance of his family.

Aubrey has asserted positively, in his MSS. in the Ashmolean Museum, that "in his younger years Shakespeare had been a schoolmaster in the country;" and the truth may be, though we are not aware that the speculation has ever been hazarded, that being a young man of abilities, and rapid in the acquisition of knowledge, he had been employed by Jenkins (the master of the free grammar-school from 1577 to 1580, if not for a longer period) to aid him in the instruction of the junior boys.

We decidedly concur with Malone in thinking that after Shakespeare quitted the free-school, he was employed in the office of an attorney. Proofs of something like a legal education are to be found in many of his plays; and it may be safely asserted, that they do not occur anything like so frequently in the dramatic productions of his contemporaries. We may presume that, if so employed, he was paid something for his services; for, if he were to earn nothing, his father could have had no other motive for taking him from school. That he wrote a good hand we are perfectly sure, not only from the extant specimens of his signature, when we may suppose him to have been in health, but from the ridicule which, in "Hamlet," (act v. sc. 2) he throws upon such as affected to write illegibly:

"I once did hold it, as our statists do,  
A baseness to write fair,"<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> It is certain also that Shakespeare wrote with great facility, and that his compositions required little correction. This fact we have upon the indubitable assertion of Ben Jonson, who thus speaks in his "Discoveries," written in old age, when, as he tells us, his memory began to fail, and printed with the date of 1641:—

Excepting by mere tradition, we hear not a syllable regarding William Shakespeare from the time of his birth until he had considerably passed his eighteenth year, and then we suddenly come to one of the most important events of his life, established upon irrefragable testimony: we allude to his marriage with Anne Hathaway, which could not have taken place before the 28th of November, 1582, because on that day two persons, named Fulk Sandells and John Richardson, entered into a preliminary bond, in the penalty of £40 to be forfeited to the bishop of the diocese of Worcester, if it were thereafter found that there existed any lawful impediment to the solemnization of matrimony between William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, of Stratford. It is not known at what church the ceremony was performed, but certainly not at Stratford-upon-Avon, to which both the parties belonged, where the bondsmen resided, and where it might be expected that it would have been registered. The object of the bond was to obtain such a dispensation from the bishop of Worcester as would authorize a clergyman to unite the bride and groom after only a single publication of the banns; and it is not to be concealed, or denied, that the whole proceeding seems to indicate haste and secrecy. However, it ought not to escape notice that the seal used when the bond was executed, although damaged, has upon it the initials R. H., as if it had belonged to R. Hathaway, the father of the bride, and had been used on the occasion with his consent.

Considering all the circumstances, there might be good reasons why the father of Anne Hathaway should concur in the alliance, independently of any regard to the worldly prospects of the parties. The first child of William and Anne Shakespeare was christened Susanna on 26th of May, 1583. Anne was between seven and eight years older than her young husband, and several passages in Shakespeare's plays have been pointed out by Malone, and repeated by other biographers, which seem to point directly at the evils resulting from unions in which the parties were "misgraffed in respect of years." The most remarkable of these is certainly the well-known speech of the Duke to Viola, in "Twelfth-Night," (act ii. sc. 4) where he says,

"Let still the woman take  
An elder than herself; so wears she to him;  
So sways she level in her husband's heart:  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,  
Than women's are."

Whether these lines did or did not originate in the author's reflections upon his own marriage, they are so applicable to his own case, that it seems impossible he should have written them without recalling the circumstances attending his hasty union, and the disparity of years between himself and his wife. The balance of such imperfect information as remains to us, leads us to the opinion that Shake-

"I remember the players have oft-n mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand! which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told post-erity this, but for their ignorance, who chuse that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. *Suffraginandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the use of it had been so too!"

speare was not a very happy married man. The disparity in age between himself and his wife from the first was such, that she could not "sway level in her husband's heart;" and this difference, for a certain time at least, became more apparent as they advanced in years. To this may be added the fact (by whatever circumstances it may have been occasioned, which we shall consider presently) that Shakespeare quitted his home at Stratford a very few years after he had become a husband and a father, and that although he revisited his native town frequently, and ultimately settled there with his family, there is no proof that his wife ever returned with him to London, or resided with him during any of his lengthened sojourns in the metropolis: that she may have done so is very possible: and in 1609 he certainly paid a weekly poor-rate to an amount that may indicate that he occupied a house in Southwark capable of receiving his family, but we are here, as upon many other points, compelled to deplore the absence of distinct testimony. We put out of view the doubtful and ambiguous indications to be gleaned from Shakespeare's Sonnets, observing merely, that they contain little to show that he was of a domestic turn, or that he found any great enjoyment in the society of his wife. That such may have been the fact we do not pretend to deny, and we willingly believe that much favorable evidence upon the point has been lost: all we venture to advance on a question of so much difficulty and delicacy is, that what remains to us is not, as far as it goes, perfectly satisfactory.

#### CHAPTER V.

Shakespeare's twins, Hamnet and Judith, born in 1585.—His departure from Stratford.—The question of deer-stealing from Sir Thomas Lucy considered.—Authorities for the story.—Ballad by Shakespeare against Sir Thomas Lucy.—Other inducements to Shakespeare to quit Stratford.—Companies of players encouraged by the Corporation.—Several of Shakespeare's fellow-actors from Stratford.—The *Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth*.

In the beginning of 1585 Shakespeare's wife produced him twins—a boy and a girl—and they were baptized at Stratford Church on the 2d of February, in that year, by the Christian names of Hamnet and Judith. Shakespeare's wife brought him no more children, although in 1585 she was only thirty years old.

That Shakespeare quitted his home and his family not long afterwards has not been disputed, but no ground for this step has ever been derived from domestic disagreements. It has been alleged that he was obliged to leave Stratford on account of a scrape in which he had involved himself by stealing, or assisting in stealing, deer from the grounds of Charlecot, the property of Sir Thomas Lucy, about five miles from the borough. As Rowe is the oldest authority in print for this story, we give it in his own words: "He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and among them some, that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing the park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree,

that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London."

We have said that Rowe is the oldest printed source of this anecdote, his "Life of Shakespeare" having been published in 1709; but Malone produced a manuscript of uncertain date, anterior, however, to the publication of Rowe's "Life," which gives the incident some confirmation.

In reflecting upon the general probability or improbability of this important incident in Shakespeare's life, it is not to be forgotten, as Malone remarks, that deer-stealing, at the period referred to, was by no means an uncommon offence; that it is referred to by several authors, and punished by more than one statute. Neither was it considered to include any moral stain, but was often committed by young men, by way of frolic, for the purpose of furnishing a feast, and not with any view to sale or emolument. If Shakespeare ever ran into such an indiscretion, (and we own that we cannot entirely discredit the story) he did no more than many of his contemporaries; and one of the ablest, most learned, and bitterest enemies of theatrical performances, who wrote just before the close of the sixteenth century, expressly mentions deer-stealing as a venial crime of which unruly and misguided youth was sometimes guilty, and he couples it merely with carousing in taverns and robbing orchards.

It is very possible, therefore, that the main offence against Sir Thomas Lucy was, not stealing his deer, but writing the ballad, and sticking it on his gate; and for this Shakespeare may have been so "severely prosecuted" by Sir Thomas Lucy, as to render it expedient for him to abandon Stratford "for some time."<sup>a</sup> Sir Thomas Lucy died in 1600, and the mention of deer-stealing, and of the "dozen white luses" by Slender, and of "the dozen white lowses" by Sir Hugh Evans, in the opening of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," seems too obvious to be mistaken, and leads us to the conviction that the comedy was written before the demise of Sir Thomas Lucy, whose indignation Shakespeare had incurred.

The question whether he did or did not quit Stratford for the metropolis on this account, is one of much importance in the poet's history, but it is one also upon which we shall, in all probability, never arrive at certainty. Our opinion is that the traditions related by Rowe, and mentioned in Fulman's and in Oldys' MSS. (which do not seem to have originated in the same source) may be founded upon an actual occurrence; but, at the same time, it is very possible that that alone did not determine Shakespeare's line of conduct. His residence in Stratford may have been rendered inconvenient by the near neighborhood of such a hostile and powerful magistrate, but perhaps he would nevertheless not have quitted the town, had not other circumstances combined to produce such a decision.

<sup>a</sup> Oldys preserved a stanza of this satirical effusion, which he had received from a person of the name of Wilkes: it runs thus:

"A parliament member, a justice of peace,  
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse;  
It lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscall it,  
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it:  
He thinks himself great,  
Yet an asse in his state

We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.  
It Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it,  
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it."

What is called a "complete copy of the verses," contained in "Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell," is evidently not genuine.



What those circumstances might be it is our business now to inquire.

Aubrey, who was a very curious and minute investigator, although undoubtedly too credulous, says nothing about deer-stealing, but he tells us that Shakespeare was "inclined naturally to poetry and acting," and to this inclination he attributes his journey to London at an early age. That this youthful propensity existed there can be no dispute, and it is easy to trace how it may have been promoted and strengthened. The corporation of Stratford seem to have given great encouragement to companies of players arriving there. We know from various authorities that when itinerant actors came to any considerable town, it was their custom to wait upon the mayor, bailiff, or other head of the corporation, in order to ask permission to perform, either in the town-hall, if that could be granted to them, or elsewhere. It so happens that the earliest record of the representation of any plays in Stratford-upon-Avon, is dated in the year when John Shakespeare was bailiff: the precise season is not stated, but it was in 1569, when "the Queen's Players" (meaning probably, at this date, one company of her "Interlude Players," retained under that name by her father and grandfather) received 9s. out of the corporate funds, while the Earl of Worcester's servants in the same year obtained only 12*d*. Various companies are also known to have exhibited at Stratford, under the encouragement of the corporation, at intervals from 1573 to 1587.

It is to be remarked that several of the players, with whom Shakespeare was afterwards connected, appear to have come originally from Stratford or its neighborhood. It is very distinctly ascertained that James Burbage, the father of the celebrated Richard Burbage, (the representative of many of the heroes in the works of our great dramatist,) and one of the original builders of the Blackfriars theatre, migrated to London from that part of the kingdom, and the name of Thomas Greene, who was indisputably from Stratford, will be familiar to all who are acquainted with the detailed history of our stage at that period. Malone supposed that Thomas Greene might have introduced Shakespeare to the theatre, and at an early date he was certainly a member of the company called the Lord Chamberlain's servants. If any introduction to the Lord Chamberlain's servants had been necessary for Shakespeare, he could easily have procured it from several other quarters.

The frequent performances of various associations of actors in Stratford and elsewhere, and the taste for theatricals thereby produced, may have had the effect of drawing not a few young men in Warwickshire from their homes, to follow the attractive and profitable profession; and such may have been the case with Shakespeare, without supposing that domestic differences, arising out of disparity of age or any other cause, influenced his determination, or that he was driven away by the terrors of Sir Thomas Lucy.

It has been matter of speculation whether Shakespeare visited Kenilworth Castle, when Queen Elizabeth was entertained there by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, and whether the pomp and pageantry he then witnessed did not give a color to his mind, and a direction to his pursuits. Considering that he was then only in his eleventh year, we own, that we cannot believe he found his way into that gorgeous and august assembly. Kenilworth was fourteen miles distant: John Shakespeare, although he

had been bailiff, and was still head-alderman of Stratford, was not a man of sufficient rank and importance to be there in any official capacity; and he probably had not means to equip himself and his son for such an exhibition. That Shakespeare heard of the extensive preparations, and of the magnificent entertainment, there can be no doubt: it was an event calculated to create a strong sensation in the whole of that part of the country; and if the celebrated passage in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" (act ii., scene 1), had any reference to it, it did not require that Shakespeare should have been present in order to have written it, especially when, if necessary, he had Gascoyne's "Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth," and Laneham's "Letter," to assist his memory.

## CHAPTER VI.

John Shakespeare removed from his situation as alderman of Stratford, and its possible connection with William Shakespeare's departure for London in the latter end of 1586.—William Shakespeare, a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre in 1589.—Complaints against actors: two companies silenced.—Certificate of the sharers in the Blackfriars.—Shakespeare, in all probability, a good actor: our older dramatists often players.—Shakespeare's earliest compositions for the stage.—His "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" probably written before he came to London.

In reference to the period when our great dramatist abandoned his native town for London, we think that sufficient attention has not been paid to an important incident in the life of his father. John Shakespeare was superseded as alderman of Stratford in the autumn of 1586. On the 6th September, 1586, the following memorandum was made in the register by the town clerk:

"At this hall William Snythe and Richard Courte are chosen to be aldermen, in the place of John Wheler, and John Shaxspere; for that Mr. Wheler doth desyer to be put out of the companye, and Mr. Shaxspere doth not come to the halles, when they be warned, nor hath not done of a long tyme."

According to this note, it was Wheler's wish to be removed from his situation of alderman, and had such also been the desire of John Shakespeare, we should, no doubt, have been told so: therefore, we must presume that he was not a consenting, or at all events not a willing, party to this proceeding; but an inspection of the ancient books of the borough proves that he had ceased to attend the halls, when they were "warned" or summoned, from the year 1579 downward. This date of 1579 is the more important, because it was the same year in which John Shakespeare was so distressed for money, that he disposed of his wife's small property in Snitterfield for £4.

We have thus additional reasons for thinking, that the unprosperous state of John Shakespeare's pecuniary circumstances had induced him to abstain from attending the ordinary meetings of the corporation, and finally led to his removal from the office of alderman. What connection this last event may have had with William Shakespeare's determination to quit Stratford cannot be known, but in point of date the events seem to have been coincident.

Malone "supposed" that our great poet left Stratford "about the year 1586 or 1587," but it seems more likely that the event happened in the former, than in the latter year. His twins, Hamnet and Judith, were baptized, as we have shown, early in February, 1585, and his father did not cease to be an alderman until about a year and seven months

afterward. The fact, that his son had become a player, may have had something to do with the lower rank his brethren of the bench thought he ought to hold in the corporation; or the resolution of the son to abandon his home may have arisen out of the degradation of the father in his native town; but we cannot help thinking that the two circumstances were in some way connected, and that the period of the departure of William Shakespeare, to seek his fortune in a company of players in the metropolis, may be fixed in the latter end of 1586.

Nevertheless, we do not hear of him in London until three years afterward, when we find him a sharer in the Blackfriars theatre. It had been constructed upon part of the site of the dissolved monastery, because it was beyond the jurisdiction of the lord mayor and corporation of London, who had always evinced decided hostility to dramatic representations. The undertaking seems to have been prosperous from the commencement; and in 1589 no fewer than sixteen performers were sharers in it, including, besides Shakespeare and Burbage, Thomas Greene of Stratford-upon-Avon, and Nicholas Tooley, also a Warwickshire man: the association was probably thus numerous on account of the flourishing state of the concern, many being desirous to obtain an interest in its receipts. In 1589 some general complaints seem to have been made, that improper matters were introduced into plays; and two bodies of players, those of the Lord Admiral and Lord Strange, had been summoned before the lord mayor, and ordered to desist from all performances. The silencing of other associations would probably have been beneficial to that exhibiting at Blackfriars, and if no proceeding of any kind had been instituted against James Burbage and his partners, we may presume that they would have continued quietly to reap their augmented harvest. We are led to infer, however, that they also apprehended, and experienced, some measure of restraint, and feeling conscious that they had given no just ground of offence, they transmitted to the privy council a sort of certificate of their good conduct, asserting that they had never introduced into their representations matters of state and religion, and that no complaint of that kind had ever been preferred against them. This certificate passed into the hands of Lord Ellesmere, then attorney-general, and it has been preserved among his papers.

In this document we see the important fact, as regards the biography of Shakespeare, that in 1589 he was, not only an actor, but a sharer in the undertaking at Blackfriars; and whatever inference may be drawn from it, we find that his name, following eleven others, precedes those of Kempe, Johnson, Goodale, and Armin. The situation in the list which the name of Shakespeare occupies may seem to show that, even in 1589, he was a person of considerable importance in relation to the success of the sharers in Blackfriars theatre. In November, 1589, he was in the middle of his twenty-sixth year, and in the full strength, if not in the highest maturity, of his mental and bodily powers.

We can have no hesitation in believing that he originally came to London, in order to obtain his livelihood by the stage, and with no other view. Aubrey tells us that he was "inclined naturally to poetry and acting;" and the poverty of his father, and the difficulty of obtaining profitable employment in the country for the maintenance of his family, without other motives, may have induced him readily to give way to that inclination. Aubrey, who had probably taken due means to inform himself, adds,

that "he did act exceedingly well;" and we are convinced that the opinion, founded chiefly upon a statement by Rowe, that Shakespeare was a very moderate performer, is erroneous. It seems likely that for two or three years he employed himself chiefly in the more active duties of the profession he had chosen; and Peele, who was a very practised and popular play-wright, considerably older than Shakespeare, was a member of the company, without saying anything of Wadeson, regarding whom we know nothing but that at a subsequent date he was one of Henslowe's dramatists; or of Armin, then only just coming forward as a comic performer. While Peele remained a member of the company of the Lord Chamberlain's players, Shakespeare's service as a dramatist may not materially have interfered with his exertions as an actor; but afterwards, when Peele, about 1590, had joined a rival establishment, he may have been more frequently called upon to employ his pen, and then his value in that department becoming clearly understood, he was less frequently a performer.

Out of the sixteen sharers of which the company he belonged to consisted in 1589, (besides the usual proportion of "hired men," who only took inferior characters) there would be more than a sufficient number for the representation of most plays, without the assistance of Shakespeare. He was, doubtless, soon busily and profitably engaged as a dramatist; and this remark on the rareness of his appearance on the stage will of course apply more strongly in his after-life, when he produced one or more dramas every year.

His instructions to the players in "Hamlet" have often been noticed, as establishing that he was admirably acquainted with the theory of the art, and if, as Rowe asserts, he only took the short part of the Ghost in this tragedy, we are to recollect that even if he had considered himself competent to it, the study of such a character as Hamlet, (the longest on the stage as it is now acted, and still longer as it was originally written) must have consumed more time than he could well afford to bestow upon it, especially when we call to mind that there was a member of the company who had hitherto represented most of the heroes, and whose excellence was as undoubted, as his popularity was extraordinary.<sup>a</sup> To Richard Burbage was therefore assigned the arduous character of the Prince, while the author took the brief, but important part of the Ghost, which required person, deportment, judgment, and voice, with a delivery distinct, solemn, and impressive. All the elements of a great actor were needed for the due performance of "the buried majesty of Denmark."

It may be observed, in passing, that at the period of our drama, such as it existed in the hands of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors, authors were most commonly actors also. Such was the case with Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, Peele, and others: the same practice prevailed with some of their successors, Ben Jonson, Heywood, Webster, Field, &c.; but at a somewhat later date dramatists do not usually appear to have trodden the stage.

It is impossible to determine, almost impossible to guess, what Shakespeare had or had not written in 1589. That he had chiefly employed his pen in the revival, alteration, and improvement of existing dramas we are strongly disposed to believe, but that

<sup>a</sup> From a MS. Epitaph upon Burbage, (who died in 1619,) we find that he was the original Hamlet, Romeo, Prince Henry, Henry V., Richard III., Macbeth, Brutus, Coriolanus, Shylock, Lear, Pericles, and Othello, in Shakespeare's Plays.

he had not ventured upon original composition it would be much too bold to assert. "The Comedy of Errors," and the three parts of "Henry VI," we take to be pieces, which, having been first written by an inferior dramatist, were heightened and amended by Shakespeare, perhaps about the date of which we are now speaking, and "Love's Labor's Lost," or "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," may have been original compositions brought upon the stage prior to 1590. We also consider it more than probable that "Titus Andronicus" belongs even to an earlier period; but we feel satisfied, that although Shakespeare had by this time given clear indications of powers superior to those of any of his rivals, he could not have written any of his greater works until some years afterwards. With regard to productions unconnected with the stage, there are several pieces among his scattered poems, and some of his sonnets, that indisputably belong to an earlier part of his life. A young man, so gifted, would not, and could not, wait until he was five or six and twenty before he made considerable and most successful attempts at poetical composition; and we feel morally certain that "Venus and Adonis" was in being anterior to Shakespeare's quitting Stratford. It bears all the marks of youthful vigor, of strong passion, of luxuriant imagination, together with a force and originality of expression which betoken the first efforts of a great mind, not always well regulated in its taste: it seems to have been written in the open air of a fine country like Warwickshire, with all the freshness of the recent impression of natural objects; and we will go so far as to say, that we do not think even Shakespeare himself could have produced it, in the form it bears, after he had reached the age of forty. It was quite new in its class, being founded upon no model either ancient or modern: nothing like it had been attempted before, and nothing comparable to it was produced afterwards. Thus in 1593 he might call it, in the dedication to Lord Southampton, "the first heir of his invention," not merely because it was the first printed, but because it was the first written of his productions.

The information we now possess enables us at once to reject the story, against the truth of which Malone elaborately argued, that Shakespeare's earliest employment at a theatre was holding the horses of noblemen and gentlemen who visited it, and that he had under him a number of lads who were known as "Shakespeare's boys." Shiel, in his "Lives of the Poets," (published in 1753 in the name of Cibber,) was the first to give currency to this idle invention: it was repeated by Dr. Johnson, and has often been reiterated since; and we should hardly have thought it worth notice now, if it had not found a place in many modern accounts of our great dramatist. The company to which he attached himself had not unfrequently performed in Stratford, and at that date the Queen's Players and the Lord Chamberlain's servants seem sometimes to have been confounded in the provinces, although the difference was well understood in London; some of the chief members of it had come from his own part of the country, and even from the very town in which he was born; and he was not so low in station, nor so destitute of means and friends, as to have been reduced to such an extremity.

Besides having written "Venus and Adonis" before he came to London, Shakespeare may also have composed its counterpart, "Lucrece," which first appeared in print in 1594. It is in a different stanza, and in some respects in a different style; and

after he joined the Blackfriars company, the author may possibly have added parts, (such, for instance, as the long and minute description of the siege of Troy in the tapestry) which indicate a closer acquaintance with the modes and habits of society; but even here no knowledge is displayed that might not have been acquired in Warwickshire. As he had exhibited the wantonness of lawless passion in "Venus and Adonis," he followed it by the exaltation of matron-like chastity in "Lucrece;" and there is, we think, nothing in the latter poem which a young man of one or two and twenty, so endowed, might not have written. Neither is it at all impossible that he had done something in connexion with the stage while he was yet resident in his native town, and before he had made up his mind to quit it. If his "inclination for poetry and acting," to repeat Aubrey's words, were so strong, it may have led him to have both written and acted. He may have contributed temporary prologues or epilogues, and without supposing him yet to have possessed any extraordinary art as a dramatist—only to be acquired by practice,—he may have inserted speeches and occasional passages in older plays: he may even have assisted some of the companies in getting up, and performing the dramas they represented in or near Stratford. We own that this conjecture appears to us at least plausible; and the Lord Chamberlain's servants may have experienced his utility in both departments, and may have held out strong inducements to so promising a novice to continue his assistance by accompanying them to London.

What we have here said seems a natural and easy way of accounting for Shakespeare's station as a sharer at the Blackfriars theatre in 1589, about three years after we suppose him to have finally adopted the profession of an actor, and to have come to London for the purpose of pursuing it.

## CHAPTER VII.

The earliest allusion to Shakespeare in Spenser's "Tears of the Muses," 1591.—Proofs of its applicability.—What Shakespeare had probably by this date written.—Edmund Spenser of Kingsbury, Warwickshire.—No other dramatist of the time merited the character given by Spenser.—Greene, Kyd, Lodge, Peele, Marlowe, and Lyly, and their several claims: that of Lyly supported by Malone.—Temporary cessation of dramatic performances in London.—Probability or improbability that Shakespeare went to Italy.

We come now to the earliest known allusion to Shakespeare as a dramatist; and although his surname is not given, we apprehend that there can be no hesitation in applying what is said to him: it is contained in Spenser's "Tears of the Muses," a poem printed in 1591. The application of the passage to Shakespeare has been much contested, but the difficulty in our mind is, how the lines are to be explained by reference to any other dramatist of the time, even supposing, as we have supposed and believe, that our great poet was at this period only rising into notice as a writer for the stage. We will first quote the lines, literally, as they stand in the edition of 1591, and afterwards say something of the claims of others to the distinction they confer.

"And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made  
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,  
With kindly counter under Mimick shade,  
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:  
With whom all joy and jolly meriment  
Is also deaded, and in dolor drent.

"In stead thereof seoffing Scurlitie,  
And scornfull Follie with contempt is crept,  
Rolling in rymes of shameless ribaudrie,  
Without regard or due Decorum kept:  
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,  
And doth the Learned's taske upon him take.

"But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen  
Large streames of honnie and sweete Nectar flowe,  
Scorning the boldnes of such base-hope men,  
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,  
Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,  
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

The most striking of these lines, with reference to our present inquiry, is,

"Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;"

and hence, if it stood alone, we might infer that Willy, whoever he might be, was actually dead; but the latter part of the third stanza we have quoted shows us in what sense the word "dead" is to be understood: Willy was "dead" as far as regarded the admirable dramatic talents he had already displayed, which had enabled him, even before 1591, to outstrip all living rivalry, and to afford the most certain indications of the still greater things Spenser saw he would accomplish: he was "dead," because he

"Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,  
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

It is to be borne in mind that these stanzas, and six others, are put into the mouth of Thalia, whose lamentation on the degeneracy of the stage, especially in comedy, follows those of Caliope and Melpomene. Rowe, under the impression that the whole passage referred to Shakespeare, introduced it into his "Life," in his first edition of 1709, but silently withdrew it in his second edition of 1714: his reason, perhaps, was that he did not see how, before 1591, Shakespeare could have shown that he merited the character given of him and his productions—

"And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made  
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate."

Spenser knew what the object of his eulogy was capable of doing, as well, perhaps, as what he had done; and we have established that more than a year before the publication of these lines, Shakespeare had risen to be a distinguished member of the Lord Chamberlain's company, and a sharer in the undertaking at the Blackfriars. Although we feel assured that he had not composed any of his greatest works before 1591, he may have done much, besides what has come down to us, amply to warrant Spenser in applauding him beyond all his theatrical contemporaries. We are persuaded that Shakespeare, early in his theatrical life, must have written much, in the way of revivals, alterations, or joint productions with other poets, which has been forever lost. We here, as before, conclude that none of his greatest original dramatic productions had come from his pen; but if in 1591 he had only brought out "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Love's Labor's Lost," they are so infinitely superior to the best works of his predecessors, that the justice of the tribute paid by Spenser to his genius would at once be admitted. At all events, he had given the clearest indications of high genius, abundantly sufficient to justify the anticipation of Spenser, that he was a man

—— "whom Nature's selfe had made  
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate."

Another point not hitherto noticed, because not hitherto known, is, that there is some little ground for thinking, that Spenser, if not a Warwickshire man, was at one time resident in Warwickshire, and

later in life he may have become acquainted with Shakespeare. An Edmund Spenser unquestionably dwelt at Kingsbury, in Warwickshire, in 1569, which was the year when the author of "The Faerie Queene" went to Cambridge, and was admitted a sizer at Pembroke college. This Edmund Spenser may possibly have been the father of the poet, (whose Christian name is no where recorded) and if it were the one or the other, it seems to afford a link of connection, however slight, between Spenser and Shakespeare, of which we have had no previous knowledge. Spenser was at least eleven years older than Shakespeare, but their early residence in the same part of the kingdom may have given rise to an intimacy afterwards. Perhaps we are disposed to lay too much stress upon a mere coincidence of names; but we may be forgiven for clinging to the conjecture that the greatest romantic poet of this country was upon terms of friendship and cordiality with the greatest dramatist of the world.

If the evidence upon this point were even more scanty, we should be convinced that by "our pleasant Willy," Spenser meant William Shakespeare, by the fact that such a character as he gives could belong to no other dramatist of the time. Greene can have no pretensions to it, nor Lodge, nor Kyd, nor Peele; Marlowe had never touched comedy; but if these have no title to the praise that they had mocked nature and imitated truth, the claim put in by Malone for Lyly is little short of absurd. Lyly was, beyond dispute, the most artificial and affected writer of his day: his dramas have nothing like nature or truth in them; and if it could be established that Spenser and Lyly were on the most intimate footing, even the exaggerate admiration of the fondest friendship could hardly have carried Spenser to the extreme to which he has gone in his "Tears of the Muses."

It is not necessary to enter farther into this part of the question, because, we think, it is now established that Spenser's lines might apply to Shakespeare as regards the date of their publication, and indisputably applied with most felicitous exactness to the works he has left behind him.

With regard to the lines which state, that Willy

"Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,  
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell,"

we have already shown that in 1589 there must have been some compulsory cessation of theatrical performances, which affected not only offending but unoffending companies: hence the certificate, or more properly remonstrance, of the sixteen sharers in the Blackfriars. And although the public companies (after the completion of some inquiries by commissioners specially appointed) were allowed again to follow their vocation, there can be no doubt that there was a temporary suspension of all theatrical exhibitions in London. This suspension commenced a short time before Spenser wrote his "Tears of the Muses," in which he notices the silence of Shakespeare; and probably continued until after the plague broke out in London, in 1592.

It was at this juncture, probably, if indeed he ever were in that country, that Shakespeare visited Italy. Mr. C. Armitage Brown, in his very clever, and in many respects original work, "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems," has maintained the affirmative with great confidence, and has brought into one view all the internal evidence afforded by the productions of our great dramatist. External evidence there is none, since not even a tradition of such a journey has descended to us. We own that the internal evidence, in our estimation, is by no means as

strong as it appeared to Mr. Brown, who has evinced great ingenuity and ability in the conduct of his case, and has made as much as possible of his proofs. He dwells, among other things, upon the fact, that there were no contemporaneous translations of the tales on which "The Merchant of Venice" and "Othello" are founded; but that Shakespeare was capable of translating Italian sufficiently for his own purposes, we are morally certain; and we think that if he had travelled to Venice, Verona, or Florence, we should have had more distinct and positive testimony of the fact in his works than can be adduced from them.

Other authors of the time have left such evidence behind them as cannot be disputed. Lyly tells us so distinctly in more than one of his pieces, and Rich informs us that he became acquainted with the novels he translated on the other side of the Alps. Although we do not believe that Shakespeare ever was in Italy, we admit that we are without evidence to prove a negative; and he may have gone there without having left behind him any distinct record of the fact. At the date to which we are now adverting he might certainly have had a convenient opportunity for doing so, in consequence of the temporary prohibition of dramatic performances in London.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Death of Robert Greene in 1592, and publication of his "Groatsworth of Wit," by J. Chettle.—Greene's address to Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, and his envious mention of Shakespeare—Shakespeare's offence at Chettle, and the apology of the latter in his "Kind-heart's Dream."—The character of Shakespeare there given.—Second allusion by Spenser to Shakespeare in "Colin Clout's come home again," 1594.—The "gentle Shakespeare."—Change in the character of his compositions between 1591 and 1594: his "Richard II." and "Richard III."

DURING the prevalence of the infectious malady of 1592, although not in consequence of it, died one of the most notorious and distinguished of the literary men of the time,—Robert Greene. He expired on the 3d September, 1592, and left behind him a work purporting to have been written during his last illness: it was published a few months afterwards by Henry Chettle, a fellow dramatist, under the title of "A Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance," bearing the date of 1592, and preceded by an address from Greene "To those Gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, who spend their wits in making Plays." Here we meet with the second notice of Shakespeare, not indeed by name, but with such a near approach to it, that nobody can entertain a moment's doubt that he was intended. It is necessary to quote the whole passage, and to observe, that Greene is addressing himself particularly to Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, and urging them to break off all connection with players:—"Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colors. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they have all been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast our blank-verse, as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Fac-totum*, is, in his own conceit,

the only Shlake-scene in a country. O! that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions."

The chief and obvious purpose of this address is to induce Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, to cease to write for the stage; and, in the course of his exhortation, Greene bitterly inveighs against an "upstart crow," who had availed himself of the dramatic labors of others, who imagined himself able to write as good blank-verse as any of his contemporaries, who was a *Johannes Fac-totum*, and who, in his own opinion, was "the only SHAKE-SCENE in a country." All this is clearly levelled at Shakespeare, under the purposely-perverted name of *Shlake-scene*, and the words, "*Tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide*," are a parody upon a line in an historical play, (most likely by Greene) "*O, tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide*," from which Shakespeare had taken his "Henry VI," part iii.

Hence it is evident that Shakespeare, near the end of 1592, had established such a reputation, and was so important a rival of the dramatists, who, until he came forward, had kept undisputed possession of the stage, as to excite the envy and enmity of Greene, even during his last and fatal illness. It also, we think, establishes another point not hitherto adverted to, viz., that our great poet possessed such variety of talent, that, for the purposes of the company of which he was a member, he could do anything that he might be called upon to perform: he was the *Johannes Fac-totum* of the association: he was an actor, and he was a writer of original plays, an adapter and improver of those already in existence, (some of them by Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, or Peele,) and no doubt he contributed prologues or epilogues, and inserted scenes, speeches, or passages, on any temporary emergency. Having his ready assistance, the Lord Chamberlain's servants required few other contributions from rival dramatists: Shakespeare was the *Johannes Fac-totum*, who, in all probability, had thrown men like Greene, Lodge, and Peele, and even Marlowe himself, into the shade.

It was natural and proper that Shakespeare should take offence at this gross and public attack: and that he did, we are told by Chettle himself, the avowed editor of the "Groatsworth of Wit:" he does not indeed mention Shakespeare, but he designates him so intelligibly that there is no room for dispute. Marlowe, also, and not without reason, complained of the manner in which Greene had spoken of him in the same work, but to him Chettle made no apology, while to Shakespeare he offered all the amends in his power.

His apology to Shakespeare is contained in a tract called "Kind-heart's Dream," which came out prior to the end of 1592. The whole passage relating to Marlowe and Shakespeare is highly interesting, and we therefore extract it entire:—

"About three months since died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry booksellers' hands: among others his *Groatsworth of Wit*, in which a letter, written to divers play-makers, is offensively by one or two of them taken: and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfully forge in their conceits a living author, and after tossing it to and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I have, all the time of my conversing in printing, hindered the bitter inveighing against scholars, it hath been very well known: and how in that I dealt, I can sufficiently prove. With neither of them, that take offence, was I acquainted; and with one of them [Marlowe] I were not if I never be: the other, [Shakespeare] whom at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might

have used my own discretion (especially in such a case, the author being dead) that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his free grace in writing, that approves his art. For the first [Marlowe] whose learning I reverence, and at the perusing of Greene's book struck out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ, or had it been true, yet to publish it was intolerable, him I would wish to use me no worse than I deserve."

The accusation of Greene against Marlowe had reference to the freedom of his religious opinions, of which it is not necessary here to say more: the attack upon Shakespeare we have already inserted and observed upon. In Chettle's apology to the latter, one of the most noticeable points is the tribute he pays to our great dramatist's abilities as an actor, "his demeanor no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes:" the word "quality" was applied, at that date, peculiarly and technically to acting, and the "quality" Shakespeare "professed" was that of an actor. "His facetious grace in writing" is separately adverted to, and admitted; while "his uprightness of dealing" is attested, not only by Chettle's own experience, but by the evidence of "divers of worship." Thus the amends made to Shakespeare for the envious assault of Greene, shows most decisively the high opinion entertained of him, towards the close of 1592, as an actor, an author, and a man.<sup>a</sup>

We have already inserted Spenser's warm, but not less judicious and well-merited, eulogium of Shakespeare in 1591, when in his "Tears of the Muses" he addresses him as Willy, and designates him

—"that same gentle spirit, from whose pen  
Large streames of homie and sweet nectar flowe."

If we were to trust printed dates, it would seem that in the same year the author of "The Faerie Queene" gave another proof of his admiration of our great dramatist: we allude to a passage in "Colin Clout's come home again," which was published with a dedication dated 27th December, 1591; but Malone proved, beyond all cavil, that for 1591 we ought to read 1594, the printer having made an extraordinary blunder. In that poem (after the author has spoken of many living and dead poets, some by their names, as Alabaster and Daniel, and others by fictitious and fanciful appellations) he inserts these lines:—

"And there, though last not least, is Etion;  
A gentler shepherd may no where be found,  
Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,  
Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

Malone takes unnecessary pains to establish that this passage applies to Shakespeare, although he pertinaciously denied that "our pleasant Willy" of "The Tears of the Muses" was intended for him. We have no doubt on either point; the same epithet is given in both cases to the person addressed, and

<sup>a</sup> More than ten years afterwards, Chettle paid another tribute to Shakespeare, under the name of Melicert, in his "England's Mourning Garment;" the author is reproaching the leading poets of the day, for not writing in honor of Queen Elizabeth, who was just dead: he thus addresses Shakespeare:—

"Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert  
Drop from his honied Muse one sable tear,  
To mourn her death that graced his desert,  
And to his lays open'd her royal ear.  
Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,  
And sing her Rape, done by that Turquin death."

This passage is important, with reference to the Royal encouragement given to Shakespeare, in consequence of the approbation of his plays at Court.

that epithet one which, at a subsequent date, almost constantly accompanied the name of Shakespeare. In "The Tears of the Muses" he is called a "gentle spirit," and in "Colin Clout's come home again" we are told that,

"A gentler shepherd may no where be found."

In the same feeling Ben Jonson calls him "my gentle Shakespeare," in the noble copy of verses prefixed to the folio of 1623, so that ere long the term became peculiarly applied to our great and amiable dramatist. This coincidence of expression is another circumstance to establish that Spenser certainly had Shakespeare in his mind when he wrote his "Tears of the Muses" in 1591, and his "Colin Clout's come home again" in 1594. In the latter instance the whole description is nearly as appropriate as in the earlier, with the addition of a line, which has a clear and obvious reference to the patronymic of our poet: his Muse, says Spenser,

"Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

These words alone may be taken to show, that between 1591 and 1594 Shakespeare had somewhat changed the character of his compositions: Spenser having applauded him, in his "Tears of the Muses," for unrivalled talents in comedy, (a department of the drama to which Shakespeare had, perhaps, at that date especially, though not exclusively, devoted himself) in his "Colin Clout" spoke of the "high thought's invention," which then filled Shakespeare's muse, and made her sound as "heroically" as his name. Of his genius, in a loftier strain of poetry than belonged to comedy, our great dramatist, by the year 1594, must have given some remarkable and undeniable proofs. In 1591 he had perhaps written his "Love's Labor's Lost" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" but in 1594 he had, no doubt, produced one or more of his great historical plays, his "Richard II." and "Richard III.," both of which, together with "Romeo and Juliet," came from the press in 1597, though the last in a very mangled, and imperfect, and unauthentic state. One circumstance may be mentioned, as leading to the belief that "Richard III." was brought out in 1594, viz., that in that year an impression of "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third," (an older play than that of Shakespeare) was published, that it might be bought under the notion that it was the new drama by the most popular poet of the day, then in a course of representation. It is most probable that "Richard II." had been composed before "Richard III.," and to either or both of them the lines,

"Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,  
Doth, like himself, heroically sound,"

will abundantly apply. The difference in the character of Spenser's tributes to Shakespeare in 1591 and 1594 was occasioned by the difference in the character of his productions.

## CHAPTER IX.

The dramas written by Shakespeare up to 1594.—Publication of "Venus and Adonis" during the plague in 1593.—Dedication of it, and of "Lucrece," 1594, to the Earl of Southampton.—Bounty of the Earl to Shakespeare, and coincidence between the date of the gift and the building of the Globe theatre on the Bankside.—Probability of the story that Lord Southampton presented Shakespeare with £1000.

HAVING arrived at the year 1594, we may take this opportunity of stating which of Shakespeare's extant works, in our opinion, had by that date been produced. We have already mentioned the three

parts of "Henry VI.," "Titus Andronicus," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Love's Labor's Lost," as in being in 1591; and in the interval between 1591 and 1594, we apprehend, he had added to them "Richard II." and "Richard III." Of these, the last four were entirely the work of our great dramatist: in the others he more or less availed himself of previous dramas, or possibly, of the assistance of contemporaries.

We have already stated our distinct and deliberate opinion that "Venus and Adonis" was written before its author left his home in Warwickshire. He kept it by him for some years, and early in 1593 seems to have put it into the hands of a printer, named Richard Field, who, it has been said, was of Stratford. It is to be recollected that at the time "Venus and Adonis" was sent to the press, while it was printing, and when it was published, the plague prevailed in London to such an excess, that it was deemed expedient by the privy council to put a stop to all theatrical performances. Shakespeare seems to have availed himself of this interval, in order to bring before the world a production of a different character to those which had been ordinarily seen from his pen. Until "Venus and Adonis" came out, the public at large could only have known him by the dramas he had written, or by those which, at an earlier date, he had altered, amended, and revived. The poem came from Field's press in the spring of 1593, preceded by a dedication to the Earl of Southampton. Its popularity was great and instantaneous, for a new edition of it was called for in 1594, a third in 1596, a fourth in 1600, and a fifth in 1602: there may have been, and probably were, intervening impressions, which have disappeared among the popular and destroyed literature of the time. We may conclude that this admirable and unequalled production first introduced its author to the notice of Lord Southampton; and it is evident from the opening of the dedication, that Shakespeare had not taken the precaution of ascertaining, in the first instance, the wishes of the young nobleman on the subject. Lord Southampton was more than nine years younger than Shakespeare, having been born on 6th October, 1573.

We may be sure that the dedication of "Venus and Adonis" was, on every account, acceptable, and Shakespeare followed it up by inscribing to the same peer, but in a much more assured and confident strain, his "Lucrece" in the succeeding year. He then "dedicated his love" to his juvenile patron, having "a warrant of his honorable disposition" towards his "pamphlet" and himself. "Lucrece" was not calculated, from its subject and the treatment of it, to be so popular as "Venus and Adonis," and the first edition having appeared from Field's press in 1594, a reprint of it does not seem to have been called for until after the lapse of four years, and the third edition bears the date of 1600.

It must have been about this period that the Earl of Southampton bestowed a most extraordinary proof of his high-minded munificence upon the author of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece." It was not unusual, at that time and afterwards, for noblemen, and others to whom works were dedicated, to make presents of money to the writers of them; but there is certainly no instance upon record of such generous bounty, on an occasion of the kind, as that of which we are now to speak: nevertheless, we have every reliance upon the authenticity of the anecdote, taking into account the unexampled merit of the poet, the known liberality of the nobleman, and the evidence

upon which the story has been handed down. Rowe was the original narrator of it in print, and he doubtless had it, with other information, from Betterton, who probably received it directly from Sir William Davenant, and communicated it to Rowe. If it cannot be asserted that Davenant was strictly contemporary with Shakespeare, he was contemporary with Shakespeare's contemporaries, and from them he must have obtained the original information. Rowe gives the statement in these words:—

"There is one instance so singular in the munificence of this patron of Shakespeare's that, if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his (Shakespeare's) affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to."

No biographer of Shakespeare seems to have adverted to the period when it was likely that the gift was made, in combination with the nature of the purchase Lord Southampton had heard our great dramatist wished to complete, or, it seems to us, they would not have thought the tradition by any means so improbable as some have held it.

The disposition to make a worthy return for the dedications of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" would of course be produced in the mind of Lord Southampton by the publication of those poems: and we are to recollect that it was precisely at the same date that the Lord Chamberlain's servants entered upon the project of building the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, not very far to the west of the Southwark foot of London Bridge. "Venus and Adonis" was published in 1593; and it was on the 22d December in that year that Richard Burbage, the great actor, and the leader of the company to which Shakespeare was attached, signed a bond to a carpenter of the name of Peter Street for the construction of the Globe. It is not too much to allow at least a year for its completion; and it was during 1594, while the work on the Bankside was in progress, that "Lucrece" came from the press. Thus we see that the building of the Globe, at the cost of the sharers in the Blackfriars theatre, was coincident in point of time with the appearance of the two poems dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. Is it, then, too much to believe that the young and bountiful nobleman, having heard of this enterprise from the peculiar interest he is known to have taken in all matters relating to the stage, and having been incited by warm admiration of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," in the fore-front of which he rejoiced to see his own name, presented Shakespeare with £1000, to enable him to make good the money he was to produce, as his proportion, for the completion of the Globe?

We do not mean to say that our great dramatist stood in need of the money, or that he could not have deposited it as well as the other sharers in the Blackfriars; but Lord Southampton may not have thought it necessary to inquire, whether he did or did not want it, nor to consider precisely what it had been customary to give ordinary versifiers, who sought the pay and patronage of the nobility. Although Shakespeare had not yet reached the climax of his excellence, Lord Southampton knew him to be the greatest dramatist his country had yet produced; he knew him also to be the writer of two poems, dedicated to himself, with which nothing else of the kind could bear comparison; and in the exercise of his bounty he measured the poet by his deserts, and "used him after his own honor and dignity," by bestowing upon him a sum worthy of

his title and character, and which his wealth probably enabled him without difficulty to afford. We do not believe that there has been any exaggeration in the amount, (although that is more possible, than that the whole statement should have been a fiction,) and Lord Southampton may thus have intended also to indicate his hearty good will to the new undertaking of the company, and his determination to support it.

## CHAPTER X.

The opening of the Globe theatre, on the Bankside, in 1595.—Union of Shakespeare's associates with the Lord Admiral's players.—The theatre at Newington Butts.—Projected repair and enlargement of the Blackfriars theatre: opposition by the inhabitants of the precinct.—Shakespeare's rank in the company in 1596.—Petition from him and seven others to the Privy Council, and its results.—Repair of the Blackfriars theatre.—Shakespeare a resident in Southwark in 1596: proof that he was so from the papers at Dulwich College.

WE have concluded, as we think that we may do very fairly, that the construction of the new theatre on the Bankside, subsequently known as the Globe, having been commenced soon after the signature of the bond of Burbage to Street, on 22d Dec., 1593, was continued through the year 1594: we apprehend that it would be finished and ready for the reception of audiences early in the spring of 1595. It was a round wooden building, open to the sky, while the stage was protected from the weather by an overhanging roof of thatch. The number of persons it would contain we have no means of ascertaining, but it was certainly of larger dimensions than the Rose, the Hope or the Swan, three other edifices of the same kind, and used for the same purpose, in the immediate vicinity. The Blackfriars was a private theatre, as it was called, entirely covered in, and of smaller size; and from thence the company, after the Globe had been completed, was in the habit of removing in the spring, perhaps as soon as there was any indication of the setting in of fine cheerful weather.

Before the building of the Globe, for the exclusive use of the theatrical servants of the Lord Chamberlain, there can be little doubt that they did not act all the year round at the Blackfriars: they appear to have performed sometimes at the Curtain in Shore-ditch, and Richard Burbage, at the time of his death, still had shares in that playhouse. Whether they occupied it in common with any other association is not so clear; but we learn from Henslowe's Diary, that in 1594, and perhaps at an earlier date, the company of which Shakespeare was a member had played at a theatre in Newington Butts, where the Lord Admiral's servants also exhibited. At this period of our stage-history the performances usually began at three o'clock in the afternoon; for the citizens transacted their business and dined early, and many of them afterwards walked out into the fields for recreation, often visiting such theatres as were open purposely for their reception. Henslowe's Diary shows that the Lord Chamberlain's and the Lord Admiral's servants had joint possession of the Newington theatre from 3d June, 1594, to the 15th November, 1596; and during that period various pieces were performed, which in their titles resemble plays which unquestionably came from Shakespeare's pen. That none of these were productions by our great dramatist, it is, of course, impossible to affirm; but the strong probability seems to be, that they were older dramas, of which he subsequently, more or less, availed himself. We have no

reason to think that Shakespeare did not aid in these representations, although he was perhaps, too much engaged with the duties of authorship, at this date, to take a very busy or prominent part as an actor.

It is probable that, even after the Globe was finished, the Lord Chamberlain's servants now and then performed at Newington in the summer, because audiences, having been accustomed to expect them there, assembled for the purpose, and the players did not think it prudent to relinquish the emolument thus to be obtained. The performances at Newington, we presume, did not however interfere with the representations at the Globe.

We may feel assured that the important incident of the opening of a new theatre on the Bankside, larger than any that then stood in that or in other parts of the town, was celebrated by the production of a new play. Considering his station and duties in the company, and his popularity as a dramatist, we may be confident also that the new play was written by Shakespeare. In the imperfect state of our information, it would be vain to speculate which of his dramas was brought out on the occasion. We frankly own, therefore, that we are not in a condition to offer an opinion upon the question, and we are disposed, where we can, to refrain even from conjecture, when we have no ground on which to test a speculation.

Allowing about fifteen months for the erection and completion of the Globe, we may believe that it was in full operation in the spring, summer, and autumn of 1595. On the approach of cold weather, the company would of course return to their winter quarters in the Blackfriars, which was enclosed, lighted from within, and comparatively warm. This theatre, as we have stated, at this date had been in constant use for twenty years, and early in 1596 the sharers directed their attention to the extensive repair, enlargement, and, possibly, entire re-construction of the building.

The truth, no doubt, was, that in consequence of their increased popularity, owing, we may readily imagine, in a great degree to the success of the plays Shakespeare had produced, the company which had occupied the Blackfriars theatre found that their house was too small for their audiences, and wished to enlarge it. Two documents in the State Paper Office, and a third preserved at Dulwich College, enable us to state distinctly what was the object of the actors at the Blackfriars in 1596. The first of these is a representation from certain inhabitants of the precinct in which the playhouse was situated, not only against the completion of the work of repair and enlargement, then commenced, but against all farther performances in the theatre.

Of this paper it is not necessary for our purpose to say more; but the answer to it, on the part of the association of actors, is a very valuable relic, inasmuch as it gives the names of eight players who were the proprietors of the theatre or its appurtenances, that of Shakespeare being fifth in the list. It will not have been forgotten, that in 1589 no fewer than sixteen sharers were enumerated, and that then Shakespeare's name was the twelfth; but it did not by any means follow, that because there were sixteen sharers in the receipts, they were also proprietors of the building, properties, or wardrobe: in 1596 it is stated that Thomas Pope, Richard Burbage, John Hemings, (properly spelt Heminge,) Augustine Philips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, (who withdrew from the company in 1601,) William Slye, and Nicholas Tooley, were



"owners" of the theatre as well as sharers in the profits arising out of the performances. The fact, however, seems to be that the sole owner of the edifice in which plays were represented, the proprietor of the freehold, was Richard Burbage, who inherited it from his father, and transmitted it to his sons; but as a body, the parties addressing the privy council (for the "petition" appears to have been sent thither) might in a certain sense call themselves owners of, as well as sharers in the Blackfriars theatre. We insert the document in a note, observing merely, that, like many others of a similar kind, it is without signatures.<sup>a</sup>

The date of the year when this petition of the actors was presented to the privy council is ascertained from that of the remonstrance of the inhabitants which had rendered it necessary, viz., 1596; but by another paper, among the theatrical relics of Alleyn and Henslowe at Dulwich College, we are enabled to show that both the remonstrance and the petition were anterior to May in that year. Henslowe (stepfather to Alleyn's wife, and Alleyn's partner) seems always, very prudently, to have kept up a good understanding with the officers of the department of the revels; and on 3d May, 1596, a person of the name of Veale, servant to Edmund Tylney, master of the revels, wrote to Henslowe, informing him (as of course he must take an interest in the result) that it had been decided by the privy council, that the Lord Chamberlain's servants should be allowed to complete their repairs, but not to enlarge their house in the Blackfriars; the note of Veale to Henslowe is on a small slip of paper,

very clearly written; and as it is short, we here insert it:—

"Mr. Henslowe. This is to enforme you that my Mr., the Maister of the revelles, hath rec. from the L<sup>d</sup>. of the counsell order that the L<sup>d</sup>. Chamberlains servants shall not be disturbed at the Blackefryars, according with their petition in that behalfe, but leave shall be given unto theym to make good the decaye of the saide House, but not to make the same larger then in former tyme hath bene. From thofice of the Revelles, this 3 of maie, 1596.

"RICH. VEALE."

Thus the whole transaction is made clear: the company, soon after the opening of the Globe, contemplated the repair and enlargement of the Blackfriars theatre: the inhabitants of the precincts objected not only to the repair and enlargement, but to any dramatic representations in that part of the town: the company petitioned to be allowed to carry out their design, as regarded the restoration of the edifice, and the increase of its size; but the privy council consented only that the building should be repaired. We are to conclude, therefore, that after the repairs were finished, the theatre would hold no more spectators than formerly; but that the dilapidations of time were substantially remedied, we are sure from the fact, that the house continued long afterwards to be employed for the purpose for which it had been originally constructed.

Where Shakespeare had resided from the time when he first came to London, until the period of which we are now speaking, we have no information; but in July, 1596, he was living in Southwark, perhaps to be close to the scene of action, and more effectually to superintend the performances at the Globe, which were continued through at least seven months of the year. We know not whether he removed there shortly before the opening of the Globe, or whether from the first it had been his usual place of abode; but Malone tells us, "From a paper now before me, which formerly belonged to Edward Alleyn, the player, our poet appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-garden, in 1596." He gives us no further insight into the contents of the paper; but he probably referred to a small slip, borrowed, with other relics of a like kind, from Dulwich College, many of which were returned after his death. We subjoin it exactly as it stands in the original: the hand-writing is ignorant, the spelling peculiar, and it was evidently merely a hasty and imperfect memorandum:—

"Inhabitantes of Sowtherk as have complained, this — of July, 1596,

Mr Markis  
Mr Tuppin  
Mr Langorth  
Wilson the pyper  
Mr Barrett  
Mr Shaksper  
Phillips  
Tomson  
Mother Golden the bauds  
Nagges  
Fillpott and no more, and soe well ended."

This is the whole of the fragment, for such it appears to be, and without further explanation, which we have not been able to find in any other document, in the depository where the above is preserved or elsewhere, it is impossible to understand more, than that Shakespeare and other inhabitants of Southwark had made some complaint in July, 1596, which, we may guess, was hostile to the wishes of the writer, who congratulated himself that the matter was so well at an end. Some of the parties named, including our great dramatist, continued resident in Southwark long afterwards, as we shall have occasion in its proper place to show. The

<sup>a</sup> "To the right honourable the Lords of her Majesties most honourable Privie Councell.

"The humble petition of Thomas Pope, Richard Barbage, John Hemmings, Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others, servants to the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine to her Majestie.

"Sheweth most humbly, that your Petitioners are owners and players of the private house, or theatre, in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriars, which hath bene for many yeares used and occupied for the playing of tragedies, comedies, histories, ent-rulides, and plays. That the same, by reason of its having bene so long built, hath fallen into great decay, and that besides the reparation thereof, it hath bene found necessarie to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming ther-to. That to this end your Petitioners have all and eche of them put down summes of money, according to their shares in the said theatre, and which they have justly and honestly gained by the exercise of their qualitie of stage-players; but that certain persons (some of them of honour) inhabitants of the said precinct and libertie of the Blackfriars have, as your Petitioners are informed, besought your honourable Lordships not to permitt the said private house any longer to remaine open, but hereafter to be shut up and closed, to the manifest and great injurie of your petitioners, who have no other meanes whereby to maintain their wives and families, but by the exercise of their qualitie as they have heretofore done. Furthermore, that in the summer season your Petitioners are able to playe at their new built house on the Bankside calde the Globe, but that in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriars; and if your honorable Lordships give consent unto that which is prayde against your Petitioners, they will not onely, while the winter endures, loose the meanes whereby they now support them selves and their families, but be unable to practise themselves in anie playes or ent-rulides, when calde upon to performe for the recreation and solace of her Ma<sup>tie</sup> and her honorable Court, as they have bene heretofore accustomed. The humble prayer of your Petitioners therefore is, that your honorable Lordships grant permission to finish the reparations and alterations they have begun; and as your Petitioners have hitherto been well ordered in their behaviour, and just in their dealings, that your honorable Lordships will not inhibit them from acting at their above named private house in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriars, and your Petitioners, as in dutie most bound-n, will ever pray for the increasing honor and happinesse of your honorable Lordships."

writer seems to have been desirous of speaking derogatorily of all the persons he enumerates, but still he designates some as "Mr. Markis, Mr. Tuppin, Mr. Langorth, Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Shaksper; but "Phillipes, Tomson, Nagges, and Fillpott," he only mentions by their surnames, while he adds the words "the pyper" and "the baude" after "Wilsone" and "Mother Golden," probably to indicate that any complaint from them ought to have but little weight.

## CHAPTER XI

William Shakespeare's annual visit to Stratford.—Death of his son Hamnet in 1596.—General scarcity in England.—The quantity of corn in the hands of William Shakespeare and his neighbors in February, 1598.—Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humor," and probable instrumentality of Shakespeare in the original production of it on the stage.—Henslowe's letter respecting the death of Gabriel Spencer.

AUBREY informs us, (and there is not only no reason for disbelieving his statement, but every ground for giving it credit,) that William Shakespeare was "wont to go to his native country once a year." Without seeking for any evidence upon the question, nothing is more natural or probable; and when, therefore, he had acquired sufficient property, he might be anxious to settle his family comfortably and independently in Stratford. We must suppose that his father and mother were mainly dependent upon him; and he may have employed his brother Gilbert, who was two years and a half younger than himself, and perhaps accustomed to agricultural pursuits, to look after his farming concerns in the country, while he himself was absent superintending his highly profitable theatrical undertakings in London. In 1595, 1596, and 1597, our poet must have been in the receipt of a considerable and an increasing income: he was part proprietor of the Blackfriars and the Globe theatres, both excellent speculations; he was an actor, doubtless earning a good salary, independently of the proceeds of his shares; and he was the most popular and applauded dramatic poet of the day. In the summer he might find, or make, leisure to visit his native town, and we may be tolerably sure that he was there in August, 1596, when he had the misfortune to lose his only son Hamnet, one of the twins born early in the spring of 1585: the boy completed his eleventh year in February, 1596, so that his death in August following must have been a very severe trial to his parents.

Stow informs us, that in 1596 the price of provisions in England was so high, that the bushel of wheat was sold for six, seven, and eight shillings: the dearth continued and increased through 1597, and in August of that year the price of the bushel of wheat had risen to thirteen shillings, fell to ten shillings, and rose again, in the words of the old faithful chronicler, to "the late greatest price." Connected with this dearth, the Shakespeare Society has been put in possession of a document of much value as regards the biography of our poet: although, at first sight, it may not appear to deserve notice, it is sure in the end to attract. It is thus headed:—

"The noate of corne and malte, taken the 4th of February, 1597, in the 40th year of the reigne of our most gracious Sovereigne Ladie, Queene Elizabeth." &c.

and in the margin opposite the title are the words "Stratforde Burroughhe, Warwicke." It was evi-

dently prepared in order to ascertain how much corn and malt there really was in the town; and it is divided into two columns, one showing the "Townsmen's corn," and the other the "Strangers' malt." We are enabled by this document, among other things, to prove in what part of Stratford the family of our great poet then dwelt: it was in Chapel-street Ward, and it appears that at the date of the account William Shakespeare had ten quarters of corn in his possession. As some may be curious to see who were his immediate neighbors, and in what order the names are given, we copy the account, as far as it relates to Chapel-street Ward, exactly as it stands:—

### CHAPPEL STREET WARD.

- 3 Francis Smythe, Junr, 3 quarters.
- 5 John Coxo, 5 quarters.
- 17½ Mr. Thomas Dyxon, 17½ quarters.
- 3 Mr. Thomas Barbor, 3 quarters.
- 5 Mychell Hare, 5 quarters.
- 6 Mr. Bifield, 6 quarters.
- 6 Hugh Aynger, 6 quarters.
- 6 Thomas Badsey, 6 quarters.—bareley 1 quarter.
1. 2 str. John Rogers, 10 strikes.
- 8 Wm. Emmettes, 8 quarters.
- 11 Mr. Aspinall, about 11 quarters.
- 10 Wm. Shakespere, 10 quarters.
- 7 Jul. Shawe, 7 quarters.

We shall have occasion hereafter again to refer to this document upon another point, but in the mean time we may remark that the name of John Shakespeare is not found in any part of it. This fact gives additional probability to the belief that the two old people, possibly with some of their children, were living in the house of their son William, for such may be the reason why we do not find John Shakespeare mentioned in the account as the owner of any corn. It may likewise in part explain how it happened that William Shakespeare was in possession of so large a quantity: in proportion to the number of his family, in time of scarcity, he would be naturally desirous to be well provided with the main article of subsistence; or it is very possible that, as a grower of grain, he might keep some in store for sale to those who were in want of it. It affords some proof of his means and substance at this date, that only two persons in Chapel-street Ward had a larger quantity in their hands. We are led to infer from this circumstance that our great dramatist may have been a cultivator of land, and it is not unlikely that the wheat in his granary had been grown on his mother's estate of Asbyes, at Wilmeccote, of which we know that no fewer than fifty, out of about sixty, acres were arable.

We must now return to London and to theatrical affairs there, and in the first place advert to a passage in Rowe's Life of Shakespeare, relating to the real or supposed commencement of the connexion between our great dramatist and Ben Jonson. Rowe tells us that "Shakespeare's acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature. Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare, luckily, cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public." This anecdote is entirely disbelieved by Mr. Gifford, and he rests his incredulity upon the supposition, that Ben Jonson's earliest

known production, "Every Man in his Humor," was originally acted in 1597 at a different theatre, and he produces as evidence Henslowe's Diary, which, he states, proves that the comedy came out at the Rose.

The truth, however, is, that the play supposed, on the authority of Henslowe, to be Ben Jonson's comedy, is only called by Henslowe "Humors," or "Umers," as he ignorantly spells it. It is a mere speculation that this was Ben Jonson's play, for it may have been any other performance, by any other poet, in the title of which the word "Humors" occurred; and we have the indisputable and unequivocal testimony of Ben Jonson himself, in his own authorized edition of his works in 1616, that "Every Man in his Humor" was not acted until 1598: he was not satisfied with stating on the title-page, that it was "acted in the year 1598 by the then Lord Chamberlain his servants," which might have been considered sufficient; but in this instance (as in all others in the same volume) he informs us at the end that 1598 was the year in which it was *first* acted: "This comedy was first acted in the year 1598." Are we prepared to disbelieve Ben Jonson's positive assertion (a man of the highest and purest notions, as regarded truth and integrity) for the sake of a theory founded upon the bare assumption, that Henslowe by "Umers" not only meant Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humor," but could mean nothing else?

Mr. Gifford, passing over without notice Jonson's positive statement, proceeds to argue that Ben Jonson could stand in need of no such assistance, as Shakespeare is said to have afforded him, because he was "as well known, and perhaps better," than Shakespeare himself. Surely, with all deference for Mr. Gifford's undisputed acuteness and general accuracy, we may doubt how Ben Jonson could be better, or even as well known as Shakespeare, when the latter had been for twelve years connected with the stage as author and actor, and had written, at the lowest calculation, twelve dramas, while the former was only twenty-four years old, and had produced no known play but "Every Man in his Humor."

Add to this, that nothing could be more consistent with the amiable and generous character of Shakespeare, than that he should thus have interested himself in favor of a writer who was ten years his junior, and who gave such undoubted proofs of genius as are displayed in "Every Man in his Humor." Our great dramatist, established in public favor by such comedies as "The Merchant of Venice" and "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," by such a tragedy as "Romeo and Juliet," and by such histories as "King John," "Richard II.," and "Richard III.," must have felt himself above all rivalry, and could well afford this act of "humanity and good nature," as Rowe terms it, on behalf of a young, needy, and meritorious author.

Another circumstance may be noticed as an incidental confirmation of Rowe's statement, with which Mr. Gifford could not be acquainted, because the fact has only been recently discovered. In 1598 Ben Jonson, being then only twenty-four years old, had a quarrel with Gabriel Spencer, one of Henslowe's principal actors, in consequence of which they met, fought, and Spencer was killed. Henslowe, writing to Alleyn, the leading member of his company, on the subject, on the 26th September, uses these words: "Since you were with me, I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly; that is Gabriel, for he is slain in Hoxton

Fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer." Now, had Ben Jonson been at that date the author of the comedy call "Umers," and had it been his "Every Man in his Humor," which was acted by the Lord Admiral's players eleven times, it is not very likely that Henslowe would have been ignorant who Benjamin Jonson was, and have spoken of him, not as one of the dramatists in his pay, and the author of a very successful comedy, but merely as a "bricklayer."

## CHAPTER XII.

Restriction of dramatic performances in and near London in 1597. Thomas Nash and his play, "The Isle of Dogs;" imprisonment of Nash, and of some of the players of the Lord Admiral.—Favor shown to the companies of the Lord Chamberlain and of the Lord Admiral.—Printing of Shakespeare's Plays in 1597.—The list of his known dramas, published by F. More in 1598.—Shakespeare authorized the printing of none of his plays, and never corrected the press.—Carelessness of dramatic authors in this respect.—Shakespeare's reputation as a dramatist.

IN the summer of 1597 an event occurred which seems to have produced for a time a serious restriction upon dramatic performances. The celebrated Thomas Nash, early in the year, had written a comedy which he called "The Isle of Dogs;" that he had partners in the undertaking there is no doubt; and he tells us, in his tract called "Lenten Stuff," printed in 1599, that the players, when it was acted by the Lord Admiral's servants in the beginning of August, 1597, had taken most unwarrantable liberties with his piece, by making large additions, for which he ought not to have been responsible. The exact nature of the performance is not known, but it was certainly satirical, no doubt personal, and it must have had reference also to some of the polemical and political questions of the day. The representation of it was forbidden by authority, and Nash, with others, was arrested under an order from the privy council, and sent to the Fleet prison. Some of the offending actors had escaped for a time, and the privy council, not satisfied with what had been already done in the way of punishment, wrote from Greenwich on 15th August, 1597, to certain magistrates, requiring them strictly to examine all the parties in custody, with a view to the discovery of others not yet apprehended. From this important official letter we learn, not only that Nash was the author of the "seditious and slanderous" comedy, but possibly himself an actor in it, and "the maker of part of the said play," especially pointed at, who was in custody.

Before the date of this incident the companies of various play-houses in the county of Middlesex, but particularly at the Curtain and Theatre in Shoreditch had attracted attention, and given offence, by the licentious character of their performances; and the registers of the privy council show that the magistrates had been written to on the 28th July, 1597, requiring that no plays should be acted during the summer, and directing, in order to put an effectual stop to such performances, because "lewd matters were handled on stages," that the two places above named should be "plucked down." The magistrates were also enjoined to send for the owners of "any other common play-house" within their jurisdiction, and not only to forbid performances of every description, but "so to deface" all places erected for theatrical representations, "as they might not be employed again to such use." This command was given just anterior to the production of Nash's "Isle

"of Dogs," which was certainly not calculated to lessen the objections entertained by any persons in authority about the Court.

The Blackfriars, not being, according to the terms of the order of the privy council, "a common play-house," but what was called a private theatre, does not seem to have been included in the general ban; but as we know that similar directions had been conveyed to the magistrates of the county of Surrey, it is somewhat surprising that they seem to have produced no effect upon the performances at the Globe or the Rose upon the Bankside. We must attribute this circumstance, perhaps, to the exercise of private influence; and it is quite certain that the necessity of keeping some companies in practice, in order that they might be prepared to exhibit, when required, before the Queen, was made the first pretext for granting exclusive "licenses" to the actors of the Lord Chamberlain, and of the Lord Admiral. We know that the Earls of Southampton and Rutland, about this date and shortly afterwards, were in the frequent habit of visiting the theatres: the Earl of Nottingham also seems to have taken an unusual interest on various occasions in favor of the company acting under his name, and to the representations of these noblemen we are, perhaps, to attribute the exemption of the Globe and the Rose from the operation of the order "to deface" all buildings adapted to dramatic representations in Middlesex and Surrey, in a manner that would render them unfit for any such purpose in future. We have the authority of the registers of the privy council, under date of 19th February, 1597-8, for stating that the companies of the Lord Chamberlain and of the Lord Admiral obtained renewed permission "to use and practise stage-plays," in order that they might be duly qualified, if called upon to perform before the Queen.

This privilege, as regards the players of the Lord Admiral, seems the more extraordinary, because that was the very company which only in the August preceding had given such offence by the representation of Nash's "Isle of Dogs." It is very likely that Nash was the scape-goat on the occasion, and that the chief blame was thrown upon him, although, in his tract, before mentioned, he maintains that he was the most innocent party of all those who were concerned in the transaction.

As far as we can judge, there was good reason for showing favor to the association with which Shakespeare was connected, because nothing has reached us to lead to the belief that the Lord Chamberlain's servants had incurred any displeasure. Accordingly, we hear of no interruption, at this date, of the performances at either of the theatres in the receipts of which Shakespeare participated.

To the year 1598 inclusive, only five of his plays had been printed, although he had then been connected with the stage for about twelve years, viz.: "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II." and "Richard III." in 1597, and "Love's Labor's Lost" and "Henry IV." part i. in 1598; but, as we learn from indisputable contemporaneous authority, he had written seven others, besides what he had done in the way of alterations, addition, and adaptation. The earliest enumeration of Shakespeare's dramas made its appearance in 1598, in a work by Francis Meres, entitled "*Palladis Tamia*, Wits Treasury." In a division of this small but thick volume (consisting of 666 8vo. pages, besides "The Table,") headed "A comparative discourse of our English Poets, with the Greeke, Latine, and Italian Poets," the author inserts the following paragraph, which we

extract precisely as it stands in the original, because it has no where, that we recollect, been quoted quite correctly.

"As *Plautus* and *Sneeca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines; so Shakespeare among ye English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedly, witness his *Gentleme of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labor's lost*, his *Love labor's wonne*, his *Midsummers night dreame*, & his *Merchant of Venice*: for Tragedy his *Richard the 2.* *Richard the 3.* *Henry the 4.* *King John*, *Titus Andronicus* and his *Romeo and Juliet*."

Thus we see that twelve comedies, histories, and tragedies (for we have specimens in each department) were known as Shakespeare's in the Autumn of 1598, when the work of Meres came from the press. It is a remarkable circumstance, evincing strikingly the manner in which the various companies of actors of that period were able to keep popular pieces from the press, that until Shakespeare had been a writer for the Lord Chamberlain's servants ten or eleven years not a single play by him was published; and then four of his first printed plays were without his name, as if the bookseller had been ignorant of the fact, or as if he considered that the omission would not affect the sale: one of them, "Romeo and Juliet," was never printed in any early quarto as the work of Shakespeare, as will be seen from our exact reprint of the title-pages of the editions of 1597, 1599, and 1609, (see Introduction.) The reprints of "Richard II." and "Richard III." in 1598, as before observed, have Shakespeare's name on the title-pages, and they were issued, perhaps, after Meres had distinctly assigned those "histories" to him.

It is our conviction, after the most minute and patient examination of, we believe, every old impression, that Shakespeare in no instance authorized the publication of his plays: we do not consider even "Hamlet" an exception, although the edition of 1604 was probably intended, by some parties connected with the theatre, to supersede the garbled and fraudulent edition of 1603: Shakespeare, in our opinion, had nothing to do with the one or with the other. He allowed most mangled and deformed copies of several of his greatest works to be circulated for many years, and did not think it worth his while to expose the fraud, which remained, in several cases, undetected, as far as the great body of the public was concerned, until the appearance of the folio of 1623. Our great dramatist's indifference upon this point seems to have been shared by many, if not by most, of his contemporaries; and if the quarto impression of any one of his plays be more accurate in typography than another, we feel satisfied that it arose out of the better state of the manuscript, or the greater pains and fidelity of the printer.

Returning to the important list of twelve plays furnished by Meres, we may add, that although he does not mention them, there can be no doubt that the three parts of "Henry VI." had been repeatedly acted before 1598: we may possibly infer, that they were not inserted because they were then well known not to be the sole work of Shakespeare. By "Henry IV." it is most probable that Meres intended both parts of that "history." "Love's Labor's Won" has been supposed, since the time of Dr. Farmer, to be "All's Well that Ends Well," under a different title: our notion is that the original name given to the play was "Love's Labor's Won;" and that, when it was revived with additions and alterations, in 1605 or 1606, it received also a new appellation.

Yet it is singular, if we rely upon several coeval authorities, how little our great dramatist was about

this period known and admired for his plays. Richard Barnfield published his "Encomion of Lady Pecunia," in 1598, (the year in which the list of twelve of Shakespeare's plays was printed by Meres,) and from a copy of verses entitled "Remembrance of some English Poets," we quote the following notice of Shakespeare :—

"And Shakespeare thou, whose honey-flowing vein,  
Pleasing the world, thy praises doth contain,  
Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece*, sweet and chaste,  
Thy name in Fame's immortal book hath plac'd;  
Live ever you, at least in fame live ever:  
Well may the body die, but fame die never."

Here Shakespeare's popularity, as "pleasing the world," is noticed; but the proofs of it are not derived from the stage, where his dramas were in daily performance before crowded audiences, but from the success of his "*Venus* and *Adonis*" and "*Lucrece*," which had gone through various editions. Precisely to the same effect, but a still stronger instance, we may refer to a play in which both Burbage and Kempe are introduced as characters, the one of whom had obtained such celebrity in the tragic, and the other in the comic parts in Shakespeare's dramas: we allude to "*The Return from Parnassus*," which was indisputably acted before the death of Queen Elizabeth. In a scene where two young students are discussing the merits of particular poets, one of them speaks thus of Shakespeare:—

"Who loves *Adonis* love or *Lucrece* rape,  
His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life;  
Could but a graver subject him content,  
Without love's foolish, lazy languishment."

Not the most distant allusion is made to any of his dramatic productions, although the poet criticised by the young students immediately before Shakespeare was Ben Jonson, who was declared to be "the wittiest fellow, of a bricklayer, in England," but "a slow inventor." Hence we might be led to imagine that, even down to as late a period as the commencement of the seventeenth century, the reputation of Shakespeare depended rather upon his poems than upon his plays; almost as if productions for the stage were not looked upon, at that date, as part of the recognised literature of the country.

### CHAPTER XIII.

New Place, or, "the great house," in Stratford, bought by Shakespeare in 1597.—Removal of the Lord Admiral's players from the Bankside to the Fortune theatre in Cripplegate.—Rivalry of the Lord Chamberlain's and Lord Admiral's company.—Order in 1600 confining the acting of plays to the Globe and Fortune: the influence of the two associations occupying those theatres.—Disobedience to the order of 1600.—Plays by Shakespeare published in 1600.—The "First Part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle," printed in 1600, falsely imputed to Shakespeare, and cancelling of the title-page.

It will have been observed, that, in the document we have produced, relating to the quantity of corn and malt in Stratford, it is stated that William Shakespeare's residence was in that division of the borough called Chapel-street ward. This is an important circumstance, because we think it may be said to settle decisively the disputed question, whether our great dramatist purchased what was known as "the great house," or "New Place," before, in, or after 1597. It was situated in Chapel-street ward, close to the chapel of the Holy Trinity. We are now certain that he had a house in the ward

in February, 1597-'98, and that he had ten quarters of corn there; and we need not doubt that it was the dwelling which had been built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry VII.: the Cloptons subsequently sold it to a person of the name of Botte, and he to Hercules Underhill, who disposed of it to Shakespeare. We therefore find him, in the beginning of 1598, occupying one of the best houses, in one of the best parts of Stratford. He who had quitted his native town about twelve years before, poor and comparatively friendless, was able, by the profits of his own exertions, and the exercise of his own talents, to return to it, and to establish his family in more comfort and opulence than, as far as is known, they had ever before enjoyed. We consider the point that Shakespeare had become owner of New Place in or before 1597 as completely made out, as, at such a distance of time, and with such imperfect information upon nearly all matters connected with his history, could be at all expected.<sup>a</sup>

We apprehend likewise, as we have already remarked, that the confirmation of arms in 1596, obtained as we believe by William Shakespeare, had reference to the permanent and substantial settlement of his family in Stratford, and to the purchase of a residence there consistent with the altered and improved circumstances of that family.

The removal of the Lord Admiral's players, under Henslowe and Alleyn, from the Rose theatre on the Bankside, to the new house called the Fortune, in Golding-lane, Cripplegate, soon after the date to which we are now referring, may lead to the opinion that that company did not find itself equal to sustain the rivalry with the Lord Chamberlain's servants, under Shakespeare and Burbage, at the Globe. That theatre was opened, as we have adduced reasons to believe, in the spring of 1595: the Rose was a considerably older building, and the necessity for repairing it might enter into the calculation, when Henslowe and Alleyn thought of trying the experiment in a different part of the town, and on the Middlesex side of the water. Theatres being at this date merely wooden structures, and much frequented, they would soon fall into decay, especially in a marshy situation like that of the Bankside: so damp was the soil in the neighborhood, that the Globe was surrounded by a moat to keep it dry; and it is most likely that the Rose was similarly drained. The Rose was in the first instance, and as far back as the reign of Edward VI., a house of entertainment with that sign, and it was converted into a theatre by Henslowe and a grocer of the name

<sup>a</sup> In the garden of this house it is believed that Shakespeare planted a mulberry tree, about the year 1609: such is the tradition, and we are disposed to think that it is founded in truth. In 1609, King James was anxious to introduce the mulberry (which had been imported about half a century earlier) into general cultivation. On the 25th November, 1609, £935 were paid out of the public purse for the planting of mulberry trees "near the palace of Westminster." The mulberry tree, said to have been planted by Shakespeare, was in existence up to about the year 1755; and in the spring of 1742, Garrick, Macklin, and Deane the actor, were entertained under it by Sir Hugh Clopton. New Place remained in possession of Shakespeare's successors until the Restoration; it was then repurchased by the Clopton family: about 1752 it was sold by the executor of Sir Hugh Clopton to a clergyman of the name of Gastrell, who, on some offence taken at the authorities of the borough of Stratford, on the subject of rating the house, pulled it down, and cut down the mulberry tree. According to a letter in the Annual Register of 1760, the wood was bought by a silversmith, who "made many odd things of it for the curious." In our time we have seen as many relics, said to have been formed from this one mulberry tree, as could hardly have been furnished by all the mulberry trees in the county of Warwick.

of Cholmley about the year 1584; but it seems to have early required considerable reparations, and they might be again necessary prior to 1599, when Henslowe and Alceyn resolved to abandon Southwark. However, it may be doubted whether they would not have continued where they were, recollecting the convenient proximity of Paris Garden, (where bears, bulls, &c., were baited, and in which they were also jointly interested) but for the success of the Lord Chamberlain's players at the Globe, which had been in use four or five years. Henslowe and Alceyn seem to have found, that neither their plays nor their players could stand the competition of their rivals, and they accordingly removed to a vicinity where no play-house had previously existed.

The Fortune theatre was commenced in Golding Lane, Cripplegate, in the year 1599, and finished in 1600, and thither without delay Henslowe and Alceyn transported their whole dramatic establishment, strengthened in the spring of 1602 by the addition of that great and popular comic performer, William Kempe. The association at the Globe was then left in almost undisputed possession of the Bankside. There were, indeed, occasional, and perhaps not unfrequent, performances at the Rose, as well as at the Hope and the Swan, but not by the regular associations which had previously occupied them; and after the Fortune was opened, the speculation there was so profitable, that the Lord Admiral's players had no motive for returning to their old quarters.

The members of the two companies belonging to the Lord Chamberlain and to the Lord Admiral appear to have possessed so much influence in the summer of 1600, that (backed perhaps by the puritanical zeal of those who were unfriendly to all theatrical performances) they obtained an order from the privy council, dated 22d June, that no other public play-houses should be permitted but the Globe in Surrey, and the Fortune in Middlesex. Nevertheless, the privy council registers, where this order is inserted, also contain distinct evidence that it was not obeyed, even in May, 1601; for on the 10th of that month the Lords wrote to certain magistrates of Middlesex requiring them to put a stop to the performance of a play at the Curtain, in which were introduced "some gentlemen of good desert and quality, that are yet alive," but saying nothing about the closing of the house, although it was open in defiance of the imperative command of the preceding year. It seems exactly as if restrictive measures had been adopted in order to satisfy the importunity of particular individuals, but that there was no disposition on the part of persons in authority to carry them into execution.

Besides the second edition of "Romeo and Juliet" in 1599, (which was most likely printed from a play-house manuscript, being very different from the mutilated and manufactured copy of 1597,) five plays by our great dramatist found their way to the press in 1600, viz.: "Titus Andronicus," (which had probably been originally published in 1594,) "The Merchant of Venice," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Henry IV." part ii., and "Much Ado about Nothing." The last only was not mentioned by Meres in 1598; and as to the periods when we may suppose the others to have been written, we must refer the reader to our several Introductions, where we have given the existing information upon the subject. "The Chronicle History of Henry V." also came out in the same year, but without the name of Shakespeare upon the title-page, and it is,

if possible, a more imperfect and garbled representation of the play, as it proceeded from the author's pen, than the "Romeo and Juliet" of 1597. Whether any of the managers of theatres at this date might not sometimes be concerned in selling impressions of dramas, we have no sufficient means of deciding; but we do not believe it, and we are satisfied that dramatic authors in general were content with disposing of their plays to the several companies, and looked for no emolument to be derived from publication. We are not without something like proof that actors now and then sold their parts in plays to booksellers, and thus, by the combination of them and other assistance, editions of popular plays were surreptitiously printed.

We ought not to pass over without notice a circumstance which happened in 1600, and is connected with the question of the authorized or unauthorized publication of Shakespeare's plays. In that year a quarto impression of a play, called "The first part of the true and honorable History of the Life of Sir John Oldecastle, the good Lord Cobham," came out, on the title-page of which the name of William Shakespeare appeared at length. This drama was in fact the authorship of four poets, Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Robert Wilson and Richard Hathway; and to attribute it to Shakespeare was evidently a mere trick by the bookseller, [Thomas] P[avier], in the hope that it would be brought as his work. Malone remarked upon this fraud, but he was not aware, when he wrote, that it had been detected and corrected at the time, for since his day more than one copy of the "First Part, &c. of Sir John Oldecastle" has come to light, upon the title-page of which no name is to be found, the bookseller apparently having been compelled to cancel the leaf containing it. From the indifference Shakespeare seems uniformly to have displayed on matters of the kind, we may, possibly, conclude that the cancel was made at the instance of one of the four poets who were the real authors of the play; or, the step may have been in some way connected with the objection taken by living members of the Oldcastle family to the name, which had been assigned by Shakespeare in the first instance to Falstaff.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Death of John Shakespeare in 1601.—Performance of "Twelfth Night" in February, 1602.—Anecdote of Shakespeare and Burbage: Manningham's Diary in the British Museum the authority for it.—"Othello," acted by Burbage and others at the Lord Keeper's in August, 1602.—Death of Elizabeth, and Arrival of James I. at Theobalds.—English actors in Scotland in 1589, and again in 1600, and 1601: large rewards to them.—The freedom of Aberdeen conferred in 1601 upon Laurence Fletcher, the leader of the English company in Scotland.—Probability that Shakespeare never was in Scotland.

The father of our great poet died in the autumn of 1601, and he was buried at Stratford-upon-Avon. He seems to have left no will, and if he possessed any property, in land or houses, not made over to his family, we know not how it was divided. Of the eight children which his wife, Mary Arden, had brought him, the five following were then alive, and might be present at the funeral:—William, Gilbert, Joan, Richard, and Edmund. The latter years of John Shakespeare (who, if born in 1530 as Malone supposed, was in his seventy-first year) were doubtless easy and comfortable, and the prosperity of his eldest son must have placed him beyond the reach of pecuniary difficulties.

Early in the spring of 1602, we meet with one of those rare facts which distinctly show how uncertain all conjecture must be respecting the date when Shakespeare's dramas were originally written and produced. Malone and Tyrwhitt, in 1790, conjectured that "Twelfth Night" had been written in 1614: in his second edition Malone altered it to 1607, and Chalmers, weighing the evidence in favor of one date and of the other, thought neither correct, and fixed upon 1613, an opinion in which Dr. Drake fully concurred. The truth is, that we have irrefragable evidence, from an eye-witness, of its existence on 2d February, 1602, when it was played at the Reader's Feast in the Middle Temple. This eye-witness was a barrister of the name of Manningham, who left a Diary behind him, which has been preserved in the British Museum; but as we have inserted his account of the plot in our introduction to the comedy, no more is required here, than a mere mention of the circumstance. However, in another part of the same manuscript, he gives an anecdote of Shakespeare and Burbage, which we quote, without farther remark than that it has been supposed to depend upon the authority of Nicholas Tooley, but on looking at the original record again, we doubt whether it came from any such source. It was, very possibly, a mere invention of the "roguish players," originating, as was often the case, in some older joke, and applied to Shakespeare and Burbage, because their Christian names happened to be William and Richard.\*

Elizabeth, from the commencement of her reign, seems to have extended her personal patronage, as well as her public countenance, to the drama; and scarcely a Christmas or a Shrovetide can be pointed out during the forty-five years she occupied the throne, when there were not dramatic entertainments, either at Whitehall, Greenwich, Nonesuch, Richmond, or Windsor. The latest visit she paid to any of her nobility in the country was to the Lord Keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton, at Harefield, only nine or ten months before her death, and it was upon this occasion, in the very beginning of August, 1602, that "Othello" (having been got up for her amusement, and the Lord Chamberlain's players brought down to the Lord Keeper's seat in Hertfordshire for the purpose) was represented before her. In this case, as in the preceding one respecting "Twelfth Night," all that we positively learn is that such a drama was performed, and we are left to infer that it was a new play from other circumstances, as well as from the fact that it was customary on such festivities to exhibit some drama that, as a novelty, was then attracting public attention. Hence we are led to believe, that "Twelfth Night" (not printed until it formed part of the folio of 1623) was written at the end of 1600, or in the beginning of 1601; and that "Othello" (first published in 4to, 1622) came from the author's pen about a year afterwards.

In the memorandum ascertaining the performance of "Othello" at Harefield, the company by which it was represented is called "Burbages Players," that

designation arising out of the fact, that he was looked upon as the leader of the association: he was certainly its most celebrated actor, and we find from other sources that he was the representative of "the Moor of Venice." Whether Shakespeare had any and what part in the tragedy, either then or upon other occasions, is not known; but there can be little doubt that as an actor, and moreover as one "excellent in his quality," he must have been often seen and applauded by Elizabeth. Chettle informs us after her death, that she had "opened her royal ear to his lays;" but this was obviously in his capacity of dramatist, and we have no direct evidence to establish that Shakespeare had ever performed at Court.

James I. reached Theobalds, in his journey from Edinburgh to London, on the 7th May, 1603. Before he quitted his own capital he had had various opportunities of witnessing the performances of English actors; and it is an interesting, but at the same time a difficult question, whether Shakespeare had ever appeared before him, or, in other words, whether our great dramatist had ever visited Scotland? We have certainly no affirmative testimony upon the point, beyond what may be derived from some passages in "Macbeth," descriptive of particular localities: there is, however, ample room for conjecture; and although, on the whole, we are inclined to think that he was never north of the Tweed, it is indisputable that the company to which he belonged, or a part of it, had performed in Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and doubtless in some intermediate places. We will briefly state the existing proofs of this fact.

In 1589, Ashby, the ambassador extraordinary from England to James VI. of Scotland, thus writes to Lord Burchley, under date of the 22d October:—

"My Lord Bothw[ell] begins to shew himself willing and ready to do her Majesty any service, and desires hereafter to be thought of as he shall deserve: he sheweth great kindness to our nation, using her Majesties Players and Canoniers with all courtesie."

In 1589, the date of Ashby's dispatch, Shakespeare had quitted Stratford about three years, and the question is, what company was intended to be designated as "her Majesty's players." It is an admitted fact, that in 1583 Queen Elizabeth selected twelve leading performers from the theatrical servants of some of her nobility, and they were afterwards called "her Majesty's players;" and we also now know, that in 1590 the Queen had two companies acting under her name: in the autumn of the preceding year, it is likely that one of these associations had been sent to the Scottish capital for the amusement of the young king, and the company formed in 1583 may have been divided into two bodies for this express purpose. We have no means of ascertaining the names of any of the players, nor indeed, excepting the leaders Laneham and Dutton, can we state who were the members of the Queen's two companies in 1590. Shakespeare might be one of them; but if he were, he might not belong to that division of the company which was dispatched to Scotland.

It is not at all improbable that English actors, having found their way north of the Tweed in 1589, would speedily repeat their visit; but the next we hear of them is, not until after a long interval, in the autumn of 1599. The public records of Scotland show that in October, 1599, £43, 6s. 8d. were delivered to "his Highness' self," to be given to "the English comedians:" in the next month they were paid £41, 12s. at various times. In December they

\*The anecdote is this: "Upon a tyme when Burbage played Rich. 3, there was a citizen grow so farr in liking with him, that before shee went from the play, shee appointed him to come that night unto her, by the name of Rich. the 3. Shakespeare, overhearing their conclusion, went before, was entertained, and at his game ere Burbage came. Then a message being brought, that Rich. the 3. was at the dore, Shakespeare caused returne to be made, that William the Conqueror was before Rich. the 3. Shakespeare's name Willem." This story may be a piece of scandal, but there is no doubt that Burbage was the original Richard III.

received no less than £333, 6s. 8d.; in April, 1600, £10; and in December, 1601, the royal bounty amounted to £400.

Thus we see, that English players were in Scotland from October, 1599, to December, 1601, a period of more than two years; but still we are without a particle of proof that Shakespeare was one of the association. We cannot, however, entertain a doubt that Laurence Fletcher (whose name, we shall see presently, stands first in the patent granted by King James on his arrival in London) was the leader of the association which performed in Edinburgh and elsewhere, because it appears from the registers of the town council of Aberdeen, that on the 9th October, 1601, the English players received 32 marks as a gratuity, and that on the 22d October the freedom of the city was conferred upon Laurence Fletcher, who is especially styled "comedian to his Majesty."

Our chief reason for thinking it unlikely that Shakespeare would have accompanied his fellows to Scotland, at all events between October, 1599, and December, 1601, is that, as the principal writer for the company to which he was attached, he could not well have been spared, and because we have good ground for believing that about that period he must have been unusually busy in the composition of plays. No fewer than five dramas seem, as far as evidence, positive or conjectural, can be obtained, to belong to the interval between 1598 and 1602; and the proof appears to us tolerably conclusive, that "Henry V.," "Twelfth-Night," and "Hamlet," were written respectively in 1599, 1600, and 1601. Besides, as far as we are able to decide such a point, the company to which our great dramatist belonged continued to perform in London; for although a detachment under Laurence Fletcher may have been sent to Scotland, the main body of the association called the Lord Chamberlain's players exhibited at court at the usual seasons in 1599, 1600, and 1601. Therefore, if Shakespeare visited Scotland at all, we think it must have been at an earlier period, and there was undoubtedly ample time between the years 1589 and 1599 for him to have done so. Nevertheless, we have no tidings that any English actors were in any part of Scotland during these ten years.

## CHAPTER XV.

Proclamation by James I. against plays on Sunday.—Renewal of theatrical performances in London.—Patent of May 17th, 1603, to Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and others.—Royal patronage of three companies of actors.—Shakespeare's additional purchases in Stratford-upon-Avon.—Shakespeare in London in the autumn of 1603; and a candidate for the office of Master of the Queen's Revels.—Characters Shakespeare is known to have performed.—His retirement from the stage, as an actor, after April 9th, 1604.

BEFORE he even set foot in London, James I. thought it necessary to put a stop to dramatic performances on Sunday. There had been a long pending struggle between the Puritans and the players upon this point, and each party seemed by turns to gain the victory; for various orders were, from time to time, issued from authority, forbidding exhibitions of the kind on the Sabbath, and those orders had been uniformly more or less contravened. We may suppose, that strong remonstrances having been made to the King by some of those who attended him from Scotland, a clause with this special

object was appended to a proclamation directed against monopolies and legal extortions.

The King, having issued this command, arrived at the Charter-house on the same day, and all the theatrical companies, which had temporarily suspended their performances, began to act again on the 9th May. Permission to this effect was given by James I. and communicated through the ordinary channel to the players, who soon found reason to rejoice in the accession of the new sovereign; for ten days after he reached London he took the Lord Chamberlain's players into his pay and patronage, calling them "the King's servants," a title they always afterwards enjoyed. For this purpose he issued a warrant, under the privy seal, for making out a patent under the great seal, authorizing the nine following actors, and others, to perform in his name, not only at the Globe on the Bankside, but in any part of the kingdom; viz., Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipps, John Heminge, Henry Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, and Richard Cowley.

We miss from this list the names of Thomas Pope, William Kempe, and Nicholas Tooley, who had belonged to the company in 1596; and instead of them we have Laurence Fletcher, Henry Condell, and Robert Armin, with the addition of Richard Cowley. Kempe and Tooley, however, subsequently rejoined the association with which they had been so long connected.

We may assume, perhaps, in the absence of any direct testimony, that Laurence Fletcher did not acquire his prominence in the company by any remarkable excellence as an actor, but rather by the favor of the King, or perhaps from the fact that he was a considerable sharer in the association. The name of Shakespeare comes next, and as author, actor, and sharer, we cannot be surprised at the situation he occupies. His progress upward, in connexion with the profession, had been gradual and uniform: in 1589 he was twelfth in a company of sixteen members; in 1596 he was fifth in a company of eight members; and in 1603 he was second in a company of nine members.

The degree of encouragement and favor extended to actors by James I. in the very commencement of his reign is remarkable. Not only did he take the Lord Chamberlain's players into his own service, but the Queen adopted the company which had acted under the name of the Earl of Worcester, and the Prince of Wales that of the Lord Admiral, at the head of which was Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College. These three royal associations, as they may be termed, were independent of others under the patronage of individual noblemen.

The policy of this course at such a time is evident, and James I. seems to have been impressed with the truth of the passage in "Hamlet," (brought out, as we apprehend, very shortly before he came to the throne) where it is said of these "abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," that it is "better to have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live." James made himself sure of their good report; and an epigram, attributed to Shakespeare, has descended to us, which doubtless was intended in some sort as a grateful return for the royal countenance bestowed upon the stage, and upon those who were connected with it. The lines are entitled,

### "SHAKESPEARE ON THE KING.

"Crowns have their compass, length of days their date,  
Triumphs their tomb, felicity her fate:  
Of nought but earth can earth make us partaker,  
But knowledge makes a king most like his Maker."



Having established his family in "the great house" called "New Place" in his native town in 1597, by the purchase of it from Hercules Underhill, Shakespeare seems to have contemplated considerable additions to his property there. In May, 1602, he laid out £320 upon 107 acres of land, which he bought of William and John Combe, and attached it to his dwelling. In the autumn of the same year he became the owner of a copyhold tenement (called a *cotagium* in the instrument) in Walker's Street, alias dead Lane, Stratford, surrendered to him by Walter Getley. In November of the next year he gave Hercules Underhill £60 for a messuage, barn, granary, garden, and orchard, close to or in Stratford; but in the original fine, preserved in the Chapter House, Westminster, the precise situation is not mentioned. In 1603, therefore, Shakespeare's property, in or near Stratford-upon-Avon, besides what he might have bought of, or inherited from, his father, consisted of New Place, with 107 acres of land attached to it, a tenement in Walker's Street, and the additional messuage, which he had recently purchased from Underhill.

Whether our great dramatist was in London at the period when the king ascended the throne, we have no means of knowing, but that he was so in the following autumn we have positive proof; for in a letter written by Mrs. Alleyn (the wife of Edward Alleyn, the actor) to her husband, then in the country, dated 20th October, 1603, she tells him that she had seen "Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe" in Southwark. At this date, according to the same authority, most of the companies of players who had left London for the provinces, on account of the prevalence of the plague, and the consequent cessation of dramatic performances, had returned to the metropolis.

Under Elizabeth, the Children of the Chapel (originally the choir-boys of the royal establishment) had become an acknowledged company of players, and these, besides her association of adult performers, Queen Anne took under her immediate patronage, with the style of the Children of her Majesty's Revels, requiring that the pieces they proposed to represent should first be submitted to, and have the approval of, the celebrated poet Samuel Daniel. The instrument of their appointment bears date 30th January, 1603-4; and from a letter from Daniel to his patron, Sir Thomas Egerton, preserved among his papers, we may perhaps conclude that Shakespeare, as well as Michael Drayton, had been candidates for the post of master of the Queen's revels: he says in it, "I cannot but know, that I am lesse deserving than some that sued by other of the nobility unto her Majestie for this room;" and, after introducing the name of "his good friend," Drayton, he adds the following, which, we apprehend, refers with sufficient distinctness to Shakespeare: "It seemeth to myne humble judgement that one who is the authour of playes, now daylie presented on the public stages of London, and the possessor of no small gaines, and moreover him selfe an actor in the Kinges companie of comedians, could not with reason pretend to be

Master of the Quene's Majesties Revels, for as much as he wold sometimes be asked to approve and allow of his own writings." This objection would have applied with equal force to Drayton, had we not every reason to believe that before this date he had ceased to be a dramatic author.

It is highly probable that Shakespeare was a suitor for this office, in contemplation of a speedy retirement as an actor. We have already spoken of the presumed excellence of his personations on the stage, and to the tradition that he was the original player of the part of the Ghost in "Hamlet." Another character he is said to have sustained is Adam, in "As you like it;" and his brother Gilbert, (who in 1602 had received, on behalf of William Shakespeare, the 107 acres of land purchased from William and John Combe) who probably survived the Restoration, is supposed to have been the author of this tradition. He had acted also in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humor," in 1598, after (as we believe) introducing it to the company; and he is supposed to have written part of, as well as known to have performed in, the same author's "Sejanus," in 1603. This is the last we hear of him upon the stage, but that he continued a member of the company until April 9, 1604, we have the evidence of a document preserved at Dulwich College, where the names of the King's players are enumerated in the following order: Burbage, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Phillips, Condell, Heminge, Armyne, Sly, Cowley, Ostler, and Day. If Shakespeare had not then actually ceased to perform, we need not hesitate in deciding that he quitted that department of the profession very shortly afterwards.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Immediate consequences of Shakespeare's retirement.—Offences given by the company to the court and to private individuals.—"Gowry's Conspiracy."—"Biron's Conspiracy" and "Tragedy."—Suspension of theatrical performances.—Purchase of a lease of the tithes of Stratford, &c., by Shakespeare.—"Hamlet" printed in 1603 and 1604.—"Henry VIII."—"Macbeth."—Supposed autograph letter of King James to Shakespeare.—Susanna Shakespeare and John Hall married in 1607.—Death of Edmund Shakespeare in the same year.—Death of Mary Shakespeare in 1608.—Shakespeare's great popularity: rated to the poor of Southwark.

No sooner had our great dramatist ceased to take part in the public performances of the King's players, than the company appears to have thrown off the restraint by which it had been usually controlled ever since its formation, and to have produced plays which were objectionable to the court, as well as offensive to private persons. Shakespeare, from his abilities, station, and experience, must have possessed great influence with the body at large, and due deference, we may readily believe, was shown to his knowledge and judgment in the selection and acceptance of plays sent in for approbation by authors of the time. The contrast between the conduct of the association immediately before, and immediately after his retirement, would lead us to conclude, not only that he was a man of prudence and discretion, but that the exercise of these qualities had in many instances kept his fellows from incurring the displeasure of persons in power, and from exciting the animosity of particular individuals. We suppose Shakespeare to have ceased to act in the summer of 1604, and in the winter of that very year we find the King's players giving offence to "some great counsellors" by performing a play upon the subject

\* Much has been said in all the Lives of our poet, from the time of Aubrey (who first gives the story) to our own, respecting a satirical epitaph upon a person of the name of John a Combe, supposed to have been made extempore by Shakespeare: Aubrey words it thus:—

"Ten in the hundred the devil allows,  
But Combe will have twelve, he swears and he vows.  
If any one ask, Who lies in this tomb?  
Ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe."

of Gowry's conspiracy. This fact we have upon the evidence of one of Sir R. Winwood's correspondents, John Chamberlain, who, in a letter dated 18th December, 1604, uses these expressions: "The tragedy of Gowry, with all action and actors, hath been twice represented by the King's players, with exceeding concourse of all sorts of people; but whether the matter or manner be not well handled, or that it be thought unfit that princes should be played on the stage in their lifetime, I hear that some great counsellors are much displeased with it, and so, it is thought, it shall be forbidden." Whether it was so forbidden we do not hear upon the same or any other authority, but no such drama has come down to us.

In the next year Sir Leonard Haliday, then Lord Mayor of London, backed no doubt by his brethren of the corporation, made a complaint against the same company, "that Kempe, (who at this date had rejoined the association) Armin, and others, players at the Blackfriars, have again not forbore to bring upon their stage one or more of the worshipful aldermen of the city of London, to their great scandal and the lessening of their authority;" and the interposition of the privy council to prevent the abuse was therefore solicited. What was done in consequence does not appear in any extant document.

In the spring of the next year a still graver charge was brought against the body of actors of whom Shakespeare, until very recently, had been one; and it originated in no less a person than the French ambassador. George Chapman had written two plays upon the history and execution of the Duke of Biron, containing, in the shape in which they were originally produced on the stage, such matter that M. Beaumont, the representative of the King of France in London, thought it necessary to remonstrate against the repetition, and the performance of it was prohibited: as soon, however, as the court had quitted London, the King's players persisted in acting it; in consequence of which three of the players were arrested, (their names are not given) but the author made his escape. These two dramas were printed in 1608, and again in 1625; and looking through them, we are at a loss to discover anything, beyond the historical incidents, which could have given offence; but the truth certainly is, that all the objectionable portions were omitted in the press: there can be no doubt, on the authority of the despatch from the French ambassador to his court, that one of the dramas originally contained a scene in which the Queen of France and Mademoiselle Verneuil were introduced, the former, after having abused her, giving the latter a box on the ear.

This information was conveyed to Paris under the date of the 5th April, 1606; and the French ambassador, apparently in order to make his court acquainted with the lawless character of dramatic performances at that date in England, adds a very singular paragraph, proving that the King's players, only a few days before they had brought the Queen of France upon the stage, had not hesitated to introduce upon the same boards their own reigning sovereign, "and all his favorites, in a very strange fashion: they made him curse and swear because he had been robbed of a bird, and beat a gentleman, because he had called off the hounds from the scent. They represent him as drunk at least once a day," &c. This course indicates a most extraordinary degree of boldness on the part of the players; but, nevertheless, they were not prohibited from acting, until

M. Beaumont had directed the attention of the public authorities to the insult offered to the Queen of France: then, an order was issued putting a stop to the acting of all plays in London; but, according to the same authority, the companies had clubbed their money, and, attacking James I. on his weak side, had offered the large sum of 100,000 livres to be allowed to continue their performances. The French ambassador himself apprehended that the appeal to the King's pecuniary wants would be effectual, and that permission, under certain restrictions, would not long be withheld.

Whatever emoluments Shakespeare had derived from the Blackfriars or the Globe theatre, as an actor merely, we may be tolerably certain he relinquished when he ceased to perform. He would thus be able to devote more of his time to dramatic composition, and, as he continued a sharer in the two undertakings, perhaps his income on the whole was not much lessened. Certain it is, that in 1605 he was in possession of a considerable sum, which he was anxious to invest advantageously in property in or near the place of his birth. Whatever may have been the circumstances under which he quitted Stratford, he always seems to have contemplated a permanent return thither, and kept his eyes constantly turned in the direction of his birth-place. As long before as January, 1598, he had been advised "to deal in the matter of tithes" of Stratford. Nothing, however, was done on the subject for more than six years; but on the 24th July, 1605, we find William Shakespeare, who is described as "of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman," executing an indenture for the purchase of the unexpired term of a long lease of the great tithes of "corn, grain, blade, and hay," and of the small tithes of "wool, lamb, and other small and privy tithes, herbage, oblations," &c., in Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopston, and Welcombe, in the county of Warwick. The vendor was Raphe Huband, of Ipsesley, Esquire; and from the draft of the deed, now before us, we learn that the original lease, dated as far back as 1539, was "for four score and twelve years;" so that in 1605 it had still twenty-six years to run, and for this our great dramatist paid the sum of £440.

A spurious edition of "Hamlet" having been published in 1603, a more authentic copy came out in the next year, containing much that had been omitted, and more that had been grossly disfigured and misrepresented. We do not believe that Shakespeare, individually, had anything to do with this second and more correct impression, and we doubt much whether it was authorized by the company, which seems at all times to have done its utmost to prevent the appearance of plays in print, lest to a certain extent the public curiosity should thereby be satisfied.

The point is, of course, liable to dispute, but we have little doubt that "Henry VIII." was represented very soon after the accession of James I., to whom and to whose family it contains a highly complimentary allusion; and "Macbeth," having been written in 1605, we suppose to have been produced at the Globe in the spring of 1606. Although it related to Scottish annals, it was not, like the play of "Gowry's Conspiracy," founded upon "recent history;" and many of the sentiments and allusions it contained, especially that to the "two-fold balls and treble sceptres," in Act iv. scene 1, must have been highly acceptable to the King. It has been supposed, upon the authority of Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, that King James with his own hand wrote a letter to Shakespeare in return for the com-

pliment paid to him in "Macbeth:" the Duke of Buckingham is said to have had Davenant's evidence for this anecdote, which was first told in print in the advertisement to Lintot's edition of Shakespeare's Poems in 1710. Rowe says nothing of it in his "Life;" and it seems very improbable that James I. should have so far condescended, and very probable that the writer of Lintot's advertisement should not have been very scrupulous. We may conjecture, that a privy seal under the sign manual, granting to the King's players some extraordinary reward on the occasion, has been misrepresented as a private letter from the King to the dramatist.

The eldest daughter of William and Anne Shakespeare, Susanna, having been born in May, 1583, was rather more than twenty-four years old when she was married, on 5th June, 1607, to Mr. John Hall, of Stratford, who is styled "gentleman" in the register, but he was a professor of medicine, and subsequently practised as a physician. There appears to have been no reason on any side for opposing the match, and we may conjecture that the ceremony was performed in the presence of our great dramatist, during one of his summer excursions to his native town. About six months afterwards he lost his brother Edmund, and his mother in the autumn of the succeeding year.

There is no doubt that Edmund Shakespeare, who was not twenty-eight at the time of his death, had embraced the profession of an actor, for in the registration of his death at St. Saviour's, Southwark, he is specified, rather unusually, as "a player." We, however, never meet with his name in any list of the associations of the time, nor is he mentioned as an actor among the characters of any old play with which we are acquainted. We may presume, therefore, that he attained no eminence; perhaps his principal employment might be under his brother in the management of his theatrical concerns, while he only took inferior parts when the assistance of a larger number of performers than usual was necessary.

Mary Shakespeare survived her son Edmund about eight months, and was buried at Stratford on the 9th Sept. 1608. There are few points of his life which can be stated with more confidence than that our great dramatist attended the funeral of his mother: filial piety and duty would of course impel him to visit Stratford on the occasion, and in proof that he did so, we may mention that on the 16th of the next month he stood godfather there to a boy of the name of William Walker. Shakespeare's mother had probably resided at New Place, the house of her son; from whence, we may presume also, the body of her husband had been carried to the grave seven years before. If she were of full age when she was married to John Shakespeare in 1557, she was about 72 years old at the time of her decease.

The reputation of our poet as a dramatist seems at this period to have been at its height. His "King Lear" was printed three times for the same bookseller in 1608; and in order perhaps to increase its sale, (as well as to secure the purchaser against the old "King Lear," a play upon the same story, being given to him instead,) the name of "M. William Shakespeare" was placed very conspicuously, and most unusually, at the top of the title-page. The same observation will in part apply to "Pericles," which came out in 1609, with the name of the author greatly displayed, although in the ordinary place. "Troilus and Cressida," which was published in the same year, also has the name of the author very distinctly legible, but in a somewhat

smaller type. In both the latter cases, it would likewise seem, that there were plays by older or rival dramatists upon the same incidents. The most noticeable proof of the advantage which a bookseller conceived he should derive from the announcement that the work he published was by our poet, is afforded by the title-page of the collection of his dispersed sonnets, which was ushered into the world as "Shakespeare's Sonnets," in very large capitals, as if that mere fact would be held a sufficient recommendation.

In a former part of our memoir we have alluded to the circumstance, that in 1609 Shakespeare was rated to the poor of the Liberty of the Clink in a sum which might possibly indicate that he was the occupant of a commodious dwelling-house in Southwark. The fact that our great dramatist paid sixpence a week to the poor there, (as high a sum as anybody in that immediate vicinity was assessed at,) is stated in the account of the Life of Edward Alleyn, printed by the Shakespeare Society, and there it is too hastily inferred that he was rated at this sum upon a dwelling-house occupied by himself. This is very possibly the fact; but, on the other hand, the truth may be, that he paid the rate not for any habitation, good or bad, large or small, but in respect of his theatrical property in the Globe, which was situated in the same district. The parish register of St. Saviour's establishes, that in 1601 the church-wardens had been instructed by the vestry "to talk with the players" respecting the payment of tithes and contributions to the maintenance of the poor; and it is not very unlikely that some arrangement was made under which the sharers in the Globe, and Shakespeare as one of them, would be assessed.

It is not unlikely that he was the occupier of a substantial dwelling-house in the immediate neighborhood of the Globe, where his presence and assistance would often be required; and the amount of his income at this period would warrant such an expenditure, although we have no reason for thinking that such a house would be needed for his wife and family, because the existing evidence is opposed to the notion that they ever resided with him in London.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Attempt of the Lord Mayor and aldermen in 1608 to expel the King's players from the Blackfriars, and its failure.  
—Negotiation by the corporation to purchase the theatre and its appurtenances: interest and property of Shakespeare and other sharers.—The income of Richard Burbage at his death.—Diary of the Rev. J. Ward, Vicar of Stratford, and his statement regarding Shakespeare's expenditure.—Copy of a letter from Lord Southampton on behalf of Shakespeare and Burbage.—Probable decision of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere in favor of the company at the Blackfriars theatre.

WE have referred to the probable amount of the income of our great dramatist in 1609, and a document has been lately discovered, which enables us to form some judgment of the sum he annually derived from the private theatre in the Blackfriars.

From the outset of the undertaking, the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London had been hostile to the establishment of players within this precinct, and, as we have already shown, they had made several fruitless efforts to dislodge them. The attempt was renewed in 1608, when Sir Henry Montagu, the Attorney General of the day, gave an opinion in favor of the claim of the citizens to exercise their municipal powers within the precinct of the late

dissolved monastery of the Blackfriars. The question seems in some shape to have been brought before Baron Ellesmere, then Lord Chancellor of England, who required from the Lord Mayor and his brethren proofs that they had exercised any authority in the disputed liberty. As far as we can judge, no such proofs, applicable to any recent period, were forthcoming. Lord Ellesmere, therefore, we may conclude, was opposed to the claim of the city.

Failing in this endeavor to expel the King's players by force of law, the corporation appears to have taken a milder course, and negotiated with the players for the purchase of the Blackfriars theatre, with all its properties and appurtenances. To this negotiation we are probably indebted for a paper, which shows with great exactness and particularity the amount of interest then claimed by each sharer, those sharers being Richard Burbage, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, John Heminge, Henry Condell, Joseph Taylor, and John Lowin, with four other persons not named, each the owner of half a share.

From this document we learn that Richard Burbage was the owner of the freehold or fee, (which he no doubt inherited from his father,) as well as the owner of four shares, the value of all which, taken together, he rated at £1,933, 6s. 8d. Laurence Fletcher (if it be he, for the Christian name is written "Laz,") was proprietor of three shares, for which he claimed £700. Shakespeare was proprietor of the wardrobe and properties of the theatre, estimated at £500, as well as of four shares, valued, like those of Burbage and Fletcher, at £233, 6s. 8d. each, or £933, 6s. 8d., at seven years' purchase: his whole demand was £1,433, 6s. 8d., or £500 less than that of Burbage, inasmuch as the fee was considered worth £1,000, while Shakespeare's wardrobe and properties were valued at £500. Heminge and Condell each required £466, 13s. 4d. for their two shares, and Taylor £350 for his share and a half, while the four unnamed half-sharers put in their claim to be compensated at the same rate, £466, 13s. 4d. This mode of estimating the Blackfriars theatre made the value of it £6,166, 13s. 4d., and to this sum was to be added remuneration to the hired men of the company, who were not sharers, as well as to the widows and orphans of deceased actors: the purchase-money of the whole property was thus raised to at least £7000.

Each share, out of the twenty into which the receipts of the theatre were divided, yielded, as was alleged, an annual profit of £33, 6s. 8d.; and Shakespeare owning four of these shares, his annual income, from them only, was £133, 6s. 8d.: he was besides proprietor of the wardrobe and properties, stated to be worth £500: these, we may conclude, he lent to the company for a certain consideration, and, reckoning wear and tear, ten per cent., which seems a very low rate of payment, would add £50 a year to the £133, 6s. 8d. already mentioned, making together £183, 6s. 8d., besides what our great dramatist must have gained by the profits of his pen, upon which we have no data for forming an estimate. Without including anything on this account, and supposing only that the Globe was as profitable for a summer theatre as the Blackfriars was for a winter theatre, it is evident that Shakespeare's income could hardly have been less than £366, 13s. 4d. Taking every known source of emolument into view, we consider £400 a year the very lowest amount at which his income can be reckoned in 1608.

The document upon which this calculation is founded is preserved among the papers of Lord Ellesmere, but a remarkable incidental confirmation of it has still more recently been brought to light in the State-paper office. Sir Dudley Carlton was ambassador at the Hague in 1619, and John Chamberlaine, writing to him on the 19th March in that year, and mentioning the death of Queen Anne, states that "the funeral is put off to the 29th of the next month, to the great hinderance of our players, which are forbidden to play so long as her body is above ground: one speciall man among them, Burbage, is lately dead, and hath left, they say, better than £300 land."

Burbage made his nuncupative will four days before his burial: in it he said nothing about the amount of his property, but merely left his wife Winifred his sole executrix. There can be no doubt, however, that the correspondent of Sir Dudley Carlton was correct in his information, and that Burbage died worth "better than" £300 a year in land, besides his "goods and chattels:" £300 a year at that date was about £1,500 of our present money, and we have every reason to suppose that Shakespeare was quite in as good, if not in better circumstances. Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten, that although Shakespeare continued a large sharer with the leading members of the company in 1608, he had retired from the stage about four years before; and having ceased to act, but still retaining his shares in the profits of the theatres with which he was connected, it is impossible to say what arrangement he may have made with the rest of the company for the regular contribution of dramas, in lieu perhaps of his own personal exertions.

In a work published a few years ago, containing extracts from the Diary of the Rev. John Ward, who was vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, and whose memoranda extend from 1648 to 1679, it is stated that Shakespeare "in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of £1,000 a year, as I have heard." We take it for granted that the sum of £1,000 (equal to nearly £5,000 now) is a considerable exaggeration, but it may warrant the belief that Shakespeare lived in good style and port, late in life, in his native town. It is very possible, too, though we think not probable, that after he retired to Stratford he continued to write, but it is utterly incredible that subsequent to his retirement he "supplied the stage with two plays every year." He might not be able at once to relinquish his old and confirmed habits of composition; but such other evidence as we possess is opposed to Ward's statement, to which he himself appends the cautionary words, "as I have heard." Of course he could have known nothing but by hearsay forty-six years after our poet's decease.

We have already adverted to the bounty of the Earl of Southampton to Shakespeare. Another document has been handed down to us among the papers of Lord Ellesmere, which proves the strong interest Lord Southampton still took, about fifteen years afterwards, in Shakespeare's affairs, and in the prosperity of the company to which he was attached. It is the copy of a letter subscribed H. S. (the initials of the Earl) to some nobleman in favor of the great dramatist, and of the chief performer in many of his plays, Richard Burbage. We may conclude that the original was not addressed to Lord Ellesmere, or it would have been found in the

depository of his papers, and not merely a transcript of it; but a copy of it may have been furnished to the Lord Chancellor, in order to give him some information respecting the characters of the parties upon whose cause he was called upon to decide. Lord Ellesmere stood high in the confidence of his sovereign: he had many important public duties to discharge besides those belonging to his great office; and notwithstanding he had shown himself at all times a liberal patron of letters, and had had many works of value dedicated to him, we may readily imagine, that although he must have heard of Shakespeare and Burbage, he was in some degree of ignorance as to their individual deserts, which this communication was intended to remove.

We have introduced an exact copy of the document in a note,<sup>a</sup> and it will be observed that it is without date; but the subject of it shows beyond dispute that it belongs to this period. There can be no doubt that the object the players had in view was attained, because we know that the King's servants continued to occupy the theatre long after the death of Shakespeare.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Warrant to Daborne, Shakespeare, Field, and Kirkham, for the Children of the Queen's Revels, in January, 1610.—Popularity of juvenile companies of actors.—Story of Daborne's warrant, and the reasons for it.—Shakespeare's dramas between 1609 and 1612.—His retirement to Stratford, and disposal of his property in the Blackfriars and

\* The copy is without address, and runs as follows:—

"My verie honored Lord. The manie good offices I haue receiued at your Lordship's hands, which ought to make me backward in asking further favors, onely imboldeneth me to require more in the same kind. Your Lordship will be warned howe hereafter you graunt anie sute, seeing it draweth on more and greater demaunds. This which now presseth is to request your Lordship, in all you can, to be good to the poore players of the Black Fryers, who call them selves by authoritie the servants of his Majestic, and aske for the protection of their most gracious Maister and Sovereigne in this tyme of their trouble. They are threatened by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, never friendly to their calling, with the destruction of their meanes of livelihood, by the pulling downe of their plaiehouse, which is a priuate theatre, and hath never given occasion of anger by anye disorders. These beeners are two of the chiefe of the companie; one of them by name Richard Burbidge, who humble sueth for your Lordship's kinde helpe, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word, and the word to the action most admirably. By the exercise of his qualitie, industry, and good behavoure, he hath be come possessed of the Blacke Fryers playhouse, which hath bene employed for playes sithence it was builded by his Father, now nere 50 yeres agone. The other is a man no whit lesse deserving favor, and my especiall friende, till of late an actor of good account in the companie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English playes, which, as your Lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Quene Elizabeth, when the companie was called upon to performe before her Maiestie at Court at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Maiestie King James alsoe, sence his coming to the crowne, hath extended his royal favor to the companie in divers waies and at sundrie tymes. This other hath to name William Shakespeare, and they are both of one countie, and indeede almost of one towne: both are right famous in their qualities, though it longeth not of your Lo. grauntie and wisdom to resort vnto the places where they are wont to delight the publike eare. Their trust and sute nowe is not to bee molested in their way of life, whereby they maintain them selves and their wives and families, (being both married and of good reputation,) as well as the widows and orphans of some of their dead fellows.

"Your Lo most bounden at com.

"Copia vera."

"H. S."

Lord Southampton was clearly mistaken when he stated that the Blackfriars theatre had been built nearly fifty years: in 1608 it had been built about thirty-three years.

Globe theatres.—Shakespeare's purchase of a house in Blackfriars from Henry Walker in 1613, and the possible cause of it explained.—Shakespeare described as of Stratford-upon-Avon.

It is a fact, of which it may be said we have conclusive proof, that almost from the first, if not from the first, the Blackfriars theatre had been in the joint possession of the Lord Chamberlain's servants and of a juvenile company called the Children of the Chapel: they were also known as "her Majesty's Children," and "the Children of the Blackfriars;" and it is not to be supposed that they employed the theatre on alternate days with their older competitors, but that, when the Lord Chamberlain's servants acted elsewhere in the summer, the Children of the Chapel commenced their performances at the Blackfriars.

The success of the juvenile companies in the commencement of the reign of James I., and even at the latter end of that of Elizabeth, was great; and we find Shakespeare alluding to it in very pointed terms in a well-known passage in "Hamlet," which we suppose to have been written in the winter of 1601, or in the spring of 1602. They seem to have gone on increasing in popularity, and very soon after James I. ascended the throne, Queen Anne took a company, called "the Children of the Queen's Revels," under her immediate patronage. There is no reason to doubt that they continued to perform at Blackfriars, and in the very commencement of the year 1610 we find that Shakespeare either was, or intended to be, connected with them. At this period he probably contemplated an early retirement from the metropolis, and might wish to avail himself, for a short period, of this new opportunity of profitable employment.

Robert Daborne, the author of two dramas that have been printed, and of several others that have been lost, seems to have been a man of good family, and of some interest at court; and in January 1609–10, he was able to procure a royal grant, authorizing him and others to provide and educate a number of young actors, to be called "the Children of the Queen's Revels." Daborne was placed at the head of this association; and not, perhaps, having sufficient means or funds of his own, he had, as was not unusual, partners in the undertaking: those partners were William Shakespeare, Nathaniel Field, (the celebrated actor, and very clever author,) and Edward Kirkham, who had previously enjoyed a privilege of the same kind. In the "Entry Book of Patents and Warrants for Patents" we find a draft of the warrant under which Daborne and his partners, therein named, viz: Shakespeare, Field, and Kirkham, were to proceed; and it is a circumstance deserving notice, that "the Children of the Queen's Revels" were thereby licensed not only to act "tragedies, comedies," &c. in the Blackfriars theatre, but "elsewhere within the realm of England;" so that even places where the city authorities had indisputably a right to exercise jurisdiction were not exempted.

We may be satisfied, however, that the warrant of 1609–10 to Daborne and his partners was not carried into effect: although it may have been decided at this date that the lord mayor and aldermen had no power forcibly to exclude the actors from the Blackfriars, it may have been held inexpedient to go the length of authorizing a young company to act within the very boundaries of the city. So far the corporation may have prevailed, and this may be the cause why we never hear of any steps having been taken under the warrant of 1609–10. The word

"stayed" is added at the conclusion of the draft, as if some good ground had been discovered for delaying, if not for entirely withholding it. Certain it is, that the new scheme seems to have been entirely abandoned; and whatever Shakespeare may have intended when he became connected with it, he continued, as long as he remained in London, and as far as any evidence enables us to judge, to write only for the company of the King's players, who persevered in their performances at the Blackfriars in the winter, and at the Globe in the summer.

"Troilus and Cressida" and "Pericles" were printed in 1609, and to our mind there seems but little doubt that they had been written and prepared for the stage only a short time before they came from the press. With the single exception of "Othello," which came out in 4to in 1622, no other new drama by Shakespeare appeared in a printed form between 1609 and the date of the publication of the folio in 1623. We need not here discuss what plays, first found in that volume, were penned by our great dramatist after 1609, because we have separately considered the claims of each in our preliminary Introductions. "Timon of Athens," "Coriolanus," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest," seem to belong to a late period of our poet's theatrical career, and some of them were doubtless written between 1609 and the period, whatever that period might be, when he entirely relinquished dramatic composition.

Between January 1609-10, when Shakespeare was one of the parties to whom the warrant for the Children of the Queen's Revels was conceded, and the year 1612, when it has been reasonably supposed that he quitted London to take up his permanent residence at Stratford, we are in possession of no material facts connected with his personal history. It would seem both natural and prudent that, before he withdrew from the metropolis, he should dispose of his theatrical property, which must necessarily be of fluctuating and uncertain value, depending much upon the presence and activity of the owner for its profitable management. In his will he says nothing of any such property, and we are left to infer that he disposed of it before he finally retired to Stratford.

It is to be recollected also that the species of interest he had in the Blackfriars theatre, independently of his shares in the receipts, was peculiarly perishable: it consisted of the wardrobe and properties, which in 1608, were valued at £500: and we may feel assured that he would sell them to the company which had had the constant use of them, and doubtless had paid an annual consideration to the owner.

Whatever, in fact, became of Shakespeare's interest in the Blackfriars theatre, both as a sharer and as the owner of the wardrobe and properties, we need not hesitate in concluding that, in the then prosperous state of theatrical affairs in the metropolis, he was easily able to procure a purchaser.

He must also have had a considerable stake in the Globe, but whether he was also the owner of the same species of property there, as at the Blackfriars, we can only speculate. There is no hint in any existing document what became of our great dramatist's interest in the Globe; but here again we need not doubt, from the profit that had always attended the undertaking, that he could have had no difficulty in finding parties to take it off his hands. Burbage we know was rich, for he died in 1619 worth £300 a year in land, besides his personal property,

and he and others would have been glad to add to their capital, so advantageously employed, by purchasing Shakespeare's interest. The circumstance of the nature of our great dramatist's property in the two theatres seems to authorize the conclusion, that he sold it before he retired to the place of his birth, where he meant to spend the rest of his days with his family, in the tranquil enjoyment of the independence he had secured by the exertions of five and twenty years.

It is possible, as we have said, that Shakespeare continued to employ his pen for the stage after his retirement to Stratford, and the buyers of his shares might even make it a condition that he should do so for a time; but we much doubt whether, with his long experience of the necessity of personal superintendence, he would have continued a shareholder in any concern of the kind over which he had no control. During the whole of his life in connection with the stage, even after he quitted it as an actor, he seems to have been obliged to reside in London, apart from his family, for the purpose of watching over his interest in the two theatres to which he belonged: had he been merely an author, after he ceased to be an actor, he might have composed his dramas as well at Stratford as in London, visiting the metropolis only while a new play was in rehearsal and preparation; but such was clearly not the case, and we may be confident that when he retired to a place so distant from the scene of his triumphs, he did not allow his mind to be encumbered by the continuance of professional anxieties.

It may seem difficult to reconcile with this consideration the undoubted fact, that in the spring of 1613 Shakespeare purchased a house, and a small piece of ground attached to it, not far from the Blackfriars theatre, in which we believe him to have disposed of his concern in the preceding year. The documents relating to this transaction have come down to us, and the indenture assigning the property from Henry Walker, "citizen of London and minstrel of London," to William Shakespeare, "of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman," bears date 10th March, 1612-13: the consideration money was £140; the house was situated "within the precinct, circuit, and compass of the late Blackfriars," and we are further informed that it stood "right against his Majesty's Wardrobe." It appears to have been merely a dwelling-house with a small yard, and not in any way connected with the theatre, which was at some distance from the royal wardrobe, although John Heminge, the actor, was, with Shakespeare, a party to the deed, as well as William Johnson, vintner, and John Jackson, gentleman.

Shakespeare may have made this purchase as an accommodation in some way to his "friend and fellow" Heminge, and the two other persons named; and it is to be remarked that, on the day after the date of the conveyance, Shakespeare mortgaged the house to Henry Walker, the vendor, for £60, having paid down only £80, on the 10th March. It is very possible that our poet advanced the £80 to Heminge, Johnson, and Jackson, expecting that they would repay him, and furnish the remaining £60 before the 29th September, 1613, the time stipulated in the mortgage deed; but as they did not do so, but left it to him, the house of course continued the property of Shakespeare, and after his death, in accordance with the provisions of his will, it became the possession of his daughter Susanna.

Shakespeare must have been in London when

he put his signature to the conveyance; but we are to recollect, that the circumstance of his being described in it as "of Stratford-upon-Avon" is by no means decisive of the fact, that his usual place of abode in the spring of 1613 was his native town: he had a similar description in the deeds by which he purchased 107 acres of land from John and William Combe in 1602, and a lease of a moiety of the tithes from Raphe Huband in 1605, although it is indisputable that at those periods he was generally resident in London. We are thoroughly convinced, however, that, anterior to March, 1613, Shakespeare had taken up his permanent residence with his family at Stratford.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Members of the Shakespeare family at Stratford in 1612.—Joan Shakespeare and William Hart: their marriage and family.—William Shakespeare's chancery suit respecting the tithes of Stratford; and the income he derived from the lease.—The Globe burnt in 1613: its reconstruction.—Destructive fire at Stratford in 1614.—Shakespeare's visit to London afterwards.—Proposed inclosure of Welcombe fields.—Allusion to Shakespeare in the historical poem of "The Ghost of Richard the Third," published in 1614.

THE immediate members of the Shakespeare family resident at this date (1612) in Stratford were comparatively few. Richard Shakespeare had died at the age of forty, only about a month before William Shakespeare signed the deed for the purchase of the house in Blackfriars. Since the death of Edmund, Richard had been our poet's youngest brother, but regarding his way of life at Stratford we have no information. Gilbert Shakespeare, born two years and a half after William, was also probably at this time an inhabitant of the borough, or its immediate neighborhood, and perhaps married, for in the register, under date of 3d February, 1611-'12, we read an account of the burial of "*Gilbertus Shakespeare, adolescens*," who might be his son. Joan Shakespeare, who was five years younger than her brother William, had been married at about the age of thirty to William Hart, a hatter, in Stratford. Their first child, William, was baptized on the 28th August, 1600, and they had afterwards children of the names of Mary, Thomas, and Michael, born respectively in 1603, 1605, and 1608.\* Our poet's eldest daughter, Susanna, who, as we have elsewhere stated, was married to Mr. John, afterwards Dr. Hall, in June, 1607, gave birth to a daughter who was baptized Elizabeth on the 21st February, 1607-'8; so that Shakespeare was a grandfather before he had reached his forty-fifth year; but Mrs. Hall had no farther increase of family.

By whom New Place, otherwise called "the great house," was inhabited at this period, we can only conjecture. That Shakespeare's wife and his youngest daughter Judith (who completed her twenty-eighth year in February, 1612) resided in it, we cannot doubt; but as it would be much more than they would require, even after they were permanently joined by our great dramatist on his retirement from London, we may perhaps conclude that

Mr. and Mrs. Hall were joint occupiers of it, and aided in keeping up the vivacity of the family circle. Shakespeare himself only completed his forty-eighth year in April, 1612, and every tradition and circumstance of his life tends to establish not only the gentleness and kindness, but the habitual cheerfulness of his disposition.

Nevertheless, although we suppose him to have separated himself from the labors and anxieties attendant upon his theatrical concerns, he was not without his annoyances, though of a different kind. We refer to a chancery suit in which he seems to have been involved by the purchase, in 1605, of the remaining term of a lease of part of the tithes of Stratford. It appears that a rent of £27, 13s. 4d. had been reserved, which was to be paid by certain lessees under peril of forfeiture, but that some of the parties, disregarding the consequences, had refused to contribute their proportions; and Richard Lane, of Awston, Esquire, Thomas Greene, of Stratford-upon-Avon, Esquire, and William Shakespeare, "of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman," were under the necessity of filing a bill before Lord Ellesmere, to compel all the persons deriving estates under the dissolved college of Stratford to pay their shares. What was the issue of the suit is not any where stated; and the only important point in the draft of the bill, in the hands of the Shakespeare Society, is, that our great dramatist therein stated the value of his "moiety" of the tithes to be £60 per annum.

In the summer of 1613 a calamity happened which we do not believe affected our author's immediate interests, on account of the strong probability that he had taken care to divest himself of all theatrical property before he finally took up his residence in his birth-place. The Globe, which had been in use for about eighteen years, was burned down on the 29th June, 1613, in consequence of the thatch, with which it was partially covered, catching fire from the discharge of some theatrical artillery. It is doubtful what play was then in a course of representation: Sir Henry Wotton gives it the title of "All is True," and calls it "a new play:" while Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's *Annals*, distinctly states that it was "Henry the Eighth." The Globe was rebuilt in the next year, as we are told on what may be considered good authority, at the cost of King James and of many noblemen and gentlemen, who seem to have contributed sums of money for the purpose. Although Shakespeare might not be in any way pecuniarily affected by the event, we may be sure that he would not be backward in using his influence, and perhaps in rendering assistance by a gift of money, for the reconstruction of a playhouse in which he had often acted, from which he had derived so much profit, and in the continuance of the performances at which so many of his friends and fellows were deeply interested.

He must himself have had an escape from a similar disaster at Stratford in the very next year. Fires had broken out in the borough in 1594 and 1595, which had destroyed many of the houses; but that which occurred on the 9th July, 1614, seems to have done more damage than both its predecessors. At the instance of various gentlemen in the neighborhood, including Sir Fulk Greville, Sir Richard Verney, and Sir Thomas Lucy, King James issued a proclamation, or brief, dated 11th May, 1615, in favor of the inhabitants of Stratford, authorizing the collection of donations in the different churches of the kingdom for the restoration of the town; and

\* It has been generally stated that Charles Hart, the celebrated actor after the Restoration, was the grand-nephew of Shakespeare, son to the eldest son of Shakespeare's sister Joan, but we are without positive evidence upon the point. In 1622 a person of the name of Hart kept a house of entertainment close to the Fortune theatre, and he may have been the son of Shakespeare's sister Joan, and the father of Charles Hart the actor, who died about 1679.

alleging that within two hours the fire had consumed "fifty-four dwelling-houses, many of them being very fair houses, besides barns, stables, and other houses of office, together also with great store of corn, hay, straw, wood, and timber." The amount of loss is stated, on the same authority, to be "eight thousand pounds and upwards." What was the issue of this charitable appeal to the whole kingdom, we know not.

It is very certain that the dwelling of our great dramatist, called New Place, escaped the conflagration, and his property, as far as we can judge, seems to have been situated in a part of the town which fortunately did not suffer from the ravages of the fire.

The name of Shakespeare is not found among those of the inhabitants whose certificate was stated to be the immediate ground for issuing the royal brief, but it is not at all unlikely that he was instrumental in obtaining it. We are sure that he was in London in November following the fire, and possibly was taking some steps in favor of his fellow-townsmen. However, his principal business seems to have related to the projected inclosure of certain common lands in the neighborhood of Stratford in which he had an interest. Some inquiries as to the rights of various parties were instituted in September, 1614, as we gather from a document yet preserved, and which is now before us. The individuals whose claims are set out are, "Mr. Shakespeare," Thomas Parker, Mr. Lane, Sir Francis Smith, Mace, Arthur Cawdrey, and "Mr. Wright, vicar of Bishopston." All that it is necessary to quote is the following, which refers to Shakespeare, and which, like the rest, is placed under the head of "Ancient Freeholders in the fields of Old Stratford and Welcome."

"Mr. Shakespelle, 4 yard land : noe common, nor ground beyond Gospell bushe : noe ground in Sandfield, nor none in Slow Hill field beyond Bishopston, nor none in the enclosures beyond Bishopston."

The date of this paper is 5th September, 1614, and, as we have said, we may presume that it was chiefly upon this business that Shakespeare came to London on the 16th November. It should appear that Thomas Greene, of Stratford, was officially opposing the inclosure on the part of the corporation; and it is probable that Shakespeare's wishes were accordant with those of the majority of the inhabitants: however this might be, (and it is liable to dispute which party Shakespeare favored,) the members of the municipal body of the borough were nearly unanimous, and, as far as we can learn from the imperfect particulars remaining upon this subject, they wished our poet to use his influence to resist the project, which seems to have been supported by Mr. Arthur Mainwaring, then resident in the family of Lord Ellesmere as auditor of his domestic expenditure.

It is very likely that Shakespeare saw Mainwaring; and, as it was only five or six years since his name had been especially brought under the notice of the Lord Chancellor, in relation to the claim of the city authorities to jurisdiction in the Blackfriars, it is not impossible that Shakespeare may have had an interview with Lord Ellesmere, who seems at all times to have been of a very accessible and kindly disposition. A petition was also prepared and presented to the privy council, and we may gather that the opposition was effectual, because nothing was done in the business: the common fields of Welcombe, which it had been intended to inclose, remained open for pasture as before.

How soon after the matter relating to the inclosure

had been settled Shakespeare returned to Stratford, —how long he remained there, or whether he ever came to London again,—we are without information. He was very possibly in the metropolis at the time when a narrative poem, founded in part upon his historical play of "Richard III.," was published, and which until now has escaped observation, although it contains the clearest allusion, not indeed by name, to our author and to his tragedy. It is called "The Ghost of Richard the Third," and it bears date in 1614; but the writer, C. B., only gives his initials. We know of no poet of that day to whom they would apply, excepting Charles Best, who has several pieces in Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," 1602, but he has left nothing behind him to indicate that he would be capable of a work of such power and variety. It is divided into three portions, the "Character," the "Legend," and the "Tragedy" of Richard III.; and the second part opens with the following stanzas, which show the high estimate the writer had formed of the genius of Shakespeare: they are extremely interesting as a contemporaneous tribute. Richard, narrating his own history, thus speaks:—

"To him that impt my fame with Clio's quill,  
Whose magicke raj'd me from Oblivion's den,  
That writ my stories on the Muses hill,  
And with my actions dignified his pen;  
He that from Helicon sends many a rill,  
Whose meeterd veins are drunke by thirstie men;  
Crown'd be his stile with fame, his head with bayes,  
And none detract, but gratulate his praise.

"Yet if his scenes have not engrost all grace,  
The much fund' action could extend on stage;  
If Time or Memory have left a place  
For me to fill, Conforme this ignorant age,  
To that intent I shew my horrid face,  
Ingest with feare and characters of rage;  
Nor wits nor chronicles could ere containe  
The heil-deepe reachies of my soundlesse braine."

The above is the last extant panegyric upon Shakespeare during his lifetime, and it exceeds, in point of fervor and zeal, if not in judicious criticism, any that had gone before it. That C. B. was an author of distinction, and well known to some of the greatest poets of the day, we have upon their own evidence, from the terms they use in their commendatory poems, subscribed by no less names than those of Ben Jonson, George Chapman, and others. As we have stated, his work is one of great excellence, but it would be going too much out of our way to enter here into any farther examination of it.

## CHAPTER XX.

Shakespeare's return to Stratford.—Marriage of his daughter Judith to Thomas Quincey in February, 1616.—Shakespeare's will prepared in January, but dated March, 1616.—His last illness: attended by Dr. Hall, his son-in-law.—Uncertainty as to the nature of Shakespeare's final malady.—His birth-day and death-day the same.—Entry of his burial in the register at Stratford.—His will, and circumstances to prove that it was prepared two months before it was executed.—His bequest to his wife, and provision for her by dower.

THE autumn seems to have been a very usual time for publishing new books, and Shakespeare having been in London in the middle of November, 1614, as we have remarked, he was perhaps there when "The Ghost of Richard the Third" came out, and, like Ben Jonson, Chapman, and others, might be acquainted with the author. He probably returned home before the winter, and passed the rest of his days in tranquil retirement, and in the enjoyment of the society of his friends, whether residing in the



country, or occasionally visiting him from the metropolis. "The latter part of his life," says Rowe, "was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the society of his friends;" and he adds what cannot be doubted, that "his pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighborhood." He must have been of a lively and companionable disposition; and his long residence in London, amid the bustling and varied scenes connected with his public life, independently of his natural powers of conversation, could not fail to render his society most agreeable and desirable. We can readily believe that when any of his old associates of the stage, whether authors or actors, came to Stratford, they found a hearty welcome and free entertainment at his house: and that he would be the last man, in his prosperity, to treat with slight or indifference those with whom, in the earlier part of his career, he had been on terms of familiar intercourse.

One of the very latest acts of his life was bestowing the hand of his daughter Judith upon Thomas Quincy, a vintner and wine-merchant of Stratford, the son of Richard Quincy, who died May 31st, 1602, while he was bailiff of Stratford. She must have been four years older than her husband, having, as already stated, been born on 2d February, 1585, while he was not born until 26th February, 1589: he was consequently twenty-seven years old, and she thirty-one, at the time of their marriage in February, 1616.<sup>a</sup> As there was a difference of four years in the ages of Judith Shakespeare and her husband, we ought perhaps to receive that fact as some testimony, that our great dramatist did not see sufficient evil in such disproportion to induce him to oppose the union.

His will had been prepared as long before its actual date as 25th January, 1615-16, and this fact is apparent on the face of it: it originally began "*Vicesimo quinto die Januarij*," (not *Februarij*, as Malone erroneously read it,) but the word *Januarij*, was subsequently struck through with a pen, and *Martij* substituted by interlineation. Possibly it was not thought necessary to alter *vicesimo quinto*, or the 25th March might be the very day the will was executed: if it were, the signatures of the testator, upon each of the three sheets of paper of which the will consists, bear evidence (from the want of firmness in the writing) that he was at that time suffering under sickness. It opens, it is true, by stating that he was "in perfect health and memory," and such was doubtless the case when the instrument was prepared in January, but the execution of it might be deferred until he was attacked by serious indisposition, and then the date of the month only might be altered, leaving the assertion as to health and memory as it had originally stood. What was the nature of Shakespeare's fatal illness we have no satisfactory means of knowing,<sup>b</sup> but it

was probably not of long duration; and if when he subscribed his will he had really been in health, we are persuaded that at the age of only fifty-two he would have signed his name with greater steadiness and distinctness. All three signatures are more or less infirm and illegible, especially the first two, but he seems to have made an effort to write his best when he affixed both his names at length at the end, "By me William Shakespeare."

We hardly need entertain a doubt that he was attended in his last illness by his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, who had then been married to Susanna Shakespeare more than eight years: we have expressed our opinion that Dr. and Mrs. Hall lived in the same house with our poet, and it is to be recollected that in his will he leaves New Place to his daughter Susanna. Hall must have been a man of considerable science for the time at which he practised, and he has left behind him proofs of his knowledge and skill in a number of cases which had come under his own eye, and which he described in Latin: these were afterwards translated from his manuscript, and published in 1657 by Jonas Cooke, with the title of "Select Observations on English Bodies," but the case of Dr. Hall's father-in-law is not found there, because, unfortunately, the "observations" only begin in 1617. One of the earliest of them shows that an epidemic, called the "new fever," then prevailed in Stratford and "invaded many." Possibly Shakespeare was one of these; though, had such been the fact, it is not unlikely that, when speaking of "the Lady Beaufon," who suffered under it on July 1st, 1617, Dr. Hall would have referred back to the earlier instance of his father-in-law.<sup>c</sup>

We are left, therefore, in utter uncertainty as to the immediate cause of the death of Shakespeare at an age when he would be in full possession of his faculties, and when in the ordinary course of nature he might have lived many years in the enjoyment of the society of his family and friends, in that grateful and easy retirement, which had been earned by his genius and industry, and to obtain which had apparently been the main object of many years of toil, anxiety, and deprivation.

Whatever doubt may prevail as to the day of the birth of Shakespeare, none can well exist as to the day of his death. The inscription on his monument in Stratford church tells us,

"Obiit Anno Domini 1616.  
Ætatis 53. die 23 Apr."

And it is remarkable that he was born and died on the same day of the same month, supposing him, as

That Shakespeare was of sober, though of companionable habits, we are thoroughly convinced: he could not have written seven-and-thirty plays (not reckoning alterations and additions now lost) in five-and-twenty years had he been otherwise; and we are sure also, that if Drayton and Ben Jonson visited him at Stratford, he would give them a free and hearty welcome. We have no reason to think that Drayton was at all given to intoxication, although it is certain that Ben Jonson was a bountiful liver.

<sup>a</sup> He several times speaks of sicknesses in his own family, and of the manner in which he had removed them. "Mrs. Hall, of Stratford, my wife," is more than once introduced in the course of the volume, as well as "Elizabeth Hall, my only daughter." Mrs. Susanna Hall died in 1649, aged 66, and was buried at Stratford. Elizabeth Hall, her daughter by Dr. Hall, (baptized on the 21st February, 1607-8) and grand-daughter to our poet, was married on the 22d April, 1636, to Mr. Thomas Nash, (who died in 1647,) and on 5th June, 1649, to Mr. John Bernard, of Abingdon, who was knighted after the Restoration. Lady Bernard died childless in 1679, and was buried, not at Stratford, with her own family, but at Abingdon with that of her second husband. She was the last of the lineal descendants of William Shakespeare.

<sup>a</sup> The fruits of this marriage were three sons: viz. Shakespeare, baptized 23d November, 1616, and buried May 8th, 1617; Richard, baptized 9th February, 1617-18, and buried 26th February, 1638-9; and Thomas, baptized 23d January, 1619-20, and buried 28th January, 1638-9. Judith Quincy, their mother, did not die until after the Restoration, and was buried 9th February, 1661-2.

<sup>b</sup> The Rev. John Ward's Diary, to which we have before referred, contains the following undated paragraph:—

"Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted."

What credit may be due to this statement, preceded as it is by the words "it seems," implying a doubt on the subject in the writer's mind, we must leave the reader to determine.

we have every reason to believe, to have first seen the light on the 23d April, 1564. It was most usual about that period to mention the day of death in inscriptions upon tomb-stones, tablets, and monuments; and such was the case with other members of the Shakespeare family. We are thus informed that his wife, Anne Shakespeare, "departed this life the 6th day of Augu, 1623:" Dr. Hall "deceased Nove. 25. A<sup>o</sup>. 1635:" Thomas Nash, who married Hall's daughter, "died April 4, A. 1647:" Susanna Hall "deceased the 11th of July, A<sup>o</sup>. 1649." Therefore, although the Latin inscription on the monument of our great dramatist may, from its form and punctuation, appear not so decisive as those we have quoted in English, there is in fact no ground for disputing that he died on 23d April, 1616. It is quite certain from the register at Stratford that he was interred on the 25th April, and the record of that event is placed among the burials in the following manner:—

"1616, April 25, Will<sup>m</sup> Shakspeare, Gent."

Whether from the frequent prevalence of infectious disorders, or from any other cause, the custom of keeping the bodies of relatives unburied, for a week or more after death, seems comparatively of modern origin; and we may illustrate this point also by reference to facts regarding some of the members of the Shakespeare family. Anne Shakespeare was buried two days after she died, viz., on the 8th August, 1623: Dr. Hall and Thomas Nash were buried on the day after they died; and although it is true that there was an interval of five days between the death and burial of Mrs. Hall, in 1649, it is very possible that her corpse was conveyed from some distance, to be interred among her relations at Stratford. In the case of our poet, concluding that he expired on the 23d April, there was, as in the instance of his wife, an interval of two days before his interment.

Into the particular provisions of his will we need not enter at all at large, because we have printed it at the end of the present memoir from the original, as it was filed in the Prerogative Court, probate having been granted on the 22d June following the date of it. His daughter Judith is there only called by her Christian name, although she had been married to Thomas Quiney considerably more than a month anterior to the actual date of the will, and although his eldest daughter Susanna is mentioned by her husband's patronymic. It seems evident, from the tenor of the whole instrument, that when it was prepared Judith was not married, although her speedy union with Thomas Quiney was contemplated: the attorney or scrivener, who drew it, had first written "son and daughter," (meaning Judith and her intended husband) but erased the words "son and" afterwards, as the parties were not yet married, and were not "son and daughter" to the testator. It is true that Thomas Quiney would not have been Shakespeare's son, only his son-in-law; but the degrees of consanguinity were not at that time strictly marked and attended to, and in the same will Elizabeth Hall is called the testator's "niece," when she was, in fact, his granddaughter.

The bequest which has attracted most attention is an interlineation in the following words, "I'm I gyve unto my wief my second best bed with the furniture." Upon this passage has been founded, by Malone and others, a charge against Shakespeare, that he only remembered his wife as an afterthought, and then merely gave her "an old bed." As to the last part of the accusation, it may

be answered, that the "second best bed" was probably that in which the husband and wife had slept, when he was in Stratford earlier in life, and every night since his retirement from the metropolis: the best bed was doubtless reserved for visitors: if, therefore, he were to leave his wife any express legacy of the kind, it was most natural and considerate that he should give her that piece of furniture, which for many years they had jointly occupied. With regard to the second part of the charge, our great dramatist has of late years been relieved from the stigma, thus attempted to be thrown upon him, by the mere remark of Mr. Knight, in his "Pictorial Shakspeare," that Shakespeare's property being principally freehold, the widow, by the ordinary operation of the law of England, would be entitled to, what is legally known by the term, dower. It is extraordinary that this explanation should never have occurred to Malone, who was educated to the legal profession; but that many others should have followed him in his unjust imputation is not remarkable, recollecting how prone most of Shakespeare's biographers have been to repeat errors, rather than take the trouble to inquire for themselves, to sift out truth, and to balance probabilities.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Monument to Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon erected before 1623; probably under the superintendence of Dr. Hall, and Shakespeare's daughter Susanna.—Difference between the bust on the monument and the portrait on the title-page of the folio of 1623.—Ben Jonson's testimony in favor of the likeness of the latter.—Shakespeare's personal appearance.—His social and convivial qualities.—"Wit-combats" mentioned by Fuller in his "Worthies."—Epitaph upon Sir Thomas Stanley.—Conclusion.—Hallam's character of Shakespeare.

A MONUMENT to Shakespeare was erected anterior to the publication of the folio edition of his "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies" in 1623, because it is thus distinctly mentioned by Leonard Digges, in the earliest copy of commendatory verses prefixed to that volume, which he states shall outlive the poet's tomb:—

—"when that stone is rent,  
And time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,  
Here we alive shall view thee still."

This is the most ancient notice of it; but how long before 1623 it had been placed in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, we have no means of deciding. It represents the poet sitting under an arch, with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left resting upon a sheet of paper: it has been the opinion of the best judges that it was cut by an English sculptor, (perhaps Thomas Stanton) and we may conclude, without much hesitation, that the artist was employed by Dr. Hall and his wife, and that the resemblance was as faithful as a bust, not modelled from the life, but probably, under living instructions, from some picture or cast, could be expected to be. Shakespeare is there considerably fuller in the face, than in the engraving on the title-page of the folio of 1623, which must have been made from a different original. It seems not unlikely that after he separated himself from the business and anxiety of a professional life, and withdrew to the permanent inhaling of his native air, he became more robust, and the half-length upon his monument conveys the notion of a cheerful, good-tempered, and somewhat jovial man. The expression, we apprehend, is less intellectual than

it must have been in reality, and the forehead, though lofty and expansive, is not strongly marked with thought; on the whole, it has rather a look of gaiety and good humor than of thought and reflection, and the lips are full, and apparently in the act of giving utterance to some amiable pleasantry. The bust was originally, like many other monuments of the time, colored after the life, and so it continued until Malone, forgetting the practice of the period at which the work was produced, had it painted one uniform stone-color. It was afterwards found impossible to restore the original colors.

On a tablet below the bust are placed the following inscriptions, which we give literally:—

"Ivdicio Pyllivm, genio Sacratem, arte Maronem,  
Terra tegit, popvlvs meret, Olympvs habet.  
Stay, Passenger, why goest thou by so fast?  
Read, if thou canst, whom enuius Death hath plust  
Within this monument: Shak-speare; with whom  
Quick nature died: whose name doth deck ye Tombe  
Far more then cost; such all y<sup>e</sup> hath writt  
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt  
Obiit ano Doi. 1616.  
Ætatis. 53. die 23 Apr."

On a flat grave-stone in front of the monument, and not far from the wall against which it is fixed, we read these lines; and Southwell's correspondent (whose letter was printed in 1838, from the original manuscript dated 1693) informs us, speaking of course from tradition, that they were written by Shakespeare himself:—

"Good friend, for Iesvs sake forbear  
To digg the dyst enclosed heare:  
Blest be ye man y<sup>e</sup> spares these stones,  
And cvrst be he y<sup>e</sup> moves my bones."

The half-length on the title-page of the folio of 1623, engraved by Martin Droeshout, has certainly an expression of greater gravity than the bust on Shakespeare's monument; and, making some allowances, we can conceive the original of that resemblance more capable of producing the mighty works Shakespeare has left behind him, than the original of the bust: the one may be said to represent Shakespeare during his later years at Stratford, happy in the intercourse of his family and friends, and the cheerful companion of his neighbors and townsmen; and the other, Shakespeare in London, revolving the great works he had written or projected, and with his mind somewhat burdened by the cares of his professional life.

There is one point in which both the engraving and the bust in a degree concur,—we mean in the length of the upper lip, although the peculiarity seems exaggerated in the bust. Opposite the engraving are the following lines, subscribed with the initials of Ben Jonson, and doubtless from his pen. We give them exactly as they stand in the folio of 1623:—

"TO THE READER.

"This Figure, that thou here seest put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;  
Wherein the Grauer had a strife  
With Nature, to out-doo the life:  
O, could he but haue drawne his wit  
As well in brasse, as he hath hit  
His face; the Print would then surpass  
All, that was euer writ in brasse.  
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke  
Not on his Picture, but his Booke."

B. I."

If only half the pictures said, within the last century, to represent Shakespeare, were in fact from the life, the poet must have possessed a vast stock of patience, if not a larger share of vanity, when he devoted so much time to sitting to the artists of the day.

Aubrey is the only authority, beyond the inferences that may be drawn from the portraits, for the personal appearance of Shakespeare; and he sums up our great poet's physical and moral endowments in two lines:—"He was a handsome well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready, and pleasant, and smooth wit." We have every reason to suppose that this is a correct description of his personal appearance, but we are unable to add to it from any other source, unless indeed we were to rely upon a few equivocal passages in the "Sonnets." Upon this authority it has been supposed by some that he was lame, and certainly the 37th and 89th Sonnets, without allowing for a figurative mode of expression, might be taken to import as much. If we were to consider the words literally, we should imagine that some accident had befallen him, which rendered it impossible that he should continue on the stage, and hence we could easily account for his early retirement from it. We know that such was the case with one of his most famous predecessors, Christopher Marlowe, but we have no sufficient reason for believing it was the fact as regards Shakespeare: he is evidently speaking metaphorically in both places, where "lame" and "lameness" occur.

His social qualities, his good temper, hilarity, vivacity, and what Aubrey calls his "very ready, and pleasant, and smooth wit," (in our author's own words, "pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation,") cannot be doubted, since, besides what may be gathered from his works, we have it from various quarters; and although nothing very good of this kind may have descended to us, we have sufficient to show that he must have been a most welcome visitor in all companies. The epithet "gentle" has been frequently applied to him, twice by Ben Jonson, (in his lines before the engraving, and in his laudatory verses prefixed to the plays in the folio of 1623,) and if it be not to be understood precisely in its modern acceptation, we may be sure that one distinguishing feature in his character was general kindness: he may have been "sharp and sententious," but never needlessly bitter or ill-natured: his wit had no malice for an ingredient. Fuller speaks of the "wit-combats" between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson at the convivial meetings at the Mermaid club, established by Sir Walter Raleigh; and he adds, "which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances: Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention." Fuller has another simile, on the same page, respecting Shakespeare and his acquirements, which is worth quoting. "He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *Poeta non fit, sed nascitur*; one is not made, but born a poet. Indeed his learning was very little, so that as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smooth even as they are taken out of the earth, so nature itself was all the art which was used upon him." Of course Fuller is here only referring to Shakespeare's classical acquirements: his "learning" of a different kind, perhaps, exceeded that of all the ancients put together.

Connected with Ben Jonson's solidity and slowness is the following witticism between him and Shakespeare, said to have passed at a tavern.

"Mr. Ben Jonson and Mr. Wm. Shakespeare

being merrie at a tavern, Mr. Jonson begins this for his epitaph,

Here lies Ben Jonson  
Who was once one :

he gives it to Mr. Shakespeare to make up, who presently writt

That, while he liv'd was a *slow* thing,  
And now, being dead, is *no*-thing."

It is certainly not of much value, but there is a great difference between the estimate of an extempore joke at the moment of delivery, and the opinion we may form of it long afterwards, when it has been put upon paper, and transmitted to posterity under such names as those of Shakespeare and Jonson. The same excuse may be made for two other pieces of unpretending pleasantry between the same parties, which have been handed down to us upon something like authority. "Shakespeare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in a deepe study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy?—'No, faith, Ben, (sayes he) not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last.'—'I prythee what?' says he. 'I'faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a douzen of Latten spoones, and thou shalt translate them.'" Of course the joke depends upon the pun between Latin, and the mixed metal called *latten*.

The next is from a MS. formerly in the Harleian Collection:—

"Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe theatre—*Totus mundus agit histrionem*.

"Jonson. If but stage-actors all the world displays,  
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?  
"Shakespeare. Little, or much of what we see, we do;  
We are both actors and spectators too."

Of a different character is a production preserved by Dugdale, at the end of his *Visitation of Salop*, in the *Heralds' College*: it is an epitaph, inscribed upon the tomb of Sir Thomas Stanley, in Tongue church; and Dugdale, whose testimony is unimpeachable, distinctly states that "the following verses were made by William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian."

"Written upon the east end of the tomb.

"Ask who lies here, but do not weep;  
He is not dead, he doth but sleep.

This stony register is for his bones:  
His fame is more perpetual than these stones:  
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,  
Shall live when earthly monument is none.

"Written on the west end thereof.

"Not monumental stone preserves our fame,  
Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name,  
The memory of him for whom this stands  
Shall out-live marble and defacers' hands,  
When all to time's consumption shall be given,  
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven."

We have thus brought into a consecutive narrative the particulars respecting the life of the "Myriad-minded Shakespeare," with which our predecessors were acquainted, or which, from various sources, we have been able, during a long series of years, to collect. Yet, after all, comparing what we really know of our great dramatist with what we might possibly have known, we cannot but be aware how little has been accomplished. "Of William Shakespeare," says one of our greatest living authors (Hallam, in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*) of our greatest dead one, "whom, through the mouths of those whom he has inspired to body forth the modifications of his immense mind, we seem to know better than any human writer, it may be truly said that we scarcely know anything. We see him, so far as we do see him, not in himself, but in a reflex image from the objectivity in which he is manifested: he is Falstaff, and Mercutio, and Malvolio, and Jaques, and Portia, and Imogen, and Lear, and Othello; but to us he is scarcely a determined person, a substantial reality of past time, the man Shakespeare." We cannot flatter ourselves that we have done much to bring the reader better acquainted with "the man Shakespeare," but if we have done anything we shall be content; and, instead of attempting any character of our own, we will subjoin one, in the words of the distinguished writer we have above quoted, as brief in its form as it is comprehensive in its matter:—"The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature—it is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near to him in the creative powers of the mind; no man had ever such strength at once, and such variety of imagination."

If the details of his life be imperfect, the history of his mind is complete; and we leave the reader to turn from the contemplation of "the man Shakespeare" to the study of THE POET SHAKESPEARE.

## SHAKESPEARE'S WILL:

Vicesimo Quinto Die Martij Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Rex Anglie &c. Decimo quarto & Scotie xlix<sup>o</sup> Annoq; Domini 1616.

T. Wm<sup>i</sup> Shackspeare

In the name of god Amen I William Shackspeare of Stratford vpon Avon in the countie of warr gent in perfect health & memorie god be praysed doe make & Ordayne this my last will & testament in nanner & forme followeing That ys to saye First I Comend my Soule into the handes of god my Creator hoping & assuredlie beleeving through thionelie merites of Jesus Christe my Saviour to be made partaker of lyfe everlastinge. And my bodye to the Earth whereof yt ys made Item I Gyve & bequeath vnto my Daughter Judyth One hundred & Fyftie poundes of lawfull English money to be paid vnto her in manner & forme followeing That ys to saye One hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage porcion within one yeare after my deceas with consideration after the Rate of twoe Shillings in the pound for soe long tyme as the same shalbe vnpaid vnto her after my deceas & the Fyftie poundes Residewe thereof vpon her Surrendring of or gyving of such sufficient Securitie as the overseers of this my Will shall like of to Surrender or graunte All her estate & Right that shall descend or come vnto her after my deceas or that shee nowe hath of in or to one Copiehold tenemente with thappurtenances lyeing & being in Stratford vpon Avon aforesaid in the said countie of warr being parcell or holden of the manour of Rowington vnto my Daughter Susanna Hall & her heires for ever Item I Gyve & bequeath vnto my said Daughter Judith One hundred and Fyftie Poundes more if shee or Anie issue of her bodie be Lying att thend of three yeares next ensueing the Daie of the Date of this my Will during which tyme my executours to paie her consideration from my deceas according to the Rate aforesaid And if shee dye within the said terme without issue of her bodye then my will ys & I Doe gyve & bequeath One Hundred Poundes thereof to my Neece Elizabeth Hall & the Fiftie Poundes to be sett fourth by my executours during the lief of my Sister Johane Harte & the vse and profit thereof Cominge shalbe payed to my said Sister Ione & after her deceas the said I<sup>h</sup> shall Remaine Amongst the children of my said Sister Equallie to be Devided Amongst them But if my said Daughter Judith be lyving att thend of the said three Yeares or anie yssue of her bodye then my will ys & soe I Devise & bequeath the said Hundred and Fyftie Poundes to be sett out by my executours & overseers for the best benefit of her & her issue & the stock not to be paid vnto her

soe long as she shalbe married & Covert Baron but my will ys that she shall have the consideration yearlie paid vnto her during her lief & after her deceas the said stock and consideration to bee paid to her children if she have Anie & if not to her executours or assigns she lyving the said terme after my deceas Provided that if such husband as she shall att thend of the said three yeares be married vnto or attaine after doe sufficientlie Assure vnto her & thissue of her bodie landes Answerable to the porcion by this my will gyven vnto her & to be adiudged soe by my executours & overseers then my will ys that the said C<sup>h</sup> shalbe paid to such husband as shall make such assurance to his owne vse Item I gyve & bequeath vnto my said sister Ione xx<sup>l</sup> & all my wearing Apparell to be paid & deliuered within one yeare after my Deceas And I doe will & devise vnto her the house with thappurtenances in Stratford wherein she dwelleth for her natural lief vnder the yearlie Rent of xii<sup>d</sup> Item I gyve & bequeath vnto her three sons William Harte Hart & Michael Harte Fyve Poundes A peece to be paid within oneYeare after my deceas her Item I gyve & bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall All my Plate (except my brod silver & gilt bole) that I now have att the Date of this my will Item I gyve & bequeath vnto the Poore of Stratford aforesaid tenn poundes to Mr Thomas Combe my Sword to Thomas Russell Esquier Fyve poundes & to Francis Collins of the Borough of warr in the countie of warr gentleman thirteene poundes Sixe shillings & Eight pence to be paid within one Yeare after my Deceas Item I gyve & bequeath to Hamlett Sadler xxvi<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup> to buy him A Ringe to William Raynoldes gent xxvj<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup> to buy him a Ringe to my godson William Walker xx<sup>s</sup> in gold to Anthonye Nashe gent xxvj<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup> & to Mr John Nashe xxvj<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup> & to my Fellowes John Hemynges Richard Burbage & Henry Cundell xxvj<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup> A peece to buy them Ringes Item I Gyve will bequeath & devise vnto my Daughter Susanna Hall for better enabling of her to performe this my will & towards the performans thereof All that Capitall message or tenemente with thappurtenances in Stratford aforesaid Called the new place wherein I nowe Dwell & two Messuages or tenementes with thappurtenances scituat lyeing & being in Henley streete within the borough of Stratford aforesaid And all my barnes stables Orchardes gardens landes tenementes & hereditamentes whatsoever scituat lyeing & being or to be had Receyved perceyved or taken within the townes Hamletes Villages Fielcles & groundes of Stratford vpon Avon Oldstratford Bushop-ton & Welcombe or in anie of them in the said countie of warr And alsoe All that message or tenemente with thappurtenances wherein One John Robinson dwelleth scituat lyeing & being in the blackfriers in London nere the Wardrobe & all other my landes tenements & hereditamentes whatsoever To have & to hold All & singular the said premisses with their appurtenances vnto the said Susanna Hall for & during the terme of her naturall lief & after her

\* The following is from an exact transcript of the original Will deposited in the Prerogative office, London, the only difference being that we have not thought it necessary to give the legal contractions of the scrivener; in all other respects, even to the misemployment of capital letters, and the omission of points our copy is most faithful.

deceas to the first sonne of her bodie lawfullie yssueing & to the heires Males of the bodie of the saied first Sonne lawfullie yssueing & for defalt of such issue to the second Sonne of her bodie lawfullie issueing & to the heires males of the bodie of the saied Second Sonne lawfullie yssueing and for defalt of such heires to the third Sonne of the bodie of the saied Susanna Lawfullie yssueing & of the heires males of the bodie of the saied third sonne lawfullie yssueing And for defalt of such issue the same soe to be & Remaine to the Fourth Fyft sixte & Seaventh sonnes of her bodie lawfullie issueing one after Another & to the heires Males of the bodies of the saied Fourth fifth Sixte and Seaventh sonnes lawfullie yssueing in such manner as yt ys before Lymitted to be & Remaine to the first second & third Sonns of her bodie & to their heires Males And for defalt of such issue the saied premisses to be & Remaine to my sayed Neece Hall & the heires Males of her bodie lawfullie yssueing & for defalt of such issue to my Daughter Judith & the heires Males of her body lawfullie issueing And for defalt of such issue to the Right heires of me the saied William Shackspeare for ever Item I gyve vnto my

wief my second best bed with the furniture Item I gyve & bequeath to my saied Daughter Judith my broad silver gilt hole All the rest of my goodes Chattel Leases plate Jewels & household stuffe whatsoeuer after my Dettes and Legasies paied & my funerall expences discharged I gyve devise and bequeath to my Sonne in Lawe John Hall gent & my Daughter Susanna his wief whom I ordaine & make executours of this my Last will and testament And I doe intrent & Appoint the saied Thomas Russell Esquier & Frauncis Collins gent to be overseers hereof And doe Revoke All former wills & publishe this to be my last will and testament In Witness whereof I have herevnto put my hand the Daie & Yeare first aboue written.

"By me William Shakspeare.

Witness to the publishing  
hereof Fra: Collyns  
Julus Shawe  
John Robinson  
Hammet Sadler  
Robert Whatcott

Probatum corā Magr. Willim  
Byrde Decrē Commiss. &c. xx<sup>do</sup> die  
mensis Junij Anno Dni 1616  
Juranto Johannis Hall viuis  
ex &c Cul &c De bene &c Jurat  
Resvat ptate &c. Susanne Hall  
alt ex &c cū v. n̄it &c petitur

(Invt ext)

# INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

## THE TEMPEST.

["The Tempest" was first printed in the folio edition of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," bearing date in 1623, where it stands first, and occupies nineteen pages, viz., from p. 1, to p. 19 inclusive. It fills the same place in the folios of 1632, 1664, and 1685.]

A MATERIAL fact, in reference to the date of the first production of "The Tempest," has only been recently ascertained: we allude to the notice of the performance of it, before King James, on November 1, 1611, (the earliest date previously discovered for its performance being 1613,) which is contained in the "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," edited by Mr. P. Cunningham for the Shakespeare Society: the memorandum is in the following form:—

"Hallowes nyght was presented att Whithall before the Kinges Majestie a play called the Tempest."

In the margin is inserted the additional circumstance, that the performance was "by the King's Players;" and there can be no reasonable doubt that it was Shakespeare's drama, which had been written for that company. When it had been so written, is still a point of difficulty; but the probability, we think, is that it was selected by the Master of the Revels, for representation at Court in 1611, on account of its novelty and popularity on the public stage. Eleven other dramas, as appears by the same document, were exhibited between October 31, 1611, and the same day in the next year; and it is remarkable that ten of these (as far as we possess any information respecting them) were comparatively new plays, and with regard to the eleventh, it was not more than three years old. We may, perhaps, be warranted in inferring, therefore, that "The Tempest" was also not then an old play.

It seems to us, likewise, that the internal evidence, derived from style and language, clearly indicates that it was a late production, and that it belongs to about the same period of our great dramatist's literary history as his "Winter's Tale," which was also chosen for a Court-play, and represented at Whitehall only four days after "The Tempest" had been exhibited. In point of construction, it must be admitted at once that there is the most obvious dissimilarity, inasmuch as "The Winter's Tale" is a piece in which the unities are utterly disregarded, while in "The Tempest" they are strictly observed. It is only in the involved and parenthetical character of some of the speeches, and in psychological resemblances, that we would institute a comparison between "The Tempest" and the "Winter's Tale," and would infer from thence that they belong to about the same period.

It may be urged, however, that what was represented at Court in 1611 was only a revival of an older play, acted before 1596, and such may have been the case: we do not, however, think it probable, for several reasons. One of these is an appar-

ently trifling circumstance, pointed out by Farmer; viz., that in "The Merchant of Venice," written before 1598, the name of Stephano is invariably pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, while in "The Tempest," the proper pronunciation is as constantly required by the verse. It seems certain, therefore, that Shakespeare found his error in the interval, and he may have learnt it from Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humor," in which Shakespeare performed, and in the original list of characters to which, in the edition of 1601, the names not only of Stephano, but of Prospero occur.

We cannot agree with the Rev. Mr. Hunter, (in his "Disquisition on the Tempest,") in thinking that he has established, that nothing was suggested to Shakespeare by the storm, in July, 1609, which dispersed the fleet under Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, of which an account was published by a person of the name of Jourdan in the following year. This point was, to our mind, satisfactorily made out by Malone, and the mention of "the still-vexed Bermoothes" by Shakespeare seems directly to connect the drama with Jourdan's "Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils," printed in 1610.

No novel, in prose or verse, to which Shakespeare resorted for the incidents of "The Tempest," has yet been discovered. We have turned over the pages of, we believe, every Italian novelist, anterior to the age of Shakespeare, in hopes of finding some story containing traces of the incidents of "The Tempest," but without success. The ballad entitled "The Inhabited Island," printed in "Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works," is a more modern production than the play, from which it varies in the names, as well as in some points of the story, as if for the purpose of concealing its connection with a production which was popular on the stage. Our opinion decidedly is, that it was founded upon "The Tempest," and not upon any ancient narrative to which Shakespeare also might have been indebted.

Coleridge tells us (Lit. Rem.) that "The Tempest" is a species of drama, which owes no allegiance to time or space, and in which, therefore, errors of chronology and geography—no mortal sins in any species—are venial faults, and count for nothing: it addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty." This opinion was delivered in 1818; and three years earlier Coleridge had spoken of "The Tempest," as certainly one of Shakespeare's latest works, judging from the language only: Schlegel was of the same opinion, without, however, assigning any distinct reason, and instituted a comparison between "The Tempest" and "Midsummer-Night's Dream," adding, "The preponderance of thought in 'The Tempest,' exhibited in its profound and original characterization, strikes us at once; but we must also admire the deep sense of the art (*tiefsinnige Kunst*) which is apparent in the structure of the whole, in the wise economy of its means, and in the skill with which the scaffolding is raised to sustain the marvellous aerial structure."

THE

## TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

["The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies nineteen pages, viz., from p. 20 to p. 38, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It is there divided into Acts and Scenes. It also stands second in the later folios.]

THE only ascertained fact with which we are acquainted, in reference to "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," is, that it is included in the list of Shakespeare's Plays which Francis Meres furnished in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. It comes first in that enumeration, and although this is a very slight circumstance, it may afford some confirmation to the opinion, founded upon internal evidence of plot, style, and characters, that it was one of the earliest, if not the very earliest of Shakespeare's original dramatic compositions.

It would, we think, be idle to attempt to fix upon any particular year: it is unquestionably the work of a young and unpractised dramatist, and the conclusion is especially artificial and abrupt. It may have been written by our great dramatist very soon after he joined a theatrical company; and at all events we do not think it likely that it was composed subsequently to 1591. We should be inclined to place it, as indeed it stands in the work of Meres, immediately before "Love's Labor's Lost." Meres calls it the "Gentlemen of Verona."

If "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" were not the offspring merely of the author's invention, we have yet to discover the source of its plot. Points of resemblance have been dwelt upon in connection with Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," 1590, and the "Diana" of Montemayor, which was not translated into English by B. Yonge until 1598; but the incidents, common to the drama and to these two works, are only such as might be found in other romances, or would present themselves spontaneously to the mind of a young poet. The notion of some critics, that "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" contains few or no marks of Shakespeare's hand, is a strong proof of their incompetence to form a judgment.

THE

## MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

["A Most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr John Falstaffe, and the merrie Wines of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh the Welch knight, Iustice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender. With the swaggering vainge of Auncient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and elsewhere. London Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne. 1602." 4to. 27 leaves.

"A Most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedie, of Sir John Falstaffe, and the Merry Wines of Windsor. With the swaggering vainge of Auncient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for Arthur Johnson, 1619." 4to. 28 leaves.

The 4to. of 1630, was "printed by T. H. for R. Meighen," &c. In the folio, 1623, "The Merry Wines of Windsor" occupies twenty-two pages, viz., from p. 39 to p. 60 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It also stands third in the three later folios.]

THIS comedy was printed for the first time in a perfect state in the folio of 1623: it had come out in an imperfect state in 1602, and again in 1619, in

both instances for a bookseller of the name of Arthur Johnson: Arthur Johnson acquired the right to publish it from John Busby, and the original entry, and the assignment of the play, run thus in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

"18 Jan. 1601. John Busby] An excellent and pleasant conceited comedie of Sir John Falstaffe, and the Merry wywes of Windsor.

"Arth. Johnson] By assignment from Jno. Busbye a. B. An excellent and pleasant conceited comedie of Sir John Falstaffe, and the merry wywes of Windsor."

January, 1601, according to our present mode of reckoning the year, was January, 1602, and the "most pleasant and excellent conceited comedie of Syr John Falstaffe, and the merrie Wives of Windsor," (the title-page following the description in the entry) appeared in quarto with the date of 1602. It has been the custom to look upon this edition as the first sketch of the drama, which Shakespeare afterwards enlarged and improved to the form in which it appears in the folio of 1623. After the most minute examination, we are not of that opinion: it has been universally admitted that the 4to. of 1602 was piratical; and our conviction is that, like the first edition of "Henry V." in 1600, it was fraudulently made up, for the purpose of sale, partly from notes taken at the theatre, and partly from memory, without even the assistance of any of the parts as delivered out by the copyist of the theatre to the actors. It is to be observed, that John Busby, who assigned "The Merry Wives of Windsor" to Arthur Johnson in 1602, was the same bookseller who, two years before, had joined in the publication of the undoubtedly surreptitious "Henry V."

The title-page states, that it had been acted "by the Lord Chamberlain's servants" before the Queen "and elsewhere:" "elsewhere," was perhaps at the Globe on the Bankside, and we may suppose, that it had been brought out in the commencement of the summer season of 1600, before the death of Sir Thomas Lucy. If the "dozen white laces" in the first scene were meant to ridicule him, Shakespeare would certainly not have introduced the allusion after the death of the object of it. That it continued a favorite play we can readily believe, and we learn that it was acted before James I., not long after he came to the throne: the following memorandum is contained in the accounts of the "Revels at Court" in the latter end of 1604:—

"By his Majestie's plaiers. The Sunday followinge A Play of the Merry Wines of Winsor."

This representation occurred on "the Sunday following" November 1st, 1604.

What has led some to imagine that the surreptitious impression of 1602 was the comedy as it first came from the hands of Shakespeare, is a tradition respecting the rapidity with which it was composed. This tradition, when traced to its source, can be carried back no farther than 1702: John Dennis in that year printed his "Comical Gallant," founded upon "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and in the dedication he states, that "the comedy was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, and by her direction; and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days." Dennis gives no authority for any part of this assertion, but because he knew Dryden, it is supposed to have come from him; and because Dryden was acquainted with Davenant, it has been conjectured that the latter might have communi-



cated it to the former. We own that we place little or no reliance on the story.

It has been a disputed question in what part of the series of dramas in which Falstaff is introduced, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" ought to be read: Johnson thought it came in between "Henry IV.," part ii., and "Henry V.;" Malone, on the other hand, argued that it should be placed between the two parts of "Henry IV.;" but the truth is, that almost insuperable difficulties present themselves to either hypothesis, and we doubt much whether the one or the other is well founded. Shakespeare, having for some reason been induced to represent Falstaff in love, considered by what persons he might be immediately surrounded, and Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, and Mrs. Quickly, naturally presented themselves to his mind: he was aware that the audience, with whom they had been favorite characters, would expect them still to be Falstaff's companions; and though Shakespeare had in fact banded two of them in "Henry V.," and Mrs. Quickly had died, he might trust to the forgetfulness of those before whom the comedy was to be represented, and care little for the consideration, since so eagerly debated, in what part of the series "The Merry Wives of Windsor" ought to be read.

With regard to the supposed sources of the plot, our opinion is, that the true original of the story (if Shakespeare did not himself invent the incidents) has not come down to us.

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

["Measure for Measure" was first printed in the folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies," 1623, where it occupies twenty-four pages, viz., from p. 61 to p. 84, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It was, of course, reprinted in the later folios of 1632, 1664, and 1685.]

In the "History of English Dramatic Poetry," III., 68, it is remarked, that "although it seems clear that Shakespeare kept Whetstone's 'Promos and Cassandra' in his eye, while writing 'Measure for Measure,' it is probable that he also made use of some other dramatic composition or novel, in which the same story was treated." I was led to form this opinion from the constant habit of dramatists of that period to employ the productions of their predecessors, and from the extreme likelihood, that when our old play-writers were hunting in all directions for stories which they could convert to their purpose, they would not have passed over the novel by Giraldi Cinthio, which had not only been translated, but actually converted into a drama nearly a quarter of a century before the death of Elizabeth. Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra," a play in two parts, was printed in 1578, though, as far as we know, never acted, and he subsequently introduced a translation of the novel (which he admitted to be its origin), in his "Heptameron of Civil Discourses." 4to. 1582.

The Title of Cinthio's novel, the fifth of the eighth Decad of his *Heptomithi*, gives a sufficient account of the progress of the story as he relates it. Whetstone adopts its incidents pretty exactly in his "Promos and Cassandra;" but Shakespeare varies from them chiefly by the introduction of Marianna, and by the final union between the duke and Isabella. Shakespeare was not indebted to Whetstone for a single thought, nor for a casual expression, excepting as far as similarity of situation may be said to

have necessarily occasioned corresponding states of feeling, and employment of language.

As to the date when "Measure for Measure" was written, we have no positive information, but we now know that it was acted at Court on St. Stephen's night, (26th December,) 1604.

In the column of the account headed "The Poets which mayd the Plaies," we find the name of "Shaxberd" entered, which was the mode in which the ignorant scribe, who prepared the account, spelt the name of our great dramatist. Malone conjectured from certain allusions (such as to "the war" with Spain, "the sweat," meaning the plague, &c.), that "Measure for Measure" was written in 1603; and if we suppose it to have been selected for performance at Court on the 26th December, 1604, on account of its popularity at the theatre after its production, his supposition will receive some confirmation.

Of "Measure for Measure," Coleridge observes in his "Literary Remains:" "This play, which is Shakespeare's throughout, is to me the most painful, say rather, the only painful part of his genuine works. The comic and tragic parts equally border on the *pathetic*—the one being disgusting, the other horrible; and the pardon and marriage of Angelo not merely baffles the strong indignant claim of justice (for cruelty, with lust and damnable baseness, can not be forgiven, because we cannot conceive them as being morally repented of), but it is likewise degrading to the character of woman."

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

["The Comedie of Errors" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies sixteen pages, viz., from p. 85 to p. 100, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It was reprinted in the three subsequent impressions of the same volume.]

We have distinct evidence of the existence of an old play called "The Historie of Error," which was acted at Hampton Court, on New-Year's night, 1576-7. The same play, in all probability, was repeated at Windsor on Twelfth-night, 1582-3, though, in the accounts of the Master of the Revels, it is called, "The Historie of Ferrar," the clerk who prepared the account probably writing the title by his ear. Thus we see that, shortly before Shakespeare is supposed to have come to London, a play was in course of performance upon which his own "Comedy of Errors" might be founded. "The Historie of Error" was, probably, an early adaptation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, of which a free translation was published in 1595.

Ritson was of opinion, "that Shakespeare was not under the slightest obligation" to the translation of the *Menæchmi*, by W. W., supposed, by Ant. Wood, to be W. Warner; and most likely Ritson was right, not from want of resemblance, but because "The Comedy of Errors" was, in all probability, anterior in point of date, and because Shakespeare may have availed himself of the old drama which, as has been noticed, was performed at court in 1676-7, and in 1582-3. That court-drama, we may infer, had its origin in Plautus; and it was, perhaps, the popularity of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" which induced Creede to print Warner's version of the *Menæchmi* in 1595.

Sir W. Blackstone entertained the belief, from the "long hobbling verses" in the "Comedy of Errors," that it was "among Shakespeare's more

early productions;" this is plausible, but we imagine, from their general dissimilarity to the style of our great dramatist, that these "long hobbling verses" formed a portion of the old court-drama, of which Shakespeare made as much use as answered his purpose: they are quite in the style of plays anterior to the time of Shakespeare, and it is easy to distinguish such portions of the comedy as he must have written.

The earliest notice we have of "The Comedy of Errors," is by Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where he gives it to Shakespeare under the name of "Errors." How much before that time it had been written and produced on the stage, we can only speculate. From an allusion to the civil war in France (in Act iii., sc. 2), which continued from 1589 to 1593, it has been conjectured that the play had its origin either during or shortly after this period.

We are now certain that "The Comedy of Errors" was represented at Whitehall on the 28th December, 1604. In the account of the Master of the Revels of the expenses of his department, from the end of October, 1604, to Shrove Tuesday, 1605, preserved in the Audit Office, we read the subsequent entry:—

"By his Mat<sup>ties</sup> Plaiers. On Inosents Night, the plaie of Errors," the name of Shaxberd, or Shakespeare, being inserted in the margin as "the Poet which mayd the Plaie." "The Comedy of Errors" was, therefore, contrary to the opinion of Malone, not only revived, but represented at court very soon after James I. came to the crown.

In Coleridge's "Literary Remains," we find "The Comedy of Errors" twice mentioned in much the same terms. "Shakespeare," he observes, "has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce, in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable; it is enough that it is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost undistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis nature*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution."

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[ "Much adoe about nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. —London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600." 4to. 36 leaves.

It is also printed in the division of "Comedies" in the folio 1623, where it occupies twenty-one pages, viz., from p. 101, to p. 121, inclusive. It was reprinted in the other folios.]

WE have no information respecting "Much Ado about Nothing" anterior to the appearance of the 4to. edition in 1600, excepting that it was entered for publication on the books of the Stationers' Company, on the 23d August in that year, in the following manner:—

"23 Aug. 1600.

"And, Wise Wm. Aspley] Two books, the one called

Muche adoe about Nothings, and the other The Second Parte of the History of King Henry the third, with the Humors of Sir John Falstaff: wrytten by Mr. Shakespeare."

There is another memorandum in the same register, bearing date on the "4th August," without the year, which runs in these terms: "As you like yt, a book. Henry the fifth, a book. Every man in his humor, a book. The Comedie of Much Adoe about Nothings, a book." Opposite the titles of these plays are added the words, "to be staied." This last entry, there is little doubt, belongs to the year 1600, for such is the date immediately preceding it. The object of the "stay" was probably to prevent the publication of "Henry V.," "Every Man in his Humor," and "Much Ado about Nothing," by any other booksellers than Wise and Aspley.

The 4to. of "Much Ado about Nothing," which came out in 1600, (and we know of no other impression in that form) is a well-printed work for the time, and the type is unusually good. It contains no hint from which we can at all distinctly infer the date of its composition, but Malone supposed that it was written early in the year in which it came from the press. Considering, however, that the comedy would have to be got up, acted, and become popular, before it was published, or entered for publication, the time of its composition by Shakespeare may reasonably be carried back as far as the autumn of 1599. That it was popular, we can hardly doubt; and the extracts from the Stationers' Registers seem to show that apprehensions were felt, lest rival booksellers procure it to be printed.

It is not included by Meres in the list he furnishes in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; and "England's Parnassus," 1600, contains no quotation from it. If any conclusion could be drawn from this fact, it might be, that it was written subsequent to the appearance of one work, and prior to the publication of the other. Respecting an early performance of it at Court, Steevens supplies us with the subsequent information: "'Much Ado about Nothing' (as I understand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly passed under the title of 'Benedick and Beatrix.' Heminge, the player, received on the 20th May, 1613, the sum of £40, and £20 more as his Majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton Court, among which was this comedy." The change of title, if, indeed, it were made, could only have been temporary.

The serious portion of the plot of "Much Ado about Nothing," which relates to Hero, Claudio, and "John the Bastard," is extremely similar to the story of Ariodante and Gineura, in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," B. v. It was separately versified in English by Peter Beverley, in imitation of Arthur Brooke's "Romeus and Juliet," 1562, and of Bernard Garter's "Two English Lovers," 1563; and it was printed by Thomas East, without date, two or three years after those poems had appeared.

Sir John Harington's translation of the whole "Orlando Furioso" was originally published in 1591, but there is no special indication in "Much Ado about Nothing" that Shakespeare availed himself of it. Spenser's version of the same incidents, for they are evidently borrowed from Ariosto, in B. II. c. 4, of his "Faerie Queene," was printed in 1590; but Shakespeare is not to be traced to this source. Shakespeare's plot may, therefore, have had an entirely different origin, possibly some translation, not now extant, of Bandello's twenty-second novel, in vol. i. of the Lucca edition, 4to. 1554, which is entitled, "Como il S. Timbreo di Cardona, essendo col Re

Piero d'Aragona in Messina, s'innamora di Fenicia Lionata; e i varii fortunevoli accidenti, che avvennero prima che per moglie la prendesse." It is rendered the more likely that Shakespeare employed a lost version of this novel by the circumstance, that in Italian the incident in which she, who may be called the false Hero is concerned, is conducted much in the same way as in Shakespeare. Moreover, Bandello lays his scene in Messina; the father of the lady is named Lionati; and Don Pedro, or Piero, of Arragon, is the friend of the lover who is duped by his rival.

Nobody has observed upon the important fact, in connection with "Much Ado about Nothing," that a "History of Arondante and Geneuora" was played before Queen Elizabeth, by "Mulcaster's children," in 1582-3. How far Shakespeare might be indebted to this production we cannot at all determine; but it is certain that the serious incidents he employed in his comedy had at an early date formed the subject of a dramatic representation.

## LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

[“A pleasant Conceited Comedie called, Lones labors lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by Shakespere. Imprinted at London by W. W. for Cuthbert Burby. 1596.” 4to, 38 leaves.

In the folio, 1623, “Love’s Labour’s Lost” occupies 23 pages, in the division of “Comedies,” viz., from p. 122 to p. 144, inclusive. It was reprinted in 1631, 4to, “by W. S., for John Smethwicke;” and the title-page states that it was published “as it was acted by his Majesties Servants at the Blacke-Friers and the Globe.” It is merely a copy from the folio, 1623, with the addition of some errors of the press.]

THERE is a general concurrence of opinion that “Love’s Labor’s Lost” was one of Shakespeare’s earliest productions for the stage. In his course of Lectures delivered in 1818, Coleridge was so convinced upon this point, that he said, “the internal evidence was indisputable;” and in his “Literary Remains,” II. 102, we find him using these expressions:—“The characters in this play are either impersonated out of Shakespeare’s own multiformity, by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country town and a school-boy’s observation might supply.” The only objection to this theory is, that at the time “Love’s Labor’s Lost” was composed, the author seems to have been acquainted in some degree with the nature of the Italian comic performances; but this acquaintance he might have acquired comparatively early in life. Steevens, after stating that he had not been able to discover any novel from which this comedy had been derived, adds that “the story has most of the features of an ancient romance;” but it is not at all impossible that Shakespeare found some corresponding incidents in an Italian play. However, after a long search, I have not met with any such production. The question whether Shakespeare visited Italy, and at what period of his life, cannot properly be considered here; but it is a very important point in relation both to his biography and works.

It is vain to attempt to fix with any degree of precision the date when “Love’s Labor’s Lost” came from the author’s pen. It was first printed, as far as we now know, in 1598, 4to, and then it professed on the title-page to have been “newly corrected and augmented;” we are likewise there told that it was presented before Queen Elizabeth “this last

Christmas.” “The last Christmas” probably meant Christmas, 1598; for the year at this period did not end until 25th March. It seems likely that the comedy had been written six or even eight years before, that it was revived in 1598, with certain corrections and augmentations for performance before the Queen; and this circumstance may have led to its publication immediately afterwards.

“Love Labor Lost” is mentioned by Meres in 1598, and in the same year came out a poem by R[obert] T[offe] entitled “Alba,” in the commencement of one of the stanzas of which this comedy is introduced by name;—

“Love’s Labor Lost I once did see, a play  
Celeped so.”

This does not read as if the writer intended to say that he had seen it recently.

It is capable of proof that the play, as it stands in the folio of 1623, was reprinted from the 4to of 1598, as it adopts various errors of the press, which could not have found their way into the folio, had it been taken from a distinct manuscript. There are, however, variations, which might show that the player-editors of the folio resorted occasionally to some authority besides the 4to.

There is no entry of “Love’s Labor’s Lost” at Stationers’ Hall, until 22d January 1606-7, when it was transferred by Burby (the publisher of it in 1598) to Ling, who perhaps contemplated a new edition. Its next appearance was in the folio, 1623; but another 4to, of no authority, was published in 1631, the year before the date of the second folio.

## MIDSUMMER-NIGHT’S DREAM.

[“A Midsommer nights dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickly acted, by the Right honorable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespere. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be sould at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleetestreete, 1600.” 32 leaves.

“A Midsommer night’s dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickly acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespere. Printed by James Roberts, 1600.” 32 leaves.

In the folio, 1623, it occupies 18 pages, viz., from p. 145 to 162 inclusive, in the division of “Comedies.” It is of course, like the other plays, inserted in the later folios.]

THIS drama, which on the title-pages of the earliest impressions is not called comedy, history, nor tragedy, but which is included by the player-editors of the first folio among the “comedies” of Shakespeare, was twice printed in 1600, “for Thomas Fisher” and “by James Roberts.” Fisher was a bookseller, and employed some unnamed printer; but Roberts was a printer as well as a bookseller. The only entry of it at Stationers’ Hall is to Fisher, and it runs as follows:—

“8 Oct. 1600. Tho. Fysher] A booke called a Mydsomer nights Dreame.”

There is no memorandum regarding the impression by Roberts, which perhaps was unauthorized, although Heminge and Condell followed his text when they included “Midsummer-Night’s Dream” in the folio of 1623. In some instances the folio adopts the evident misprints of Roberts, while such improvements as it makes are not obtained from Fisher’s more accurate copy. The chief difference between the two quartos and the folio is, that in the latter the Acts, but not the Scenes, are distinguished.

We know from the *Palladis Tamia* of Meres, that

"Midsummer Night's Dream" was in existence at least two years before it came from the press. It seems highly probable that it was not written before the autumn of 1594, and if the speech of Titania in A. ii. sc. 1, were intended to describe the real state of the kingdom, from the extraordinary wetness of the season—which in some points tallies with the description of the state of the weather and the condition of the country in 1594, as given in Forman's Diary and Stowe's Chronicle for that year,—we may infer that the drama came from the pen of Shakespeare at the close of 1594, or in the beginning of 1595.

"The Knight's Tale" of Chaucer, and the same poet's "Tysbe of Babylone," together with Arthur Golding's translation of the story of Pyramus and Thisbe from Ovid, are the only sources yet pointed out of the plots introduced and employed by Shakespeare. Oberon, Titania, and Robin Good-fellow, or Puck, are mentioned, as belonging to the fairy mythology, by many authors of the time. The Percy Society not long since reprinted a tract called "Robin Good-fellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests," from an edition in 1628; but there is little doubt that it originally came out at least forty years earlier: together with a ballad inserted in the Introduction to that reprint, it shows how Shakespeare availed himself of existing popular superstitions.

There is every reason to believe that "Midsummer-Night's Dream" was popular: in 1622, the year before it was reprinted in the first folio, it is thus mentioned by Taylor, the water-poet, in his "Sir Gregory Nonsense":—"I say, as it is applausfully written, and commended to posterity, in the Midsummer-Night's Dream."

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

[*"The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts, 1600."* 4to, 40 leaves.

*"The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three chests. As it hath bene duers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London, Printed by I. R., for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon, 1600."* 4to, 38 leaves.

It is also printed in the folio, 1623, where it occupies 22 pages, viz., from p. 163 to p. 184, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." Besides its appearance in the later folios, the Merchant of Venice was republished in 4to, in 1637 and 1652.]

THE two plots of "The Merchant of Venice" are found as distinct novels in various ancient foreign authorities, but no English original of either of them, of the age of Shakespeare, has been discovered. Whether the separate incidents, relating to the bond and to the caskets, were ever combined in the same novel, at all as Shakespeare combined them in his drama, cannot of course be determined. Stevens asserts broadly, that "a play comprehending the distinct plots of Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer;" and the evidence he adduces is a passage from Gosson's "School of Abuse," 1579, where he especially praises two plays "showne at the Bull," one called "The Jew," and the other

"Ptolome:" of the former Gosson states, that it "represented the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody minds of usurers." The terms, "worldly chusers," may certainly have reference to the choice of the caskets; and the conduct of Shylock may very well be intended by the words, "bloody minds of usurers."

Both the story of the bond and that of the caskets are found separately in the Latin *Gesta Romanorum*, with considerable variations. The *Pecorane* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino—first printed in Italy in 1554—also contains a novel very similar to that of "The Merchant of Venice," with respect to the bond, the disguise and agency of Portia, and the gift of the ring. In Boccaccio's Decameron a choice of caskets is introduced, but it does not in other respects resemble the choice as we find it in Shakespeare; while the latter, even to the inscriptions, is extremely like the history in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

"Henslowe's Diary," under date of 25th August, 1594, contains an entry relating to the performance of "The Venetian Comedy," which Malone conjectured might mean "The Merchant of Venice;" and it is a circumstance not to be passed over, that in 1594 the company of actors to which Shakespeare was attached was playing at the theatre in Newington Butts, in conjunction, as far as we can now learn, with the company of which Henslowe was chief manager.

Meres has "The Merchant of Venice" in his list, which was published in 1598, and we have no means of knowing how long prior to that date it was written. If it were "The Venetian Comedy" of Henslowe, it was in a course of performance in August, 1594. The earliest entry regarding "The Merchant of Venice" in the Stationers' Register is curious, from its particularity:—

"22 July, 1598, James Robertes.] A booke of the Marchant of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse. Provided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes, or anye other what-soever, without lycence first had from the right honorable the Lord Chamberlen."

Shakespeare was one of the players of the Lord Chamberlain, and the object seems to have been to prevent the publication of the play without the consent of the company, to be signified through the nobleman under whose patronage they acted. This caution was given two years before "The Merchant of Venice" actually came from the press: we find it published in 1600, both by J. Roberts and by Thomas Heyes, in favor of the last of whom, we meet with another entry in the Stationers' books, without any proviso, dated,—

"28 Oct., 1600, Tho. Haies.] The booke of the Merchant of Venyce."

By this time the "licence" of the Lord Chamberlain for printing the play had probably been obtained. "I. R." the printer of the edition of Heyes, was, most likely, J. Roberts; but it is entirely a distinct impression to that which appeared in the same year with the name of Roberts. The edition of Roberts is, on the whole, to be preferred to that of Heyes; but the editors of the folio of 1623 indisputably employed that of Heyes, adopting various misprints, but inserting also several improvements of the text. The similarity between the name of Salanio, Salarino, and Salerio, in the *Dramatis Personæ*, has led to some confusion of the speakers in all the copies, quarto and folio, which it has not always been found easy to set right.

"The Merchant of Venice" was performed before James I., on Shrove-Sunday, and again on Shrove-

Tuesday, 1605: hence we have a right to infer that it gave great satisfaction at court. The fact is thus recorded in the original account of expenses, made out by the Master of the Revels, and still preserved in the Audit Office:—

"By His Maies Players. On Shrovsunday a play of the *Marchant of Venis*."

"By his Maies Players. On Shrovtuesday a play cauled the *Marchant of Venis* againe, commanded by the Kings Maie."

The name of Shaxberd, for Shakespeare, as "the poet which made the play," is added in the margin opposite both these entries.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

[*"As You Like It"* was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-three pages, viz. from p. 185 to p. 207 inclusive, in the division of "*Comedies*." It preserved its place in the three subsequent impressions of that volume in 1632, 1664, and 1685.]

"*AS YOU LIKE IT*" is not only founded upon, but in some points very closely copied from, a novel by Thomas Lodge, under the title of "*Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie*," which was originally printed in 4to, 1590, a second time in 1592, and a third edition came out in 1598. This third edition perhaps appeared early in 1598; and we are disposed to think, that the re-publication of so popular a work directed Shakespeare's attention to it. If so, "*As You Like It*" may have been written in the summer of 1598, and first acted in the winter of the same, or in the spring of the following year.

The only entry in the registers of the Stationers' Company relating to "*As You Like It*," is confirmatory of this supposition. It has been already referred to in the "Introduction" to "*Much Ado about Nothing*."

It is not to be forgotten, in deciding upon the probable date of "*As You Like It*," that Meres makes no mention of it in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; and as it was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 4th August [1600], we may conclude that it was written and acted in that interval.

There is no doubt that Lodge, when composing his "*Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie*," had either "*The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*" strongly in his recollection, or a manuscript of it actually before him. It was not printed until more than a century afterwards. According to Farmer, Shakespeare looked no farther than Lodge's novel, which he followed in "*As You Like It*" quite as closely as he did Greene's "*Pandosto*" in the "*Winter's Tale*." There are one or two coincidences of expression between "*As You Like It*" and "*The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*," but not perhaps more than might be accidental, and the opinion of Farmer appears to be sufficiently borne out.

In his Lectures in 1818, Coleridge eloquently and justly praised the pastoral beauty and simplicity of "*As You Like It*;" but he did not attempt to compare it with Lodge's "*Rosalynde*," where the descriptions of persons and of scenery are comparatively forced and artificial: "*Shakespeare*," said Coleridge, "never gives a description of rustic scenery merely for its own sake, or to show how well he can paint natural objects: he is never tedious or elaborate, but while he now and then displays marvellous accuracy and minuteness of knowledge, he usually only touches upon the larger features and broader characteristics, leaving the fillings up

to the imagination. Thus in '*As You Like It*' he describes an oak of many centuries growth in a single line:—

'Under an oak whose antique root peeps out.'

Other and inferior writers would have dwelt on this description, and worked it out with all the pettiness and impertinence of detail. In Shakespeare the '*antique root*' furnishes the whole picture."

Adam Spencer is a character in "*The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*," and in Lodge's "*Rosalynde*;" and a great additional interest attaches to it, because it is supposed, with some appearance of truth, that the part was originally sustained by Shakespeare himself. We have this statement on the authority of Oldys's MSS.: he is said to have derived it, immediately of course, from Gilbert Shakespeare, who survived the Restoration, and who had a faint recollection of having seen his brother William "in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This description very exactly tallies with "*As You Like It*," A. ii., sc. 7.

Shakespeare found no prototypes in Lodge, nor in any other work yet discovered, for the characters of Jacques, Touchstone, and Audrey. On the admirable manner in which he has made them part of the staple of his story, and on the importance of these additions, it is needless to enlarge.

## TAMING OF THE SHREW.

[*"The Taming of the Shrew"* was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages, viz., from p. 208 to p. 229 inclusive, in the division of "*Comedies*." It was reprinted in the three later folios.]

SHAKESPEARE was indebted for nearly the whole plot of his "*Taming of the Shrew*" to an older play, published in 1594, under the title of "*The Taming of a Shrew*." The mere circumstance of the adoption of the title, substituting only the definite for the indefinite article, proves that he had not the slightest intention of concealing his obligation.

A copy of the "*Taming of a Shrew*," published as early as 1594, and once in the possession of Pope, is now in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire: the exact title of it is as follows:—

"*A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants. Printed at London by Peter Short and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royall Exchange. 1594.*" 4to.

There are three entries in the Registers of the Stationers' Company relating to "*The Taming of a Shrew*," but not one referring to Shakespeare's "*Taming of the Shrew*," which was probably never printed until it was inserted in the folio of 1623.

On the question, when it was originally composed, opinions, including my own, have varied considerably; but I now think we can arrive at a tolerably satisfactory decision. Malone first believed that "*The Taming of the Shrew*" was written in 1606, and subsequently gave 1596 as its probable date. It appears to me, that nobody has sufficiently attended to the apparently unimportant fact that in "*Haniel*" Shakespeare mistakenly introduces the name of Baptista as that of a woman, while in "*The*

"Taming of the Shrew" Baptista is the father of Katharine and Bianca. Had he been aware when he wrote "Hamlet" that Baptista was the name of a man, he would hardly have used it for that of a woman; but before he produced "The Taming of the Shrew" he had detected his own error. The great probability is, that "Hamlet" was written at the earliest in 1601, and "The Taming of the Shrew" perhaps came from the pen of its author not very long afterwards.

The silence of Meres in 1598 regarding any such play by Shakespeare is also important: had it then been written, he could scarcely have failed to mention it; so that we have strong negative evidence of its non-existence before the appearance of *Palladis Tamia*.

As it is evident that Shakespeare made great use of the old comedy, both in his Induction and in the body of his play, it is not necessary to inquire particularly to what originals the writer of "The Taming of a Shrew" resorted. As regards the Induction, Douce was of opinion that the story of "The Sleeper Awakened," in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," was the source of the many imitations which have, from time to time, been referred to.

The *Suppositi* of Ariosto, freely translated by Gascayne, (before 1566, when it was acted at Grey's Inn) under the title of the "The Supposes," seems to have afforded Shakespeare part of his plot: it relates to the manner in which Lucentio and Tranio pass off the Pedant as Vincentio, which is not found in the old "Taming of a Shrew." Other slight links of connexion between "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Supposes" have also been noted. How little Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" was known in the beginning of the eighteenth century, may be judged from the fact, that "The Tatler," No. 231, contains the story of it, told as of a gentleman's family then residing in Lincolnshire.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

[*All's Well that Ends Well* was first printed in the folio of 1623, and occupies twenty-five pages, viz., from p. 230 to p. 254, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It fills the same space and place in the three later folios.]

THE most interesting question in connexion with "*All's Well that Ends Well*" is, whether it was originally called "Love's Labor's Won?" If it were, we may be sure that it was written before 1598; because in that year, and under the title of "Love Labours Wonne," it is included by Francis Meres in the list of Shakespeare's plays introduced into his *Palladis Tamia*.

It was the opinion of Coleridge, that "*All's Well that Ends Well*," as it has come down to us, was written at two different, and rather distant periods of the poet's life. He pointed out very clearly two distinct styles, not only of thought, but of expression; and Professor Tieck, at a later date, adopted and enforced the same belief. So far we are disposed to agree with Tieck; but when he adds, that some passages which it is difficult to understand and explain, are relics of the first draught of the play, we do not concur, because they are chiefly to be discovered in that portion of the drama which affords evidence of riper thought. There can be little doubt, however, that Coleridge and Tieck are right in their conclusion, that "*All's Well that Ends*

*Well*" contains indications of the workings of Shakespeare's mind, and specimens of his composition at two separate dates of his career.

It has been a point recently controverted, whether the "Love Labours Won" of Meres were the same piece as "*All's Well that Ends Well*." My notion is (and the speculation deserves no stronger term) that "*All's Well that Ends Well*" was in the first instance, and prior to 1598, called "Love's Labor's Won," and that it had a clear reference to "Love's Labor's Lost," of which it might be considered the counterpart. It was then, perhaps, laid by for some years, and revived by its author, with alterations and additions, about 1605 or 1606, when the new title of "*All's Well that Ends Well*" was given to it. Possibly Shakespeare altered its name, in order to give an appearance of greater novelty to the representation on its revival. This surmise, if well founded, would account for the difference in the titles, as we find them in Meres and in the folio of 1623.

Without here entering into the question, whether Shakespeare understood Italian, of which, we think, little doubt can be entertained, we need not suppose that he went to Boccaccio's *Decameron* for the story of "*All's Well that Ends Well*," because he found it already translated to his hands, in "*The Palace of Pleasure*," by William Painter, of which the first volume was published in 1566, and the second in 1567. The version by Painter may be read in "*Shakespeare's Library*;" and hence it will appear, that the poet was only indebted to Boccaccio for the mere outline of his plot, as regards Helena, Bertram, the Widow, and Diana. All that belongs to the characters of the Countess, the Clown, and Parolles, and the comic business in which the last is engaged, were, as far as we now know, the invention of Shakespeare. Shakespeare much degrades the character of Bertram, towards the end of the drama, by the duplicity, and even falsehood, he makes him display: Coleridge was offended by the fact, that in A. iii., sc. 5, Helena, "Shakespeare's loveliest character," speaks that which is untrue under the appearance of necessity; but Bertram is convicted by the King of telling a deliberate untruth, and of persisting in it, in the face of the whole court of France. In Boccaccio the winding up of the story occurs at Roussillon, as in Shakespeare, but the King is no party to the scene. The substitution of Helena for Diana (as in "Measure for Measure" we had that of Mariana for Isabella) was a common incident in Italian novels.

## TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

[*"Twelfth Night, Or what You Will,"* was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-one pages; viz., from p. 255 to p. 275, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies," p. 276 having been left blank, and unpagged. It appears in the same form in the three later folios.]

WE have no record of the performance of "*Twelfth-Night*" at court, nor is there any mention of it in the books at Stationers' Hall until November 8, 1623, when it was registered by Blount and Jaggard, as about to be included in the first folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies." It appeared originally in that volume, under the double title, "*Twelfth-Night, or What You Will*," with the Acts and Scenes duly noted.

We cannot determine with precision when it was

first written, but we know that it was acted on the celebration of the Readers' Feast at the Middle Temple on February 2, 1602, according to our modern computation of the year. This fact we have on the evidence of an eye-witness, a barrister, whose Diary, in his own hand-writing, is preserved in the British Museum. The memorandum runs, literatim, as follows :—

"Febry. 2, 1601[2]. At our feast we had a play called Twelfth-Night, or What You Will, much like the comedy of errors, or Menecmi in Plautus, but most like and neerer to that in Italian, called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfaying a letter, as from his lady, in general termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparails, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they tooke him to be mad."

This remarkable entry was pointed out in the "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," 8vo., 1831, and the Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his "Disquisition on The Tempest," 8vo, 1839, has ascertained that it was made by a person of the name of Manningham. Even if it should be objected that we have no evidence to show that this Comedy was composed shortly prior to its representation at the Middle Temple, it may be answered, that it is capable of proof that it was written posterior to the publication of the translation of Linschoten's "Discours of Voyages into the East and West Indies." In A. ii., sc. 2, Maria says of Malvolio: "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies." Linschoten's "Discours of Voyages" was published in folio in English in 1598, and in that volume is inserted "the new map with the augmentation of the Indies." Meres takes no notice of "Twelfth-Night" in his list, published in the same year, and we may conclude that the Comedy was not then in existence. The words "new map," employed by Shakespeare, may be thought to show that Linschoten's "Discours" had made its appearance long before "Twelfth-Night" was produced; but on the whole, we are inclined to fix the period of its composition at the end of 1600, or in the beginning of 1601: it might be acted at the Globe in the summer of the same year, and from thence transferred to the Middle Temple about six months afterwards, on account of its continued popularity.

Several originals of "Twelfth-Night," in English, French, and Italian, have been pointed out, nearly all of them discovered within the present century.

A voluminous and various author of the name of Barnabe Rich, who had been brought up a soldier, published a volume, which he called "Rich his Farewell to Military Profession," without date, but between the years 1578 and 1581: a reimpression of it appeared in 1606, and it contains a novel entitled "Apolonius and Silla," which has many points of resemblance to Shakespeare's comedy. If our great dramatist at all availed himself of its incidents, he must of course have used an earlier edition than that of 1606. One minute circumstance in relation to it may deserve notice. Manningham in his Diary calls Olivia a "widow," and in Rich's novel the lady Juliana, who answers to Olivia, is a widow, but in Shakespeare she never had been married. It is possible that in the form in which the comedy was performed on February 2, 1601-2, she was a widow, and that the author subsequently made the change; but it is more likely, as Olivia must have been in mourning for the loss of her brother, that Manningham mistook her condition, and concluded hastily that she lamented the loss of her husband.

Rich furnishes us with the title of no work to which he was indebted; but we may conclude that, either immediately or intermediately, he derived his chief materials from the Italian of Bandello, or from the French of Belleforest.

Upon the novel by Bandello two Italian plays were composed, which were printed, and have come down to our time. The title of one of these is given by Manningham, where he says that Shakespeare's "Twelfth-Night" was "most like and neerer to that in Italian called *Inganni*." It was first acted in 1547, and the earliest edition of it, with which I am acquainted, did not appear until 1582, when it bore the title of *Gl' Inganni Comedia del Signor N. S.* The other Italian drama, founded upon Bandello's novel, bears a somewhat similar title:—*Gl' Ingannati Comedia degl' Accademici Intrinati di Siena*, which was several times printed; last, perhaps, in 1611, 12mo. Whether our great dramatist saw either of these pieces before he wrote his "Twelfth-Night" may admit of doubt; but looking at the terms Manningham employs, it might seem as if it were a matter understood, at the time "Twelfth-Night" was acted at the Temple on February 2, 1602, that it was founded upon the *Inganni*.

In the details of the plot, as well as in the conduct and characters of the two plays, there is some resemblance between *Gl' Inganni* and "Twelfth-Night;" but our great dramatist has given an actual, as well as an intellectual elevation to the whole subject, by the manner in which he has treated it; and has converted what may, in most respects, be considered a low comedy into a fine romantic drama.

The likeness between *Gl' Ingannati* and "Twelfth-Night" is certainly, in some points of the story, stronger than that between *Gl' Inganni* and Shakespeare's drama; but to neither can we say, with any degree of certainty, that our great dramatist resorted, although he had perhaps read both, when he was considering the best mode of adapting to the stage the incidents of Bandello's novel. There is no hint, in any source yet discovered, for the smallest portion of the comic business of "Twelfth-Night." In both the Italian dramas it is of the most homely and vulgar materials, by the intervention of empirics, braggarts, pedants, and servants, who deal in the coarsest jokes, and are guilty of the grossest buffoonery. Shakespeare shows his infinite superiority in each department: in the more serious portion of his drama he employed the incidents furnished by predecessors as the mere scaffolding for the erection of his own beautiful edifice; and for the comic scenes, combining so admirably with, and assisting so importantly in the progress of the main plot, he seems, as usual, to have drawn merely upon his own interminable resources.

It was an opinion, confidently stated by Coleridge in his lectures in 1818, that the passage in Act ii. sc. 4, beginning

"Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take  
An elder than herself," &c.

had a direct application to the circumstances of his marriage with Anne Hathaway, who was so much senior to the poet. Some of Shakespeare's biographers had previously enforced this notion, and others have since followed it up; but Coleridge took the opportunity of enlarging eloquently on the manner in which young poets have frequently connected themselves with women of very ordinary personal and mental attractions, the imagination supplying all deficiencies, clothing the object of affection with grace and beauty, and furnishing her with every accomplishment.

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

["The Winter's Tale" was first printed in folio in 1623, where it occupies twenty-seven pages, from p. 277 to 303, and is the last in the division of "Comedies." The back of p. 303 is left blank and unpagged. The later folios adopt the same arrangement.]

In the Stationers' Registers there is no earlier entry of "The Winter's Tale" than that of November 8, 1623, when the publication of the first folio was contemplated by Blount and Jaggard.

Three pieces of evidence tend to the conclusion, that "The Winter's Tale" was brought out early in 1611: the first of these has never until now been adduced, and it consists of the following entry in the account of the Master of the Revels, Sir George Buc, from the 31st of October, 1611, to the same day, 1612:—

"The 5th of November: A play called the winters nightes Tayle."

No author's name is mentioned, but the piece was represented at Whitehall, by "the king's players," as we find stated in the margin, and there can be no hesitation in deciding that "The Winter's Night's Tayle" was Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale;" and that this play, as well as "The Tempest," which is also included in the same account, was probably selected in consequence of its novelty and popularity.

The second piece of evidence on this point has also recently come to light. It is contained in a MS. Diary, or Note-book kept by Dr. Simon Forman, in which, under date of the 15th May, 1611, he states that he saw "The Winter's Tale" at the Globe Theatre: this was the May preceding the representation of it at Court on the 5th November. He gives a brief account of the plot, which ingeniously includes all the main incidents. We have reason to think that "The Winter's Tale" was in its first run on the 15th May, 1611, and that the Globe Theatre had not then been long opened for the season.

The opinion that the play was then a novelty, is strongly confirmed by the third piece of evidence, which Malone discovered late in life. He found a memorandum in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, dated the 19th August, 1623, in which it was stated that "The Winter's Tale," was "an old play formerly allowed of by Sir George Buc." Sir George Buc was Master of the Revels from October, 1610, until May, 1622. Sir George Buc must, therefore, have licensed "The Winter's Tale" between October, 1610, when he was appointed to his office, and May, 1611, when Forman saw it at the Globe.

It might have been composed by Shakespeare in the autumn and winter of 1610–11, with a view to its production on the Bank-side, as soon as the usual performances by the King's players commenced there.

We have seen that "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale" were both acted at Whitehall, from October, 1611, to October, 1612. How much older "The Tempest" might be than "The Winter's Tale," we have no means of determining; but there is a circumstance which shows that the composition of "The Tempest" was anterior to that of "The Winter's Tale;" and this brings us to speak of the novel upon which the latter is founded.

As early as the year 1588, Robert Greene printed a tract called "Pandosto: The Triumph of Time," better known as "The history of Dorastus and Fawnia," the title it bore in some of the later copies. As far as we now know, it was not reprinted until

1607, and a third impression appeared in 1609: it afterwards went through many editions; but it seems not unlikely that Shakespeare was directed to it, as a proper subject for dramatic representation, by the third impression which came out the year before we suppose him to have commenced writing his "Winter's Tale." In many respects our great dramatist follows Greene's story very closely, as may be seen by the recent republication of "Pandosto" from the unique copy of 1588, in "Shakespeare's Library." There is, however, one remarkable variation, which it is necessary to point out. Greene says:—

"The guard left her" (the Queen) "in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the king, who, quite devoided of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither sail nor rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave, as the destinies please to appoint."

The child thus "left to the wind and wave" is the Perdita of Shakespeare, who describes the way in which the infant was exposed very differently, and probably for this reason:—that in "The Tempest" he had previously (perhaps not long before) represented Prospero and Miranda turned adrift at sea in the same manner as Greene had stated his heroine to have been disposed of. When, therefore, Shakespeare came to write "The Winter's Tale," instead of following Greene, as he had usually done in other minor circumstances, he varied from the original narrative, in order to avoid an objectionable similarity of incident in his two dramas. In representing Bohemia to be a maritime country, Shakespeare adopted the popular notion, as it had been encouraged since 1588 by Greene's "Pandosto."

"The idea of this delightful drama" (says Coleridge in his *Lit. Rem.*) "is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of 'Othello,' which is the direct contrast of it in every particular. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of temper, having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello."

## THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

["The Life and Death of King John" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages; viz. from p. 1 to p. 22 inclusive, a new pagination beginning with the "Histories." It occupies the same place and the same space in the re-impressions of 1632, 1664, and 1685.]

"KING JOHN," the earliest of Shakespeare's "Histories" in the folio of 1623, (where they are arranged according to the reigns of the different monarchs,) first appeared in that volume, and the Registers of the Stationers' Company have been searched in vain for any entry regarding it: it is not enumerated by Blount and Jaggard on the 8th November, 1623, when they inserted a list of the pieces, "not formerly entered to other men," about to be included in their folio: hence an inference might be drawn that there had been some previous entry of "King John" "to other men," and, perhaps, even that the play had been already published.

It seems indisputable that Shakespeare's "King John" was founded upon an older play, three times printed anterior to the publication of the folio of



1623: "The first and second part of the troublesome Reign of John, King of England," came from the press in 1591, 1611, and 1622. Malone, and others who have adverted to this production, have obviously not had the several impressions before them. The earliest copy, that of 1591, has no name on the title-page: that of 1611 has "W. Sh." to indicate the author, and that of 1622, "W. Shakespeare," the surname only at length. Stevens once thought that the ascription of it to Shakespeare by fraudulent booksellers, who wished it to be taken for his popular work, was correct, but he subsequently abandoned this untenable opinion.

How long the old "King John" had been in possession of the stage prior to 1591, when it was originally printed, we have no precise information, but Shakespeare found it there, and took the course usual with dramatists of the time, by applying to his own purposes as much of it as he thought would be advantageous. He converted the "two parts" into one drama, and in many of its main features followed the story, not as he knew it in history, but as it was fixed in popular belief. In some particulars he much improved upon the conduct of the incidents: for instance, in the first act of the old "King John," Lady Falconbridge is, needlessly and objectionably, made a spectator of the scene in which the bastardy of her son Philip is discussed before King John and his mother. Another amendment of the original is the absence of Constance from the stage when the marriage between Lewis and Blanch is debated and determined. A third material variation ought not to be passed over without remark. Although Shakespeare, like the author or authors of the old "King John," employs the Bastard forcibly to raise money from the monasteries in England, he avoids the scenes of extortion and ribaldry of the elder play, in which the monks and nuns are turned into ridicule, and the indecency and licentiousness of their lives exposed.

Upon the question, when "King John" was written by Shakespeare, we have no knowledge beyond the fact that Francis Meres introduces it into his list in 1598. Chalmers would assign the play to 1598, but the chance seems to be, that it was written a short time before it was spoken of by Meres: we should be disposed to assign it to a date between 1596 and 1598, when the old "King John" had gone a little out of recollection, and when Meres would have had time to become acquainted with Shakespeare's drama.

## KING RICHARD II.

[<sup>1</sup> "The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath bene publicly acted by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Seruants. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597." 4to. 37 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath bene publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. By William Shakespeare. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard at the signe of the Angel. 1598." 4to. 36 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe. By William Shakespeare. At London, Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paule's churchyard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608." 4to. 39 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of

King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe. By William Shakespeare. At London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1615." 4to. 39 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The life and death of King Richard the Second" occupies twenty-three pages, viz., from p. 23 to p. 45, inclusive. The three other folios reprint it in the same form, and in all it is divided into Acts and Scenes.]

ABOVE we have given the titles of four quarto editions of "King Richard II.," which preceded the publication of the folio of 1623, and which were all published during the lifetime of Shakespeare: they bear date respectively in 1597, 1598, 1608, and 1615. It will be observed that the title of the edition of 1608 states that it contains "new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard." The Duke of Devonshire is in possession of an *unique* copy, dated 1608, the title of which merely follows the wording of the preceding impression of 1598, omitting any notice of "new additions," though containing the whole of them. The name of our great dramatist first appears in connection with this historical play in 1598, as if Simmes the printer, and Wise the stationer, when they printed and published their edition of 1597, did not know, or were not authorized to state, that Shakespeare was the writer of it. Precisely the same was the case with "King Richard III.," printed and published by the same parties in the same year.

We will first speak regarding the date of the original production of "Richard II.," and then of the period when it is likely that the "new additions" were inserted.

It was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1597, in the following manner:—

"29 Aug. 1597.

Andrew Wise,] The Tragedye of Richard the Seconde."

This memorandum was made anterior, but perhaps only shortly anterior, to the actual publication of "Richard II.," and it forms the earliest notice of its existence. Malone supposes that it was written in 1593, but he does not produce a single fact or argument to establish his position. Chalmers contended that a note of time was to be found in the allusions in the first and second Acts to the disturbances in Ireland. It is quite certain that the rebellion in that country was renewed in 1594, and proclaimed in 1595: but it is far from clear that any reference to it was intended by Shakespeare. Where the matter is so extremely doubtful, we shall not attempt to fix on any particular year. Meres mentions "Richard the 2<sup>d</sup>" in 1598.

Respecting the "new additions" of "the deposing of King Richard" we have some evidence, the existence of which was not known in the time of Malone, who conjectured that this scene had originally formed part of Shakespeare's play, and was "suppressed in the printed copy of 1597, from the fear of offending Elizabeth," and not published, with the rest, until 1608. Such may have been the case, but we now know that there were two separate plays upon the events of the reign of Richard II., and the deposition seems to have formed a portion of both.

For the incidents of this "most admirable of all Shakespeare's purely historical plays," as Coleridge calls it, our great poet appears to have gone no farther than Holinshed, who was himself indebted to Hall and Fabian. However, Shakespeare has nowhere felt himself bound to adhere to chronology when it better answered his purpose to desert it.

Thus, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., is spoken of in Act v., sc. 3, as frequenting taverns and stews, when he was in fact only twelve years old. This is exactly one of those anachronisms which, in the words of Schlegel, Shakespeare committed "purposely and most deliberately." His design, of course, was in this instance to link together "Richard II." and the first part of "Henry IV."

Of the four quarto editions of "Richard II." the most valuable, for its readings and general accuracy beyond all dispute, is the impression of 1597. The other three quartos were, more or less, printed from it, and the folio of 1623 seems to have taken the latest, that of 1615, as the foundation of its text; but, from a few words found only in the folio, it may seem that the player-editors referred also to some extrinsic authority. It is quite certain, however, that the folio copied obvious and indisputable blunders from the quarto of 1615.

## FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

[*"The History of Henrie the Fovrth: With the battell at Shrewsburie, betwene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstaffe. At London, printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598."* 4to. 40 leaves.

*"The History of Henry the Fovrth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betwene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstaffe. Newly corrected by W. Shakespeare. At London, Printed by S. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1599."* 4to. 40 leaves.

*"The History of Henrie the Fourth, With the battell at Shrewsburie, betwene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstaffe. Newly corrected by W. Shakespeare. London Printed by Valentine Simmes, for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Fox. 1604."* 4to. 40 leaves.

*"The History of Henry the fourth, With the battell of Shrewsburie, betwene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstaffe. Newly corrected by W. Shakespeare. London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard, neere unto S. Augustines gate, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608."* 4to. 40 leaves.

The 4to. edition of 1613 also consists of 40 leaves: and the only differences between its title-page and that of 1608 are the date, and the statement that it was "Printed by W. W."

In the folio of 1623, "*The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Surnamed Hot-spurre,*" occupies twenty-six pages, viz., from p. 46 to p. 73 inclusive. In the later folios it is reprinted in the same form.]

At the time when Shakespeare selected the portion of history included in the following play, as a fit subject for dramatic representation, the stage was in possession of an old play, entitled, "*The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,*" of which three early impressions, one printed in 1598, and two others without date, have come down to us: a copy of one edition without date is in the Collection of the Duke of Devonshire; and, judging from the type and other circumstances, we may conclude that it was anterior to the impression of 1598, and that it made its appearance shortly after 1594, on the 14th of May of which year it was entered on the Stationers' Registers. The fact of its being in prose, may lead to the conjecture that it was not written until after 1580.

That a play upon the events of the reign of Henry V. was upon the stage in 1592, we have the indis-

putable evidence of Thomas Nash, in his notorious work, "*Pierce Penniless, his Supplication,*" which went through three editions in the same year: we quote from the first, where he says, "*What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the Stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing him and the Dolphin to swear fealtie.*" We know also that a drama, called "*Harry the V.,*" was performed by Henslowe's Company on the 28th November, 1595, and it appears likely that it was a revival of "*The Famous Victories,*" with some important additions, which gave it the attraction of a new play; for the receipts (as we find by Henslowe's Diary) were of such an amount as was generally only produced by a first representation. The reproduction of "*The Famous Victories*" by a rival company, possibly led Shakespeare to consider in what way, and with what improvements, he could avail himself of some of the same incidents for the theatre to which he belonged. The year 1596 may therefore have been the date when Shakespeare wrote his "*Henry IV.,*" Part i.

It is to be observed, that the incidents which are summarily dismissed in one old play, are extended by our great dramatist over three—the two parts of "*Henry IV.*" and "*Henry V.*" It is impossible to institute any parallel between "*The Famous Victories*" and Shakespeare's dramas; for, besides that the former has reached us evidently in an imperfect shape, the immeasurable superiority of the latter is such, as to render any attempt to trace resemblance rather a matter of contrast than comparison.

Sir John Oldcastle is one of the persons in "*The Famous Victories;*" and no doubt can be entertained that the character of Sir John Falstaff, in the first part of Shakespeare's "*Henry IV.,*" was originally called Sir John Oldcastle. If any hesitation could formerly have been felt upon this point, it must have been recently entirely removed by Mr. Halliwell's very curious and interesting tract, "*On the character of Sir John Falstaff, as originally exhibited by Shakespeare,*" 12mo, 1841. How the identity of Oldcastle and Falstaff could ever have been questioned after the discovery of the following passage in a play by Nathaniel Field, called, "*Amends for Ladies,*" 1618, it is difficult to comprehend; the lines seem to us decisive:—

—"*Did you never see  
The play where the fat knight, light Oldcastle,  
Did tell you truly what this honor was?*"

This can allude to nothing but to Falstaff's speech in Act v. sc. 2, of the ensuing play; and it would also show (as Mr. Halliwell points out) that Falstaff sometimes "retained the name of Oldcastle after the author had altered it to that of Falstaff."

Although we are without any contemporaneous notices of the performance of Shakespeare's "*Henry IV.*" Part i., there cannot be a doubt that it was extraordinarily popular. It went through five distinct impressions in 4to, in 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, and 1613, before it was printed in the first folio. Meres introduces "*Henry the IVth*" into his list in 1598, and we need feel little doubt that he alluded to Part i., because, on a preceding page, he makes a quotation from one of Falstaff's speeches,—"there is nothing but roguery in villainous man,"—though without acknowledging the source from which it was taken.

With regard to the text of this play, it is unquestionably found in its purest state in the earliest 4to. of 1598, and to that we have mainly adhered. The editors of the folio, 1623, copied implicitly the 4to

impression nearest to their own day, that of 1613, adopting many of its defects, and, as far as we can judge, resorting to no MS. authority, nor to the previous quartos of 1598, 1599, 1604, and 1608.

## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

[<sup>c</sup> The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the right honorable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600." 4to, 43 leaves. Other copies of the same edition, in quarto, not containing Sign. E 5 and E 6, have only 41 leaves. In the folio, 1623, "The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth," occupies twenty-nine pages in the division of "Histories," viz, from p. 74 to p. 102 inclusive, the last two not being numbered. Pages 89 and 90, by an error of the press, are numbered 91 and 92. In the reprint of the folio, 1632, this mistake is repeated. In the two later folios the pagination continued from the beginning to the end of the volume.]

WE may state with more certainty than usual, that "Henry IV." Part ii. was written before the 25th February, 1598. Act ii. sc. 2, of the "history" before us contains a piece of evidence that Falstaff was still called Oldcastle when it was written; viz. that the prefix of *Old*, is retained in the quarto, 1600, before a speech which belongs to Falstaff, and which is assigned to him in the folio of 1623. Now, we know from the entry itself that the name of Oldcastle was changed to that of Falstaff before "Henry IV." Part i. was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company, on the 25th February, 1597-8. It requires no proof that "Henry IV." Part ii. was produced after "Richard II." because that play is quoted in it.

The memorandum in the Stationers' Registers, prior to the publication of the following play, bears date on 23d Aug. 1600, and it was made by Andrew Wise and William Aspley, who brought out "The Seconde Parte of the History of Kinge Henry the iii<sup>th</sup>," 4to, in that year.

There was only one edition of "Henry IV." Part ii. in 1600, but some copies vary importantly. The play was evidently produced from the press in haste; and besides other large omissions, a whole scene, forming the commencement of Act iii. was left out. Most of the copies are without these pages, but they are found in those of the Duke of Devonshire and Malone. The stationer must have discovered the error after the publication, and sheet E was accordingly reprinted, in order to supply the defect.

The folio 1623 was taken from a complete copy of the edition of 1600; and, moreover, the actor-editors, probably from a play-house manuscript in their hands, furnished many other lines wanting in the quarto. On the other hand, the quarto, 1600, contains several passages not found in the folio, 1623. Our text includes both, in order that no syllable which came from the pen of Shakespeare may be lost.

## KING HENRY V.

[<sup>c</sup> The Cronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right

honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and John Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600. 4to, 27 leaves.

"The chronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pawier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the signe of the Cat and Parrets, neare the Exchange. 1602." 4to, 26 leaves.

"The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with ancient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlene his Seruants. Printed for T. P. 1608." 4to, 27 leaves.

"The Life of Henry the Fifth, in the folio of 1623, occupies twenty-seven pages, viz. from p. 69 to p. 95 inclusive. The pagination from "Henry IV." Part ii. to "Henry V." is not continued, but a new series begins with "Henry V." on p. 62, and is regularly followed to the end of the "Histories." The folio, 1632, adopts this error, but it is avoided in the two later folio impressions.]

It is a circumstance deserving remark, that not one of the title-pages of the three quarto editions of "Henry V." attributes the authorship of the play to Shakespeare. The fact, no doubt, is, that there never was an authorized edition of "Henry V." until it appeared in the folio of 1623, and that the quarto impressions were surreptitious, and were published without the consent of the author, or of the company to which he was attached. The drama must have enjoyed great popularity; it must have been played over and over again at the theatre, and yet the public interest, as far as perusal is concerned, would seem to have been satisfied with a brief, rude, and mutilated representation of the performance.

The quartos bear strong external and internal evidence of fraud: the earliest of them was not published by a bookseller or booksellers by whom Shakespeare's genuine dramas were issued; and the second and third came from the hands of Thomas Pavier, who was instrumental in giving to the world some pieces, with the composition of which Shakespeare had no concern, though ascribed to him on the title-page. The internal evidence shows that the edition was made up, not from any authentic manuscript, nor even from any combination of the separate parts delivered out to the actors by the copyist of the theatre, but from what could be taken down in short-hand, or could be remembered, while the performance was taking place. A play called "Henry V." was represented at Court on the 7th January, 1605, as we learn from "The Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels," edited by Mr. P. Cunningham, and printed by the Shakespeare Society; and these important additions may have been inserted for that occasion. The entry runs, literally, as follows:—

"On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the fift."

In the margin we are informed that it was acted by his Majesty's players, but the name of the author is not in this instance given, although "Shaxberd" is placed opposite the title of "Measure for Measure," stated to have been exhibited on a preceding night. The fact that the actors belonged to Shakespeare's company renders it most probable that his play was performed on the occasion.

Our opinion, then, is that Shakespeare did not originally write his "Henry V." by any means as we find it in the folio of 1623, and that it was first produced without various scenes and speeches subsequently written and introduced: we are perfectly convinced that the three quarto editions of 1600, 1602, and 1608, do not at all contain the play as it was acted in the first instance; but were hastily made

up from notes taken at the theatre during the performance, subsequently patched together, and printed in haste for the satisfaction of public curiosity. Now and then we meet with a few consecutive lines, similar to the authentic copy, but in general the text is miserably mangled and disfigured.

The quartos contain no hint of the Chorusses, but a passage in that which precedes Act v. certainly relates to the expedition of the Earl of Essex to Ireland, between the 15th April and the 23th September, 1599, and must have been written during his absence:—

"As, by a lower but loving likelihood,  
Were now the general of our gracious empress  
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit  
To welcome him."

The above lines were, therefore, composed between the 15th April and the 23th September, 1599, and most likely the Chorusses formed part of the piece as originally acted. Upon this supposition, the question when Shakespeare wrote his "Henry V." is brought to a narrow point; and confirmed as it is by the omission of all mention of the play by Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, we need feel little doubt that his first sketch came from the pen of Shakespeare, for performance at the Globe theatre, early in the summer of 1599. The enlarged drama, as it stands in the folio of 1623, we are disposed to believe was not put into the complete shape in which it has there come down to us, until shortly before the date when it was played at Court.

## FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

["The first Part of Henry the Sixth" was printed originally in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-four pages; viz., from p. 96 to p. 119, inclusive, in the division of "Histories." It was reprinted in the folios 1632, 1664, and 1685.]

THIS historical drama is first found in the folio of 1623: no earlier edition of it in any shape, or in any degree of imperfectness, has been discovered. This single fact is sufficient, in our mind, to establish Shakespeare's claim to the authorship of it, even were we to take Malone's assertion for granted (which we are by no means inclined to do) that the internal evidence is all opposed to that claim. When Heminge and Condell published the folio of 1623, many of Shakespeare's contemporaries, authors, actors, and auditors, were alive; and the player-editors, if they would have been guilty of the dishonesty, would hardly have committed the folly of inserting a play in their volume which was not his production, and perhaps well known to have been the work of some rival dramatist.

Our opinion is therefore directly adverse to that of Malone, who, having been "long struck with the many evident *Shakespeareanisms* in these plays," afterwards came to the conclusion that he had been entirely mistaken, and that none of these peculiarities were to be traced in the first part of "Henry VI.:" "I am, therefore (he added), decisively of opinion, that this play was not written by Shakespeare."

With reference to the question, how far and at what time Shakespeare became connected with the plays, known as the three parts of "Henry VI.," it is necessary to observe, that it was very usual in the

time of our great dramatist, for one poet to take up the production of another, and, by making additions to and improvements in it, to appropriate it to his own use, or to the use of the theatre to which he belonged. This practice applied to the works of living as well as of dead poets, and it has been conjectured that when Robert Greene spoke of Shakespeare, as "the only Shake-scene in a country," and as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers," he alluded chiefly to the manner in which Shakespeare had employed certain dramas, by Greene and others, as the foundation of his three parts of "Henry VI." These certain dramas were some undiscovered original of the first part of "Henry VI.," the first part of "The Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster," 1600; and "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," 1595. It was by making additions, alterations, and improvements in these three pieces, that Shakespeare's name became associated with them as their author, and hence the player-editors felt themselves justified in inserting them among his other works in the folio of 1623. There are several other theories respecting the elder plays we have mentioned, but neither of them, as it seems to us, is supported by sufficient testimony.

Although no such drama has come down to us, we know, on the authority of Henslowe's Diary, that there was a play called "Harey the VI.," acted on 3d March, 1591-2, and so popular as to have been repeated twelve times. This was, perhaps, the piece which Shakespeare subsequently altered and improved, and to which Nash alludes in his "Pierce Penniless," 1592, where he speaks of "brave Talbot" having been made "to triumph again on the stage," after having been two hundred years in his tomb.

If our great dramatist founded his first part of "Henry VI." upon the play produced by Henslowe's company, of course, it could not have been written until after March, 1592; but with regard to the precise date of its composition we must remain in uncertainty. Malone's later notion was, as we have already observed, that Shakespeare's hand was not to be traced in any part of it; but Steevens called attention to several remarkable coincidences of expression; and though there is the strongest presumptive evidence that more than one author was engaged on the work, passages might be pointed out so much in the spirit and character of Shakespeare, that we cannot conceive them to have come from any other pen.

## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

["The second Part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Good Duke Humfrey," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-seven pages; viz., from p. 120 to p. 146, inclusive, in the division of "Histories." It fills the same place in the subsequent folio impressions.]

THE "history" is an alteration of a play printed in 1594, under the following title: "The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first claime unto the Crowne. London Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Peter's Church in

Cornwall. 1594." By whom it was written we have no information; but it was entered on the Stationers' Registers on the 12th March, 1593. Millington published a second edition of it in 1600: on the 19th April, 1602, it was assigned by Millington to Tho. Pavier, and we hear of it again, in the Stationers' Register, merely as "Yorke and Lancaster," on the 8th November, 1630.

The name of Shakespeare was not connected with "the first part of the Contention," until about the year 1619, when T. P. (Thomas Pavier) printed a new edition of the first, and what he called "the second, part" of the same play, with the name of "William Shakespeare, Gent." upon the general title-page. The object of Pavier was no doubt fraudulent: he wished to have it believed, that the old play was the production of our great dramatist.

Shakespeare's property, according to our present notions, was only in the additions and improvements he introduced, which are included in the folio of 1623. But the old play has many passages which Shakespeare rejected, and the murder of Duke Humphrey is somewhat differently managed. In general, however, Shakespeare adopted the whole conduct of the story, and did not think it necessary to correct the obvious historical errors of the original.

It is impossible to assign a date to this play excepting by conjecture.

### THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

"The third Part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Duke of Yorke," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-six pages, in the division of "Histories," viz., from p. 147 to p. 173, inclusive, pages 165 and 166 being misprinted 167 and 168, so that these numbers are twice inserted. The error is corrected in the folio, 1632. The play is also contained in the folios of 1664 and 1685.]

NONE of the commentators ever saw the first edition of the drama upon which, we may presume, Shakespeare founded his third part of "Henry VI.:" it bears the following title: "The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of the good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betwene the two houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Penbrooke his seruants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwal. 1595." 8vo. This play, like "The First Part of the Contention," was reprinted for the same bookseller in 1600, 4to. About the year 1619 a re-impression of both plays was published by T. P.; and the name of Shakespeare, as has been already observed in our Introduction to "Henry VI.," part ii., first appears in connection with these "histories" in that edition. The object of Pavier, as before remarked, was no doubt fraudulent.

Chalmers, who possessed the only known copy of "The True Tragedy," 1595, without scruple assigned that piece to Christopher Marlowe. Although there is no ground whatever for giving it to Marlowe, there is some reason for supposing that it came from the pen of Robert Greene.

As in "Henry VI.," part ii., Shakespeare availed himself of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594, so in "Henry VI.," part iii., he applied to his own purposes much of "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," 1595. He made, however, consid-

erable omissions, as well as large additions, and in the last two Acts he sometimes varied materially from the conduct of the story as he found it in the older play.

### KING RICHARD III.

"The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murder of his innocent nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath bene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaينه his seruants. At London, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell, 1597." 4to. 47 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath bene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaينه his seruants. By William Shake-speare, London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell, 1598." 4to. 47 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath bene lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaينه his seruants. Newly augmented, by William Shakespeare, London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell, 1602." 4to. 46 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath bin lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaينه his seruants. Newly augmented, by William Shakespeare, London, Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Matthew Lawe, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe, near S. Austins gate, 1605." 4to. 46 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of the Earle of Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field," occupies thirty-two pages, viz., from p. 173 to p. 204, inclusive. There is no material variation in the later folios.]

THE popularity of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" must have been great, judging only from the various quarto editions which preceded the publication of it in the folio of 1623. It originally came out in 1597, without the name of the author: it was reprinted in 1598, with "by William Shake-speare" on the title-page, and again in 1602, all three impressions having been made for the same bookseller, Andrew Wise, who professed, in his last edition, that the play had been "newly augmented," although it was in fact only a reprint of the previous impressions of 1597 and 1598. On the 27th June, 1603, it was assigned to Matthew Lawe, as appears by an entry in the Stationers' Registers; accordingly, he published the fourth edition of it with the date of 1605: the fifth edition was printed for the same bookseller in 1613. This seems to have been the last time it came out in quarto, anterior to its appearance in the first folio; but after that date, three other quarto impressions are known, viz., in 1624, 1629, and 1634, and it is remarkable that these were all mere reprints of the earlier quartos, not one of them including any of the passages which the player-editors of the folio first inserted in their volume. This fact might show that the publishers of the later quartos did not know that there were any material variations between the earlier quartos and the folio, that they

did not think them of importance, or that the projectors of the folio were considered to have some species of copyright in the additions. These additions extend in one instance to more than fifty lines. It has also been found that more than one speech in the folio is unintelligible without aid from the quartos; and for some other characteristic omissions it is not possible to account.

With respect to the additions in the folio of 1623, we have no means of ascertaining whether they formed part of the original play. Steevens was of opinion that the quarto, 1597, contained a better text than the folio: such is not our opinion; for though the quarto sets right several doubtful matters, it is not well printed, even for a production of that day, and bears marks of having been brought out in haste, and from an imperfect manuscript. The copy of the "history" in the folio of 1623 was in some places a reprint of the quarto, 1602, as several obvious errors of the press are repeated. For the additions, a manuscript was no doubt employed; and the variations in some scenes, particularly near the middle of the play, are so numerous, and the corrections so frequent, that it is probable a transcript belonging to the theatre was there consulted. Our text is that of the folio.

The earliest entry in the Stationers' Registers relating to Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," is in these terms:—

"20 Oct. 1597  
Andrew Wise. The Tragedie of Kinge Richard the Third, with the death of the Duke of Clarence."

It is certain that there was an historical drama upon some of the events of the reign of Richard III. anterior to that of Shakespeare. Sir John Harington in his "Apologie for Poetry," 1591, speaks of a tragedy of "Richard the Third," acted at St. John's, Cambridge, which would "have moved Phalaris, the tyrant, and terrified all tyrannous-minded men;" and Steevens adduced Heywood's "Apology for Actors," 1612, to the same effect. Both those authors, however, referred to a Latin drama on the story of Richard III., written by Dr. Legge, and acted at Cambridge before 1583. Steevens followed up his quotation from Heywood by the copy of an entry in the Stationers' Registers, dated June 19, 1594, relating to an English play on the same subject. A perfect copy of this very rare play is in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, and from it we transcribe the following title-page:—

"The true Tragedie of Richard the third: Wherein is shewne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the conuiction and Ioyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was played by the Queenes Maiesties Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede. and are to be sold by William Barley. at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church doore. 1594."

The piece itself, as a literary composition, deserves little remark, but as a drama it possesses several peculiar features. It is in some respects unlike any relic of the kind, and was evidently written several years before it came from Creede's press, probably as early as 1588.

The style in which it is composed merits observation: it is partly in prose, partly in heavy blank-verse, (such as was penned before Marlowe had introduced his improvements, and Shakespeare had adopted and advanced them,) partly in ten-syllable rhyming couplets, and stanzas, and partly in the long fourteen-syllable metre, which seems to have

been popular even before prose was employed upon our stage. In every point of view it may be asserted, that few more curious dramatic relics exist in our language. It is perhaps the most ancient printed specimen of composition for a public theatre, of which the subject was derived from English history.

Boswell asserts that "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third" had "evidently been used and read by Shakespeare," but we cannot trace any resemblances, but such as were probably purely accidental, and are merely trivial. Two persons could hardly take up the same period of our annals, as the ground-work of a drama, without some coincidences; but there is no point, either in the conduct of the plot or in the language in which it is clothed, where our great dramatist does not show his measureless superiority. The portion of the story in which the two plays make the nearest approach to each other, is just before the murder of the princes, where Richard strangely takes a page into his confidence respecting the fittest agent for the purpose.

Malone was of opinion that Shakespeare wrote "Richard the Third" in 1593, but did not adduce a particle of evidence, and none in fact exists. We should be disposed to place it somewhat nearer the time of publication.

## KING HENRY VIII.

"The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-eight pages; viz. from p. 205 to p. 232, inclusive. It is the last play in the division of "Histories." It fills the same place in the later impressions in the same form.]

THE principal question, in relation to Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth," is, when it was written. We are satisfied, both by the internal and external evidence, that it came from the poet's pen after James I. had ascended the throne, in 1603.

Independently of the whole character of the drama, which was little calculated to please Elizabeth, it seems to us that Cranmer's prophecy, in Act v. sc. 4, is quite decisive. There the poet first speaks of Elizabeth, and of the advantages derived from her rule, and then proceeds in the clearest manner to notice her successor:—

"Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself;  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one  
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)  
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honor,  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd."

Ingenuity cannot pervert these lines to any other meaning; but it has been said that they, and some others which follow them, were a subsequent introduction; and, moreover, that they were the work of Ben Jonson, on some revival of the play in the reign of James I. There does not exist the slightest evidence to establish either proposition. Any person, reading the whole of Cranmer's speech at the christening, can hardly fail to perceive such an entireness and sequence of thoughts and words in it, as to make it very unlikely that it was not dictated by the same intellect, and written by the same pen. The words "aged princess," in a succeeding line (no part of the imputed addition by Jonson) would never have been used by Shakespeare during the life of Elizabeth.

As to external evidence, there is one fact which has never had sufficient importance given to it. We allude to the following memorandum in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

"12 Feb. 1604

"Nath. Butter] Yt he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print it; and then procure the wardens hands to yt for the entrance of yt: he is to have the same for his copy."

Chalmers asserted that this entry referred to a contemporaneous play by Samuel Rowley, under the title of "When you see me you know me," 1605; but the "enterlude" is expressly called in the entry "K. Henry 8th," and we feel no hesitation in concluding that it referred to Shakespeare's drama, which had probably been brought out at the Globe Theatre in the summer of 1604. No edition of it is known before it appeared in the folio of 1623, and we may infer that Butter failed in getting "good allowance" with "the wardens' hands to it."

In the in-tance of "Henry the Eighth," as of many other works by our great dramatist, there is ground for believing that there existed a preceding play on the same story. Henslowe's Diary affords us some important evidence on this point. According to this authority two plays were written in the year 1601 for the Earl of Nottingham's players, on the events of the life of Cardinal Wolsey, including necessarily some of the chief incidents of the reign of Henry VIII. These plays consisted of a first and second part, the one called "The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey," and the other, "Cardinal Wolsey." We collect that the last was produced first, and the success it met with on the stage was perhaps the occasion of the second drama, containing, in fact, the commencement of the story. Of this course of proceeding Henslowe's Diary furnishes several other examples.

We may conclude with tolerable certainty that Shakespeare wrote "Henry the Eighth" in the winter of 1603-4, and that it was first acted at the Globe soon after the commencement of the season there, which seems to have begun towards the close of April, as soon as a theatre open to the weather could be conveniently employed. The coronation procession of Anne Bullen forms a prominent feature in the drama; and as the coronation of James I. and Anne of Denmark took place on the 24th July, 1603, we may not unreasonably suppose that the audiences at the Globe were intended to be reminded of that event, and that the show, detailed with such unusual minuteness in the folio of 1623, was meant as a remote imitation of its splendor.

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

[*The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the beginning of the ir loves, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spread Eagle in Pauls Church-yard, over against the great North doore. 1609.* 4to. 46 leaves.

"*The Historie of Troylus and Cressida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties servants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spread Eagle in Pauls Church-yard, over against the great North doore. 1609.*" 4to. 45 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida" occupies twenty-nine pages, the Prologue filling the first page and the last being left blank. It retains its place

in the later folios; but in that of 1685 the Prologue is placed at the head of the page on which the play commences.]

This play was originally printed in 1609. It was formerly supposed that there were two editions in that year, but they were merely different issues of the same impression: the body of the work (with two verbal exceptions) is alike in each; they were from the types of the same printer, and were published by the same booksellers. The title-pages, as may be seen, vary materially; but there is another more remarkable alteration. On the title-page of the copies first circulated, it is not stated that the drama had been represented by any company; and in a sort of preface headed, "A never Writer to an ever Reader. News," it is asserted that it had never been "staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar;" in other words, that the play had not been acted. This was probably then true; but as "Troilus and Cressida" was very soon afterwards brought upon the stage, it became necessary for the publishers to substitute a new title-page, and to suppress their preface: accordingly a re-issue of the same edition took place, by the title-page of which it appeared, that the play was printed "as it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe."

In the Stationers' Register are two entries, of distinct dates, relating to a play, or plays, called, "Troilus and Cressida:" they are in the following terms:—

"7 Feb. 1602-3

"Mr. Roberts] The booke of Troilus and Cressida, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens men."

"28 Jan. 1608-9

"Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley] Entered for their copie under t' hands of Mr. Segar Deputy to Sir Geo. Bucke, and Mr. Warden Lownes: A booke called the History of Troylus and Cressula."

The edition of 1609 was, doubtless, published in consequence of the entry of "28 Jan. 1608-9;" but if Roberts printed a "Troilus and Cressida," whether by Shakespeare or by any other dramatist, in consequence of the earlier entry of "7 Feb. 1602-3," none such has come down to our time. Shakespeare's tragedy was not again printed, as far as can now be ascertained, until it appeared, under rather peculiar circumstances, in the folio of 1623.

In that volume the dramatic works of Shakespeare, as is well known, are printed in three divisions—"Comedies," "Histories," and "Tragedies;" and a list of them, under those heads, is inserted at the commencement. In that list "Troilus and Cressida" is not found; and it is farther remarkable, that it is inserted near the middle of the folio of 1623, without any paging, excepting that the second leaf is numbered 79 and 80: the signatures also do not correspond with any others in the series. Hence it was inferred by Farmer, that the insertion of "Troilus and Cressida" was an afterthought by the player-editors, and that when the rest of the folio was printed, they had not intended to include it. The peculiar circumstances to which we have alluded may, however, be sufficiently accounted for by the supposition that "Troilus and Cressida" was given to, and executed by, a different printer. The list of "Comedies," "Histories," and "Tragedies," at the beginning of the volume was most likely printed last, and the person who formed it accidentally omitted "Troilus and Cressida," because it had been as accidentally omitted in the pagination.

The second issue of Bonian and Walley's edition of 1609 was not made until after the tragedy had been acted at the Globe, as is stated on the title-

page. This is an easy and intelligible mode of accounting for the main differences in the quarto copies; and it enables us with some plausibility to conjecture, that the date when Shakespeare wrote "Troilus and Cressida" was not long before it was first represented, and a still shorter time before it was first printed.

Some difficulty has arisen out of the entry, already quoted, of a "Troilus and Cressida" in the Stationers' books, with the date of 7th February 1602-3, in which entry it is stated that the play was "acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants;" the company to which Shakespeare belonged having been so denominated anterior to the license of James I. in May, 1603. It may, however, be reasonably inferred that this was a different play on the same subject. Every body must be struck with the remarkable inequality of some parts of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," especially towards the conclusion: they could hardly have been written by the pen which produced the magnificent speeches of Ulysses and other earlier portions, and were probably relics of a drama acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants about 1602, and in the spring of 1603 intended to be printed by Roberts. Of this piece it is not impossible that Shakespeare in some degree availed himself; and he might be too much in haste to have time to alter and improve all that his own taste and genius would otherwise have rejected.

This brings us to the question of the source from which Shakespeare derived his plot: how far he did, or did not, follow the older play we suppose him to have employed, it is not possible to determine. Shakespeare seems to have been so attentive a reader of Chaucer's five books of "Troilus and Crescyda" (of which the last edition, anterior to the production of Shakespeare's play, appeared in 1602) as to have been considerably indebted to them. It is not easy to trace any direct or indirect obligations on the part of Shakespeare to Chapman's translation of Homer, of which the earliest portion came out in 1598.

After adverting to the real or supposed origin of the story of "Troilus and Cressida," Coleridge remarks, in his *Literary Remains*, that it "can scarcely be classed with his dramas of Greek and Roman History; but it forms an intermediate link between the fictitious Greek and Roman Histories, which we may call legendary dramas, and the proper ancient histories; that is, between the *Pericles* or *Titus Andronicus*, and the *Coriolanus* or *Julius Cæsar*." He then adverts to the characters of the hero and the heroine, and the purpose Shakespeare had in view of portraying them, and goes on to observe: "I am half inclined to believe that Shakespeare's main object, or shall I rather say, his ruling impulse, was to translate the poetic heroes of paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurally*, warriors of Christian chivalry, —and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albrecht Dürer." Schlegel remarks, that "the whole play is one continued irony of the crown of all heroic tales—the tale of Troy," and after dwelling briefly upon this point, he adds: "In all this let no man conceive that an indignity was intended to Homer: Shakespeare had not the *Iliad* before him, but the chivalrous romances of the Trojan war derived from Dares Phrygius." Shakespeare, in fact, found the story popular, and he applied it to a popular purpose in a popular manner.

## ADDRESS

PREFIXED TO SOME COPIES OF *TROILUS AND CRESSIDA*, OF THE EDITION OF 1609.

*A never Writer to an ever Reader. News.*

ETERNAL reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain, that never undertook any thing comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better-witted than they came; feeling an edge of wit set upon them, more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed) but for so much worth, as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labor, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus: and believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition.<sup>a</sup> Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasure's loss, and judgment's, refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills, I believe, you should have prayed for them, rather than been prayed.<sup>b</sup> And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wits' healths) that will not praise it.—*Vale.*

## CORIOLANUS.

[*"The Tragedy of Coriolanus"* was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies thirty pages, viz., from p. 1 to p. 30, inclusive, a new pagination commencing with that drama. In the folio of 1632 the new pagination begins

<sup>a</sup> "And set up a new English inquisition." This prophecy has been well verified of late years, when (to say nothing of the prices of first editions of Shakespeare's undoubted works) £100 have been given for a copy of the old "*Taming of a Shrew*," 1594, and £130 for "*The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*," 1595, merely because they were plays which Shakespeare made use of in his compositions.

<sup>b</sup> "Rather than been prayed." This passage refers, probably, to the unwillingness of the company to which Shakespeare belonged, here termed the "grand possessors," to allow any of their plays to be printed. Such seems to have been the case with all the associations of actors, and hence the imperfect manner in which most of the dramas of the time have come down to us, and the few that issued from the press, compared with the number that were written. The word "them," in "prayed for them," refers to "his comedies," mentioned above.



with "Troilus and Cressida," and in the folios of 1664 and 1685 "Coriolanus" is inserted in the same order.]

Nothing has yet been discovered to lead to the belief that there was a play on the story of Coriolanus anterior to Shakespeare's tragedy. Henslowe's Diary contains no hint of the kind.

The materials for this drama appear to have been derived exclusively from "the Life of Caius Martius Coriolanus," in the early translation of Plutarch by Sir Thomas North. That translation came from the press in folio in 1579, with the following title: "The Lives of the noble Grecians and Romanes, compared together by that grave learned Philosopher and Historiographer, Plutarke of Chæronea." It was avowedly made from the French of Amiot, Bishop of Auxerre, and appears to have been very popular: though published at a high price (equal to about £5 of the present money), it was several times reprinted; and we may, perhaps, presume that our great dramatist made use of an impression nearer his own time, possibly that of 1595. In many of the principal speeches he has followed this authority with verbal exactness; and he was indebted to it for the whole conduct of his plot. The action occupies less than four years, for it commences subsequent to the retirement of the people to Mons Sacer in 262, after the foundation of Rome, and terminates with the death of Coriolanus in A. U. C. 266.

"The Tragedy of Coriolanus" originally appeared in the folio of 1623, where it is divided into acts but not into scenes; and it was registered at Stationers' Hall by Blount and Jaggard on the 8th November of that year, as one of the "copies" which had not been "entered to other men." Hence we infer that there had been no previous edition of it in quarto. Malone supposed that "Coriolanus" was written in 1610; but we are destitute of all evidence on the point, beyond what may be derived from the style of composition: this would certainly induce us to fix it somewhat late in the career of our great dramatist.

## TITUS ANDRONICUS.

[ "The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times bene playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Penbrooke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine theyr Seruants. At London, Printed by I. R. for Edward White, and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little North doore of Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1600." 4to. 40 leaves.

"The most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times bene playde by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. London, Printed for Eedward White, and are to be solde at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611." 4to. 40 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus" occupies twenty-two pages, in the division of "Tragedies," viz., from p. 31 to p. 52, inclusive. The three later folios, of course, insert it in the same part of the volume.]

We feel no hesitation in assigning "Titus Andronicus" to Shakespeare. Whether he may lay claim to it as the author of the entire tragedy, or only in a qualified sense, as having made additions to, and improvements in it, is a different and a more difficult question.

We find it given to him by his contemporary, Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. It was also inserted in the folio of 1623 by Shakespeare's fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell. Had it not been by our great dramatist, Meres, who was well acquainted with the literature of his time, would

not have attributed it to him; and the player-editors, who had been Shakespeare's "fellows and friends," and were men of character and experience, would not have included it in their volume. These two facts are, in our view, sufficient.

It was, undoubtedly, one of his earliest, if not his very earliest dramatic production. All are aware that there is a most marked distinction between his mode of composition early and late in life; as exhibited, for instance, in "Love's Labor's Lost," and in "The Winter's Tale;" and we apprehend that "Titus Andronicus" belongs to a period even anterior to the former. Supposing "Titus Andronicus" to have been written about 1588, we are to recollect that our dramatic poets were then only beginning to throw off the shackles of rhyme, and their versification partook of the weight and monotony which were the usual accompaniments of couplets. "Titus Andronicus" is to be read under this impression, and many passages will then be found in it which, we think, are remarkable indications of skill and power in an unpractised dramatist: as a poetical production it has not hitherto had justice done to it, on account, partly, of the revolving nature of the plot. Neither is internal evidence wholly wanting, for words and phrases employed by Shakespeare in his other works may be pointed out; and in Act iii., sc. 1, we meet a remarkable expression, which is also contained in "Venus and Adonis."

With reference to the general complexity of the drama, and the character of the plot, it must also be borne in mind that it was produced at a time, when scenes of horror were especially welcome to public audiences, and when pieces were actually recommended to their admiration in consequence of the blood and slaughter with which they abounded.

The oldest known edition of "Titus Andronicus" bears date in 1600: but we feel convinced that a more ancient impression will some time or other again be brought to light. That it once existed, we have the testimony of Langbaine, in his "Account of English Dramatic Poets," 1691, where he tells us that the play was "first printed 4to. Lond. 1594." Consistently with this assertion we find the following entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

"6 Feb. 1593

John Danter] A booke entitled a noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus."

The Stationers' books contain several subsequent memoranda respecting "Titus Andronicus," bearing date 19th April, 1602, 14th December, 1624, and 8th November, 1630; but none which seems to have relation to the editions of 1600 and 1611. No quarto impressions of a subsequent date are known, and the tragedy next appeared in the folio of 1623, which was printed from the quarto of 1611.

It is very possible that Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" was founded upon some anterior dramatic performance, but on this point we have no evidence beyond what may be collected from the piece itself, in certain real or supposed dissimilarities of composition.

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

[ "An excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet. As it hath bene often (with great applause) plaid publicquely, by the Right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his seruants. London, Printed by Iohn Danter. 1597." 4to. 39 leaves.

"The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Iuliet. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As

it hath bene sundry times publickly acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. London Printed by Thomas Crede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop neare the Exchange. 1599." 4to. 46 leaves.

"The most excellent and Lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath bene sundrie times publickly Acted, by the Kings Maiesties Seruants at the Globe. Newly corrected, augmented and amended: London Printed for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard, in Fleetestreete vnder the Dyall. 1609." 4to 46 leaves.

In the folio of 1623 "The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet" occupies twenty-five pages, viz. from p. 53 to p. 79, inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." It fills the same space in the folios of 1632, 1664, and 1685.]

It is certain that there was an English play upon the story of Romeo and Juliet before the year 1562; and the fact establishes that, even at that early date, our dramatists resorted to Italian novels, or translations of them, for the subjects of their productions. It is the most ancient piece of evidence of the kind yet discovered, and it is given by Arthur Brooke, who in that year published a narrative poem, called "The Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet." At the close of his address "to the Reader" he observes:—"Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for, (being there much better set forth, than I have, or can do,) yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve the like good effect." Thus we see also, that the play had been received "with commendation," and that Brooke himself, unquestionably a competent judge, admits its excellence.

We can scarcely suppose that no other drama would be founded upon the same interesting incidents between 1562 and the date when Shakespeare wrote his tragedy, a period of, probably, more than thirty years; but no hint of the kind is given in any record, and certainly no such work, either manuscript or printed, has come down to us. Of the extreme popularity of the story we have abundant proof, and of a remote date. It was included by William Paynter in the "second tome" of his "Palace of Pleasure," the dedication of which he dates 4th November, 1567; and in old writers we find frequent mention of the hero and heroine.

How far Shakespeare might be indebted to any such production we have no means of deciding; but Malone, Steevens, and others have gone upon the supposition, that Shakespeare was only under obligations either to Brooke's poem, or to Paynter's novel; and least of all do they seem to have contemplated the possibility, that he might have obtained assistance from some foreign source.

Arthur Brooke avowed that he derived his materials from Bandello (Part ii. Nov. 9), *La sfortunata morte di due infelicissimi Amanti*, &c.; and Paynter very literally translated Boisteau's *Histoire de deux Amans*, &c., in the collection of *Histoires Tragiques*, published by Belle-forest. Steevens was disposed to think that our great dramatist had obtained more from Paynter than from Brooke, while Malone supported, and we think, established, a contrary opinion.

Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" originally came out, but in an imperfect manner, in 1597, quarto. This edition is in two different types, and was probably executed in haste by two different printers. It has generally been treated as an authorized impression from an authentic manuscript. Such, after the most careful examination, is not our opinion. We think that the manuscript used by the printer or printers (no bookseller's or stationer's name is placed at the bottom of the title-page) was made up, partly from portions of the play as it was acted, but unduly

obtained, and partly from notes taken at the theatre during representation. The second edition was printed in 1599, and it professes to have been "newly corrected, augmented, and amended;" the third dated edition appeared in 1609; but some copies without a date are known, which most likely were posterior to 1609, but anterior to the appearance of the folio in 1623. The quarto, 1637, is of no authority.

The quarto, 1609, was printed from the edition which came out ten years earlier; and the repetition, in the folio of 1623, of some decided errors of the press, shows that it was a reprint of the quarto, 1609. It is remarkable, that although every early quarto impression contains a Prologue, it was not transferred to the folio. The quarto, 1597, has lines not in the quartos, 1599, 1609, nor in the folio; and the folio, reprinting the quarto, 1609, besides ordinary errors, makes several important omissions. Our text is that of the quarto, 1599, compared, of course, with the quarto, 1609, and with the folio of 1623, and in some places importantly assisted by the quarto of 1597.

It will be observed that on the title-page of the quarto, 1597, it is stated that "Romeo and Juliet" was acted by the players of Lord Hunsdon; and hence Malone argued that it must have been first performed and printed between July, 1596, and April, 1597. In this opinion we coincide.

It is remarkable that in no edition of "Romeo and Juliet," printed anterior to the publication of the folio of 1623, do we find Shakespeare's name upon the title-page. Yet Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, had distinctly assigned it to him in 1598; and although the name of the author might be purposely left out in the imperfect copy of 1597, there would seem to be no reason, especially after the announcement by Meres, for not inserting it in the "corrected, augmented, and amended" edition of 1599. But it is wanting even in the impression of 1609, although Shakespeare's popularity must then have been at its height.

## TIMON OF ATHENS.

["The Life of Tymon of Athens" first appeared in the folio of 1623, where it occupies, in the division of "Tragedies," twenty-one pages, numbered from p. 80 to p. 98 inclusive; but pp. 81 and 82, by an error, are repeated. Page 98 is followed by a leaf, headed, "The Actors' Names," and the list of characters fills the whole page; the back of it is left blank. The drama bears the same title in the later folios.

SHAKESPEARE is supposed not to have written "Timon of Athens" until late in his theatrical career, and Malone has fixed upon 1610 as the probable date when it came from his pen. We know of no extrinsic evidence to confirm or contradict this opinion. The tragedy was printed in 1623, in the folio edited by Heminge and Condell; and having been inserted in the Registers of the Stationers' Company as a play "not formerly entered to other men," we may infer that it had not previously come from the press. The versification is remarkably loose and irregular, but it is made to appear more so by the manner in which it was originally printed. The object, especially near the close, seems to have been to make the drama occupy as much space as could be conveniently filled: consequently, many of the lines are arbitrarily divided into two.

There is an apparent want of finish about some portions of "Timon of Athens," while others are elaborately wrought. Coleridge said, in 1815, that

he saw the same vigorous hand at work throughout; that it was one of the author's most complete performances; and he gave no countenance to the notion, that any parts of a previously existing play had been retained in "Timon of Athens," as it had come down to us. The players, however, he felt convinced, had done the poet much injustice; and he especially instanced the clumsy, "clap-trap" blow at the Puritans in Act iii. sc. 3, as an interpolation by the actor of the part of Timon's servant. Coleridge accounted for the ruggedness and inequality of the versification upon the same principle, and he was persuaded that only a corrupt and imperfect copy had come to the hands of the player-editors of the folio of 1623. His admiration of some parts of the tragedy was unbounded; but he maintained that it was, on the whole, a painful and disagreeable production, because it gave only a disadvantageous picture of human nature, very inconsistent with what, he firmly believed, was our great poet's real view of the characters of his fellow creatures. He said that the whole piece was a bitter dramatic satire, — a species of writing in which Shakespeare had shown, as in all other kinds, that he could reach the very highest point of excellence. Coleridge could not help suspecting that the subject might have been taken up under some temporary feeling of vexation and disappointment.

Now far this notion is well founded can of course be matter of mere speculation; but a whole play could hardly be composed under a transient fit of irritation, and to us it seems more likely, that in this instance, as in others, Shakespeare adopted the story because he thought he could make it acceptable as a dramatic representation. We agree with Farmer in thinking that there probably existed some earlier popular play of which Timon was the hero. The novels in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure" were the common property of the poets of the day; and "the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens" is inserted in the first volume of that collection, which came out before 1567. Paynter professes to have derived his brief materials from the life of Marc Antony, in Plutarch; but Sir Thomas North's translation having made its appearance in 1579, all the circumstances may have been familiar to most readers. True it is, that Shakespeare does not appear to have followed these authorities at all closely, and there may have been some version of Lucian then current with which we are now unacquainted.

We know also that there existed about that date a play upon the subject of Timon of Athens. The original manuscript of it is in the library of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, who has recently superintended an impression of it for the Shakespeare Society. He gives it as his opinion, that it was "intended for the amusement of an academic audience," and although the epilogue may be considered rather of a contrary complexion, the learned editor is probably right: it is, however, nearly certain that it was acted; and although it will not bear a moment's comparison with Shakespeare's "Timon of Athens," similar incidents and persons are contained in both.

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

[*"The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar"* was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages; viz. from p. 109 to p. 130 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." The Acts, but not the Scenes, are distinguished: and it appeared in the same manner in the three later folios.]

No early quarto edition of "Julius Cæsar" is known, and there is reason to believe that it never appeared in that form. The manuscript originally used for the folio of 1623 must have been extremely perfect, and free from corruptions, for there is, perhaps, no drama in the volume more accurately printed.

Malone and others have arrived at the conclusion that "Julius Cæsar" could not have been written before 1607. We think there is good ground for believing that it was acted before 1603.

We found this opinion upon the resemblance between a stanza found in Drayton's "Barons' Wars," Svo, 1603, and a passage in "Julius Cæsar," Act v. sc. 5, from which, after mature consideration of all the circumstances, we feel warranted in concluding, that Drayton, having heard "Julius Cæsar" at the theatre, or seen it in manuscript before 1603, applied to his own purpose, perhaps unconsciously, what, in fact, belonged to another poet.

Shakespeare appears to have derived nearly all his materials from Plutarch, as translated by Sir Thomas North, and first published in 1579. At the same time, it is not unlikely that there was a preceding play. It is a new fact, ascertained from an entry in Henslowe's Diary dated 22d May, 1602, that Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, John Webster, Thomas Middleton, and other poets, were engaged upon a tragedy entitled "Cæsar's Fall." The probability is, that these dramatists united their exertions, in order without delay to bring out a tragedy on the same subject as that of Shakespeare, which, perhaps, was then performing at the Globe Theatre with success.

From Vertue's manuscripts we learn that a play, called "Cæsar's Tragedy," was acted at Court in 1613, which might be Shakespeare's drama, that written by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and others, or a play printed in 1607, under the title of "The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey, or Cæsar's Revenge." Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his "Revels' Accounts," has shown that a dramatic piece, with the title of "The Tragedy of Cæsar," was exhibited at Court on January 31, 1636-7.

## MACBETH.

[*"The Tragedie of Macbeth"* was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-one pages; viz. from p. 131 to p. 151 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." The Acts and Scenes are regularly marked there, as well as in the later folios.]

THE only ascertained fact respecting the performance of "Macbeth," in the lifetime of its author, is that it was represented at the Globe Theatre on the 20th of April, 1610. Whether it was then a new play, it is impossible to decide; but we are inclined to think that it was not, and that Malone was right in his conjecture, that it was first acted about the year 1606. A detailed account of the plot is contained in Dr. Simon Forman's manuscript Diary, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, from which it appears, that he saw "Macbeth" played at the Globe on the day we have stated.

Our principal reason for thinking that "Macbeth" had been originally represented at least four years before 1610, is the striking allusion, in Act iv. sc. 1, to the union of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the hands of James I. That monarch ascended the throne in March, 1602-3,

and was proclaimed king of Great Britain and Ireland in October, 1604; and the words,

"Some I see,  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry,"

would have had little point, if we suppose them to have been delivered after the king who bore the balls and sceptres had been more than seven years on the throne.

Shakespeare, doubtless, derived all the materials he required from Holinshed, without resorting to Boethius, or to any other authority. Steevens continued to maintain, that Shakespeare was indebted, in some degree, to Middleton's "Witch" for the preternatural portion of "Macbeth;" but Malone, who at first entertained the same view of the subject, ultimately abandoned it, and became convinced that "The Witch" was a play written subsequently to the production of "Macbeth." What must surprise every body is, that a poet of Middleton's rank could so degrade the awful beings of Shakespeare's invention; for although, as Lamb observes, "the power of Middleton's witches is in some measure over the mind," they are of a degenerate race, as if, Shakespeare having created them, no other mind was sufficiently gifted even to continue their existence.

Whether Shakespeare obtained his knowledge regarding these agents, and of the locality he supposes them to have frequented, from actual observation,—whether, in short, he had ever visited Scotland,—is a point we have considered in the Biography of the poet.

At whatever date we suppose Shakespeare to have written "Macbeth," we may perhaps infer, from a passage in Kemp's "Nine Days' Wonder," 1600, that there existed a ballad upon the story, which may have been older than the tragedy. The point, however, is doubtful, and it is obvious that Kemp did not mean to be very intelligible: his other allusions to ballad-makers of his time are purposely obscure.

"Macbeth" was inserted by the player-editors in the folio of 1623; and, as in other similar cases, we may presume that it had not come from the press at an earlier date, because in the books of the Stationers' Company it is registered by Blount and Jaggard, on the 8th of November, 1623, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." It has been handed down in an unusually complete state, for not only are the divisions of the acts pointed out, but the subdivisions of the scenes carefully and accurately noted.

## HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

"The Tragical Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmark. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene diuers times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell. 1603." 4to. 33 leaves.

"The Tragical Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Copie. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604." 4to. 51 leaves.

The title-page of the edition of 1605 does not differ in the most minute particular from that of 1604.

"The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmark. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Copie. At London, Printed for Iohn Smethwicke and are to be sold at his shoppe in Saint Dunstons Church yeard in Fleetstreet. Under the Diall. 1611." 4to. 51 leaves.

"The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmark. Newly Imprinted and enlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy lastly Printed. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreet: Under the Diall." 4to. 51 leaves.

This undated edition was probably printed in 1607, as it was entered at Stationers' Hall on November 19, in that year. An impression, by R. Young, in 4to, 1637, has also John Smethwicke, at the bottom of the title-page.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," occupies thirty-one pages, in the division of "Tragedies;" viz., from p. 152 to p. 280, inclusive, there being a mistake of 100 pages between p. 156 and what ought to have been p. 157.]

THE story upon which, there is reason to believe, Shakespeare founded his tragedy of "Hamlet," has recently been reprinted, from the only known perfect copy, as part of a work called "Shakespeare's Library;" and there is, perhaps, nothing more remarkable than the manner in which our great dramatist wrought these barbarous, uncouth, and scanty materials into the magnificent structure he left behind him. A comparison of "The Historie of Hamlet," as it was translated at an early date from the French of Belleforest, with "The Tragedy of Hamlet," is calculated to give us the most exalted notion of, and profound reverence for, the genius of Shakespeare: his vast superiority to Greene and Lodge was obvious in "The Winter's Tale," and "As You Like It;" but the novels of "Pandosto" and "Rosalynde," as narratives, were perhaps as far above "The Historie of Hamlet," as "The Winter's Tale" and "As You Like It" were above the originals from which their main incidents were derived. Nothing, in point of fact, can be much more worthless, in story and style, than the production to which it is supposed Shakespeare was indebted for the foundation of his "Hamlet."

There is, however, some ground for thinking, that a lost play upon similar incidents preceded the work of Shakespeare: how far that lost play might be an improvement upon the old translated "Historie" we have no means of deciding, nor to what extent Shakespeare availed himself of such improvement.

We feel confident, however, that the "Hamlet" which has come down to us in at least six quarto impressions, in the folio of 1623, and in the later impressions in that form, was not written until the winter of 1601, or the spring of 1602.

Malone, Steevens, and the other commentators, were acquainted with no edition of the tragedy anterior to the quarto of 1604, which professes to be "enlarged to almost as much again as it was;" they, therefore, reasonably suspected that it had been printed before; and within the last twenty years a single copy of an edition in 1603 has been discovered. This, in fact, seems to have been the abbreviated and imperfect edition, consisting of only about half as much as the impression of 1604. From whose press it came we have no information, but it professed to be "printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell." N. L. was Nicholas Ling; and I. R., the printer of the edition of 1604, was no doubt, James Roberts, who, two years before, had made the following entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

"26 July 1602.

James Roberts] A booke, The Revenge of Hamlett prince of Denmark, as yt was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlayn his seruantes."

The words, "as it was lately acted," are important upon the question of date, and the entry further proves, that the tragedy had been performed by the

company to which Shakespeare belonged. In the spring of 1603, "the Lord Chamberlain's servants" became the King's players; and on the title-page of the quarto of 1603 it is asserted that it had been acted "by his Highness' servants."

Thus we see, that in July, 1602, there was an intention to print and publish a play called "The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark;" and this intention, we may fairly conclude, arose out of the popularity of the piece, as it was then acted by "the Lord Chamberlain's servants," who, in May following, obtained the title of "the King's players." The object of Roberts in making the entry already quoted, was to secure it to himself, being, no doubt, aware that other printers and booksellers would endeavor to anticipate him. It seems probable, that he was unable to obtain such a copy of "Hamlet" as he would put his name to; but some inferior and nameless printer, who was not so scrupulous, having surreptitiously secured a manuscript of the play, however imperfect, which would answer the purpose, and gratify public curiosity, the edition bearing date in 1603 was published. Such, we have little doubt, was the origin of the impression of which only a single copy has reached our day, and of which, probably, but a few were sold, as its worthlessness was soon discovered, and it was quickly entirely superseded by the enlarged impression of 1604.

But although we entirely reject the quarto of 1603, as an authentic "Hamlet," it is of high value in enabling us to settle the text of various important passages. It proves, besides, that certain portions of the play, as it appears in the folio of 1623, which do not form part of the quarto of 1604, were originally acted, and were not, as has been hitherto imagined, subsequent introductions.

The impression of 1604 being intended to supersede that of 1603, which gave a most mangled and imperfect notion of the drama in its true state, we may perhaps presume that the quarto of 1604 was, at least, as authentic a copy of "Hamlet" as the editions of any of Shakespeare's plays that came from the press during his lifetime. It contains various passages, some of them of great importance to the conduct and character of the hero, not to be found in the folio of 1623; while the folio includes other passages which are left out in the quarto of 1604; although, as before remarked, we have the evidence of the quarto of 1603, that they were originally acted.

We are inclined to think, that if "Hamlet," in the folio of 1623, were not composed from some now unknown quarto, it was derived from a manuscript obtained by Heminge and Condell from the theatre. The Acts and Scenes are, however, marked only in the first and second Acts, after which no divisions of the kind are noticed; and where Act iii. commences is merely matter of modern conjecture. Some large portions of the play appear to have been omitted for the sake of shortening the performance; and any editor who should content himself with reprinting the folio, without large additions from the quartos, would present but an imperfect notion of the drama as it came from the hand of the poet.

Coleridge, after vindicating himself from the accusation that he had derived his ideas of Hamlet from Schlegel, thus sums up the character of Hamlet: "In Hamlet, Shakespeare seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our mind,—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary

worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed; his thoughts and the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions; and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the medium of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and a color not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment. Hamlet is brave, and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve."

## KING LEAR.

"M. William Shakespeare: His True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was playd before the Kings Maiestie at White-hall vpon S. Stephens night in Christmas Hollidaves. By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at the Globe on the Bankes-side. London, Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Pide Bull neere St. Austins Gate. 1608." 4to, 41 leaves.

"M. William Shakespeare, His True Chronicle History of the life and death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Glocester, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was plaide before the Kings Maiesty at White-hall, vpon S. Stephens night, in Christmas Hollidaves. By his Maiesties Seruants, playing vsually at the Globe on the Bankes-side. Printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1608." 4to, 44 leaves.

The title-page of a third impression in 1608 corresponds with that last above given.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedie of King Lear" occupies twenty-seven pages, in the division of "Tragedies;" viz., from p. 283 to p. 309, inclusive. The last page but one, by an error, is numbered 38, instead of 308. In the first, as well as in the folios of 1632, 1664, and 1685, the Acts and Scenes are regularly marked.]

THE most remarkable circumstance connected with the early publication of "King Lear" is, that the same stationer published three quarto impressions of it in 1608, that stationer being a person who had not put forth any of the authentic (as far as they can deserve to be so considered) editions of Shakespeare's plays. After it had been thus thrice printed (for they were not merely re-issues with fresh title-pages) in the same year, the tragedy was not again printed until it appeared in the folio of 1623. Why it was never republished in quarto, in the interval, must be matter of speculation, but such was not an unusual occurrence with the works of our great dramatist. The extreme popularity of "King Lear" seems proved by the mere fact that the public demand for it, in the first year of its publication, could not be satisfied without three distinct impressions.

It will be seen by the copies of the title-pages which we have inserted, that although Nathaniel Butter was the publisher of the three quarto editions, he only put his address on the title-page of one of them. A more remarkable circumstance, in relation to the title-pages of "King Lear," is, that the name of William Shakespeare is made so obvious at the top of them, the type being larger than that used for any other part of the work: moreover, we have it again at the head of the leaf on which

the tragedy commences, "M. William Shakespeare, his History of King Lear." This peculiarity belongs not only to no other of Shakespeare's plays, but to no other production of any kind of that period which we recollect. It was clearly intended to enable purchasers to make sure that they were buying the drama which "M. William Shakespeare" had written upon the story of King Lear.

The cause of it is, perhaps, to be found in the fact, that there was another contemporary drama upon the same subject, and with very nearly the same names to the principal characters, which was not by Shakespeare, but which the publisher probably had endeavored to pass off as his work. An edition of this play was printed in 1605, under the following title: "The True Chronicle History of King Lear and his three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella."

We may presume that in 1605 no bookseller was able to obtain from the King's Players a copy of Shakespeare's "King Lear;" for there is perhaps no point in our early stage-history more clear, than that the different companies took every precaution in order to prevent the publication of plays belonging to them. However, in the autumn of 1607, Nathaniel Butter had in some way possessed him of a manuscript of "King Lear," and on the 26th November he procured the following unusually minute memorandum to be made in the Stationers' Registers:—

"26 Nov. 1607.

Na. Butter and Jo. Busby] Entered for their Copie under the hands of Sir Geo. Bucke, Kt. and the Wardens, a booke called Mr. Willm Shakespeare, his Historye of King Lear, as yt was playd before the King's Majestie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last, by his Majesties Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bank-side."

This entry establishes that Shakespeare's "King Lear" had been played at Court on the 26th December, 1606, and not on the 26th December, 1607, as we might infer from the title-pages of the three editions of 1608.

It would seem that the folio of 1623 was composed from a manuscript, which had been much, and not very judiciously, abridged for the purposes of the theatre; and although it contains some additions, not in any of the quartos, there are, perhaps, few quartos of any of Shakespeare's plays more valuable for the quantity of matter they contain, of which there is no trace in the folio.

As we find a "King Lear" entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, we can have no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion that the old play, printed in 1605, was considerably anterior in point of date. There is little doubt that Shakespeare was acquainted with it, and probably adopted from it at least that part of the conduct of his story which relates to the faithful Kent. There are other general but few particular resemblances; for of both the chief materials were evidently derived from Holinshed, but Shakespeare varied from all authorities in his catastrophe.

The story of Lear and his daughters is briefly told by Spenser in B. ii., c. 10, of his "Fairie Queene," and thence it has been thought that Shakespeare obtained the name of Cordella, till then usually called Cordelia. That portion of the plot which relates to the Earl of Gloster, he may have procured from Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," first printed in 1590, 4to. An early ballad on King Lear was also published, but no copy with a date has come down to us.

## OTHELLO.

["The Tragedy of Othello, the Moore of Venice. As it hath bene diuerso times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Britains Bursse. 1622." 4to. 48 leaves, irregularly paged.

"The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice," occupies thirty pages in the folio of 1623; viz. from p. 310 to p. 339, inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies;" it is there, as in the three later folios, divided into Acts and Scenes, and on the last page is a list of the characters, headed, "The Names of the Actors.]"

By the subsequent extract from "The Egerton Papers," printed by the Camden Society, it appears that "Othello" was acted for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, at the residence of Lord Ellesmere (then Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal) at Harefield, in the beginning of August, 1602:

"6 August 1602. Rewards to the Vaulters, players, and dauncers. Of this x<sup>ls</sup> to Burbidge's players for Othello, lxiii<sup>li</sup> xviii<sup>s</sup> x<sup>d</sup>."

The part of the memorandum which relates to "Othello" is interlined, as if added afterwards; but thus we find decisively, that this tragedy was in being in the summer of 1602; and the probability is, that it was selected for performance because it was a new play, having been brought out at the Globe theatre in the spring of that year.

The incidents, with some variation, are to be found in Cinthio's *Heccatommitli*. This novel was early translated into French, and in all probability into English, but no such version has descended to us. Our great dramatist may indeed have read the story in the original language; and it is highly probable that he was sufficiently acquainted with Italian for the purpose.

We have seen, by the quotation from "The Egerton Papers," that the company by which "Othello" was performed at Harefield was called "Burbidge's players;" and there can be no doubt that he was the leading actor of the company, and thereby in the account gave his name to the association, though properly denominated the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. Richard Burbage was the original actor of the part of Othello, as we learn from an elegy upon his death, among the late Mr. Heber's manuscripts.

There are two quarto editions of "Othello," one bearing date in 1622, the year before the first folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," appeared, and the other printed in 1630. An exact copy of the title-page of the quarto of 1622, will be found in the usual place, and that published in 1630 differs only in the imprint, which is "by A. M. for Richard Hawkins," &c. Malone summarily dismissed the impression of 1630, as "an edition of no authority," but it is very clear that he had never sufficiently examined it. It was unquestionably printed from a manuscript different from that used for the quarto of 1622, or for the folio of 1623; and it presents a number of various readings, some of which singularly illustrate the original text of "Othello."

Walkley, the publisher of the quarto of 1622, thus entered that edition on the Stationers' Registers, shortly previous to its appearance:—

"6 Oct. 1621.

Tho. Walkley] Entered for his, to wit, under the handes of Sir George Buck and of the Wardens: The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice."

It is perhaps not too much to presume, that this impression, though dated 1622, had come out at

the close of 1621; and that it preceded the folio of 1623 is very obvious, from the fact, that "Othello" was not included in their list by Blunt and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio of 1623, because they were aware that it had already been printed, and that it had been entered as the property of another bookseller. The quarto of 1622 was preceded by the following address:—

"The Stationer to the Reader.

"To set forth a book without an epistle were like to the old English proverb, 'A blue coat without a badge;' and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of work upon me. To commend it I will not—for that which is good, I hope every man will commend without entreaty; and I am the bolder, because the author's name is sufficient to vent his work. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it to the general censure.  
Yours, THOMAS WALKLEY."

The publishers of the folio of 1623, perhaps purchased Walkley's interest in "Othello."

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

["The Tragedie of Anthonic and Cleopatra" occupies twenty-nine pages in the folio of 1623; viz., from p. 340 to p. 368, inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." Although at the beginning it has *Actus Primus, Scena Prima*, it is not divided into acts and scenes, nor is the defect cured in any of the subsequent folio impressions of 1632, 1664, and 1685. They are all without any list of characters.]

WE are without any record that "Antony and Cleopatra" was ever performed; and when in Act v., sc. 2, the heroine anticipates that "some squeaking Cleopatra" will "boy her greatness" on the stage, Shakespeare seems to hint that no young male performer would be able to sustain the part without exciting ridicule. However, the same remark will, more or less, apply to many of his other female characters; and the wonder, of course, is how so much delicacy, tenderness, and beauty could be infused into parts which the poet knew must be represented by beardless and crack-voiced boys.

The period of the year at which "Antony and Cleopatra" was entered on the Stationers' Registers might lead to the inference, that, having been written late in 1607, it was brought out at the Globe in the spring of 1608, and that Edward Blunt (one of the publishers of the folio of 1623) thus put in his claim to the publication of the tragedy, if he could procure a manuscript of it. The memorandum bears date on the 20th May, 1608, and the piece is stated to be "a book" called "Anthony and Cleopatra." Perhaps Blunt was unable to obtain a copy of it, and, as far as we now know, it was printed for the first time in the folio of 1623.

It does not appear that there was any preceding drama on the story, with the exception of the "Cleopatra" of Samuel Daniel, originally published in 1594, to which Shakespeare was clearly under no obligation. Any slight resemblance between the two is to be accounted for by the fact, that both poets resorted to the same authority for their materials—Plutarch—whose "Lives" had been translated by Sir T. North in 1579.

"Of all Shakespeare's historical plays (says Coleridge) 'Antony and Cleopatra' is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much—perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature, counteracting the historic abstraction."

## CYMBELINE.

["The Tragedie of Cymbeline" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it stands last in the division of "Tragedies," and occupies thirty-one pages; viz., from p. 369 to p. 399, misprinted p. 993. There is another error in the pagination, as p. 379 is numbered p. 329. These errors are corrected in the three later folios.]

THE materials in Holinshed for the historical portion of "Cymbeline" are so imperfect and scanty, that a belief may be entertained that Shakespeare resorted to some other more fertile source, which the most diligent inquiries have yet failed to discover. The names of Cymbeline and of his sons, Guiderius and Arviragus, occur in the old Chronicle, and there we hear of the tribute demanded by the Roman emperor, but nothing is said of the stealing of the two young princes, nor of their residence with Bellarius among the mountains, and final restoration to their father.

All that relates to Posthumus, Imogen, and Iachimo is merely fabulous, and some of the chief incidents of this part of the plot are to be found in French, Italian, and English. We will speak of them separately.

They had been employed for a dramatic purpose in France at an early date, in a miracle-play, printed in 1839 by Messrs. Monmerqué and Michel, in their *Theatre François au Moyenage*, from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi. In that piece, mixed up with many romantic circumstances, we find the wager on the chastity of the heroine, her flight in the disguise of a page, the proof of her innocence, and her final restoration to her husband.

The novel by Boccaccio has many corresponding features: it is the ninth of *Giornata II.*, and bears the following title: "Bernabo da Genova, da Ambrogio uolo ingannato, perde il suo, e comanda che la moglie innocente sia uccisa. Ella scampa, et in habito di huomo serve il Soldano; ritrova l'ingannatore, e Bernabo conduce in Alessandria, dove l'ingannatore punito, ripreso habito femineile col marito ricchi si tornano a Genova."

A modification of this production seems to have found its way into our language at the commencement of the seventeenth century. Stevens states that it was printed in 1603, and again in 1620, in a tract called "Westward for Smelts." The incidents in "Westward for Smelts" are completely anglicised, and the scene is laid in this country in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV.

Malone thought that "Cymbeline" was written in 1609; and although we do not adopt his reasoning upon the point, we are strongly inclined to believe that this drama was not, at all events, written at an earlier period. Forman, the astrologer, was present when "Cymbeline" was acted—most likely, in 1610 or 1611—but he does not in his Diary insert the date when, nor the theatre where, he saw it. His brief account of the plot is contained in his "Booke of Plaies and Notes thereof."

We have certainly no right to conclude that "Cymbeline" was a new piece when Forman witnessed the performance of it; but various critics have concurred in the opinion (which we ourselves entertain) that in style and versification it resembles "The Winter's Tale," and that the two dramas belong to about the same period of the poet's life. Forman saw "The Winter's Tale" on 17th May, 1611, and, perhaps, he saw "Cymbeline" at the Globe in the spring of the preceding year. That it was acted at court at an early date is more than probable, but we are without any record of such an

event until 1st January, 1633; under which date Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, registers that it was performed by the King's Players, and that it was "well liked by the King."

It is the last of the "Tragedies" in the folio of 1623, and we have reason to suppose that it had not been printed at any earlier date. The divisions of acts and scenes are throughout regularly marked.

## PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

["The late, And much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole Historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also, The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter Marina. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Summe in Pater-noster row, &c. 1609." 4to. 35 leaves.

"The late, And much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for T. P. 1619." 4to. 34 leaves.

"The late, And much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: Written by Will. Shakespeare: London, Printed by I. N. for R. B. and are to be sold at his shop in Cheapside, at the signe of the Bible 1630." 4to. 34 leaves.

In the folio of 1664, the following is the heading of the page on which the play begins: "The much admired Play, called, Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, Adventures, and Fortunes of the said Prince. Written by W. Shakespeare, and published in his life time." It occupies twenty-pages; viz., from p. 1 to p. 20, inclusive, a new pagination of the volume commencing with "Pericles." It is there divided into Acts, but irregularly, and the Scenes are not marked.]

THE first question to be settled in relation to "Pericles," is its title to a place among the collected works of Shakespeare.

There is so marked a character about every thing that proceeded from the pen of our great dramatist,—his mode of thought, and his style of expression, are so unlike those of any of his contemporaries, that they can never be mistaken. They are clearly visible in all the later portion of the play; and so indisputable does this fact appear to us, that, we confidently assert, however strong may be the external evidence to the same point, the internal evidence is infinitely stronger: to those who have studied his works it will seem incontrovertible.

An opinion has long prevailed, and we have no doubt it is well founded, that two hands are to be traced in the composition of "Pericles." The larger part of the first three Acts were in all probability the work of an inferior dramatist: to these Shakespeare added comparatively little; but he found it necessary, as the story advanced and as the interest increased, to insert more of his own composition. His hand begins to be distinctly seen in the third Act, and afterwards we feel persuaded that we could extract nearly every line that was not dictated by his great intellect. We apprehend that Shakespeare found a drama on the story in the possession of one of the companies performing in London, and that, in accordance with the ordinary practice of the time, he made additions to and improvements in it, and procured it to be represented at the Globe theatre. Who might be the author of the original piece, it would be in vain to conjecture. Although we have no decisive proof that Shakespeare ever worked in immediate concert with any

of his contemporaries, it was the custom with nearly all the dramatists of his day, and it is not impossible that such was the case with "Pericles."

Having thus spoken of the internal evidence of authorship, we will now advert briefly to the external evidence, that it was the work of our great dramatist. In the first place it was printed in 1609, with his name at full length, and rendered unusually obvious, on the title-page. It may next be mentioned, that previously to the insertion of "Pericles" in the folio of 1664, it had been imputed to Shakespeare by S. Shepherd, in his "Times displayed in Six Seatiads," 1646; and in lines by J. Tatham, prefixed to R. Brome's "Jovial Crew," 1652. Dryden gave it to Shakespeare in 1675, in the Prologue to C. Davenant's "Circe." Thus, as far as stage tradition is of value, it is uniformly in favor of our position; and it is moreover to be observed, that until comparatively modern times it has never been contradicted.

The incidents of "Pericles" are found in Lawrence Twine's translation from the *Gesta Romanorum*, first published in 1576, under the title of "The Patterne of Painfull Adventures," in which the three chief characters are not named as in Shakespeare, but are called Apollonius, Lucina, and Tharsia. This novel was several times reprinted, and an edition of it came out in 1607, which perhaps was the year in which "Pericles" was first represented "at the Globe on the Bank-side," as is stated on the title-page of the earliest edition in 1609. The drama seems to have been extremely popular, but the usual difficulty being experienced by booksellers in obtaining a copy of it, Nathaniel Butter probably employed some person to attend the performance at the theatre, and with the aid of notes there taken, and of Twine's version of the story, (which, as we remarked, had just before been reprinted) to compose a novel out of the incidents of the play under the following title: "The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet Iohn Gower. At London. Printed by T. P. for Nat. Butter. 1608." It has also a woodcut of Gower, no doubt, in the costume he wore at the Globe.

This publication is valuable, not merely because it is the only known specimen of the kind of that date in our language, but because though in prose, (with the exception of a song,) it gives some of the speeches more at length, than in the play as it has come down to us, and explains several obscure and disputed passages. It also affords strong presumptive evidence that the drama has not reached us by any means in the shape in which it was originally represented.

"Pericles" was five times printed before it was inserted in the folio of 1664, viz., in 1609, 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635. The folio seems to have been copied from the last of these, with a multiplication of errors, but with some corrections. The first edition of 1609 was obviously brought out in haste, and there are many corruptions in it; but more pains were taken with it than Malone, Steevens, and others imagined; they never compared different copies of the same edition, or they would have seen that the impressions vary importantly, and that several mistakes, discovered as the play went through the press, were carefully set right. The commentators dwelt upon the blunders of the old copies, in order to warrant their own extraordinary innovations; but wherever we could do so, with due regard to the sense of the author, we have restored the text to that of the earliest impression.



# THE DEDICATION.

[INSERTED IN THE FOLIO OF 1632.]

To the most Noble and Incomparable Pair of Brethren. William Earl of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlain to the King's most Excellent Majesty.

And Philip Earl of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Majesty's Bedchamber.

Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

Right Honorable,

Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favors we have received from your Lordships, we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear, and rashness; rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For, when we value the places your Highnesses sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your Lordships have been pleased to think these trifles something, heretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their Author living, with so much favor, we hope, (that they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any book choose his patrons, or find them: this hath done both. For, so much were your Lordships' likings of the several parts, when they were acted,

as before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans, guardians; without ambition either of self-profit, or fame: only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend, and fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his plays, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come near your Lordships but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your Highnesses by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many nations, (we have heard) that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods, by what means they could; and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your Highnesses these remains of your servant SHAKESPEARE; that what delight is in them, may be ever your Lordships', the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,  
JOHN HEMINGE.  
HENRY CONDELL.

## TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS.

FROM the most able, to him that can but spell; there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed. Especially, when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well, it is now public, and you will stand for your privileges, we know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then, how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixpen'orth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jack go. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars, or the Cockpit, to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court, than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the Author himself had lived to have set forth, and overseen his own writings; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care, and pain,

to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where (before) you were abused with divers stolen, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors, that exposed them; even those, are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough, both to draw, and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, who, if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.  
HENRY CONDELL.

## COMMENDATORY VERSES.

*Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author, Master William Shakespeare, and his Works.*

SPECTATOR, this life's shadow is:—to see  
The truer image, and a livelier he,  
Turn reader. But observe his comic vein,  
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragic strain,  
Then weep: so,—when thou find'st two contraries,  
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,—  
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)  
Rare Shake-speare to the life thou dost behold.

*An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet,  
W. Shakespeare.*

WHAT need my Shakespeare for his honor'd bones,  
The labor of an age in piled stones;  
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such dull witness of thy name?  
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a lasting monument:  
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endavoring art,  
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each part  
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;  
Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

*To the Memory of the deceased Author, Master  
W. Shakespeare.*

SHAKE-SPEARE, at length thy pious fellows give  
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive  
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,  
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,  
Here we alive shall view thee still: this book,  
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look  
Fresh to all ages; when posterity  
Shall loathe what's new, think all is prodigy  
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,  
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.  
Nor fire, nor cankering age, as Naso said  
Of his, thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:  
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,  
(Though miss'd) until our bankrupt stage be sped  
(Impossible) with some new strain t' out-do  
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;  
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,  
Than when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake:  
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,  
Shall with more fire, more feeling, be express'd,  
Be sure, (our Shake-speare,) thou canst never die,  
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally. L. DIGGES.

*To the Memory of M. W. Shake-speare.*

WE wonder'd (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soon  
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:  
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth  
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth  
To enter with applause. An actor's art  
Can die, and live to act a second part:

That's but an exit of mortality,  
This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

I. M.

*To the Memory of my beloved, the Author,  
Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he  
hath left us.*

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;  
While I confess thy writings to be such,  
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much;  
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage; but these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:  
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise:  
These are, as some infamous bawd, or whore,  
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?  
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,  
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.  
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,  
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,  
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room:  
Thou art a monument without a tomb;  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;  
I mean, with great but disproportion'd muses:  
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peers;  
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line:  
And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,  
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek  
For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus,  
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,  
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,  
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread  
And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on,  
Leave thee alone, for the comparison  
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
He was not of an age, but for all time;  
And all the muses still were in their prime,  
When like Apollo he came forth to warm  
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.  
Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;  
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.  
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;  
But antiquated and deserted lie,  
As they were not of Nature's family.  
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,  
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:  
For though the poet's matter nature be,  
His art doth give the fashion; and that he,  
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,

(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same,  
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;  
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,  
For a good poet's made, as well as born:  
And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face  
Lives in his issue; even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines  
In his well-turned and true-filed lines;  
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.  
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,  
To see thee in our water yet appear;  
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,  
That so did take Eliza, and our James.  
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere  
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:  
Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with rage,  
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage;  
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,  
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

BEN JONSON.

*On worthy Master Shakespeare, and his Poems.*

A MIND reflecting ages past, whose clear  
And equal surface can make things appear,  
Distant a thousand years, and represent  
Them in their lively colors, just extent:  
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,  
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates  
Of Death and Lethe, where (confused) lie  
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:  
In that deep dusky dungeon to discern  
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn  
The physiognomy of shades, and give  
Them sudden birth, wondering how oft they live;  
What story coldly tells, what poets feign  
At second hand, and picture without brain,  
Senseless and soul-less shows: to give a stage  
(Ample, and true with life) voice, action, age,  
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world to,  
Then unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:  
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,  
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse  
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age  
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:  
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears  
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears  
Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,  
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad  
To be abus'd; affected with that truth  
Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth  
At which we start, and, by elaborate play,  
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crab-like way  
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort  
Disgorge up his ravin for our sport:—  
—While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,  
Creates and rules a world, and works upon  
Mankind by secret engines; now to move  
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;  
To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire;  
To steer th' affections; and by heavenly fire  
Mould us anew, stol'n from ourselves:—

This, and much more, which cannot be express'd  
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,  
Was Shakespeare's freehold; which his cunning  
Improv'd by favor of the nine-fold train; [brain  
The buskin'd muse, the comic queen, the grand  
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand  
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,  
The silver-voiced lady, the most fair

Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,  
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants;  
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another,  
(Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother)  
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,  
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,  
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,  
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright:  
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring;  
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string  
Of golden wire, each line of silk: there run  
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun;  
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice  
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:  
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair  
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,  
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;  
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,  
But fine materials, which the muses know,  
And only know the countries where they grow.

Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,  
In mortal garments pent,—death may destroy,  
They say, his body; but his verse shall live;  
And more than nature takes our hands shall give:  
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,  
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel  
crown'd,

Which never fades; fed with ambrosian meat,  
In a well-lined vesture, rich, and neat.  
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it;  
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his endowments.

I. M. S.

*Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous Scenic Poet, Master W. Shakespeare.*

THOSE hands which you so clapp'd, go now and  
wring,  
You Britons brave; for done are Shake-speare's days:  
His days are done that made the dainty plays,  
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring.  
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,  
Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays;  
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,  
Which crown'd him poet first, then poet's king.  
If tragedies might any prologue have,  
All those he made would scarce make one to this;  
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,  
(Death's public tiring-house) the Nuntius is:  
For, though his line of life went soon about,  
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

[The following are Ben Jonson's lines on the Portrait of Shakespeare, precisely as they stand on a separate leaf opposite to the title-page of the edition of 1623, and which are reprinted in the same place, with some trifling variation of typography, in the folio of 1632.

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;  
Wherein the Graver had a strife  
With Nature, to out-do the life:  
O, could he but have drawn his wit  
As well in brass, as he hath hit  
His face; the Print would then surpass  
All, that was ever writ in brass.  
But since he cannot, Reader, look  
Not at his picture, but his book.

B. I.]

# A CATALOGUE

OF ALL THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES, POEMS, AND SONNETS,  
CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK.

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# THE TEMPEST.



Act III.—Scene 1.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.  
 SEBASTIAN, his Brother.  
 PROSPERO, the <sup>1</sup>right Duke of Milan.  
 ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke  
 of Milan.  
 FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.  
 GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.  
 ADRIAN, } Lords.  
 FRANCISCO, }  
 CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.  
 TRINCULO, a Jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.  
 Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.  
 MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.  
 ARIEL, an airy Spirit.  
 IRIS, }  
 CERES, } Spirits.  
 JUNO, }  
 Nymphs, }  
 Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, <sup>2</sup>a Ship at Sea; afterwards an uninhabited Island.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning  
<sup>2</sup>heard.

*Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain, <sup>4</sup>as on ship-board, shaking off wet.*

*Master.* Boatswain!

*Boats.* Here, master: what cheer?

*Master.* Good. Speak to the mariners: fall to't  
<sup>3</sup>yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.  
 [Exit.]

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boats.* Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my  
 hearts! <sup>b</sup>yare, yare. Take in the topsail; tend to  
 the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind,  
 if room enough!

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND,  
 GONZALO, and Others, <sup>5</sup>from the Cabin.*

*Alon.* Good boatswain, have <sup>6</sup>a care. Where's the  
 master? <sup>c</sup>Play the men.

*Boats.* I pray now, keep below.

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him? You mar our la-  
 bor. Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gen.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence! What care  
 these roarers for the name of king? To cabin:  
 silence! trouble us not.

*Gen.* Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You  
 are a counsellor: if you can command these elements  
 to silence, and work the peace of the <sup>d</sup>present, we  
 will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if  
 you can not, give thanks you have lived so long, and  
 make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance  
 of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—  
 Out of our way, I say. [Exit.]

*Gen.* I have great comfort from this fellow: me-  
 thinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his

<sup>a</sup> Readily; nimbly.—<sup>b</sup> Quick; ready.

<sup>c</sup> "Play the men," i. e., Behave like men.—<sup>d</sup> Present in-  
 stant.

complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* Down with the topmast: yare; lower, lower. Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.*

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

*Seb.* A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

*Boats.* Work you, then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an <sup>a</sup> unstanch'd wench.

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold. Set her two <sup>b</sup> courses: off to sea again; lay her off.

*Enter Mariners, wet.*

*Mar.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Ex-Boats.* What! must our mouths be cold? [*cunt.*

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let us assist For our case is as theirs. [*them.*

*Seb.* I am out of patience.

*Ant.* We are <sup>c</sup> merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

*Gon.* He'll be hanged yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to <sup>d</sup> glut him. [*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—

We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—

Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!—

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Island: before the cell of PROSPERO.

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mira.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's <sup>1</sup> heat, Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd

With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel, Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her, Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and The <sup>e</sup>fraughting souls within her.

*Pro.* Be collected: No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart, There's no harm done.

*Mira.*

O, woe the day!

*Pro.*

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee, (Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am; nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a <sup>f</sup> full poor cell, And thy no greater father.

*Mira.*

More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pro.*

'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,

And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:

[*Lays down his <sup>2</sup> robe*

Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd

The very <sup>3</sup> virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such <sup>3</sup> prevision in mine art

So safely order'd, that there is no soul—

No, not so much <sup>4</sup> perdition as an hair,

Betid to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

*Mira.*

You have often

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,

And left me to a bootless inquisition,

Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

*Pro.*

The hour's now come,

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;

Obeys, and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell? <sup>4</sup> [*Sits down.*

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not

<sup>1</sup> Out three years old.

*Mira.*

Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pro.* By what? by any other house, or person?

Of anything the image tell me, that

Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mira.*

'Tis far off;

And rather like a dream, than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not

Four or five women once, that tended me?

*Pro.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it,

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else

In the dark backward and <sup>5</sup> abyss of time?

If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,

How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

*Mira.*

But that I do not.

*Pro.* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,

Thy father was the duke of Milan, and

A prince of power.

*Mira.*

Sir, are not you my father?

*Pro.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and

She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father

Was duke of Milan, <sup>6</sup> thou his only heir

<sup>6</sup> And princess, no worse issued.

*Mira.*

O, the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't, we did?

*Pro.*

Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;

But blessedly <sup>1</sup> help hither.

*Mira.*

O! my heart bleeds

To think o' the <sup>m</sup> teen that I have turn'd you to,

Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

*Pro.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—

I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should

Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,

Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put

<sup>a</sup> Incontinent.—<sup>b</sup> "Two courses," i. e., mainsail and foresail.  
<sup>c</sup> Absolutely.—<sup>d</sup> To englut; to swallow.—<sup>e</sup> "The freighting souls," i. e., the souls constituting the freight.

<sup>f</sup> "Full poor," i. e., very poor.—<sup>g</sup> Essence.—<sup>h</sup> Loss.—<sup>i</sup> Quite.—<sup>k</sup> Abyss.—<sup>l</sup> Helped.—<sup>m</sup> Sorrow; grief.

The <sup>a</sup>manage of my state; as, at that time,  
Through all the signiories it was the first,  
(And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed  
In dignity) and, for the liberal arts,  
Without a parallel: those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?

*Mira.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pro.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, whom t<sup>a</sup>dvance, and whom  
To <sup>b</sup>trash for over-topping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd them,  
Or else new form'd them; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i<sup>c</sup> the state  
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was  
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk, [not.  
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st

*Mira.* O good sir! I do.

*Pro.* I pray thee, mark me.  
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind  
With that, which but by being so retired  
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood, in its contrary as great  
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,  
A confidence <sup>e</sup>sans bound. He being thus <sup>b</sup>loaded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact,—like one,  
Who having <sup>2</sup> to untruth, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie,—he did believe  
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,  
And executing th' outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition  
Growing,—Dost thou hear?

*Mira.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pro.* To have no screen between this part he play'd,  
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library  
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties  
He thinks me now incapable; confederates  
(So <sup>d</sup> dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,  
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
Thio dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)  
To most ignoble stooping.

*Mira.* O the heavens! [me,

*Pro.* Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell  
If this might be a brother.

*Mira.* I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Pro.* Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;  
Which was, that he in <sup>e</sup>lieu o' the premises,—  
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honors, on my brother: whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight,  
Fated to the <sup>3</sup>practise, did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,  
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
Me, and thy crying self.

*Mira.* Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,  
That wrings mine eyes to't.

*Pro.*

Hear a little farther,  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon's; without the which this story  
Were most impertinent.

*Mira.*

Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?

*Pro.*

Well demanded, wench:  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business; but  
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.

In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd  
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

*Mira.*

Alack! what trouble  
Was I then to you!

*Pro.*

O! a cherubim  
Thou wast, that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have <sup>2</sup>deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me  
An undergoing <sup>b</sup>stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mira.*

How came we ashore?  
*Pro.* By Providence divine.  
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed  
Master of this design) did give us; with  
Rich garments, lincens, stuffs, and necessities,  
Which since have <sup>1</sup>steaded much: so, of his gentle-  
ness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,  
From my own library, with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

*Mira.*

Would I might  
But ever see that man!

*Pro.* Now I arise:— <sup>4</sup>[*Puts on his robe again.*  
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princes can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

*Mira.* Heavens thank you for't! And now, I  
pray you, sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason  
For raising this sea-storm?

*Pro.*

Know thus far forth.—  
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore; and by my <sup>k</sup>prescience,  
I find my <sup>1</sup>zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.  
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,  
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—

[*MIRANDA sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.  
Approach, my Ariel: come!

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master; grave sir, hail. I come

<sup>a</sup> Administration. — <sup>b</sup> Check. — <sup>c</sup> Without. — <sup>d</sup> Thirsty. —  
<sup>e</sup> *In lieu o'*, i. e., in consideration of.

<sup>1</sup> Suggestion. — <sup>2</sup> Covered. — <sup>3</sup> Resolution. — <sup>4</sup> Helped; as-  
sisted. — <sup>k</sup> Foreknowledge. — <sup>1</sup> Prosperity.

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel, and all his <sup>a</sup> quality.

*Pro.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to <sup>b</sup> point the tempest that I bade thee?

*Ari.* To every article.  
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flam'd amazement: sometimes, I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precu-  
sors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more <sup>c</sup> momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pro.* My brave spirit!  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this <sup>d</sup> coil  
Would not infect his reason?

*Ari.* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the <sup>e</sup> mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,  
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-scaring (then like reeds, not hair)  
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here."

*Pro.* Why, that's my spirit!  
But was not this nigh shore?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pro.* But are they, Ariel, safe?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd;  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,  
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.  
The king's son have I landed by himself,  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

*Pro.* Of the king's ship,  
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,  
And all the rest o' the fleet?

*Ari.* Safely in harbor  
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd <sup>f</sup> Bermoothes, there she's hid:  
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;  
Whom, with a charm joined to their surfer'd labor,  
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet  
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,  
And <sup>g</sup> all upon the Mediterranean <sup>h</sup> float,  
Bound sadly home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,  
And his great person perish.

*Pro.* Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.  
What is the time o' the day?

*Ari.* Past the <sup>i</sup> mid season.  
*Pro.* At least two <sup>j</sup> glasses. The time 'twixt six  
and now

Must by us both be spent most preciously. [pains,

*Ari.* Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
Which is not yet performed me.

*Pro.* How now! moody?  
What is 't thou canst demand?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more.

*Ari.* I prithee  
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;  
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge, or grumbings. Thou didst  
promise

To bate me a full year.

*Pro.* Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ari.* No. [ooze

*Pro.* Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the  
Of the salt deep,

To run upon the sharp wind of the north,

To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,

When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir. [got

*Pro.* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou for-  
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,  
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pro.* Thou hast. Where was she born?  
speak; tell me.

*Ari.* Sir, in <sup>k</sup>Argier.

*Pro.* O! was she so? I must,

Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,  
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible  
To enter human hearing, from <sup>k</sup>Argier,  
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,  
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

*Ari.* Ay, sir. [child,

*Pro.* This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with  
And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,  
Refusing her grand 'hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most <sup>m</sup> unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died,  
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island  
(Save for <sup>n</sup> a son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honor'd with  
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes; Caliban, her son.

*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans  
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo: it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master:

I will be <sup>n</sup> correspondent to command,  
And do my <sup>o</sup> spriting gently.

*Pro.* Do so, and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

<sup>a</sup> Powers; faculties.—<sup>b</sup> "To point," i. e., to the minutest article.—<sup>c</sup> Instantaneous.—<sup>d</sup> Tumult.—<sup>e</sup> i. e., such a fever as madmen feel in their frantic fits.—<sup>f</sup> Bermudas.—<sup>g</sup> "Mid season," i. e., noon.—<sup>h</sup> Hours.—<sup>i</sup> Remind.

<sup>k</sup> Algiers.—<sup>l</sup> Behests; commands.—<sup>m</sup> Immitigable.—<sup>n</sup> Obedient.—<sup>o</sup> "Spriting," i. e., the business of a *sprite*, or spirit.



*Pro.* Go, make thyself <sup>1</sup>a like <sup>2</sup>nymph o' the sea: be subject

To no sight but thine and mine; invisible  
To every eyeball, else. Go, take this shape,  
And hither come in't: go; hence, with diligence.

[*Exit* ARIEL.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;  
Awake!

*Mira.* The strangeness of your story put <sup>2</sup>[*Waking.*  
Heaviness in me.

*Pro.* Shake it off. Come on:  
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

*Mira.* 'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

*Pro.* But, as 'tis,  
We can not <sup>b</sup>miss him: he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices  
That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! speak.

*Cal.* [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

*Pro.* Come forth! I say: there's other business  
Come, thou tortoise! <sup>c</sup>when? [*for thee.*

*Re-enter* ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My <sup>d</sup>quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter* CALIBAN.

*Cal.* As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both! a southwest blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er! [*cramps,*

*Pro.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; <sup>e</sup>urchins  
Shall, for that <sup>f</sup>vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, [*first,*  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou <sup>g</sup>cam'st here  
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st  
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle, [*tile.*  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fer-  
Curs'd be I that did so!—All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you;  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me,  
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me  
The rest o' th' island.

*Pro.* Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have us'd  
thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honor of my child.

*Cal.* O ho! O ho!—would it had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

*Pro.* Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness will not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known; but thy vile  
race, [*natures*

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good  
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou  
Deserv'dly confin'd into this rock,  
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

*Cal.* You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague <sup>h</sup>rid you,  
For learning me your language!

*Pro.* Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou't best,  
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;  
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, pray thee!—  
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

*Pro.* So, slave; hence! [*Exit* CALIBAN.]

*Re-enter* ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing;  
FERDINAND following.

ARIEL'S Song.

*Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands;  
Cour't'sied when you have, and kiss'd  
The wild waves <sup>i</sup>whist,  
Foot it featly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.  
Hark, hark!*

*Burden.* Bow, wow. [*Dispersedly.*

*The watch-dogs bark:  
Burden.* Bow, wow.  
*Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticlere  
Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo.*

*Fer.* Where should this music be? 'i' th' air, or  
th' earth?—

It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon  
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,  
This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,  
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.—  
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:*

[*Burden:* ding-dong.

*Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.*

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father.—  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth <sup>j</sup>owes.—I hear it now above me.

<sup>k</sup>[*Music above.*

*Pro.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance  
And say, what thou seest yond'.

*Mira.* What is't? a spirit?  
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form:—t <sup>l</sup>'tis a spirit.

<sup>m</sup> Destroy.—<sup>n</sup> Still; silent.—<sup>o</sup> Owns.

<sup>a</sup> A like nymph, i. e., Ariel, a nymph of the air, is commanded to make herself "a like nymph o' the sea."—<sup>b</sup> Do without.—<sup>c</sup> "When?" an expression of impatience.—<sup>d</sup> Brisk; spruce.—<sup>e</sup> Fairies.—<sup>f</sup> Space.

*Pro.* No, wench: it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses

As we have; such. This gallant, which thou seest, Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows, [him And strays about to find 'em.

*Mira.* I might call him A thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

*Pro.* It goes on, I see, [Aside. As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee

Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess! [Seeing her. On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer May know if you remain upon this island, <sup>2</sup>[Kneels. And that you will some good instruction give, How I may bear me here: my prime request, Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder! If you be maid, or no?

*Mira.* No wonder, sir; But, certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language! heavens!—<sup>2</sup>[Rises. I am the best of them that speak this speech, Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pro.* How! the best? What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me, And that he does I weep: myself am Naples; Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld The king, my father, wreck'd.

*Mira.* Alack, for mercy!

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,

And his brave son, being twain.

*Pro.* The duke of Milan, And his more braver daughter, could control thee, If now 'twere fit to do't.—[Aside.] At the first sight They have chang'd eyes!—delicate Ariel, [sir; I'll set thee free for this!—[To him.] A word, good I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

*Mira.* Why speaks my father so ungently? This Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father To be inclin'd my way!

*Fer.* O! if a virgin, And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you The queen of Naples.

*Pro.* Soft, sir: one word more.—[Aside.] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning Make the prize light.—[To him.] One word more: I charge thee,

That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp The name thou o'west not; and hast put thyself Upon this island as a spy, to win it From me, the lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.

*Mira.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a If the ill spirit have so fair a house, [temple: Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pro.* Follow me.—[To FERD. Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come. I'll manacle thy neck and feet together; Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

*Fer.* No;

I will resist such entertainment, till Mine enemy has more power.

[He draws, and is charmed from moving.

*Mira.* O, dear father! Make not too rash a trial of him, for He's gentle, and not <sup>d</sup>fearful.

*Pro.* What! I say: My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor; Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward, For I can here disarm thee with this stick, And make thy weapon drop.

*Mira.* Beseech you, father!

*Pro.* Hence! hang not on my garments.

*Mira.* Sir, have pity: I'll be his surety.

*Pro.* Silence! one word more Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What! An advocate for an impostor? hush! Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he, Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench! To the most of men this is a Caliban, And they to him are angels.

*Mira.* My affections Are then most humble: I have no ambition To see a goodlier man.

*Pro.* Come on; obey: [To FERD. Thy nerves are in their infancy again, And have no vigor in them.

*Fer.* So they are: My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up. My father's loss, the weakness which I feel, The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats, To whom I am subdued, are but light to me, Might I but through my prison once a day Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth Let liberty make use of; space enough Have I in such a prison.

*Pro.* It works.—Come on.— Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—

[To FERD. and MIRA. Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To ARIEL.

*Mira.* Be of comfort. My father's of a better nature, sir, Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted, Which now came from him.

*Pro.* Thou shalt be as free As mountain winds; but then, exactly do All points of my command.

*Ari.* To the syllable.

*Pro.* Come, follow.—Speak not for him. [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and Others.

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause (So have we all) of joy, for our escape Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe Is common: every day, some sailor's wife, The <sup>4</sup>master of some <sup>5</sup>merchant, and the merchant, Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle, I mean our preservation, few in millions Can speak like us: then, wisely, good sir, weigh

<sup>a</sup> Confute.—<sup>b</sup> "Done yourself some wrong," i.e., spoken a falsehood.—<sup>c</sup> Own'st.

<sup>d</sup> Terrible; formidable.—<sup>e</sup> Guard.—<sup>f</sup> Cause; subject.—<sup>g</sup> Merchant-vessel.

Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The <sup>a</sup>visitor will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit: by and by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir,—

*Seb.* One:—tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolor comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,

*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

*Alon.* I pr'ythee, spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done. But yet—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* <sup>1</sup> Which, or he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockrel.

*Seb.* Done. The wager?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ant.* So, you're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

*Seb.* Yet—

*Adr.* Yet—

*Ant.* He could not miss it.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate <sup>b</sup>temperance.

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench. [erud.]

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True; save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How <sup>c</sup>lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

*Seb.* With an <sup>d</sup>eye of green in't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—

*Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stain'd with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Ant.* Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

*Seb.* What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

*Adr.* Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage?

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* Ay?

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Ant.* O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a <sup>e</sup>sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage? [against

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears, The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my 'rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

*Fran.*

Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs: he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that e'er 's his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt, He came alive to land.

*Alon.*

No, no; he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an African; Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.*

Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise By all of us; and the fair soul herself [wise] <sup>h</sup>Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, <sup>2</sup>as Which end o' the beam <sup>3</sup>should bow. We have lost your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have More widows in them, of this business' making, Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's Your own.

*Alon.* So is the <sup>i</sup>dearest of the loss.

*Gon.*

My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness, And time to speak it in: you rub the sore; When you should bring the plaster.

*Seb.*

Very well.

<sup>a</sup> Gonzalo is called the *visitor*, in allusion to the office of one who visits the sick, to give advice and consolation.—  
<sup>b</sup> Temperature.—<sup>c</sup> Luxuriant.—<sup>d</sup> Shade.

<sup>e</sup> Degree; manner.—<sup>f</sup> Opinion; estimation.—<sup>g</sup> Its.—<sup>h</sup> Was in suspense.—<sup>i</sup> Heaviest.

*Ant.* And most <sup>a</sup> chirurgically.

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather?

*Ant.* Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I <sup>b</sup> plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*Ant.* He'd sow't with <sup>c</sup> needle-seed.

*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

*Gon.* And were the king on't, what would I do?

*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

*Gon.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things, for no kind of traffic

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, <sup>d</sup> tith, vineyard, none;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:

No occupation, all men idle, all;

And women too, but innocent and pure.

No sovereignty:—

*Seb.* Yet he would be king on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets  
the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce,

Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any <sup>e</sup> engine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all <sup>f</sup> foison, all abundance,

To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

*Ant.* None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,

To excel the golden age.

*Seb.* 'Save his majesty!

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!

*Gon.* And, do you mark me, sir?—

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to  
me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it  
to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of  
such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use  
to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am  
nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at  
nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given!

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you  
would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would  
continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter ARIEL <sup>2</sup> above invisible, playing solemn music.*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my  
discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep,  
for I am very heavy?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON., SEB., and ANT.*  
*Alon.* What! all so soon asleep? I wish mine  
eyes [find,

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I  
They are inclined to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,

Will guard your person while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

[*sleeps.*<sup>3</sup>

*Alon.* Thank you. Wondrous heavy.—[*ALONSO*

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why

Doth it not, then, our eye-lids sink? I find not  
Myself disposed to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I: my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

Worthy Sebastian!—O! what might?—No more:—

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face, [and

What thou should'st be. Th' occasion speaks thee,

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What! art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly:

There's meaning in thy snore.

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom: you

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,

'Trebles thee o'er.

*Seb.* Well; I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so: to ebb,

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O!

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,

Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,

You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run

By their own fear, or sloth.

*Seb.* Pr'ythee, say on.

The setting of thine eye, and check, proclaim

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir.

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this

(Who shall be of as little memory,

When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded

(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only

Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive,

'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,

As he that sleeps here, swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

*Ant.* O! out of that no hope,

What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is

Another way so high a hope, that even

Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

*Seb.* Claribel.

*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post,

(The man i' the moon's too slow) till new-born chins

Be rough and razorable; she, <sup>4</sup> for whom

<sup>a</sup> i. e., After the manner of surgeons.—<sup>b</sup> i. e., The first plant-  
ing, or colonizing.—<sup>c</sup> Tillage-ground.—<sup>d</sup> Instrument of war  
or punishment.—<sup>e</sup> Plenty.

<sup>f</sup> "Trebles thee o'er," i. e., makes thee three times what  
thou art.

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some <sup>a</sup> cast again;  
And by that destiny to perform an act,  
Whereof what's past is prologue, <sup>1</sup> what's to come,  
In yours and my <sup>b</sup> discharge.

*Seb.* What stuff is this!—How say you?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;  
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

*Ant.* A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples!"—Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death  
That now hath seized them; why, they were no  
worse

Than now they are. There be, that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate  
As amply, and unnecessarily,  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A <sup>c</sup> enough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

*Seb.* Methinks, I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember,  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* True:  
And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
Much <sup>d</sup> feater than before. My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

*Seb.* But, for your conscience—

*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a <sup>e</sup>kybe,  
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,  
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead,  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course: for all the rest,  
They'll take <sup>f</sup> suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,  
And I, the king, shall love thee.

*Ant.* Draw together;  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* O! but one word. [*They converse apart.*]

*Mus.* <sup>2</sup>ARIEL descends invisible.

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth  
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

*While you here do snoring lie,  
Open-ey'd conspiracy*

*His time doth take.*

*If of life you keep a care,*

*Shake off slumber, and beware:*

*Awake! Awake!*

*Ant.* Then, let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[*They wake.*]  
*Alon.* Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you  
drawn?

Wherefore <sup>3</sup>thus ghastly looking?

*Gon.* What's the matter?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,  
Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

*Alon.*

I heard nothing.

*Ant.* O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,  
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

*Alon.*

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

*Gon.* Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.

I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd: as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn.—There was a noise,  
That's verity: 'tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground, and let's make farther  
search

For my poor son.

*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these beasts,  
For he is, sure, i' the island.

*Alon.*

Lead away. [*Exeunt.*]

*Ari.* Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have  
done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.*

*A noise of thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse; but they'll <sup>4</sup>not pinch,  
Fright me with <sup>5</sup>urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me:  
Sometime like apes, that <sup>6</sup>moe and chatter at me,  
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount  
Their prickles at my foot-fall: sometime am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now! lo!

*Enter TRINCULO.*

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;  
Perchance, he will not mind me.

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off  
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I  
hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud,  
yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that  
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it  
did before, I know not where to hide my head:  
yond' same cloud can not choose but fall by pailiuls.  
—What have we here? <sup>5</sup>[*Seeing Caliban.*] a man  
or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like  
a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of,  
not of the newest, Poon-John. A strange fish!  
Were I in England now, (as once I was) and had  
but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but  
would give a piece of silver: there would this mon-  
ster <sup>6</sup>make a man: any strange beast there makes a  
man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a

<sup>a</sup> "Cast," i. e., cast up.—<sup>b</sup> "In yours and my discharge," i. e., depends on what you and I are to perform.—<sup>c</sup> Jackdaw.—<sup>d</sup> "Much feater," i. e., more neatly, deftly.—<sup>e</sup> "If it were a kybe," i. e., if conscience were a *chilblain*, it would mar my activity.—<sup>f</sup> A hint.

<sup>1</sup> Fairy.—<sup>2</sup> Make mouths.—<sup>3</sup> A black jack of leather to hold beer.—<sup>4</sup> i. e., Make a man's fortune.

lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his <sup>a</sup>gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the <sup>1</sup>drench of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.*

*Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,*

*Here shall I die a-shore.—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*The master, the scabber, the boatswain, and I,*

*The gunner, and his mate,*

*Low'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,*

*But none of us car'd for Kate;*

*For she had a tongue with a <sup>b</sup>tang,*

*Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:*

*She lov'd not the savor of tar, nor of pitch,*

*Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch;*

*Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*]

*Cal.* Do not torment me: O!

*Ste.* What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs can not make him give ground, and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me: O!

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should be learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take 'too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your claps again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!—

*Ste.* Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster. His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come, —Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano!

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no <sup>d</sup>long spoon.

*Trin.* Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo:—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How cam'st thou to be the <sup>e</sup>siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scaped?

*Ste.* Pr'ythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly. [*3 Kneels.*]

*Ste.* Here: swear, then, how thou escap'dst.

*Trin.* Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano! hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

*Ste.* Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster. —The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster.—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on, then; down and swear.

[*4 CALIBAN lies down.*]

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster: I could find in my heart to beat him,—

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.* —But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries; I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

<sup>a</sup> A coarse outer garment.—<sup>b</sup> Sting.—<sup>c</sup> "Too much," an ironical expression, implying a great sum; ever so much.

<sup>d</sup> An allusion to the proverb, "He who eats with the devil had need of a *long spoon*."—<sup>e</sup> Stool (excrement).

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!  
I'll hear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

*Cal.* I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble <sup>a</sup> marmozet: I'll bring thee  
To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young <sup>1</sup> scamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

*Ste.* I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

[Sings drunkenly.]

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken monster.

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape <sup>2</sup> trencher, nor wash dish;

'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom!  
hey-day, freedom!

*Ste.* O brave monster! lead the way. [Exit.]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO's Cell.

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful, and their labor

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labors pleasures: O! she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;  
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove  
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,  
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress [ness  
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such base-  
Had never like executor. I forget:  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors;  
Most busy, <sup>3</sup>blest when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO <sup>4</sup>behind.*

*Mira.* Alas! now, pray you,  
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.  
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study; pray now rest yourself:  
He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O, most dear mistress!  
The sun will set, before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

*Mira.* If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that:  
I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature:  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonor undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mira.*

It would become me  
As well as it does you; and I should do it  
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

*Pro.* Poor worm! thou art infected;  
This visitation shows it. <sup>5</sup>[*Aside.*]

*Mira.*

You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morn'g with me,  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,  
What is your name?

*Mira.*

Miranda.—O my father!

I have broke your <sup>b</sup>hest to say so. <sup>6</sup>[*To herself.*]

*Fer.*

Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues lath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she <sup>c</sup>ow'd,  
And put it to the <sup>d</sup>foil: but you, O you!  
So perfect, and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

*Mira.*

I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,  
And my dear father. How features are abroad,  
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,  
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you;  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget.

*Fer.*

I am, in my condition,

A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;  
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery, than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak:  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service; there resides,  
To make me slave to it; and for your sake,  
Am I this patient log-man.

*Mira.*

Do you love me?

*Fer.* O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this  
And crown what I profess with kind event, [sound,  
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief! I,  
Beyond all limit of <sup>7</sup>ought else i' the world,  
Do love, prize, honor you.

*Mira.*

I am a fool,

To weep at what I am glad of.

*Pro.*

Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between them! <sup>8</sup>[*Aside.*]

*Fer.*

Wherefore weep you?

*Mira.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
What I desire to give; and much less take,  
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your <sup>e</sup>fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

<sup>b</sup> Behest; command. — <sup>c</sup> Owned. — <sup>d</sup> Put it to the foil,  
i. e., set it off by contrast. — <sup>e</sup> Companion.

<sup>a</sup> Small monkey.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest,  
And I thus humble ever. <sup>1</sup>[*Kneels.*]  
*Mira.* My husband then?  
*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing <sup>2</sup>[*Rises.*]  
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.  
*Mira.* And mine, with my heart in't: and now  
farewell,  
Till half an hour hence.  
*Fer.* A thousand thousand! [*Exeunt FER. and MIR.*]  
*Pro.* So glad of this as they, I cannot be,  
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;  
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform  
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

*Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following with a bottle.*

*Ste.* Tell not me:—when the butt is out, we will  
drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up,  
and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.  
*Trin.* Servant-monster? the folly of this island!  
They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are  
three of them; if the other two be brained like us,  
the state totters.

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee:  
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he were a  
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drowned his tongue  
in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I  
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty  
leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my  
lieutenant, monster, or my <sup>a</sup> standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

*Ste.* We'll not run, monsieur monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs,  
and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou  
beest a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe.  
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am  
in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou debauched  
fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath  
drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a  
monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him,  
my lord?

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be  
such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

*Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head:  
if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor  
monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd  
to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

*Ste.* Marry will I; kneel and repeat it: I will  
stand, and so shall Trinculo. <sup>3</sup>[*CALIBAN kneels.*]

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant;  
a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;  
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:  
I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his  
tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.  
*Trin.* Why, I said nothing. [*Proceed.*]

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more.—[*To CALIBAN.*]

*Cal.* I say by sorcery he got this isle;  
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,  
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;  
But this thing dare not.

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How, now, shall this be compassed? Canst  
thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,  
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest; thou canst not. [*patch!*—

*Cal.* What a <sup>b</sup>pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy  
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,  
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,  
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him  
Where the quick <sup>c</sup>freshes are.

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no farther danger: inter-  
rupt the monster one word farther, and, by this  
hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a  
stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go  
farther off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say, he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*]  
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits,  
and hearing too!—A pox o' your bottle! this can  
sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster,  
and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale.—Pr'ythee  
stand farther off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time,  
I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him  
I' the afternoon to sleep: <sup>d</sup>then thou may'st brain him,  
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his <sup>d</sup>wezend with thy knife. Remember,  
First to possess his books; for without them  
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command: they all do hate him,  
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;  
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them)  
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:  
And that most deeply to consider is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,  
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,  
As great'st does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,  
And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter  
and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!)  
and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost  
thou like the plot, Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee;  
but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep;  
Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honor.

<sup>a</sup> Standard-bearer.

<sup>b</sup> Alluding to the party-colored dress of Trinculo, who was  
a licensed fool or jester.—<sup>c</sup> Living springs.—<sup>d</sup> Windpipe.



*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.  
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch  
You taught me but a while ere?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any  
reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and  
flout 'em;*

*Thought is free.*

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by  
the picture of No-body.

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy like-  
ness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins!

*Ste.* He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee.—  
Mercy upon us!

*Cal.* Art thou afraid?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd  
I cry'd to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me,  
where I shall have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away: let's follow it, and  
after do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I  
could see this taboret: he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—Another part of the Island.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,  
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and Others.*

*Gon.* By'r la'kin, I can go no farther, sir;  
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,  
Through <sup>d</sup>forth-rights, and <sup>e</sup>meanders! by your pa-  
I needs must rest me. [*Tiencie*

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself fattach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,  
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

*Ant.* I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.

*Seb.* The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.

*Ant.* Let it be to-night;  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,  
As when they are fresh.

*Seb.* I say, to-night: no more.

[*Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO above,  
invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing  
in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle ac-*

*tions of salutations; and, inviting the King, &c.,  
to eat, they depart.]*

*Alon.* What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music!

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were  
these?

*Seb.* A living drollery. Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix, throne; one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.

*Ant.* I'll believe both;  
And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn them.

*Gon.* If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders,  
(For, <sup>b</sup>certainly, these are people of the island)  
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,  
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of  
Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] Honest lord,  
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,  
Are worse than devils.

*Alon.* I cannot too much <sup>i</sup>muse,  
Such shapes, such <sup>l</sup>gestures, and such <sup>2</sup>sounds, ex-  
pressing  
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] <sup>k</sup>Praise in departing.

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since  
They have left their viands behind, for we have  
stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

*Alon.* Not I.

*Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we  
were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
<sup>l</sup>Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging  
at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,  
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now, we  
Each <sup>m</sup>putter-out of five for one will bring us [*find,*  
Good warrant of.

*Alon.* I will stand to, and feed,  
Although my last: no matter, since I feel  
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,  
Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy,  
claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint  
device, the banquet vanishes.*

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom destiny  
(That hath to "instrument this lower world,  
And what is in't) the never-surfeit'd sea  
Hath caused to belch up, and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'moult men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;<sup>3</sup>  
And even with such like valor men hang and drown  
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of fate: the elements,

<sup>4</sup>[*ALON., SEB., &c., draw their Swords.*  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One °dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers

<sup>a</sup> i. e., A puppet-show with living personages.—<sup>b</sup> Certainly.  
<sup>c</sup> Wonder.—<sup>d</sup> A proverbial phrase, signifying, Do not be in  
haste to approve.—<sup>e</sup> "Dew-lapp'd like bulls," an allusion,  
probably, to the disease of the *goutre*—<sup>f</sup> i. e., Each traveller.  
—<sup>g</sup> i. e., To play upon as an "instrument."—<sup>h</sup> Feather.

<sup>a</sup> A little while ago.—<sup>b</sup> Twangling.—<sup>c</sup> By our Lady.—  
<sup>d</sup> Straight paths.—<sup>e</sup> Winding courses.—<sup>f</sup> Seized.

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,  
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,  
(For that's my business to you) that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Expos'd unto the sea, (which hath requit it)  
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have  
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,  
Lingering perdition (worse than any death  
Can be at once) shall step by step attend  
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from  
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,  
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapies again, and dance with mocks and moves, and carry out the table.*

*Pro.* <sup>1</sup>[*Above.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy  
hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring.  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,  
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good <sup>b</sup>life  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,  
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up  
In their distractions: they now are in my power;  
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd)  
And his and my lov'd darling. [*Exit PROSPERO.*]

*Gon.* P the name of something holy, sir, why stand  
In this strange stare? [*you*]

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous! monstrous!  
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;  
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper; it did <sup>c</sup>base my trespass.  
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy second. [*Exeunt SEB. and ANT.*]

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate: their great  
guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,  
And hinder them from what this <sup>d</sup>ecstasy  
May now provoke them to.

*Adr.* Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO's Cell.

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Pro.* If I have too austere punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends; for I  
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,  
Or that for which I live; whom once again  
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,  
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!

Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it,  
Against an oracle.

*Pro.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but  
If thou dost break her virgin knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may,  
With full and holy rite, be minister'd,  
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,  
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,  
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,  
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
Our worse genius can, shall never melt  
Mine honor into lust, to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration,  
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founde'd,  
Or night kept chain'd below.

*Pro.* Fairly spoke.  
Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—  
What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* What would my potent master? here I am.

*Pro.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform, and I must use you  
In such another trick. Go, bring the rabble,  
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:  
Incite them to quick motion; for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently?

*Pro.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say, "Come," and "go,"  
And breathe twice; and cry, "so so;"  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow.  
Do you love me, master? no?

*Pro.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach,  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well I conceive. [*Exit.*]

*Pro.* Look, thou be true. Do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw  
To the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious,  
Or else, good night, your vow.

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir;  
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardor of my liver.

*Pro.* Well.—  
Now come, my Ariel! bring a <sup>b</sup>corollary,  
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and perty.—  
No tongue, all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*]

*A Masque. Enter IRIS.*

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with <sup>1</sup>stover, them to keep;  
Thy banks with pion'd and <sup>2</sup>titled brims  
Which <sup>3</sup>spongy April at thy best bestrims  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns and thy  
<sup>3</sup>brown groves,  
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor lo <sup>4</sup>,

<sup>a</sup> Pure; blameless.—<sup>b</sup> "With good life," i. e., with full bent and energy of mind.—<sup>c</sup> "Base," i. e., proclaim in a deep tone.—<sup>d</sup> Madness; distraction.

<sup>e</sup> Sprinkling.—<sup>f</sup> Temptation.—<sup>g</sup> Illusion.—<sup>h</sup> Surplus.—  
<sup>i</sup> Fodder.—<sup>k</sup> Moist.

Being <sup>a</sup>lass-lorn; thy polo-clipt vineyard;  
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,  
Where thou thyself dost air; the queen o' the sky,  
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,  
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,  
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,

To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain:  
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter CERES.*

*Cer.* Hail, many-color'd messenger, that ne'er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
My <sup>b</sup>bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen  
Summon'd me hither, to this <sup>2</sup>short-graz'd green?

*Ir.* A contract of true love to celebrate,  
And some donation freely to <sup>c</sup>estate  
On the bless'd lovers.

*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow,  
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot  
The means that dusky <sup>d</sup>Dis my daughter got,  
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

*Ir.* Of her society  
Be not afraid: I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son  
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done  
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:  
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,  
And be a boy right out.

*Cer.* Highest queen of state,  
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

*Enter JUNO.*

*Jun.* How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honor'd in their issue.

*Song.*

*Juno.* Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
*Juno sings her blessings on you.*  
<sup>3</sup>Earth's increase, <sup>c</sup>poison plenty,  
Barus, and garners never empty;  
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;  
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;  
<sup>4</sup>Rain come to you, at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and  
<sup>4</sup>Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

*Pro.* Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever:  
So rare a <sup>5</sup>wonder'd father, and a wife,  
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.*

<sup>a</sup> Forsaken by his lass.—<sup>b</sup> Woody.—<sup>c</sup> Bestow.—<sup>d</sup> "Dis," a name of Pluto.—<sup>e</sup> Abundance.—<sup>f</sup> Charmingly harmonious.—<sup>5</sup> "So rare a wonder'd father," i. e., a father able to produce such wonders.

*Pro.* Sweet now, silence!

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;  
There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd. [brooks,

*Ir.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering  
With your <sup>6</sup>sedge crowns, and ever harmless looks,  
Leave your <sup>7</sup>crisp channels, and on this green land  
Answer your summons: Juno does command.  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love: be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.  
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

[*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Pro.* [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,  
Against my life; the minute of their plot  
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done.—

Avoid;—no more.

*Fer.* This is strange: your father's in some passion  
That works him strongly.

*Mira.* Never till this day,  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Pro.* You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a <sup>8</sup>rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd:  
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.  
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,  
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

*Fer.* *Mira.* We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

*Pro.* Come with a thought!—I thank thee.—  
Ariel, come!

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I leave to. What's thy pleasure?  
*Pro.* Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,  
Lest I might anger thee. [lets a]

*Pro.* Say again, where didst thou leave these var-  
*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:  
So full of valor, that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet, yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,  
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,  
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through  
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking <sup>9</sup>gorse, and  
thorns,

<sup>b</sup> Curled.—<sup>c</sup> Vanished.—<sup>d</sup> Vapor; exhalation.—<sup>e</sup> Furze

Which enter'd their frail <sup>1</sup>skins: at last I left them  
 U' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
 There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
 O'erstunk their feet.

*Pro.* This was well done, my bird.  
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still:  
 The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,  
 For <sup>a</sup> stale to catch these thieves.

*Ari.* I go, I go. [*Exit.*]  
*Pro.* A devil, a horn devil, on whose nature  
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;  
 And as with age his body uglier grows,  
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,

*Re-enter ARIEL, laden with glistening apparel, &c.*  
 Even to roaring.—Come, hang them on this line.

<sup>2</sup> *ARIEL hangs them on the line, and with PROSPERO  
 remains unseen.*

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole  
 may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harm-  
 less fairy, has done little better than play'd the <sup>b</sup> Jack  
 with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which  
 my nose is in great indignation.

*Ste.* So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I  
 should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favor still.  
 Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to [*softly*;  
 Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak  
 All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—  
*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonor in  
 that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet  
 this is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er-  
 ears for my labor.

*Cal.* Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here?  
 This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter:  
 Do that good mischief, which may make this island  
 Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
 For aye thy foot-licker.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody  
 thoughts.

*Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Ste-  
 phano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

<sup>3</sup> [*Seeing the apparel.*]  
*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to  
 a <sup>c</sup> trippery.—O king Stephano!

*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand,  
 I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it. [*mean,*]

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you  
 To doat thus on such luggage? Let's alone,  
 And do the murder first: if he awake,  
 From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;  
 Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not  
 this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:  
 now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove  
 a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do: we steal by line and level, and't  
 like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment

for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king  
 of this country. "Steal by line and level," is an ex-  
 cellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come; put some <sup>d</sup> lime upon your  
 fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,  
 And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes  
 With foreheads villainous low.

*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear  
 this away, where my hog'shead of wine is, or I'll  
 turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

[*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in  
 shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO  
 and ARIEL setting them on.*]

*Pro.* Hey, Mountain, hey!

*Ari.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!

*Pro.* Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[*CAL., STE., and TRIN. are driven out.*]  
 Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
 With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews [them,  
 With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make  
 Than <sup>e</sup> pard, or cat o' mountain. <sup>4</sup> [*Cries and roaring.*]

*Ari.* Hark! they roar.

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour  
 Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:  
 Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou  
 Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,  
 Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Before the Cell of PROSPERO.

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes; and ARIEL.*

*Pro.* Now does my project gather to a head:  
 My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time  
 Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,  
 You said our work should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so,  
 When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
 How fares the king and's followers?

*Ari.* Confin'd together  
 In the same fashion as you gave in charge;  
 Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,  
 In the line-grove which 'weather-fends your cell;  
 They cannot budge till your release. The king,  
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,  
 And the remainder mourning over them,  
 Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly  
 Him that you term'd, sir, the good old lord, Gonzalo:  
 His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
 From caves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works  
 That if you now behold them, your affections [them,  
 Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou think so, spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pro.* And mine shall.  
 Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
 Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
 Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?  
 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the  
 Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury [quick,  
 Do I take part. The rarer action is  
 In virtue, than in vengeance: they being penitent,

<sup>a</sup> Bait.—<sup>b</sup> Knave.—<sup>c</sup> Old-clothes shop.

<sup>d</sup> Bird-lime.—<sup>e</sup> Leopard.—<sup>f</sup> Defends from the weather.—  
<sup>g</sup> Stir.

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown farther. Go; release them, Ariel.  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Pro.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,  
When he comes back; ye deny-puppets, that  
By moonshine do the green-sward ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid  
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake; and by the <sup>a</sup>spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,  
Have wak'd their sleepers; oped, and let them forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do)  
To work mine end upon their senses, that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,  
For you are spell-stopped.—

<sup>2</sup> Noble Gonzalo, honorable man,  
Mine eyes, even sociable to the <sup>3</sup>flow of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;  
And as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo!  
My true preserver, and a loyal <sup>4</sup>servant  
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces  
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly  
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;— [*blood,*  
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and  
you brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,  
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)  
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,  
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding  
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,  
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,  
That yet looks on me, <sup>5</sup>e'er would know me.—Ariel,  
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [*Exit ARIEL.*]  
I will dis-case me, and myself present,  
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit;  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*ARIEL re-enters singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.*

*Ari.* Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a coveslip's bell I lie:

*There I<sup>6</sup> couch. When owls do cry,  
On the bat's back I<sup>7</sup> do fly,  
After summer, merrily:  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

*Pro.* Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;  
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—  
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:  
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,  
Being awake, enforce them to this place,  
And presently, I pry thee.

*Ari.* I drink the air before me, and return  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit ARIEL.*]

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement  
Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country!

*Pro.* [*Attired as Duke.*] Behold, sir king,  
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero.  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;  
And to thee, and thy company, I bid  
A hearty welcome.

*Alon.* Whe'r thou beest he, or no,  
Or some enchanted <sup>8</sup>devil to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse  
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,  
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave  
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.  
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat [*pero*  
Thou pardon me <sup>9</sup>thy wrongs.—But how should Pros-  
Be living, and be here?

*Pro.* First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot  
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

*Gon.* Whether this be,  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Pro.* You do yet taste  
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all.—  
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*]

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,  
And justify you traitors: at this time  
I will tell no tales.

*Seb.* [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.

*Pro.* No.—  
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother  
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
Thy rankest <sup>10</sup>faults; all of them; and require  
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know  
Thou must restore.

*Alon.* If thou beest Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation:  
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since  
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,  
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)  
My dear son Ferdinand.

*Pro.* I am <sup>b</sup>woe for't, sir.

*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss, and patience  
Says it is past her cure.

*Pro.* I rather think,  
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,  
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,  
And rest myself content.

*Alon.* You the like loss?

*Pro.* As great to me, as late; and, supportable  
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you, for I  
Have lost my daughter.

<sup>a</sup> Roots.

<sup>b</sup> Sorry.

*Alon.* A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,  
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish  
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed [ter?]  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

*Pro.* In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire,  
That they devour their reason, and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath; but, howsoever you have  
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,  
That I am Prospero, and that very duke  
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely  
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,  
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;  
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;  
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,  
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you have given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing;  
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye  
As much as me my dukedom.

<sup>1</sup>PROSPERO draws a curtain, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess

*Mira.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No, my dearest love,  
I would not for the world. [wrangle,  
*Mira.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should  
And I would call it fair play.

*Alon.* If this prove  
A vision of the island, one dear son  
Shall I twice lose.

*Seb.* A most high miracle!

*Fer.* Though the seas threaten they are merciful:  
I have curs'd them without cause. [Kneels to ALON.

*Alon.* Now, all the blessings  
Of a glad father compass thee about!  
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

*Mira.* O, wonder!  
How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! O, brave new world,  
That has such people in't!

*Pro.* 'Tis new to thee. [play?  
*Alon.* What is this maid, with whom thou wast at  
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together?

*Fer.* Sir, she is mortal;  
But, by immortal providence, she's mine:  
I chose her, when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before; of whom I have  
Received a second life, and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.* I am hers.  
But O! how oddly will it sound, that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness.

*Pro.* There, sir, stop:  
Let us not burden our remembrances  
With a heaviness that's gone.

*Gon.* I have inly wept,  
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown,  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way,  
Which brought us hither!

*Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo.

*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples? O! rejoice  
Beyond a common joy, and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,  
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,  
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,  
When no man was his own.

*Alon.* Give me your hands: [To FER. and MIR.  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,  
That doth not wish you joy!

*Gon.* Be it so: Amen.

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain  
amazedly following.*

O look, sir! look, sir! here are more of us.  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?  
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

*Boats.* The best news is, that we have safely found  
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,  
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,  
Is tight, and c'ysare, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.

*Ari.* Sir, all this service [Aside.  
Have I done since I went.

*Pro.* My 'tricksy spirit! [Aside.

*Alon.* These are not natural events; they strengthen  
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,  
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,  
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master  
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moping hither.

*Ari.* Was't well done!

*Pro.* Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt } *Aside.*  
be free.

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever o' conduct of: some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pro.* Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,  
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you  
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every  
These happen'd accidents; till then, be cheerful,  
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit:  
Set Caliban and his companions free; [Aside.  
Untie the spell. [Exit ARIEL.] How fares my gracious  
There are yet missing of your company [sir?  
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and  
TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no  
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—  
Coragio! bully-monster, coragio!

*Trin.* If these be true 'spices which I wear in my  
head, here's a goodly sight.

*Cal.* O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed.  
How fine my master is! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

<sup>a</sup> Wonder; marvel.

<sup>b</sup> "His own." i. e., in his senses.—<sup>c</sup> Ready.—<sup>d</sup> Pretty; brisk.  
—<sup>e</sup> Conductor.—<sup>f</sup> Eyes.

*Seb.* Ha, ha!  
What things are these, my lord Antonio?  
Will money buy them?

*Ant.* Very like: one of them  
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pro.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say, if they be a true.—This mis-shapen knave,  
His mother was a witch; and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,  
And deal in her command<sup>a</sup> with all her power.  
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil  
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them  
To take my life: two of these fellows you  
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.

*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

*Seb.* He is drunk now: where had he wine?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should  
Find this grand liquor that hath<sup>b</sup> gild'd 'em? [they  
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle, since I saw  
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones:  
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano! [cramp.

*Ste.* O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a

*Pro.* You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one then.

*Alon.* This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

[Pointing to CALIBAN.

*Pro.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners,  
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;  
Take with you your companions: as you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool?

*Pro.* Go to; away!

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you  
*Seb.* Or stole it, rather. [found it.

[Exeunt CAL., STE., and TRIN.

*Pro.* Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,  
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest  
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste

With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away; the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents gone by,  
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.* I long  
To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

*Pro.* I'll deliver all;  
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail, so expeditious, that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—  
That is thy charge: then, to the elements;  
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you draw near.<sup>2</sup>

## EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own;  
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,  
I must be here confin'd by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got,  
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island, by your spell;  
But release me from my bands,  
With the help of your good hands.  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please. Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;  
Which pierces so, that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.

<sup>3</sup>[Exeunt omnes.

<sup>a</sup> Honest.—<sup>b</sup> "Gild'd 'em," i. e., made them drunk.

<sup>c</sup> By your applause.

# THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.



ACT III.—Scene 1.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.  
 VALENTINE, } <sup>2</sup>The two Gentlemen.  
 PROTEUS, }  
 ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.  
 THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.  
 EGLAMOUR, agent <sup>3</sup> of Silvia in her escape.  
 SPEED, a clownish Servant to Valentine.  
 LAUNCE, <sup>4</sup> the like to Proteus.

PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.

Host, where Julia lodges.<sup>5</sup>  
 Outlaws <sup>6</sup> with Valentine.

<sup>7</sup> JULIA, beloved of Proteus.

<sup>8</sup> SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.

LUCETTA, Waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE: sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan, and on the frontiers of Mantua.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open place in Verona.

*Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

*Val.* Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:  
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.  
 Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days  
 To the sweet glances of thy honor'd love,  
 I rather would entreat thy company  
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
 Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,  
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.  
 But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,  
 Even as I would, when I to love begin.

*Pro.* Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu.  
 Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest  
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:  
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness,  
 When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,  
 If ever danger do environ thee,  
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
 For I will be thy <sup>a</sup> bead's-man, Valentine.

*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success

*Pro.* Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.  
*Val.* That's on some shallow story of deep love,  
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper love,  
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

*Val.* 'Tis true; <sup>9</sup> but you are over boots in love,  
 And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

*Pro.* Over the boots? nay, give me not the <sup>b</sup> boots.

*Val.* No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

*Pro.* What?

*Val.* To be in love, where scorn is bought with  
 groans;

Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's  
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labor won:

However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

*Pro.* So, by your <sup>c</sup> circumstance, you call me fool.

*Val.* So, by your <sup>d</sup> circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

*Pro.* 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not love.

*Val.* Love is your master, for he masters you;  
 And he that is so yoked by a fool,

<sup>a</sup> "Bead's-man," one who prays for another  
<sup>b</sup> "Give me not the boots," i. e., Do not make a laughing-  
 stock of me, — <sup>c</sup> Reasoning; circumstantial deductions. —  
<sup>d</sup> Conduct.

<sup>a</sup> "Bead's-man," one who prays for another



Methinks, should not be chronicle for wise.

*Pro.* Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud  
The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And writers say, as the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by love the young and tender wit  
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,  
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu. My father at the <sup>a</sup>road  
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

*Val.* Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.  
<sup>b</sup>To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,  
Of thy success in love, and what news else  
Betideth here in absence of thy friend,  
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan.

*Val.* As much to you at home; and so, farewell.

*Pro.* He after honor hunts, I after love: [*Exit.*]

He leaves his friends to dignify them more;  
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.  
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;  
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,  
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* Sir Proteus, save you. Saw you my master?

*Pro.* But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

*Speed.* Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,

And I have play'd the <sup>c</sup>sheep in losing him.

*Pro.* Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,

As if the shepherd be awhile away.

*Speed.* You conclude, that my master is a shepherd,

then, and I a sheep?

*Pro.* I do.

*Speed.* Why then, my horns are his horns, whether

I wake or sleep.

*Pro.* A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

*Speed.* This proves me still a sheep.

*Pro.* True, and thy master a shepherd.

*Speed.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

*Speed.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not

the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my

master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd,

the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou

for wages followst thy master, thy master for wages

follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me cry "baa."

*Pro.* But, dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter

to Julia?

*Speed.* Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter

to her, a <sup>d</sup>laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton,

gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labor.

*Pro.* Here's too small a pasture for such store of

muttons.

*Speed.* If the ground be overcharg'd, you were

best stick her.

*Pro.* Nay, in that you are a <sup>e</sup>stray, 'twere best

pound you.

*Speed.* Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me

for carrying your letter.

*Pro.* You mistake: I mean the pound, the pinfold.

*Speed.* From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your

lover.

*Pro.* But what said she? did she nod?

*Speed.* <sup>f</sup>I. [*SPEED nods.*]

*Pro.* Nod, I? why that's noddly.

*Speed.* You mistook, sir; I say she did nod, and

you ask me, if she did nod? and I say I.

*Pro.* And that set together, is noddly.

*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it

together, take it for your pains.

*Pro.* No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

*Speed.* Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with

you.

*Pro.* Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having

nothing but the word noddly for my pains.

*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

*Speed.* And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

*Pro.* Come, come; open the matter in brief: what

said she?

*Speed.* Open your purse, that the money, and the

matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

*Pro.* Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said

she? [*Giving him money.*]

*Speed.* Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

*Pro.* Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from

her?

*Speed.* Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her

<sup>g</sup>better;

No, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter;

And being so hard to me that brought <sup>h</sup>to her your

mind,

I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling <sup>i</sup>you her

mind.

Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

*Pro.* What! said she nothing?

*Speed.* No, not so much as—"take this for thy

pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you

have <sup>j</sup>testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth

carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll com-

mend you to my master. [*Exit.*]

*Pro.* Go, go, he gone, to save your ship from wreck,

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,

Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.—

I must go send some better messenger:

I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,

Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. Julia's Garden.

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,

Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

*Luc.* Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

*Jul.* Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,

That every day with <sup>k</sup>parle encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest love? [*mind*]

*Luc.* Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my

According to my shallow simple skill.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

*Luc.* As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;

But, were I you, he never should be mine.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the rich <sup>l</sup>Mercutio?

*Luc.* Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

*Luc.* Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

*Jul.* How now! what means this passion at his

name?

*Luc.* Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame,

That I, unworthy body as I am,

Should <sup>m</sup>censure thus <sup>n</sup>a loving gentleman.

<sup>a</sup> Harbor.—<sup>b</sup> At.—<sup>c</sup> Sheep is pronounced as *ship* in many parts of England.—<sup>d</sup> Caught; ensnared.—<sup>e</sup> "A stray," i. e., a stray sheep.

<sup>f</sup> "I," formerly used for *ay*.—<sup>g</sup> "Testern'd me," i. e., given me sixpence.—<sup>h</sup> Talk.—<sup>i</sup> Judge.

*Jul.* Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

*Luc.* Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

*Jul.* Your reason?

*Luc.* I have no other but a woman's reason:

I think him so, because I think him so.

*Jul.* And wouldst thou have me east my love on him?

*Luc.* Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

*Jul.* Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

*Luc.* Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

*Jul.* His little speaking shows his love but small.

*Luc.* Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

*Jul.* They do not love, that do not show their love.

*Luc.* O! they love least, that let men know their

*Jul.* I would I knew his mind. [*Love.*]

*Luc.* Peruse this paper, madam. <sup>1</sup>[*Gives*

*Jul.* "To Julia." Say, from whom? [*a letter.*]

*Luc.* That the contents will show.

*Jul.* Say, say, who gave it thee? [*Proteus.*]

*Luc.* Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from  
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,  
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

*Jul.* Now, by my modesty, a goodly <sup>2</sup>broker!

Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place. [*back.*]

There, take the paper; see it be return'd, <sup>2</sup>[*Gives it*  
Or else return no more into my sight.

*Luc.* To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

*Jul.* Will you be gone?

*Luc.* That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view,

Since maids, in modesty, say "No," to that

Which they would have the profferer construe, "Ay."

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,

That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here:

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile.

My penance is to call Lucetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past.—

What ho! Lucetta!

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* What would your ladyship?

*Jul.* Is it near dinner-time?

*Luc.* I would, it were;  
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,  
And not upon your maid.

<sup>3</sup>[*Drops the letter, and takes it up again.*]

*Jul.* What is't that you took up so gingerly?

*Luc.* Nothing.

*Jul.* Why didst thou stoop, then?

*Luc.* To take a paper up  
That I let fall.

*Jul.* And is that paper nothing?

*Luc.* Nothing concerning me.

*Jul.* Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

*Luc.* Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,  
Unless it have a false interpreter.

*Jul.* Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

*Luc.* That I might sing it, madam, to a tune,  
Give me a note: your ladyship can set—

*Jul.* As little by such toys as may be possible.

Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."

*Luc.* It is too heavy for so light a tune.

\* Matchmaker.

*Jul.* Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

*Luc.* Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

*Jul.* And why not you?

*Luc.* I cannot reach so high.

*Jul.* Let's see your song.—<sup>4</sup>[*Snatching the letter.*]

How now, minion!

*Luc.* Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:  
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

*Jul.* You do not?

*Luc.* No, madam; it is too sharp.

*Jul.* You, minion, are too saucy.

*Luc.* Nay, now you are too flat,  
And mar the concord with too harsh a <sup>b</sup>descant:  
There wanteth but a <sup>c</sup>mean to fill your song.

*Jul.* The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

*Luc.* Indeed I bid the <sup>d</sup>base for Proteus.

*Jul.* This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.  
Here is a <sup>e</sup>coil with protestation!—

[*Tears the letter, <sup>b</sup> and throws it down.*]

Go; get you gone, and let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them to anger me.

*Luc.* She makes it strange, but she would be  
<sup>6</sup>pleas'd better

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

O hateful hands! to tear such loving words:

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—"kind Julia;"—unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus;"—

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I <sup>f</sup>search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea.

Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ,—

"Poor forlorn Proteus; passionate Proteus

To the sweet Julia:"—that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, <sup>g</sup>sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining <sup>7</sup>name.

Thus will I fold them one upon another:

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* Madam,

Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

*Jul.* Well, let us go. [*here?*]

*Luc.* What! shall these papers lie like tell-tales

*Jul.* If you respect them, best to take them up.

*Luc.* Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;  
Yet here they shall not lie for catching <sup>h</sup>cold.

*Jul.* I see, you have a month's mind <sup>8</sup>unto them.

*Luc.* Ay, madam, you may <sup>9</sup>see what sights you

I see things too, although you judge I wink. [*think;*]

*Jul.* Come, come; will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in ANTONIO'S  
House.

*Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*

*Ant.* Tell me, Panthino, what 'sad talk was that,  
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

<sup>b</sup> Part of an air containing discords, now called a *variation*.  
<sup>c</sup> The tenor in music.—<sup>d</sup> An allusion to the game of base,  
in which one runs, and challenges his opponent to pursue.  
<sup>e</sup> Bustle; stir.—<sup>f</sup> Probe.—<sup>g</sup> Since.—<sup>h</sup> For catching cold,  
i. e., lest they should catch cold.—<sup>i</sup> Serious.

*Pant.* 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

*Ant.* Why, what of him?

*Pant.* He wonder'd, that your lordship Would suffer him to spend his youth at home, While other men, of slender <sup>a</sup> reputation, Put forth their sons to seek preferment out: Some to the wars, to try their fortune there; Some, to discover islands far away; Some, to the studious universities. For any, or for all these exercises, He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet, And did request me to importune you To let him spend his time no more at home, Which would be great <sup>b</sup> impeachment to his age, In having known no travel in his youth.

*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much importune me to that Whereon this month I have been hammering. I have consider'd well his loss of time, And how he cannot be a perfect man, Not being tried and tutor'd in the world: Experience is by industry achiev'd, And perfected by the swift course of time. Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

*Pant.* I think, your lordship is not ignorant

How his companion, youthful Valentine, Attends the emperor in his royal court.

*Ant.* I know it well. [thither.

*Pant.* 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him There shall he practise tilts and tournaments, Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen, And be in eye of every exercise, Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth.

*Ant.* I like thy counsel: well hast thou advis'd; And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it, The execution of it shall make known. Even with the speediest expedition I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

*Pant.* To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso, With other gentlemen of good <sup>c</sup>esteem, Are journeying to salute the emperor, And to commend their service to his will.

*Ant.* Good company; with them shall Proteus go: And, in good time,—now will we <sup>d</sup>break with him.

*Enter PROTEUS, <sup>1</sup>not seeing his Father.*

*Pro.* Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life! Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn. <sup>2</sup>[Kissing a letter.

O! that our fathers would applaud our loves, <sup>3</sup>And seal our happiness with their consents! O heavenly Julia!

*Ant.* How now! what letter are you reading there?

*Pro.* May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two Of <sup>e</sup>commendations sent from Valentine, <sup>4</sup>[Putting Deliver'd by a friend that came from him. [it up.

*Ant.* Lend me the letter: let me see what news.

*Pro.* There is no news, my lord, but that he writes How happily he lives, how well belov'd, And daily graced by the emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

*Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish?

*Pro.* As one relying on your lordship's will, And not depending on his friendly wish.

*Ant.* My will is something <sup>f</sup>sorted with his wish.

<sup>5</sup>Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed, For what I will, I will, and there an end.

I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time With <sup>6</sup>Valentino in the emperor's court:

What maintenance he from his friends receives,

Like <sup>h</sup>exhibition thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go:

<sup>i</sup>Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

*Pro.* My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:

Please you, deliberate a day or two. [thee:

*Ant.* Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—

Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd

To hasten on his expedition.

[Exit ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

*Pro.* Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning, And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,

Lest he should take exceptions to my love;

And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,

Hath he excepted most against my love.

O! how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day,

Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,

And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Re-enter PANTHINO.

*Pant.* Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:

He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

*Pro.* Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto, And yet a thousand times it answers no. [Exit.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

*Speed.* Sir, your glove.

*Val.* Not mine; my gloves are <sup>k</sup>on.

*Speed.* Why then this may be yours, for this is but <sup>k</sup>one.

*Val.* Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine.— Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

*Speed.* Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

*Val.* How now, sirrah?

*Speed.* She is not within hearing, sir.

*Val.* Why, sir, who bade you call her?

*Speed.* Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward. [slow.

*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too

*Val.* Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know madam

*Speed.* She that your worship loves? [Silvia?

*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love?

*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks. First, you have learn'd, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a mal-content; to relish a love song, like a robin-reddbreast; to walk alone, like one that <sup>h</sup>ath the pestilence; to sigh like a schoolboy that <sup>h</sup>ath lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that <sup>h</sup>ath buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes <sup>i</sup>diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak pining, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; and when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are <sup>9</sup>so metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

*Val.* Are all these things perceived in me?

*Speed.* They are all perceived without ye.

<sup>a</sup> Little consequence.—<sup>b</sup> Reproach.—<sup>c</sup> Reputation.—<sup>d</sup> Break the matter to him.—<sup>e</sup> Respects.—<sup>f</sup> "Sorted with," i. e., agreeable to.—<sup>g</sup> Wonder.

<sup>h</sup> Allowance.—<sup>i</sup> "Excuse it not," i. e., do not excuse yourself.—<sup>k</sup> On and one were anciently pronounced and sometimes written alike.—<sup>l</sup> "That takes diet," i. e., that is under a regimen for disease.

*Val.* Without me? they cannot.

*Speed.* Without you; nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would <sup>1</sup>be: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urnal, that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

*Val.* But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

*Speed.* She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

*Val.* Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

*Speed.* Why, sir, I know her not.

*Val.* Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not.

*Speed.* Is she not hard-favor'd, sir?

*Val.* Not so fair, boy, as well favor'd.

*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.

*Val.* What dost thou know?

*Speed.* That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favor'd.

*Val.* I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favor infinite.

*Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.

*Val.* How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

*Speed.* You never saw her since she was deform'd.

*Val.* How long hath she been deform'd?

*Speed.* Ever since you loved her.

*Val.* I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

*Speed.* If you love her, you cannot see her.

*Val.* Why?

*Speed.* Because love is blind. O! that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!

*Val.* What should I see then?

*Speed.* Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

*Val.* Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

*Speed.* True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you 'swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

*Speed.* I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

*Val.* Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

*Speed.* And have you?

*Val.* I have.

*Speed.* And are they not lamely writ?

*Val.* No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

*Enter SILVIA.*

*Speed.* O excellent <sup>b</sup> motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

*Val.* Madam and mistress, a thousand good mor-

*Speed.* O! 'give ye good even: here's a million of manners.

*Sil.* Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

*Speed.* He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

*Val.* As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;

Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship. <sup>2</sup>[*Giving a paper.*]

*Sil.* I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very clerkly done.

*Val.* Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;

For, being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at random, very doubtfully. [pains?]

*Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much

*Val.* No, madam: so it <sup>d</sup>stead you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much.

And yet,—

*Sil.* A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel: And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—

And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you,

Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

*Speed.* And yet you will; and yet, another yet.

[*Aside.*]

*Val.* What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

*Sil.* Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,

But since unwillingly, take them again.

Nay, take them. <sup>3</sup>[*Giving it back.*]

*Val.* Madam, they are for you.

*Sil.* Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request,

But I will none of them: they are for you.

I would have had them writ more movingly.

*Val.* Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

*Sil.* And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over;

And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

*Val.* If it please me, madam; what then?

*Sil.* Why, if it please you, take it for your labor:

And so good-morrow, servant.

[*Exit.*]

*Speed.* O jest! unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple.

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor, He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better, That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

*Val.* How now, sir! what, are you reasoning with yourself?

*Speed.* Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

*Val.* To do what?

*Speed.* To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

*Val.* To whom?

*Speed.* To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.

*Val.* What figure?

*Speed.* By a letter, I should say.

*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me?

*Speed.* What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Speed.* No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

*Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why, she hath given you a letter.

*Val.* That's the letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an <sup>e</sup> end.

*Val.* I would it were no worse!

*Speed.*

I'll warrant you, 'tis as well: For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty, Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,

Her self hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—

All this I speak in <sup>f</sup>print, for in print I found it.—Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

<sup>a</sup> Whipped.—<sup>b</sup> Puppet-show.

<sup>c</sup> Scholarly.—<sup>d</sup> Serve; profit.—<sup>e</sup> "There an end," i. e., there's the conclusion.—<sup>f</sup> "In print," i. e., with exactness.

*Val.* I have dined.

*Speed.* Ay, but hearken, sir: though the camelion love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O! be not like your mistress: be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in JULIA'S House.

*Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.*

*Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.

*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.

*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.

*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.<sup>1</sup>

*Pro.* Why then, we'll make exchange: here, take you this. <sup>2</sup>[*Exchange rings.*]

*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.

My father stays my coming; answer not.

The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;

That tide will stay me longer than I should.

[*Exit JULIA.*]

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

*Enter PANTHINO.*

*Pant.* Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

*Pro.* Go; I come, I come.—  
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter LAUNCE, leading <sup>3</sup>his Dog.*

*Launce.* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the <sup>4</sup>kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the imperial court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father:—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so, neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog.—O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing:" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a <sup>4</sup>wild woman:—well, I kiss her; why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath, up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word, but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

<sup>1</sup> Kindred.

*Enter PANTHINO.*

*Pant.* Launce, away, away, aboard: thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

*Launce.* It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

*Pant.* What's the unkindest tide?

*Launce.* Why, he that's tied here; Crab, my dog.

*Pant.* Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

*Launce.* For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

*Pant.* Where should I lose my tongue?

*Launce.* In thy tale.

*Pant.* In thy tail?

*Launce.* Lose the <sup>b</sup>tied, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide. Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

*Pant.* Come; come, away, man: I was sent to call thee.

*Launce.* Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

*Pant.* Wilt thou go?

*Launce.* Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

*Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*

*Sil.* Servant.—

*Val.* Mistress.

*Speed.* Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.

*Speed.* Not of you.

*Val.* Of my mistress, then.

*Speed.* 'Twere good you knock'd him.

*Sil.* Servant, you are <sup>c</sup>sad.

*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.

*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?

*Val.* <sup>d</sup>Haply, I do.

*Thu.* So do counterfeits.

*Val.* So do you.

*Thu.* What seem I that I am not?

*Val.* Wise.

*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?

*Val.* Your folly.

*Thu.* And how <sup>e</sup>quote you my folly?

*Val.* I <sup>e</sup>quote it in your jerkin.

*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.

*Val.* Well, then, <sup>f</sup>'twill double your folly.

*Thu.* How?

*Sil.* What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change color?

*Val.* Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of camelion.

*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

*Val.* You have said, sir.

*Thu.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time. [*Begin.*]

*Val.* I know it well, sir: you always end ere you

*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

*Val.* 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

*Sil.* Who is that, servant?

*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

<sup>b</sup> "The tied," i. e., the dog. — <sup>c</sup>Serious. — <sup>d</sup>Perhaps. — <sup>e</sup>Observe; note.

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

*Val.* I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.

*Enter the DUKE.*

*Duke.* Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

*Val.* My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duke.* Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman To be of <sup>1</sup>wealth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

*Duke.* Hath he not a son?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves The honor and regard of such a father.

*Duke.* You know him well?

*Val.* I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy We have convers'd, and spent our hours together: And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days:

His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word, (for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow) He is complete in <sup>2</sup>feature, and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Duke.* <sup>3</sup>Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good, He is as worthy for an empress' love, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time a-while. I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

*Val.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

*Duke.* Welcome him, then, according to his worth. Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio:—For Valentine, I need not <sup>4</sup>cite him to it. I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit DUKE.*]

*Val.* This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship, Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

*Sil.* Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them, Upon some other pawn for fealty. [*still.*]

*Val.* Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners

*Sil.* Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind, How could he see his way to seek <sup>2</sup>you out?

*Val.* Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

*Thu.* They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

*Val.* To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself: Upon a homely object love can wink.

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Sil.* Have done, have done. Here comes the gentleman. [*Exit THURIO.*]

*Val.* Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you, Confirm his welcome with some special favor.

*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

*Val.* Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

*Sil.* Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

*Pro.* Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

*Val.* Leave off discourse of disability.—

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

*Pro.* My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

*Sil.* And duty never yet did want his meed.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

*Pro.* I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

*Sil.* That you are welcome?

*Pro.* That you are worthless.

<sup>3</sup> Re-enter THURIO.

*Thu.* Madam, my lord, your father, would speak with you.

*Sil.* I wait upon his pleasure: come, sir Thurio, Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs; When you have done, we look to hear from you.

*Pro.* We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exit SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*]

*Val.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

*Pro.* Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

*Val.* And how do yours?

*Pro.* I left them all in health.

*Val.* How does your lady, and how thrives your love?

*Pro.* My tales of love were wont to weary you: I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

*Val.* Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:

I have done penance for contemning love; Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs; For, in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow. O, gentle Proteus! love's a mighty lord, And hath so humbled me, as, I confess, There is no <sup>4</sup>woe to his correction, Nor, to his <sup>5</sup>service, no such joy on earth! Now, no discourse, except it be of love; Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep, Upon the very naked name of love.

*Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.

Was this the idol that you worship so?

*Val.* Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

*Pro.* No, but she is an earthly paragon.

*Val.* Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* O! flatter me, for love delights in praises.

*Pro.* When I was sick you gave me bitter pills, And I must minister the like to you.

*Val.* Then speak the truth by her: if not divine, Yet let her be a <sup>6</sup>principality, Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

*Pro.* Except my mistress.

*Val.* Sweet, except not any, Except thou wilt except against my love.

*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her, too: She shall be dignified with this high honor,— To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss, And, of so great a favor growing proud, Disdain to root the <sup>7</sup>summer-smelling flower, And make rough winter everlastingly.

*Pro.* Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

*Val.* Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing

<sup>4</sup> "No woe to," i. e., no misery that can be compared with.

<sup>5</sup> "To his service," i. e., compared with his service.—

<sup>6</sup> "Principality," i. e., an angel of the first order.

<sup>7</sup> Person.—<sup>8</sup> Ill betide.—<sup>9</sup> Incite.

To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing.  
She is alone.

*Pro.* Then, let her alone.

*Val.* Not for the world. Why, man, she is mine own;  
And I as rich in having such a jewel,  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.  
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,  
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.  
My foolish rival, that her father likes  
Only for his possessions are so huge,  
Is gone with her along, and I must after,  
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

*Pro.* But she loves you? [*marriage hour,*

*Val.* Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our  
With all the cunning manner of our flight  
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window,  
The ladder made of cords, and all the means  
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happiness.  
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,  
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

*Pro.* Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.  
I must unto the <sup>a</sup>road, to disembark  
Some necessities that I needs must use,  
And then I'll presently attend on you.

*Val.* Will you make haste?

*Pro.* I will.— [*Exit VALENTINE.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
Is it mine <sup>1</sup>own, or Valentine's praise,  
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?  
She's fair, and so is Julia that I love;—  
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,  
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,  
And that I love him not, as I was wont:  
O! but I love his lady too, too much;  
And that's the reason I love him so little.  
How shall I dote on her with more <sup>b</sup>advice,  
That thus without advice begin to love her?  
'Tis but her <sup>c</sup>picture I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled <sup>2</sup>so my reason's light;  
But when I look on her <sup>d</sup>perfections,  
There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
If I can check my erring love, I will;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

#### SCENE V.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.*

*Speed.* Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

*Launce.* Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I  
am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man  
is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome  
to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the  
hostess say, welcome.

*Speed.* Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the alchouse  
with you presently; where for one shot of five pence  
thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah,  
how did thy master part with madam Julia?

*Launce.* Marry, after they closed in earnest, they  
parted very fairly in jest.

*Speed.* But shall she marry him?

*Launce.* No.

*Speed.* How then? Shall he marry her?

*Launce.* No, neither.

*Speed.* What, are they broken?

*Launce.* No, they are both as whole as a fish.

*Speed.* Why then, how stands the matter with them?

*Launce.* Marry, thus: when it stands well with him  
it stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an ass art thou? Understand thee not.

*Launce.* What a block art thou, that thou canst not.  
My staff understands me.

*Speed.* What thou say'st?

*Launce.* Ay, and what I do too: look thee; I'll  
but lean, and my staff understands me.

*Speed.* It stands under thee, indeed. [*once.*

*Launce.* Why, stand-under and under-stand is all

*Speed.* But tell me true, will't be a match?

*Launce.* Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he  
say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing,  
it will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is, then, that it will.

*Launce.* Thou shalt never get such a secret from  
me, but by a parable.

*Speed.* 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, <sup>e</sup>how  
say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

*Launce.* I never knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Than how? [*to be.*

*Launce.* A notable lubber, as thou reportest him

*Speed.* Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.

*Launce.* Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant  
thy master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

*Launce.* Why, I tell thee, I care not though he  
burn himself in love, if thou wilt go with me to the  
alchouse: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and  
not worth the name of a Christian.

*Speed.* Why?

*Launce.* Because thou hast not so much charity in  
thee, as to go to the <sup>f</sup>ale with a Christian. Wilt  
thou go?

*Speed.* At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VI.—The Same. An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;  
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;  
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;  
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,  
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:  
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear.  
O <sup>g</sup>sweet-suggesting love! if <sup>h</sup>I have sinn'd,  
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.  
At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
But now I worship a celestial sun.  
Unheeded vows may heedfully be broken;  
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will  
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.  
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,  
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd  
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.  
I cannot <sup>i</sup>leave to love, and yet I do;  
But there I <sup>j</sup>leave to love, where I should love.  
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:  
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;  
If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,  
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.  
I to myself am dearer than a friend,  
For love is still most precious <sup>k</sup>to itself;  
And Silvia, (witless heaven that made her fair!)  
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.  
I will forget that Julia is alive,

<sup>a</sup> Haven.—<sup>b</sup> "With more advice," i. e., on further knowledge.—<sup>c</sup> "Her picture," i. e., her exterior form.—<sup>d</sup> "Her perfections," i. e., the perfections of her mind.

<sup>e</sup> "How say'st thou," i. e., what say'st thou to this circumstance.—<sup>f</sup> "Ales" were merry-meetings in country places.  
—<sup>g</sup> Tempting.—<sup>h</sup> Cease.

Remembering that my love to her is dead;  
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,  
 Aiming at Silvia, as a sweeter friend.  
 I cannot now prove constant to myself  
 Without some treachery used to Valentine.  
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder  
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window;  
 Myself in counsel, his <sup>a</sup>competitor.  
 Now, presently I'll give her father notice  
 Of their disguising, and <sup>b</sup>pretended flight;  
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,  
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:  
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross  
 By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.  
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,  
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—Verona. A Room in JULIA's House.

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me:  
 And, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee,  
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts  
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,  
 To 'lesson me; and tell me some good mean,  
 How, with my honor, I may undertake  
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

*Luc.* Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps,  
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;  
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,  
 Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

*Luc.* Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

*Jul.* O! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's  
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in, [*food?*]  
 By longing for that food so long a time.  
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
 Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,  
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,  
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,  
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

*Jul.* The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.  
 The current, that with gentle murmur glides,  
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;  
 But, when his fair course is not hindered,  
 He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,  
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;  
 And so by many winding nooks he strays  
 With willing sport to the <sup>1</sup>wide ocean.  
 Then, let me go, and hinder not my course.  
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
 And make a pastime of each weary step,  
 Till the last step have brought me to my love;  
 And there I'll rest, as, after much <sup>d</sup>turnmoil,  
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along?

*Jul.* Not like a woman, for I would prevent  
 The loose encounters of lascivious men.  
 Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds  
 As may bescem some well-reputed page.

*Luc.* Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

*Jul.* No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,  
 With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:  
 To be fantastic, may become a youth  
 Of greater <sup>e</sup>time than I shall show to be.

*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your  
 breeches?

*Jul.* That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,

What compass will you wear your 'farthingale'?"  
 Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

*Luc.* You must needs have them with a codpiece,  
 madam.

*Jul.* Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favor'd.

*Luc.* A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,  
 Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

*Jul.* Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have  
 What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.  
 But, tell me, wench, how will the world repute me  
 For undertaking so unstead a journey?

I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

*Luc.* If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.

*Luc.* Then never dream on infamy, but go.

If Proteus like your journey, when you come,  
 No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone.

I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,

And instances as infinite of love,

Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful men.

*Jul.* Base men, that use them to so base effect;

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;

His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;

His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;

His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

*Luc.* Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to  
 him!

*Jul.* Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:

Only deserve my love by loving him,

And presently go with me to my chamber,

To take a note of what I stand in need of,

To furnish me upon my <sup>2</sup>loving journey.

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

My goods, my lands, my reputation;

Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.

Come; answer not, but to it presently:

I am impatient of my <sup>3</sup>tarriance. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. An Ante-chamber in the DUKE's  
 Palace.

*Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;  
 We have some secrets to confer about.—

[*Exit THURIO.*]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I would discover,  
 The law of friendship bids me to conceal;  
 But, when I call to mind your gracious favors  
 Done to me, undeserving as I am,  
 My duty pricks me on to utter that,  
 Which else no worldly good should draw from me.  
 Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,  
 This night intends to steal away your daughter:  
 Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know you have determin'd to bestow her  
 On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;  
 And should she thus be stol'n away from you,  
 It would be much vexation to your age.  
 Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose  
 To cross my friend in his intended drift,  
 Than, by concealing it, heap on your head

<sup>a</sup> Confederate.—<sup>b</sup> Intended.—<sup>c</sup> Teach; instruct.—<sup>d</sup> Trouble.  
<sup>e</sup>—"Of greater time," i. e., of more pretension.

<sup>f</sup> Hoop petticoat.—<sup>g</sup> Delay.



A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,  
Being unprevented, to your <sup>a</sup> timeless grave.

*Duke.* Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,  
Which to requite, command me while I live.  
This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep,  
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid  
Sir Valentine her company, and my court;  
But, fearing lest my jealous <sup>a</sup> aim might err,  
And so unworthily disgrace the man,  
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd)  
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find  
That which thyself hath now disclos'd to me.  
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,  
Knowing that tender youth is soon <sup>a</sup> suggested,  
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,  
The key whereof myself have ever kept;  
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

*Pro.* Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean  
How he her chamber-window will ascend,  
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;  
For which the youthful lover now is gone,  
And this way comes he with it presently,  
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.  
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,  
That my discovery be not <sup>a</sup> aimed at;  
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,  
Hath made me publisher of this <sup>a</sup> pretence.

*Duke.* Upon mine honor, he shall never know  
That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my lord: sir Valentine is coming.  
[Exit.]

*Enter VALENTINE, <sup>1</sup> in his cloak.*

*Duke.* Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

*Val.* Please it your grace, there is a messenger  
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,  
And I am going to deliver them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import?

*Val.* The tenor of them doth but signify  
My health, and happy being at your court.

*Duke.* Nay, then no matter: stay with me awhile.  
I am to break with thee of some affairs  
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.  
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought  
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

*Val.* I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match  
Were rich and honorable: besides, the gentleman  
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities  
Besecming such a wife as your fair daughter.  
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

*Duke.* No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,  
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;  
Neither regarding that she is my child,  
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:  
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers  
Upon <sup>a</sup> advice hath drawn my love from her;  
And, <sup>b</sup> where I thought the remnant of mine age  
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,  
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,  
And turn her out to who will take her in:  
Then, let her beauty be her wedding-dower;  
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

*Val.* What would your grace have me to do in this?

*Duke.* There is a <sup>2</sup> lady in Milano here,  
Whom I <sup>1</sup> affect; but she is nice, and coy,  
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:  
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,  
(For long ago I have forgot to court;  
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd)

How, and which way, I may bestow myself,  
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.  
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

*Val.* A woman sometime scorns what best contents  
Send her another; never give her o'er, [her.  
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you:  
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,  
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;  
For "get you gone," she doth not mean, "away."  
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;  
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.  
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Duke.* But she I mean is promis'd by her friends  
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,  
And kept severely from resort of men,  
That no man hath access by day to her.

*Val.* Why, then I would resort to her by night.

*Duke.* Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept  
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

*Val.* What <sup>3</sup> lets, but one may enter at her window?

*Duke.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,  
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it  
Without apparent hazard of his life.

*Val.* Why then, a ladder <sup>4</sup> quaintly made of cords,  
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,  
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,  
So bold Leander would adventure it.

*Duke.* Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,  
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

*Val.* When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

*Duke.* This very night; for love is like a child,  
That longs for everything that he can come by.

*Val.* By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

*Duke.* But hark thee; I will go to her alone.  
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

*Val.* It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it  
Under a cloak that is of any length.

*Duke.* A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord.

*Duke.* Then, let me see thy cloak:  
I'll get me one of such another length.

*Val.* Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

*Duke.* How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—  
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—[via?]  
What letter is this same? What's here?—"To Sil-  
And here an <sup>m</sup> engine fit for my proceeding!"

<sup>5</sup> [Ladder and letter fall out.  
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Reads.

"My thoughts do harbor with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

O! could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd me

Because myself do want my servants' fortune. [them,

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbor where their lord should be."

What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee!"

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—

Why, Phaëton, (for thou art <sup>n</sup> Merops' son)

<sup>a</sup> Untimely.—<sup>b</sup> Conjecture; guess.—<sup>c</sup> Tempted.—<sup>d</sup> Guessed.  
—<sup>e</sup> Design; scheme.—<sup>f</sup> Knowledge.—<sup>g</sup> Reflection; delibera-  
ate consideration.—<sup>h</sup> Whereas.—<sup>i</sup> Love.

<sup>1</sup> Hinders.—<sup>2</sup> Ingeniously.—<sup>3</sup> Instrument.—<sup>4</sup> "Thou art Me-  
rops' son," i.e., "Thou art Phaëton in thy rashness, but with-  
out his pretensions; thou art a low-born wretch, the issue  
of Merops, and not the son of a divinity."

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,  
 And with thy daring folly burn the world?  
 Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?  
 Go, base intruder; over-weening slave:  
 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,  
 And think my patience, more than thy desert,  
 Is privilege for thy departure hence.  
 Thank me for this, more than for all the favors  
 Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee:  
 But if thou linger in my territories  
 Longer than swiftest expedition  
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,  
 By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love  
 I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.  
 Begone: I will not hear thy vain excuse;  
 But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit DUKE.]

Val. And why not death, rather than living tor-  
 To die is to be banish'd from myself, [ment?  
 And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,  
 Is self from self; a deadly banishment.  
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?  
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?  
 Unless it be, to think that she is by,  
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.  
 Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
 There is no music in the nightingale;  
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
 There is no day for me to look upon.  
 She is my essence; and I <sup>a</sup>leave to be,  
 If I be not by her fair influence  
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.  
 I fly not death, to <sup>b</sup>fly his deadly doom:  
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death;  
 But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's  
 head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a  
 word. [news,

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good  
 So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,  
 For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No, Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—  
 Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—  
 What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are  
 vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd: O! that is the news,  
 From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O! I have fed upon this woe already,

And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,  
 (Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)  
 A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:  
 Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,  
 With them, upon her knees, her humble self;  
 Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became  
 As if but now they waxed pale for woe: [them,  
 But never bended knees, pure hands held up,  
 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire,  
 But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.  
 Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,  
 When she for thy <sup>c</sup>repeal was suppliant,  
 That to close prison he commanded her,  
 With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou  
 speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life:

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless <sup>d</sup>dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,

And study help for that which thou lamentest.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

Hope is a lover's stuff; walk hence with that,

And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd

Even in the milk-white <sup>e</sup>bosom of thy love.

The time now serves not to expostulate:

Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large

Of all that may concern thy love affairs.

As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,

Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,

Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.]

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have  
 the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave;  
 but that's all one, if he be but one 'knave. He lives  
 not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in  
 love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from  
 me, nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman: but  
 what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a  
 milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had  
<sup>g</sup>gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's  
 maid, and serves for wages. She hath more quali-  
 ties than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare  
 Christian. Here is the cat-log [*pulling out a  
 paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, "She can  
 fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more:  
 nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore,  
 is she better than a jade. Item, "She can milk;"  
 look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with  
 your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word.

What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

<sup>a</sup> Cease.—<sup>b</sup> To fly, i. e., by flying.—<sup>c</sup> A Gallicism.

<sup>d</sup> Recall.—<sup>e</sup> Grief.—<sup>f</sup> Women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their stays, in which they carried not only love-letters and love-tokens, but even their money.—<sup>g</sup> "But one knave," i. e., not a double knave.—<sup>h</sup> "Gossips," tattling women who attend accouchements.

*Speed.* Why, man, how black?

*Launce.* Why, as black as ink.

*Speed.* Let me read them. [read.

*Launce.* Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not *Speed.* Thou liest, I can. [thee?

*Launce.* I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot

*Speed.* Marry, the son of my grandfather.

*Launce.* O, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

*Launce.* There, and saint <sup>a</sup> Nicholas be thy speed!

*Speed.* Imprimis, "She can milk."

*Launce.* Ay, that she can.

*Speed.* Item, "She brews good ale."

*Launce.* And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

*Speed.* Item, "She can sew."

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, Can she so?

*Speed.* Item, "She can knit."

*Launce.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

*Speed.* Item, "She can wash and scour."

*Launce.* A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

*Speed.* Item, "She can spin."

*Launce.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath many nameless virtues."

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed.* Here follow her vices.

*Launce.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*Speed.* Item, "She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."

*Launce.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath a sweet mouth."

*Launce.* That makes amends for her sour breath.

*Speed.* Item, "She doth talk in her sleep."

*Launce.* It's no matter for that, so she <sup>1</sup> slip not in her talk.

*Speed.* Item, "She is slow in words."

*Launce.* O villain! that set this down among her vices? To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

*Speed.* Item, "She is proud."

*Launce.* Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath no teeth."

*Launce.* I care not for that neither, because I love crust.

*Speed.* Item, "She is curst."

*Launce.* Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to

*Speed.* Item, "She will often praise her liquor."

*Launce.* If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

*Speed.* Item, "She is too liberal."

*Launce.* Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

*Launce.* Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath more hair than wit,"—

*Launce.* More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and

therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

*Speed.* —"And more faults than hairs,"—

*Launce.* That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

*Speed.* —"And more wealth than faults."

*Launce.* Why, that word makes the faults <sup>c</sup> gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

*Speed.* What then?

*Launce.* Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

*Speed.* For me?

*Launce.* For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

*Speed.* And must I go to him?

*Launce.* Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

*Speed.* Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters. [Exit, <sup>2</sup> running.

*Launce.* Now will he be <sup>d</sup> swing'd for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets.—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE and THURIO.<sup>3</sup>

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love. Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight. [you,

*Thur.* Since his exile she hath despis'd me most; Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

*Duke.* This weak impress of love is as a figure <sup>c</sup> Trench'd in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

<sup>4</sup>Enter PROTEUS.

How now, sir Proteus! Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

*Pro.* Gone, my good lord.

*Duke.* My daughter takes his going grievously.

*Pro.* A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

*Duke.* So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so. Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shown <sup>5</sup> sure sign of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

*Pro.* Longer than I prove loyal to your grace, Let me not live to look upon your grace.

*Duke.* Thou know'st how willingly I would effect The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

*Pro.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* And also, I think, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will.

*Pro.* She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

*Duke.* Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.

What might we do to make the girl forget

The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

*Pro.* The best way is, to slander Valentine

With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;

Three things that women highly hold in hate.

*Duke.* Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore, it must, with <sup>f</sup> circumstance, be spoken By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

*Duke.* Then, you must undertake to slander him.

*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:

\* St. Nicholas presided over scholars.—<sup>b</sup> Stocking.

<sup>c</sup> Graceful. — <sup>d</sup> Whipped. — <sup>e</sup> Carved. — <sup>f</sup> "With circumstance," i. e., with incidental particulars.

'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,  
Especially, against his <sup>a</sup>very friend. [him,

*Duke.* Where your good word cannot advantage  
Your slander never can endamage him:

Therefore, the office is indifferent,  
Being entreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it,  
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,  
She shall not long continue love to him.  
But say, this <sup>1</sup>wean her love from Valentine,  
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

*Thu.* Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,  
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,  
You must provide to <sup>b</sup>bottom it on me;  
Which must be done, by praising me as much  
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine. [<sup>c</sup>kind.

*Duke.* And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this  
Because we know, on Valentine's report,  
You are already love's firm votary,  
And cannot soon revolt, and change your mind.  
Upon this warrant shall you have access  
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;  
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,  
And for your friend's sake will be glad of you,  
<sup>2</sup>When you may temper her, by your persuasion,  
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can do I will effect.

But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;  
You must lay <sup>d</sup>time to tangle her desires  
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes  
Should be full <sup>e</sup>fraught with serviceable vows.

*Duke.* Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

*Pro.* Say, that upon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.  
Write, till your ink be dry, and with your tears  
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,  
That may discover <sup>3</sup>strict integrity:  
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,  
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.  
After your dire-lamenting elegies,  
Visit by night your lady's chamber window  
With some sweet <sup>f</sup>consort: to their instruments  
Tune a deploring <sup>4</sup>dump; the night's dead silence  
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.  
This, or else nothing, will <sup>h</sup>inherit her.

*Duke.* This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

*Thu.* And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.  
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,  
Let us into the city presently,  
To <sup>i</sup>sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.  
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn  
To give the onset to thy good advice.

*Duke.* About it, gentlemen.

*Pro.* We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,  
And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Duke.* Even now about it: I will <sup>k</sup>pardon you. [Exit.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest, between Milan and Verona.

*Enter certain Outlaws.*

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with <sup>cm.</sup>

<sup>a</sup> True.—<sup>b</sup> "Bottom" is a housewife's term for the central substance upon which a ball of thread is wound.—<sup>c</sup> Manner; way.—<sup>d</sup> Birdlime.—<sup>e</sup> Filled.—<sup>f</sup> Band of musicians.—<sup>g</sup> Mourning elegy.—<sup>h</sup> Wit.—<sup>i</sup> Choose out.—<sup>j</sup> "I will pardon you," i.e., I will excuse your attendance.

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about  
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you. [you;

*Speed.* Sir, we are undone. These are the villains  
That all the travellers do fear so much.

*Val.* My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace! we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a <sup>1</sup>proper man.

*Val.* Then know, that I have little wealth to lose.  
A man I am cross'd with adversity:  
My riches are these poor <sup>m</sup>habiliments,  
Of which if you should here disfigure me,  
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

*Val.* To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

*Val.* From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there? [stay'd,

*Val.* Some sixteen months; and longer might have  
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

2 *Out.* What! were you banish'd thence?

*Val.* I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse.  
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;  
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,  
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.  
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the "tongues?"

*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me happy,  
Or else I had been often miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat <sup>o</sup> friar,  
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

<sup>4</sup> [They talk apart.

*Speed.* Master, be one of them:  
It is an honorable kind of thievery.

*Val.* Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

*Val.* Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,  
Such as the fury of ungentled youth  
Thrust from the company of <sup>p</sup>awful men:  
Myself was from Verona banish'd,  
For practising to steal away a lady,  
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,  
Who, in my <sup>q</sup>mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these,  
But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives:

And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd

With goodly shape; and by your own report

A linguist, and a man of such perfection,

As we do in our <sup>r</sup>quality much want—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,  
Therefore, above the rest, we parody to you.

Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity,

And live, as we do, in this wilderness? [sort?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our con-  
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all.

We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,  
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou dost

<sup>1</sup> Comely; well-proportioned.—<sup>m</sup> Garments.—<sup>n</sup> "Have you the tongues?" i.e., Do you speak various languages?—"Fat friar," i.e., Friar Tuck.—<sup>o</sup> Reverend; worshipful.—<sup>p</sup> Anger; rage.—<sup>q</sup> Profession; occupation.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you; Provided that you do no outrages On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No; we detest such vile, base practices. Come, go with us: we'll bring thee to our cave, And show thee all the treasure we have got, Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy<sup>a</sup> dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Milan. The Court of the Palace.

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine, And now I must be as unjust to Thurio. Under the color of commending him, I have access my own love to prefer; But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy, To be corrupted with my worthless gifts. When I protest true loyalty to her, She twits me with my falsehood to my friend; When to her beauty I commend my vows, She bids me think how I have been forsworn, In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd; And, notwithstanding all her sudden<sup>b</sup> quips, The least whereof would quell a lover's hope, Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love, The more it grows, and fawned on her still. But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window, And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter THURIO, and Musicians.*

*Thu.* How now, sir Proteus! are you crept before us? *Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love Will creep in service where it cannot go.

*Thu.* Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

*Pro.* Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

*Thu.* Whom? Silvia?

*Pro.* Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

*Thu.* I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen, Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

*Enter Host and JULIA (in boy's clothes), behind.*

*Host.* Now, my young guest; methinks you're ally-cholly: I pray you, why is it?

*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak?

*Host.* Ay, that you shall.

*Jul.* That will be music.

[*Music plays.*]

*Host.* Hark! Hark!

*Jul.* Is he among these?

*Host.* Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise<sup>a</sup> as free:  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admir'd be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair,  
For beauty lives with kindness?  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excellent;  
She excels each mortal thing,*

*'Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring.*

*Host.* How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

*Jul.* You mistake: the musician likes me not.

*Host.* Why, my pretty youth?

*Jul.* He plays false, father.

*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?

*Jul.* Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

*Host.* You have a quick ear.

*Jul.* Ay; I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

*Host.* I perceive, you delight not in music.

*Jul.* Not a whit, when it jars so. <sup>3</sup>[*Music plays again.*]

*Host.* Hark! what fine change is in the music.

*Jul.* Ay, that change is the spite.

*Host.* You would<sup>4</sup> not have them always play but one thing?

*Jul.* I would always have one play but one thing. But, Host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

*Host.* I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all<sup>5</sup> nick.

*Jul.* Where is Launce?

*Host.* Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

*Jul.* Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

*Pro.* Sir Thurio, fear you not: I will so plead, That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

*Thu.* Where meet we?

*Pro.* At saint Gregory's well.

*Thu.* Farewell. [*Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.*]

*Enter SILVIA above, at her window.*

*Pro.* Madam, good even to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that, that spake?

*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it.

*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

*Sil.* What is your will?

*Pro.* That I may compass yours.

*Sil.* You have your wish: my will is even this, That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady; But she is dead.

*Jul.* [*Aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it; For, I am sure, she is not buried.

*Sil.* Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,

Survives, to whom thyself art witness

I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd

To wrong him with thy importunity?

*Pro.* I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

*Sil.* And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,

Assure thyself, my love is buried.

*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;

<sup>a</sup> Disposal.—<sup>b</sup> "Sudden quips," i. e., hasty, passionate reproaches.

<sup>c</sup> "Out of all nick," i. e., beyond all reckoning, or count. Reckonings were kept by hosts upon *nicked* or notched sticks or tallies.

Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

*Jul.* [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,  
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:  
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;  
For, since the substance of your perfect self  
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,  
And to your shadow will I make true love.

*Jul.* [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would,  
sure, deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

*Sil.* I am very loth to be your idol, sir;  
But, since your falsehood, <sup>1</sup>'t shall become you well  
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,  
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it.  
And so, good rest.

*Pro.* As wretches have o'er night,  
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt PROTEUS and SILVIA.*]

*Jul.* Host, will you go?

*Host.* By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

*Jul.* Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

*Host.* Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think, 'tis  
almost day.

*Jul.* Not so; but it hath been the longest night  
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—The Same.

*Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Egl.* This is the hour that madam Silvia  
Entreated me to call, and know her mind.  
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—  
Madam, madam!

*Enter SILVIA above, at her window.*

*Sil.* Who calls?

*Egl.* Your servant, and your friend;  
One that attends your ladyship's command.

*Sil.* Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

*Egl.* As many, worthy lady, to yourself.  
According to your ladyship's <sup>b</sup>impose,  
I am thus early come, to know what service  
It is your pleasure to command me in.

*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,  
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,  
Valiant, wise, <sup>c</sup>remorseful, well accomplish'd.  
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will  
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;  
Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul <sup>2</sup>abhors.  
Thyself hast lov'd <sup>d</sup>er; and I have heard thee say,  
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,  
As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'd pure <sup>d</sup>chastity.  
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,  
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;  
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
I do desire thy worthy company,  
Upon whose faith and honor I repose,  
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,  
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;  
And on the justice of my flying hence,  
To keep me from a most unholy match,  
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.  
I do desire thee, even from a heart  
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,  
To bear me company, and go with me:

\* "By my halidom," i. e., by my faith.—<sup>b</sup> Injunction; command.—<sup>c</sup> Compassionate.—<sup>d</sup> "Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity." It was the custom in former times for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity, in honor of their deceased wives or husbands.

If not, to hide what I have said to thee,  
That I may venture to depart alone.

*Egl.* Madam, I pity much your <sup>e</sup>grievances,  
<sup>2</sup>And the most true affections that you bear;  
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,  
I give consent to go along with you;  
<sup>f</sup>Recking as little what betideth me,  
As much I wish all good befortune you.  
When will you go?

*Sil.* This evening coming.

*Egl.* Where shall I meet you?

*Sil.*

At friar Patrick's cell,  
Where I intend holy confession.

*Egl.* I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow,  
Gentle lady.

*Sil.* Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—The Same.

*Enter LAUNCE with his dog.*

*Launce.* When a man's servant shall play the cur  
with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought  
up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning,  
when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters  
went to it. I have taught him, even as one would  
say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I was sent  
to deliver him as a present to mistress Silvia from  
my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-  
chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals  
her capon's leg. O! 'tis a foul thing, when a cur  
cannot <sup>g</sup>keep himself in all companies. I would  
have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to  
be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things.  
If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault  
upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been  
hang'd for't: sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't.  
You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the  
company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under  
the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the  
mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt  
him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "what cur is  
that?" says another; "whip him out," says the third;  
"hang him up," says the duke. I, having been ac-  
quainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab,  
and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs:  
"Friend," quoth I; "do you mean to whip the  
dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do  
him the more wrong," quoth I; "'twas I did the  
thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but  
whips me out of the chamber. How many masters  
would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn I  
have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen,  
otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on  
the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had  
suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now.—Nay, I  
remember the trick you served me, when I took my  
leave of madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still  
mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see  
me heave up my leg, and make water against a  
gentlewoman's <sup>h</sup>farthingale? Didst thou ever see  
me do such a trick?

*Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.*

*Pro.* Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,  
And will employ thee in some service presently.

*Jul.* In what you please: I will do what I can.

*Pro.* I hope thou wilt.—How, now, you whoreson  
peasant!

Where have you been these two days loitering?

*Launce.* Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the  
dog you bade me.

\* Griefs.—<sup>f</sup> Caring.—<sup>g</sup> Restrain.—<sup>h</sup> Hoop petticoat.

*Pro.* And what says she to my little jewel?

*Launce.* Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curish thanks is good enough for such a present.

*Pro.* But she receiv'd my dog?

*Launce.* No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

*Pro.* What! didst thou offer her this <sup>1</sup> cur from me?

*Launce.* Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen from me by <sup>2</sup> a hangman boy in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

*Pro.* Go; get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say! Stayest thou to vex me here?

A slave that still an <sup>3</sup> end turns me to shame.

[*Exit LAUNCE.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,  
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,  
That can with some discretion do my business,  
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;  
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behavior,  
Which (if my augury deceive me not)  
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:  
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.  
Go presently, and take this ring with thee:  
Deliver it to madam Silvia.

She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

*Jul.* It seems, you lov'd not her, to <sup>b</sup> leave her token.  
She's dead, belike?

*Pro.* Not so: I think, she lives.

*Jul.* Alas!

*Pro.* Why dost thou cry alas?

*Jul.* I cannot choose but pity her.

*Pro.* Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

*Jul.* Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well  
As you do love your lady Silvia.

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;  
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary,

And thinking on it makes me cry alas!

*Pro.* Well, give to her that ring; and therewithal

This letter:—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,  
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will,

And now am I (unhappy messenger!)

To plead for that which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love,

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter SILVIA, attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you, be my mean  
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she?

*Jul.* If you be she, I do entreat your patience  
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

*Sil.* From whom?

*Jul.* From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

*Sil.* O! he sends you for a picture.

*Jul.* Ay, madam.

[*brought.*]

*Sil.* Ursula, bring my picture there. [*A picture*]

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

*Jul.* Madam, <sup>3</sup> so please you to peruse this letter.—

Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd <sup>4</sup> [*Giving a*]

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not: [*letter.*]

This is the letter to your ladyship. <sup>5</sup> [*Giving another*]

*Sil.* I pray thee, let me look on that again. [*letter.*]

*Jul.* It may not be: good madam, pardon me.

*Sil.* There, hold. <sup>6</sup> [*Giving it back.*]

I will not look upon your master's lines:

I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths, which he will break,

As easily as I do tear his paper.

*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me;

For, I have heard him say, a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure.

Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

*Jul.* She thanks you.

*Sil.* What say'st thou?

*Jul.* I thank you, madam, that you <sup>c</sup> tender her.

Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

*Sil.* Dost thou know her?

*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself:

To think upon her woes, I do protest,

That I have wept a hundred several times. [*her.*]

*Sil.* Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath forsook

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

*Sil.* Is she not passing fair?

*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.

When she did think my master lov'd her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,

And threw her sun-expelling <sup>d</sup> mask away,

The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,

And <sup>e</sup> pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as black as I.

*Sil.* How tall was she?

*Jul.* About my stature; for, at pentecost,

When all our pageants of delight were play'd,

Our youth got me to play the woman's part,

And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown,

Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,

As if the garment had been made for me:

Therefore, I know she is about my height.

And at that time I made her weep <sup>f</sup> a-good,

For I did play a lamentable part.

Madam, 'twas Ariadne, <sup>g</sup> passioning

For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;

Which I so lively acted with my tears,

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,

Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,

If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

*Sil.* She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.—

Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—

I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Here, youth; there is my purse: I give thee this

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell. [*Exit SILVIA.*]

*Jul.* And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know  
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful! [*her.*—

<sup>a</sup> "Still an end," i. e., perpetually; generally. — <sup>b</sup> Relinquish; resign.

<sup>c</sup> Esteem.—<sup>d</sup> "Sun-expelling mask;" an allusion to an ancient custom of wearing masks or visors of velvet, to guard the complexion against the effect of the sun's rays.—<sup>e</sup> Stained.—<sup>f</sup> "A-good," i. e., in good earnest.—<sup>g</sup> "Passioning," i. e., in the heat of passion.

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,  
 Since she respects my mistress' love so much.  
 Alas, how love can trifle with itself!  
 Here is her picture. Let me see: I think,  
 If I had such a <sup>a</sup> tice, this face of mine  
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers;  
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,  
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.  
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:  
 If that be all the difference in his love,  
 I'll get me such a color'd periwig.  
 Her eyes are <sup>1</sup> green as grass, and so are mine:  
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.  
 What should it be, that he respects in her,  
 But I can make <sup>2</sup> respective in myself;  
 If this fond love were not a blinded god?  
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,  
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form!  
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved, and ador'd;  
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,  
 My substance should be <sup>3</sup> statue in thy stead.  
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,  
 That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,  
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,  
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—The Same. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky,  
 And now it is about the very hour,  
 That Silvia at friar Patrick's cell should meet me.  
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,  
 Unless it be to come before their time,  
 So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes.—Lady, a happy evening.

Sil. Amen, amen. Go on, good Eglamour,  
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.  
 I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;  
 If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir! I find her milder than she was;  
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What! that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Jul. But love will not be spur'd to what it loathes. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies: my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,  
 Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;  
 For I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside.]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?  
 Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my valor?

Pro. O, sir! she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [Aside.]

Thu. Considers she my <sup>2</sup> large possessions?

Pro. O! ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should <sup>4</sup> owe them. [Aside.]

Pro. That they are out by <sup>5</sup> lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE, <sup>3</sup> angrily.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!  
 Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then

She's fled unto that peasant Valentine,  
 And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Lawrence met them both,  
 As he in penance wander'd through the forest:  
 Him he knew well; and guess'd that it was she,  
 But, being mask'd, he was not sure of <sup>4</sup> her:  
 Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence:

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,  
 But mount you presently; and meet with me  
 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,  
 That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.  
 Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit <sup>5</sup>

Thu. Why, this it is to be a <sup>6</sup> peevish girl, [in haste.  
 That flies her fortune when it follows her.

I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,  
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.]

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,  
 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [Exit.]

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,  
 Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love. [Exit.]

## SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter SILVIA, and Outlaws.

1 Out. Come, come; be patient, we must bring  
 you to our captain. <sup>6</sup> [Drawing her m.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one  
 Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us;  
 But Moses, and Valerius, follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;  
 There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled:  
 The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.  
 Fear not; he bears an honorable mind,  
 And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!

<sup>7</sup> These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,

<sup>a</sup> Head-dress.—<sup>b</sup> "Respective," i. e., worthy of respect.—  
<sup>c</sup> The word *statue* was formerly used to express a *portrait*  
 or *picture*.

<sup>d</sup> Possess.—<sup>e</sup> "Out by lease," i. e., leased out to another.—  
<sup>f</sup> Foolish.—<sup>g</sup> Heedless; careless.



I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses, and <sup>a</sup>record my woes.  
O! thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion <sup>1</sup>too long tenantless,  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was!  
Repair me with the presence, Silvia!  
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—  
What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?

<sup>2</sup>[*Shouts.*

These <sup>2</sup>my rude mates, that make their wills their law,  
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.  
They love me well; yet I have much to do,  
To keep them from uncivil outages.  
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?

<sup>4</sup>[*Withdraws.*

*Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.*

*Pro.* Madam, this service <sup>5</sup>having done for you,  
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)  
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,  
That would have forc'd your honor and your love,  
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look.  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

*Val.* How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!  
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [*Aside.*

*Sil.* O, miserable! unhappy that I am!

*Pro.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;  
But by my coming I have made you happy.

*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

*Jul.* And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*

*Sil.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.  
O, heaven! be judge, how I love Valentine,  
Whose life's as <sup>b</sup>tender to me as my soul;  
And full as much (for more there cannot be)  
I do detest false, perjur'd Proteus:  
Therefore be gone: solicit me no more.

*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
Would I not undergo for one calm look.

O! 'tis the curse in love, and still <sup>c</sup> approv'd,  
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

*Sil.* When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.  
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,  
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith  
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths  
Descended into perjury to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'ldst two,  
And that's far worse than none: better have none  
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.  
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

*Pro.* In love  
Who respects friend?

*Sil.* All men but Proteus.

*Val.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words  
Can no way change you to a milder form,  
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arm's end,  
And love you 'gainst the nature of love: force you.

*Sil.* O heaven!

*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire.

*Val.* <sup>6</sup>[*Coming forward.*] Ruffian, let go that rude  
Thou friend of an ill fashion! [*Uncivil touch;*

*Pro.* Valentine! [*Love;*

*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without faith or  
(For such is a friend now) treacherous man!

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: nought but mine eye  
Could have persuaded me. Now <sup>7</sup>dared I to say,  
I have one friend alive, thou wouldst disprove me.  
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand  
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,  
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,  
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deepest. O time most accurst!  
<sup>8</sup>Monst all my foes a friend should be the worst!

*Pro.* My shame and <sup>9</sup>desperate guilt at once con-  
found me.—

Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,  
I tender't here: I do as truly suffer,  
As e'er I did commit.

*Val.*

Then, I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest.

Who by repentance is not satisfied,

Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:

By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.

And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

*Jul.* O me unhappy!

*Pro.* Look to the boy.

*Val.* Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's  
the matter? look up; speak.

*Jul.* O good sir! my master charg'd me to deliver  
a ring to madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect,  
was never done.

*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy?

*Jul.* Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

*Pro.* How! let me see.

<sup>10</sup>This is the ring I gave to Julia.

*Jul.* O! cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook:

This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another*

*Pro.* But, how cam'st thou by this ring? [*ring.*

At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

*Jul.* And Julia herself did give it me;

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How? Julia! [*Discovering herself.*

*Jul.* Behold her that gave <sup>d</sup>aim to all thy oaths,

And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the <sup>e</sup>root!

O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:

Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment; if shame live

In a disguise of love.

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

*Pro.* Than men their minds: 'tis true. O heaven!

were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error  
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins. [*sins:*

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either.

Let me be blest to make this happy close:

<sup>7</sup>Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

*Pro.* Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

*Jul.* And I mine.

*Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.*

*Out.* A prize! a prize! a prize! [*duke.—*

*Val.* Forbear; forbear, I say; it is my lord the  
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,

Banished Valentine.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine!

*Thur.* Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

*Val.* Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.

Come not within the measure of my wrath:

<sup>a</sup> To "record" anciently signified to sing.—<sup>b</sup> Dear.—<sup>c</sup> "Ap-  
proved," i. e., confirmed by proof.

<sup>d</sup> "Her that gave aim," i. e., that was the mark.—<sup>e</sup> "The  
root," i. e., of her heart.

Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,  
<sup>1</sup>Milano shall not hold thee. Here she stands:  
 Take but possession of her with a touch.  
 I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

*Thou.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.  
 I hold him but a fool, that will endanger  
 His body for a girl that loves him not:  
 I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou,  
 To make such <sup>a</sup> means for her as thou hast done,  
 And leave her on such slight conditions.  
 Now, by the honor of my ancestry,  
 I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,  
 And think thee worthy of an empress' love.  
 Know then, I here forget all former griefs,  
 Cancel all grudge, <sup>b</sup>repeal thee home again,  
 Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,  
 To which I thus subscribe.—Sir Valentine,  
 Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd:  
 Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

*Val.* I thank your grace; the gift hath made me  
 Inow beseech you, for your daughter's sake, [happy].  
 To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

<sup>a</sup> "To make such means," i. e., to make such interest, to take such disingenuous pains.—<sup>b</sup> Recall.

*Duke.* I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

*Val.* These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,  
 Are men endued with worthy qualities:  
 Forgive them what they have committed here,  
 And let them be recall'd from their exile.

They are reformed, civil, full of good,  
 And fit for great employment, worthy lord. [thee:]

*Duke.* Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and  
 Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.  
 Come; let us go: we will <sup>2</sup>conclude all jars  
 With <sup>c</sup>triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

*Val.* And as we walk along, I dare be bold  
 With our discourse to make your grace to smile.  
 What think you of this <sup>3</sup>stripling page, my lord?

*Duke.* I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.

*Val.* I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

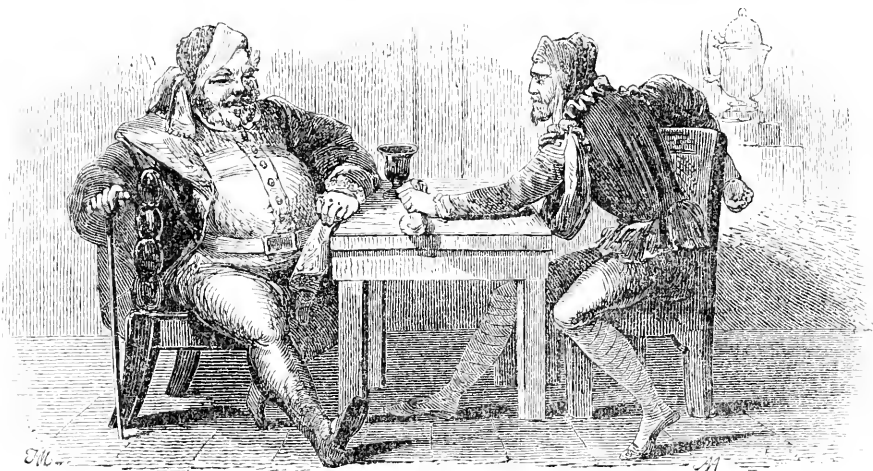
*Duke.* What mean you by that saying, <sup>4</sup>Valentine?

*Val.* Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,  
 That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—  
 Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear  
 The story of your <sup>6</sup>love's discoverer:  
<sup>6</sup>Our day of marriage shall be yours no less;  
 One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>c</sup> Pageants.

# THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.



ACT II.—Scene 2.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, a Country Justice.

SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.

FORD, } Two Gentlemen dwelling at

PAGE, } Windsor.

WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.

Sir HUGH EVANS, a Welsh Parson.

Dr. CAIUS, a French Physician.

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, }

PISTOL, }

NYM, }

ROBIN, Page to Falstaff. } Followers of Falstaff.

SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.

<sup>2</sup> JOHN RUGBY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Mrs. FORD.

Mrs. PAGE.

<sup>3</sup> ANNE PAGE, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.

Mrs. QUICKLY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor; and the Parts adjacent.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. Before PAGE's House.

*Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and <sup>a</sup> Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Shal.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

*Slén.* In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and <sup>b</sup> *cust-alorum*.

*Slén.* Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself <sup>c</sup> *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

*Shal.* Ay, that I do; and <sup>d</sup> have done any time these three hundred years.

*Slén.* All his successors, gone before him, had don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white laces in their coat.

*Shal.* It is an old coat.

*Eva.* The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, <sup>e</sup> *passant*: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

*Shal.* The lucc is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

*Slén.* I may quarter, coz?

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Eva.* It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Eva.* Yes, per-lady: if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one: if sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

*Shal.* The <sup>f</sup> council shall hear it: it is a riot.

<sup>e</sup> "I assant," i. e., by the way.—<sup>f</sup> The court of Star-chamber.

<sup>a</sup> Sir was a title formerly applied to priests and curates.—  
<sup>b</sup> *Cust-alorum*, a corruption of *custos rotulorum*.—<sup>c</sup> *Armigero*—esquire.—<sup>d</sup> "Have done," i. e., all the Shallows have done.

*Eva.* It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot: take your <sup>a</sup>vizaments in that.

*Shal.* Ha! o' my life, if I were young again the sword should end it.

*Eva.* It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks <sup>b</sup>small, like a woman.

*Eva.* It is that fery person for all the orld; as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham, and mistress Anne Page.

*Slen.* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

*Eva.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

*Slen.* I know the young gentlewoman: she has good gifts.

*Eva.* Seven hundred pounds, and <sup>c</sup>possibilities, is good gifts.

*Shal.* Well, let us see honest master Page. Is Falstaff there?

*Eva.* Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for master Page. [*Knocks.*] What, ho! Got pless your house here!<sup>1</sup>

*Page.* Who's there? <sup>2</sup>[*Above at the window.*]

*Eva.* Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow; and here young master Slender, that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

<sup>3</sup>Enter PAGE.

*Page.* I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart. I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd.—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

*Page.* Sir, I thank you.

*Shal.* Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

*Page.* I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

*Slen.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on <sup>4</sup>Cotsold.<sup>4</sup>

*Page.* It could not be judg'd, sir.

*Slen.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

*Shal.* That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault.—'Tis a good dog.

*Page.* A cur, sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here?

*Page.* Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

*Eva.* It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

*Shal.* He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

*Page.* Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

*Shal.* If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd: is not

that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath—at a word, he hath;—believe me:—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

*Page.* Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

*Fal.* Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

*Fal.* But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

*Shal.* Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight:—I have done all this.—That is now answered.

*Shal.* The council shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

*Eva.* *Pauca verba*, sir John; good worts.

*Fal.* Good <sup>e</sup>worts? good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

*Slen.* Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your <sup>f</sup>coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

*Bard.* You Banbury <sup>g</sup>cheese!

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, <sup>h</sup>Mephostophilus?

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say! <sup>i</sup>*pauca*, *pauca*; slice! that's my humor.

*Slen.* Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

*Eva.* Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is—master Page, *fideliect*, master Page; and there is myself, *fideliect*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

*Page.* We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

*Eva.* Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* Pistol!

*Pist.* He hears with ears.

*Fal.* The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this? "He hears with ear?" Why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

*Slen.* Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else) of seven groats in <sup>k</sup>mill-sixpences, and two Edward <sup>l</sup>shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and twopence a-piece of Yed Miller, by these gloves.

*Fal.* Is this true, Pistol?

*Eva.* No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this <sup>m</sup>latten bilbo:

Word of denial in thy <sup>n</sup>*labras* here;

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

*Slen.* By these gloves, then 'twas lie.

*Nym.* Be advised, sir, and pass good humors. I will say, "marry trap," with you, if you run the <sup>o</sup>nuthook's humor on me; that is the very note of it.

<sup>a</sup> *Worts* was the ancient term for all the cabbage kind.—<sup>f</sup> i. e., Cheats: sharpers.—<sup>g</sup> An allusion to the thin carcass of Slender.—<sup>h</sup> The name of a familiar spirit in the old story-book of Faustus.—<sup>i</sup> Few words.—<sup>k</sup> "Mill-sixpences" were used as counters to cast up money.—<sup>l</sup> The broad shillings of Edward the Sixth, used in the game of shuffle-board.—<sup>m</sup> "Latten bilbo," i. e., brass sword-blade.—<sup>n</sup> "Word of denial in thy *labras*," i. e., the lie in thy teeth.—<sup>o</sup> "If you run the nuthook's humor on me," i. e., if you try to bring me to justice.

<sup>a</sup> Advisement.—<sup>b</sup> Soft.—<sup>c</sup> "Possibilities," i. e., expectations.—<sup>d</sup> Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire.

*Slon.* By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

*Fal.* What say you, <sup>a</sup>Scarlet and John?

*Bard.* Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

*Eva.* It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

*Bard.* And being <sup>b</sup>fip, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions <sup>c</sup>pass'd the carieres.

*Slon.* Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

*Eva.* So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

*Fal.* You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

*Enter ANNE PAGE with Wine; <sup>1</sup> and Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE.*

*Page.* Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit ANNE PAGE.*]

*Slon.* Oh heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

<sup>2</sup>[*Following and looking after her.*]

*Page.* How now, mistress Ford!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her.*]

*Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. [*Exeunt all but SHALLOW, SLENDER, and EVANS.*]

*Slon.* I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here.—

*Enter SIMPLE.*

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

*Slm.* Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore <sup>a</sup>Michaelmas?

*Shal.* Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

*Slon.* Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

*Slon.* So I do, sir.

*Eva.* Give ear to his <sup>e</sup>motions, master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slon.* Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

*Eva.* But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* Ay, there's the point, sir.

*Eva.* Marry, is it, the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

*Slon.* Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

*Eva.* But can you affection the <sup>o</sup>man? Let us demand to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is <sup>f</sup>parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

*Shal.* Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

*Slon.* I hope, sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

*Eva.* Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak <sup>g</sup>possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

*Slon.* I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

*Slon.* I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

*Eva.* It is a very discretion answer; save, the fault is in the <sup>h</sup>ort dissolutely: the <sup>h</sup>ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely.—His meaning is good.

*Shal.* Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

*Slon.* Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

*Re-enter ANNE PAGE.*

*Shal.* Here comes fair mistress Anne.—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

*Anne.* The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

*Shal.* I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

*Eva.* Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt SHALLOW and EVANS.*]

*Anne.* Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

*Slon.* No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

*Anne.* The dinner attends you, sir.

*Slon.* I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit SIMPLE.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

*Anne.* I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

*Slon.* Faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

*Anne.* I pray you, sir, walk in.

*Slon.* I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a <sup>h</sup>master of fence, (three <sup>i</sup>venceys for a dish of stewed prunes) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

<sup>4</sup>[*Dogs bark.*]

*Anne.* I think, there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

*Slon.* I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

*Anne.* Ay, indeed, sir.

*Slon.* That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen <sup>k</sup>Sackerson loose, twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it <sup>l</sup>pass'd: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored rough things.

*Re-enter PAGE.*

*Page.* Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

*Slon.* I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

<sup>a</sup> In allusion to Bardolph's red face.—<sup>b</sup> Drunk.—<sup>c</sup> i. e., Ran the charge—a military phrase.—<sup>d</sup> Allhallowmas (Nov. 1st) is nearly five weeks after Michaelmas (Sept. 29). This is probably an intentional blunder.—<sup>e</sup> Proposals.—<sup>f</sup> Part.

<sup>g</sup> Positively.—<sup>h</sup> A person who had taken his master's degree in the science.—<sup>i</sup> Three vences, i. e., three hits.—<sup>j</sup> The name of a bear exhibited in Shakespeare's time, at Paris Garden, in Southwark.—<sup>k</sup> Surpassed all expression.

*Page.* <sup>a</sup>By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir. Come, come.

*Sten.* Nay; pray you, lead the way.

*Page.* Come on, sir.

*Sten.* Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

*Anne.* Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

*Sten.* Truly, I will not go first: truly, la, I will not do you that wrong.

*Anne.* I pray you, sir.

*Sten.* I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.*

*Eva.* Go your ways, and ask of doctor Caius' house, which is the way; and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his <sup>b</sup>laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

*Sim.* Well, sir.

*Eva.* Nay, it is petter yet.—Give her this letter; for it is a woman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.*

*Fal.* Mine host of the Garter!

*Host.* What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

*Fal.* Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

*Host.* Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a-week.

*Host.* Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, <sup>c</sup>Keisar, and Pheazur. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

*Fal.* Do so, good mine host.

*Host.* I have spoke; let him follow.—Let me see thee <sup>d</sup>froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*]

*Fal.* Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman, a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

*Bard.* It is a life that I have desired. I will thrive.

[*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

*Pist.* O base <sup>e</sup>Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

*Nym.* He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humor of it.

*Fal.* I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humor is to steal at a <sup>f</sup>minim's rest.

*Pist.* Convey, the wise it call. Steal? foh! a <sup>f</sup>ficio for the phrase!

*Fal.* Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

*Pist.* Why then, let <sup>g</sup>kibes ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy; I must <sup>h</sup>coney-catch, I must shift.

*Pist.* Young ravens must have food.

*Fal.* Which of you know Ford of this town?

*Pist.* I ken the <sup>i</sup>wight: he is of substance good.

*Fal.* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No <sup>k</sup>quips now, Pistol. Indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourages, she <sup>l</sup>craves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am sir John Falstaff's."

*Pist.* He hath studied her will, and translated her <sup>m</sup>well; out of honesty into English.

*Nym.* The anchor is deep: will that humor pass?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath <sup>n</sup>a legion of <sup>o</sup>angels.

*Pist.* As many devils entertain, and "To her, boy," say I.

*Nym.* The humor rises; it is good: humor me the angels.

*Fal.* I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious <sup>p</sup>ariliads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

*Pist.* Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

*Nym.* I thank thee for that humor.

*Fal.* O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy <sup>q</sup>intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass. Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and <sup>r</sup>beauty. I will be <sup>s</sup>cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

*Nym.* I will run no base humor: here, take the humor-letter. I will keep the <sup>t</sup>havior of reputation.

*Fal.* Hold, sirrah, [*to ROBIN,*] bear you these letters <sup>u</sup>tightly:

Sail like my <sup>v</sup>pinnacle to these golden shores.—Rogues, hence! <sup>v</sup>avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go; Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humor of <sup>w</sup>the age.

French thrift, you rogues: myself, and skirted page.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.*]

*Pist.* Let vultures gripe thy guts! for <sup>x</sup>gourd, and

<sup>y</sup>fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor.

<sup>z</sup>Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk.

*Nym.* I have operations, <sup>z</sup>which be humors of revenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge?

*Nym.* By welkin, and her <sup>z</sup>stars.

*Pist.* With wit, or steel?

*Nym.* With both the humors, I:

I will discuss the humor of this love to Page.

*Pist.* And I to Ford shall <sup>z</sup>ake unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

<sup>1</sup> "I ken the wight," i.e., I know the fellow.—<sup>a</sup> Taunts.—

<sup>1</sup> "Angel" was the name of a coin formerly current in England, bearing the figure of an angel.—<sup>o</sup> Ogles: wanton glances.—<sup>o</sup> Attention.—<sup>o</sup> Escheator, an officer in the Exchequer.—<sup>o</sup> Cleverly; adroitly.—<sup>o</sup> "Pinnacle," a small vessel attendant on a larger one.—<sup>o</sup> "Gourd" and "fullam" were cant terms for false dice.—<sup>o</sup> "Tester I'll have in pouch," i.e., sixpence I'll have in pocket.—<sup>o</sup> Likewise.

<sup>a</sup> "By cock and pye," anciently a popular adjuration.—

<sup>b</sup> Laundress.—<sup>c</sup> Emperor.—<sup>d</sup> To froth beer and to lime sack were tapster's tricks. The first was done by putting soap in the bottom of the tankard; the other by mixing lime with the wine, to make it sparkle in the glass.—<sup>e</sup> Hungarian.—<sup>f</sup> Fig.—<sup>g</sup> Chilblains.—<sup>h</sup> Cheat.

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,  
And his soft couch defile.

*Nym.* My humor shall not cool: I will 'incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with <sup>b</sup>yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humor.

*Pist.* Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Dr. CAIUS's House.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and JOHN RUGBY.

*Quick.* What, John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

*Rug.* I'll go watch. [Exit RUGBY.

*Quick.* Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.—An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no <sup>c</sup>breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something <sup>d</sup>peevish that way, but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

*Sim.* Ay, for fault of a better.

*Quick.* And master Slender's your master?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth.

*Quick.* Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

*Sim.* No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a <sup>e</sup>Cain-colored beard.

*Quick.* A softly-sprigted man, is he not?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth; but he is as <sup>f</sup>tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a <sup>g</sup>warrenner.

*Quick.* How say you?—O! I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

*Sim.* Yes, indeed, does he.

*Quick.* Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY, running.

*Rug.* Out, alas! here comes my master.

*Quick.* We shall all be <sup>h</sup>shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [Shuts SIMPLE in the closet.] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; [Exit RUGBY.] I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—"and down, down, adown-a," &c. [Sings.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

*Caius.* Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. [Aside.] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

*Caius.* Fe, fe, fe, fe! *ma foi, il fait fort chaud.* Je m'en vais à la cour, la grande affaire.

*Quick.* Is it this, sir?

*Caius.* Oui; mette le au mon pocket; dépêche, quickly.—Were is dat knave Rugby?

*Quick.* What, John Rugby! John!

*Rug.* Here, sir.

*Caius.* You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

*Rug.* 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

*Caius.* By my trot, I tarry too long.—O!s me! *Qu'ai j'oublié!* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

<sup>3</sup>[Going to it.

*Quick.* [Aside.] Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

*Caius.* O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villainy! larron! <sup>4</sup>[Dragging SIMPLE out.] Rugby, my rapier!

*Quick.* Good master, be content.

*Caius.* Wherefore shall I be content-a?

*Quick.* The young man is an honest man.

*Caius.* Vat shall the honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

*Quick.* I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

*Caius.* Vell.

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

*Quick.* Peace, I pray you.

*Caius.* Peace-a your tongue!—Speak-a your tale.

*Sim.* To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

*Quick.* This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

*Caius.* Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *bailez* me some paper: tarry you a littel-a while. [Writes.

*Quick.* I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.—

*Sim.* 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

*Quick.* Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, (I would have no words of it) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind; that's neither here nor there.

*Caius.* You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to sir Hugh. By gar, it is a challenge: I will cut his throat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make.—You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here;—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog.

[Exit SIMPLE.

*Quick.* Alas! he speaks but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter-a for dat;—do not you tell-a me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine Host of de *Jarretière* to measure our weapon.—By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

*Quick.* Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the <sup>a</sup>good year!

*Caius.* Rugby, come to the court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Exit CAIUS and RUGBY.

*Quick.* You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a

<sup>a</sup> Insigate.—<sup>b</sup> Jealousy.—<sup>c</sup> Breed-strife.—<sup>d</sup> Silly; childish.  
<sup>e</sup> It is said that Cain and Judas were constantly represented in old pictures with yellow beards.—<sup>f</sup> Mild-tempered.—<sup>g</sup> "As tall a man of his hands," i. e., as brave a man of valor.  
<sup>h</sup> The keeper of a warren.—Roughly handled.

<sup>k</sup> "What, the good year!" an exclamation of the time.

woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

*Fent.* [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

*Quick.* Who's there, I <sup>a</sup>trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

*Enter FENTON.*

*Fent.* How now, good woman! how dost thou?

*Quick.* The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

*Fent.* What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

*Quick.* In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

*Fent.* Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

*Quick.* Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

*Fent.* Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

*Quick.* Well, thereby hangs a tale.—Good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I <sup>b</sup>detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread;—we had an hour's talk of that wart.—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company;—but, indeed, she is given too much to <sup>c</sup>allicholly and musing. But for you—well, go to.

*Fent.* Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

*Quick.* Will I! i'faith, that I will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other woovers.

*Fent.* Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[*Exit.*

*Quick.* Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not, for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon't! what have I forgot?

[*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Before PAGE's House.

*Enter Mistress PAGE, with a Letter.*

*Mrs. Page.* What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his <sup>2</sup>physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I: go to then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then, there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might,  
For thee to fight.

JOHN FALSTAFF."

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked, world!—one that is well ignow to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an <sup>d</sup>unweighed behavior hath this Flemish <sup>e</sup>drunkard

picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner 'assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company.—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Enter Mistress FORD.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mrs. Ford.* And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary.

*Mrs. Page.* Faith, but you do, in my mind.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O, mistress Page! give me some counsel.

*Mrs. Page.* What's the matter, woman?

*Mrs. Ford.* O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang the trifle, woman; take the honor. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

*Mrs. Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

*Mrs. Page.* What?—thou liest.—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will <sup>h</sup>ack; and so, thou shouldst not <sup>h</sup>alter the article of thy gentry.

*Mrs. Ford.* We burn <sup>i</sup>day-light:—here, read, read; <sup>3</sup>[*giving a letter*] perceive how I might be knighted. <sup>4</sup>[*Mrs. Page reads*].—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves." What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

*Mrs. Page.* Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more) and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two: I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some <sup>5</sup>stain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

<sup>a</sup> "I trow," i. e., I pray.—<sup>b</sup> Protest.—<sup>c</sup> Melancholy.—<sup>d</sup> Heedless.—<sup>e</sup> The English of Elizabeth's days accused the Flemings with having taught them to drink to excess.

<sup>f</sup> Attempt.—<sup>g</sup> "Will hack," i. e., will become common.—<sup>h</sup> "Not alter the article of," i. e., not add any lustre to.—<sup>i</sup> "We burn daylight," i. e., we waste our time, like those who use lamps by day.



*Mrs. Ford.* Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

*Mrs. Page.* So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the <sup>a</sup>chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

*Mrs. Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Mrs. Page.* Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*]

*Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.*

*Ford.* Well, I hope, it be not so.

*Pist.* Hope is a <sup>b</sup>curtail dog in some affairs; Sir John affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why, sir, my wife is not young.

*Pist.* He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, Both young and old, one with another. Ford, He loves the <sup>c</sup>gally-mawfry: Ford, <sup>d</sup>perpend.

*Ford.* Love my wife?

*Pist.* With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, Like sir Acteon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels. O! odious is the name.

*Ford.* What name, sir?

*Pist.* The horn, I say. Farewell: [night: Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do Away, sir corporal Nym. [sing.—

<sup>1</sup> *Nym.* Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

*Ford.* I will be patient; I will find out this.

*Nym.* And this is true; [*to PAGE.*] I like not the humor of lying. He hath wronged me in some humors: I should have borne the humored letter to her, but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym: I speak, and I avouch 'tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu. I love not the humor of bread and cheese. Adieu. [*Exit NYM.*]

*Page.* The humor of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

*Ford.* I will seek out Falstaff.

*Page.* I never heard such a <sup>e</sup>drawling-affecting rogue.

*Ford.* If I do find it, well.

*Page.* I will not believe such a <sup>f</sup>Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

*Ford.* 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

*Page.* How now, Meg!

*Mrs. Page.* Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

*Mrs. Ford.* 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—[*Aside to Mrs. FORD.*] Look, who

comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

*Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

*Mrs. Page.* You are come to see my daughter Anne?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

*Mrs. Page.* Go in with us, and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exit Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Mrs. QUICKLY.*]

*Page.* How now, master Ford?

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

*Page.* Yes; and you heard what the other told me.

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him, in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry, were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied.

*Page.* Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host!

*Enter Host.<sup>2</sup>*

*Host.* How now, bully-look! thou'rt a gentleman. Cavaliero-justice, I say.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter SHALLOW.*

*Shal.* I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page. Muster Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully-look.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought between sir Hugh, the Welsh priest, and Caius, the French doctor.

*Ford.* Good mine Host o' the Garter, a word with you.

*Host.* What say'st thou, my bully-look?

[*They go aside.*]

*Shal.* Will you [*to PAGE*] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jest-er. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

*Ford.* None, I protest: but I'll give you a <sup>4</sup>pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

*Host.* My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you <sup>5</sup>go on here?

*Shal.* Have with you, mine host.

*Page.* I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

*Shal.* Tut, sir! I could have told you more: in

<sup>a</sup> "The chariness of our honesty," i.e., the caution that should attend on it.—<sup>b</sup> "A curtail dog," i.e., a dog that misuses his game.—<sup>c</sup> Medley.—<sup>d</sup> Consider; reflect.—<sup>e</sup> i.e., a rogue who so affects drawling.—<sup>f</sup> Lying sharper.

<sup>6</sup> Four pints.

these times you stand on distance, your passes, <sup>a</sup> stock-adoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four <sup>b</sup> tall fellows skip like rats.

*Host.* Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

*Page.* Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than <sup>1</sup> see them fight.

[*Exeunt Host, SHALLOW, and PAGE.*]  
*Ford.* Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's <sup>2</sup> fidelity, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house, and what they <sup>c</sup> made there, I know not. Well, I will look farther into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labor; if she be otherwise, 'tis labor well bestowed. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.*

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Pist.* Why, then, the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.<sup>3</sup>

*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your <sup>d</sup> couch-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a gemini of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and <sup>e</sup> tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her <sup>f</sup> fan, I took't upon mine honor thou hadst it not.

*Pist.* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a <sup>g</sup> throng:—to your manor of 'Pickt-hatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honor!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honor precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, <sup>h</sup> you rogue, will <sup>i</sup> ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your <sup>j</sup> red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honor! You will not do it, you?

*Pist.* I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Rob.* Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Enter Mistress QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* Give your worship good-morrow.

*Fal.* Good-morrow, good wife.

*Quick.* Not so, an't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid, then.

*Quick.* I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

*Fal.* I do believe the swearer. What with me?

*Quick.* Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

*Fal.* Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Quick.* There is one mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways.—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

*Fal.* Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

*Quick.* Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, nobody hears:—mine own people, mine own people.

*Quick.* Arc they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

*Fal.* Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

*Quick.* Why sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

*Quick.* Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a 'canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary; yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such <sup>k</sup> all-giant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart, and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty <sup>l</sup> angels given me <sup>m</sup> of a morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, <sup>n</sup> pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

*Quick.* Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you <sup>o</sup> wet of: master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very <sup>p</sup> frampold life with him, good heart.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven.—Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

*Quick.* Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fatuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

*Quick.* Blessing on your heart for't!

*Fal.* But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

*Quick.* That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed. But mistress Page would desire you to send her

<sup>a</sup> Stabs; thrusts.—<sup>b</sup> Stout; bold.—<sup>c</sup> Did.—<sup>d</sup> The handle of a fan, in Elizabeth's days, was usually of silver or gold, sometimes inlaid with jewels.—<sup>e</sup> "Throng," i.e., a crowd, in which the "short knife" could be used to cut purses.—<sup>f</sup> "Pickt-hatch," a part of London noted for brothels.—<sup>g</sup> Protect.—<sup>h</sup> "Red lattice," i.e., *alcouse*. Alcouses were distinguished by red lattices.

<sup>i</sup> Quandary.—<sup>j</sup> Elegant.—<sup>k</sup> Gold coins.—<sup>l</sup> Gentlemen of the band of Pensioners. Their dress was remarkably splendid.—<sup>m</sup> Know.—<sup>n</sup> Vexatious.

your little page, of all <sup>a</sup>loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Quick.* Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a <sup>b</sup>wayword, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing: for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Fare thee well: commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me.

[*Exeunt Mrs. QUICKLY and ROBIN.*]

*Pist.* This punk is one of Cupid's carriers.—Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your <sup>d</sup>lights: Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

*Fal.* Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

*Fal.* Brook, is his name?

*Bard.* Ay, sir.

*Fal.* Call him in; [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; <sup>c</sup>via!

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir.

*Fal.* And you, sir: would you speak with me?

*Ford.* I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You're welcome. What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

*Ford.* Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.

*Fal.* Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; and the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseasoned intrusion, for, they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

*Fal.* Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

*Ford.* Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take half, or all, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

*Fal.* Speak, good master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, <sup>e</sup>sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well, sir; proceed.

*Ford.* There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

*Fal.* Well, sir.

*Ford.* I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting <sup>b</sup>observance; <sup>c</sup>engrossed opportunities to meet her; fec'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions; but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, <sup>d</sup>need, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;*

*Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

*Fal.* Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love then?

*Ford.* Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

*Ford.* When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great <sup>d</sup>admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally <sup>e</sup>allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned <sup>f</sup>preparations.

*Fal.* O, sir!

*Ford.* Believe it, for you know it.—There is money; spend it, spend it: spend more; spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

*Ford.* O! understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my <sup>g</sup>suit dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her

<sup>a</sup> "Of all loves," i. e., by all means.—<sup>b</sup> Watchword: by-word.—<sup>c</sup> Strumpet.—<sup>d</sup> "Fights" are the waist cloths hung round about the ship, to hinder the men from being seen by the enemy in the combat.—<sup>e</sup> It was a custom in taverns, in Shakespeare's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another, either as a memorial of friendship, or by way of introduction to acquaintance.—<sup>f</sup> "Via!" i. e., forward! go on!

<sup>g</sup> Since.—<sup>h</sup> Attention; heed.—<sup>i</sup> Seized.—<sup>k</sup> Reward.—<sup>l</sup> "Of great admittance," i. e., admitted into all, or the greatest company.—<sup>m</sup> Approved.—<sup>n</sup> Accomplishments.

with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves I could drive her, then, from the <sup>a</sup>ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, sir John?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

*Ford.* O good sir!

*Fal.* I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no money, sir John; you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no mistress Ford, master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

*Fal.* Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not.—Yet I wrong him to call him poor: they say, the jealous <sup>b</sup>wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night.—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his <sup>c</sup>style; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*]

*Ford.* What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! <sup>d</sup>wittol cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my <sup>e</sup>aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> Guard.—<sup>b</sup> Cuckoldly.—<sup>c</sup> "I will aggravate his style," i. e., I will add to his titles.—<sup>d</sup> "Wittol cuckold" is a tame, contented cuckold, knowing himself to be one.—<sup>e</sup> Usquebaugh.

## SCENE III.—Windsor Park.

*Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.*

*Caius.* Jack Rugby!

*Rug.* Sir.

*Caius.* Vat is de clock, Jack?

*Rug.* 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

*Caius.* By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Fible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rug.* He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

*Caius.* By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

*Rug.* Alas, sir! I cannot fence. <sup>1</sup>[*Runs back afraid.*]

*Caius.* Villainy, take your rapier.

*Rug.* Forbear; Here's company.

*Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.*

*Host.* Bless thee, bully doctor.

*Shal.* Save you, master doctor Caius.

*Page.* Now, good master doctor.

*Slen.* Give you good-morrow, sir.

*Caius.* Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee <sup>2</sup>foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy <sup>3</sup>montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my <sup>4</sup>Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of <sup>5</sup>elder? ha! is he dead, <sup>6</sup>bully-stale? is he dead?

*Caius.* By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

*Host.* Thou art a Castalian <sup>7</sup>king-Urinal: Hector of Greece, my boy.

*Caius.* I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

*Shal.* He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the <sup>8</sup>hair of your professions. Is it not true, master Page?

*Page.* Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make <sup>9</sup>one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

*Page.* 'Tis true, master Shallow.

*Shal.* It will be found so, master Page.—Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

*Host.* Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Monsieur Mock-water.

*Caius.* Mock-vater! vat is dat?

*Host.* Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valor, bully.

*Caius.* By gar, then, I have as much mock-vater

<sup>1</sup> Thrust.—<sup>2</sup> Terms in fencing.—<sup>3</sup> Elder has a heart of pith; hence the joke.—<sup>4</sup> "Bully-stale" and "king-Urinal" are epithets alluding to the empirical water-doctors. "Castalian" was used as a term of reproach after the defeat of the Spanish armada. The Host avails himself of the Doctor's ignorance of English to cover him with ridicule.—<sup>5</sup> "Against the hair," i. e., against the grain.—<sup>6</sup> "To make one," i. e., to make one of the combatants.

as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his cars.

*Host.* He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

*Caius.* Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Caius.* By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

*Host.* And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

*Caius.* Me tank you for dat.

*Host.* And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and a cke cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*]

*Page.* Sir Hugh is there, is he?

*Host.* He is there: see what humor he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

*Shal.* We will do it.

*Page.* *Shal.* and *Slen.* Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*]

*Caius.* By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

*Host.* Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting, and thou shall woo her. <sup>1</sup>Curds and creams, said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

*Host.* For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

*Host.* Let us wag then.

*Caius.* Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, <sup>2</sup>with a book, and SIMPLE.*

*Eva.* I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

*Sim.* Marry, sir, the <sup>3</sup>pit-way, the park-way, old Windsor way, and every way, but the town way.

*Eva.* I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

*Sim.* I will, sir.

[*Retiring.*]

*Eva.* Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and tremping of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am!—I will knog his <sup>b</sup>urinals about his knave's <sup>c</sup>costard, when I have good opportunities for the <sup>d</sup>ork!—pless my soul!

[*Sings.*]

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing <sup>d</sup>madrigals;  
There will we make our pels of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies.*

*To shallow—*

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

<sup>4</sup>[*Sings.*]

*Melodious birds sing madrigals;—  
When as I sat in <sup>e</sup>Pabylon,—  
And a thousand vagram posies.*

*To shallow—*

<sup>a</sup>Also.—<sup>b</sup>Chamber utensils.—<sup>c</sup>Head.—<sup>d</sup>Amorous ditties.—  
<sup>e</sup>Babylon: this line is from the old version of the 137th Psalm: "When we did sit in Babylon."

*Sim.* [*Coming forward.*] Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

*Eva.* He's welcome.—

<sup>5</sup>[*Sings.*]

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls—*

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

*Sim.* No weapons, sir. There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

*Eva.* Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

*Shal.* How now, master parson! Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

*Slen.* Ah, sweet Anne Page!

*Page.* Save you, good sir Hugh.

*Eva.* Pless you from his merry sake, all of you!

*Shal.* What! the sword and the word? do you study them both, master parson?

*Page.* And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

*Eva.* There is reasons and causes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

*Eva.* Fery well: what is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

*Shal.* I have lived fourscore years, and upward, I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so <sup>6</sup>wide of his own respect.

*Eva.* What is he?

*Page.* I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

*Eva.* Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

*Page.* Why?

*Eva.* He has no more knowledge in Hippocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

*Page.* I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

*Slen.* O, sweet Anne Page!

*Shal.* It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder!—here comes doctor Caius.

*Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.*

*Page.* Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

*Shal.* So do you, good master doctor.

*Host.* Di'ann them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

*Caius.* I pray you, let a-me speak a word vit your ear: verofore vill you not meet-a me?

*Eva.* Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

*Caius.* By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

*Eva.* Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humors; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscorb for missing your meetings and appointments.

*Caius.* *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine Host de *Jarretière*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

*Eva.* As I am a Christian soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

*Host.* Peace, I say! Gallia and Guallia, French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.

*Caius.* Ay, dat is very good: excellent.

*Host.* Peace, I say! hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the novbers.—Give me thy <sup>1</sup>hands, celestial and terrestrial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

*Slcn.* O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and *Host.*

*Caius.* Ha! do I perceive dat! have you make-a de <sup>a</sup>sot of us? ha, ha!

*Eva.* This is well, he has made us his <sup>b</sup>flouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same <sup>c</sup>scall, scurvy, <sup>d</sup>cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

*Caius.* By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

*Eva.* Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—A Street in Windsor.

*Enter* Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

*Rob.* I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

*Mrs. Page.* O! you are a flattering boy: now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

*Enter* FORD.

*Ford.* Well met, mistress Page. Whither go you?

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

*Ford.* Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of <sup>2</sup>your company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*Mrs. Page.* Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

*Mrs. Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

*Rob.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Ford.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Mrs. Page.* He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and <sup>3</sup>him! Is your wife at home indeed?

*Ford.* Indeed, she is.

*Mrs. Page.* By your leave, sir: I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt* Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.

*Ford.* Hath Page any brains! hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind:—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—

\* Fool.—<sup>b</sup> Flouting-stock; laughing-stock.—<sup>c</sup> Scald-head, a term of reproach.—<sup>d</sup> Wheedling; cheating.

they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful <sup>e</sup>Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry <sup>f</sup>aim. [*Clock strikes <sup>4</sup>ten.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *Host*, Sir HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

*Page, Shal., &c.* Well met, master Ford.

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse myself, master Ford.

*Slcn.* And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

*Shal.* We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

*Slcn.* I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

*Page.* You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so much.

*Host.* What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks <sup>g</sup>holyday, he smells April and <sup>h</sup>May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his <sup>i</sup>buttons; he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no <sup>k</sup>having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go:—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

*Shal.* Well, fare you well.—We shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SLENDER.

*Caius.* Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

*Host.* Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit* *Host.*

*Ford.* [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in <sup>l</sup>pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

*All.* Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—A Room in FORD's House.

*Enter* Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! what, Robert!

*Mrs. Page.* Quickly, quickly. Is the buck-basket—

*Mrs. Ford.* I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

\* *Actæon* was transformed by Diana into a stag: the allusion here is to the animal's horns.—<sup>f</sup> "Cry aim," i. e., encourage; applaud.—<sup>g</sup> "Speaks holyday," i. e., in holiday style.—<sup>h</sup> "April and May," i. e., of April and May.—<sup>i</sup> An allusion to the custom of wearing the flower called *bachelors' buttons*.—<sup>k</sup> "Of no having," i. e., of no fortune, possessions; not wealthy.—<sup>l</sup> "In pipe-wine," i. e., in wine from the pipe.

*Enter Servants with a large Basket.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, come, come.

*Mrs. Ford.* Here, set it down.

*Mrs. Page.* Give your men the charge: we must be brief.

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the <sup>a</sup>whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

*Mrs. Page.* You will do it?

*Mrs. Ford.* I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Here comes little Robin.

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, my <sup>b</sup>eyas-musket? what news with you?

*Rob.* My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford, and requests your company.

*Mrs. Page.* You little <sup>c</sup>Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

*Rob.* Ay, I'll be sworn: my master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it, for he swears he'll turn me away.

*Mrs. Page.* Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do so.—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit ROBIN.*]

*Mrs. Page.* I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit Mrs. PAGE.*]

*Mrs. Ford.* Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpon;—we'll teach him to know turtles from <sup>d</sup>jays.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition. O thou blessed hour!

*Mrs. Ford.* O, sweet sir John!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, I cannot <sup>e</sup>cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

*Mrs. Ford.* I your lady, sir John? alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

*Fal.* Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any <sup>f</sup>tire of Venetian admittance.

*Mrs. Ford.* A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

*Fal.* <sup>1</sup>By the Lord, thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled <sup>g</sup>farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not, nature thy <sup>h</sup>friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come; I cannot <sup>i</sup>cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like <sup>i</sup>Bucklersbury in <sup>k</sup>simple-time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do not betray me, sir. I fear, you love mistress Page.

*Fal.* Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the <sup>l</sup>Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the <sup>m</sup>reek of a lime-kiln.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

*Rob.* [*Within.*] Mistress Ford! mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me. I will <sup>n</sup>ensconce me behind the arras.

*Mrs. Ford.* Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.— [*FALSTAFF hides himself.*]

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.*

What's the matter? how now!

*Mrs. Page.* O mistress Ford! what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you're undone for ever.

*Mrs. Ford.* What's the matter, good mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband to give him such cause of suspicion!

*Mrs. Ford.* What cause of suspicion?

*Mrs. Page.* What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, alas! what's the matter?

*Mrs. Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

*Mrs. Ford.* 'Tis not so, I hope.

*Mrs. Page.* Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one: I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

*Mrs. Ford.* What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

*Mrs. Page.* For shame! never stand "you had rather," and "you had rather:" your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to <sup>p</sup>ucking; or, it is <sup>q</sup>whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

<sup>a</sup> Bleachers of linen.—<sup>b</sup> Young sparrow-hawk.—<sup>c</sup> A stuffed puppet, thrown at in Lent, as cocks were at Shrovetide.—

<sup>d</sup> "Turtles from jays," i. e., honest women from loose ones.

<sup>e</sup> Flatter.—<sup>f</sup> "Tire of Venetian admittance," i. e., head-dress of Venetian fashion.—<sup>g</sup> Hooped petticoat.—<sup>h</sup> "Nature thy friend," i. e., nature being thy friend.

<sup>i</sup> "Bucklersbury" was a place chiefly inhabited by druggists.—<sup>k</sup> "Simple time," i. e., the time for gathering herbs, or <sup>l</sup>simples.—<sup>m</sup> "Counter" was the name of a well-known prison.—<sup>n</sup> Vapor.—<sup>o</sup> Conceal.—<sup>p</sup> Tapestry.—<sup>q</sup> "To bucking," i. e., to the wash.—<sup>r</sup> "Whiting-time," i. e., bleaching-time.

*Mrs. Ford.* He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Let me see't, let me see't! O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I'll in.

*Mrs. Page.* What! sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

*Fal.* I love thee: help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He gets into the basket, and falls over: they cover him with foul linen.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! Robert! John! [*Exit ROBIN. Re-enter Servants.*] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the <sup>a</sup> cowl-staff? look, how you <sup>b</sup> drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

*Serv.* To the laundress, forsooth.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night: I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first:—so, now <sup>c</sup> uncape.

*Page.* Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

*Ford.* True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

*Eva.* This is very fantastical humors, and jealousies.

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis no de' fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

*Page.* Nay, follow him, gentlemen: see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt PAGE, EVANS, and CAIUS.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mrs. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

*Mrs. Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same <sup>d</sup> strain were in the same distress.

*Mrs. Ford.* I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so <sup>e</sup> gross in his jealousy till now.

*Mrs. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

*Mrs. Page.* We'll do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

*Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

*Mrs. Page.* Heard you that?

*Mrs. Ford.* You use me well, master Ford, do you?

*Ford.* Ay, I do so.

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

*Ford.* Amen.

*Mrs. Page.* You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

*Ford.* Ay, ay; I must bear it.

*Eva.* If there be any body in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

*Caius.* By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

*Page.* Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this <sup>f</sup> kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

*Eva.* You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Caius.* By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well; I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page: I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together: I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

*Ford.* Any thing.

*Eva.* If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

*Caius.* If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

*Ford.* Pray you go, master Page.

*Eva.* I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

*Caius.* Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

*Eva.* A lousy knave! to have his <sup>g</sup> gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in PAGE's House.

*Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.*

*Fent.* I see, I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

*Anne.* Alas! how then?

*Fent.* Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object, I am too great of birth, And that my <sup>h</sup> state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth.

Beside these, other bars he lays before me,—

My riots past, my wild societies;

And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee, but as a property.

*Anne.* May be, he tells you true.

*Fent.* No, heaven so speed me in my time to come! Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:

Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value

Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;

And 'tis the very riches of thyself

That now I aim at.

<sup>a</sup> "Cowl-staff"—a staff with two handles, used for carrying a large basket.—<sup>b</sup> "How you drumble," i. e., how sluggishly you move.—<sup>c</sup> "Uncap," i. e., let loose the game.—<sup>d</sup> Character; disposition.—<sup>e</sup> Violent.

<sup>f</sup> Manner; way.—<sup>g</sup> Scoffs.—<sup>h</sup> Estate.



Anne. Gentle master Fenton.  
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:  
If opportunity and humblest suit  
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.  
[They talk apart.]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mrs. QUICKLY.  
Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly, my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slend. I'll make a shaft or a bolt out'n. 'Slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slend. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy! thou hadst a father.

Slend. I had a father, mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slend. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slend. Ay, that I will, come cut and blong-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you. [Stands back.]

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slend. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slend. My will? od's heartings! that's a pretty jest, indeed. I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you wish me?

Slend. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and Mistress PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender!—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fend. Nay, master Page, be not impatient. [Child.]

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my Page. She is no match for you.

Fend. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.—

Come, master Shallow;—come, son Slender; in.—Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[Exit PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

\* "I'll make a shaft or a bolt," i.e., I'll do it by hook or by crook—by some means or other.—"Come cut and blong-tail," i.e., come who will as my rival.—"Happy man be his dole," i.e., happiness to him who succeeds best.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page. [daughter]  
Fend. Good mistress Page, for that I love you In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colors of my love, And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool. [husband.]

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas! I had rather be set quick if the earth, And bow'd to death with turnips. [master Fenton,

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you, And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then, farewell, sir: she must needs go in; Her father will be angry.

[Exit Mrs. PAGE and ANNE.]

Fend. Farewell, gentle mistress.—Farewell, Nan. Quick. This is my doing, now.—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on master Fenton.—This is my doing. [night]

Fend. I thank thee; and I pray thee, 'once to Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains. [Exit.]

Quick. Now, heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but especially for master Fenton.

Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff with my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it. [Exit.]

# SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say!

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [Exit BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains taken out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen of the litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should drown. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the Wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave.—I cry you mercy: give your worship good-morrow.

\* Excuse; palliation.—Alive.—"Once," i.e., some time.—"Especially."—Neglect.—Pity.

*Fal.* Take away these <sup>a</sup>chalices. Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

*Bard.* With eggs, sir?

*Fal.* Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit BARDOLPH.*]—How now?

*Quick.* Master, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

*Quick.* Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their <sup>b</sup>erection.

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

*Quick.* Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

*Fal.* Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

*Quick.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

*Quick.* Eight and nine, sir.

*Fal.* Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

*Quick.* Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* I marvel, I hear not of master Brook: he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O! here he comes.

*Enter FORD.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir.

*Fal.* Now, master Brook; you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

*Ford.* That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

*Ford.* And sped you, sir?

*Fal.* Very ill-flavored, master Brook.

*Ford.* How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

*Fal.* No, master Brook; but the peaking <sup>c</sup>cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

*Ford.* What! while you were there?

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he search for you, and could not find you?

*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

*Ford.* A buck-basket!

*Fal.* By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there?

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple

of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave, their master, in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected <sup>d</sup>with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good <sup>e</sup>bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

*Ford.* In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

*Ford.* 'Tis past eight already, sir.

*Fal.* Is it? I will then <sup>f</sup>address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed, and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*]

*Ford.* Hum: ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married: this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets.—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should: he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make <sup>h</sup>me mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—The Street.

*Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.*

*Mrs. Page.* Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

*Quick.* Sure, he is, by this, or will be presently; but truly, he is very <sup>i</sup>courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll be with her by and by: I'll but

<sup>d</sup> "Detected with," i. e., suspected by.—<sup>e</sup> A "bilbo" is a Spanish sword-blade of great flexibility.—<sup>f</sup> "Address me," i. e., make myself ready.—<sup>g</sup> Outrageous.

<sup>a</sup> Cups.—<sup>b</sup> Direction.—<sup>c</sup> Cuckold.

bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.*

How now, sir Hugh! no school to-day?

*Eva.* No; master Slender is 'get the boys leave to play.

*Quick.* Blessing of his heart!

*Mrs. Page.* Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

*Eva.* Come hither, William: hold up your head; come.

*Mrs. Page.* Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

*Eva.* William, how many numbers is in nouns?

*Will.* Two.

*Quick.* Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

*Eva.* Peace your tattlings!—What is *fair*, William?

*Will.* *Pulcher.*

*Quick.* Pole-cats! there are fairer things than pole-cats, sure.

*Eva.* You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

*Will.* A stone.

*Eva.* And what is a stone, William?

*Will.* A pebble.

*Eva.* No, it is *lapis*: I pray you remember in your prain.

*Will.* *Lapis.*

*Eva.* That is good, William. What is *he*, William, that does lend articles?

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

*Eva.* *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

*Will.* *Accusativo, hinc.*

*Eva.* I pray you, have your remembrance, child: *accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

*Quick.* Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you. *Eva.* Leave your prables, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William?

*Will.* O—*vocativo, O.*

*Eva.* Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*

*Quick.* And that's a good root.

*Eva.* 'Oman, forbear.

*Mrs. Page.* Peace!

*Eva.* What is your genitive case plural, William?

*Will.* Genitive case?

*Eva.* Ay.

*Will.* Genitive,—*horum, harum, horum.*

*Quick.* Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

*Eva.* For shame, 'oman!

*Quick.* You do ill to teach the child such words.—He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*,—fie upon you!

*Eva.* 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers <sup>2</sup> and the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

*Mrs. Page.* Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

*Eva.* Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I have forgot.

*Eva.* It is *qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget your *quis*, your *quæ*, and your *quods*, you must be <sup>a</sup> preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

<sup>a</sup> Breeched; i. e., flogged.

*Mrs. Page.* He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

*Eva.* He is a good <sup>b</sup>sprag memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

*Mrs. Page.* Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir HUGH.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Room in FORD's House.

*Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. FORD.*

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath catchen up my sufferance. I see, you are 'obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mrs. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

*Mrs. Ford.* He's a birding, sweet sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* [*Within.*] What ho! gossip Ford! what ho!

*Mrs. Ford.* Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

*Enter Mrs. PAGE.*

*Mrs. Page.* How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, none but mine own people.

*Mrs. Page.* Indeed?

*Mrs. Ford.* No, certainly.—[*Aside.*] Speak louder.

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why?

*Mrs. Page.* Why, woman, your husband is in his old <sup>4</sup>lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer-out, ' Peer-out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to <sup>3</sup>this distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, does he talk of him?

*Mrs. Page.* Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

*Mrs. Ford.* How near is he, mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* Hard by; at street end: he will be here anon.

*Mrs. Ford.* I am undone! the knight is here.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him: better shame, than murder.

*Mrs. Ford.* Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

*Re-enter FALSTAFF <sup>4</sup>in fright.*

*Fal.* No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out, ere he come?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what 'make you here?

*Fal.* What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

<sup>b</sup> Quick; alert.—<sup>c</sup> Sorrowful.—<sup>d</sup> Lunacy; frenzy.—<sup>e</sup> "Peer-out!" an allusion to the sports of children, who thus call on a snail to push forth his horns.—<sup>f</sup> Do.

*Mrs. Ford.* There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it?

*Mrs. Ford.* He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an "abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

*Fal.* I'll go out, then.

*Mrs. Page.* If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—  
*Mrs. Ford.* How might we disguise him?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

*Mrs. Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

*Mrs. Page.* On my word it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd<sup>b</sup> hat, and her "muffler too.—Run up, sir John.

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

*Mrs. Page.* Quick, quick: we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*

*Mrs. Ford.* I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

*Mrs. Page.* Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudge! and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

*Mrs. Ford.* But is my husband coming?

*Mrs. Page.* Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act, that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, "Still swine eat all the<sup>d</sup> draff."  
[*Exit.*

*Re-enter Mrs. FORD, with two Servants.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly; despatch. [*Exit.*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, 'villains.—Somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket.—O you "panderly rascals! there's a knot, a 'ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me:

now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say! Come, come forth: behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

*Page.* Why, this "passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

*Eva.* Why, this is lunatics: this is mad as a mad dog.

*Shal.* Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

*Enter Mrs. FORD.*

*Ford.* So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband.—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I!

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

*Ford.* Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the Clothes<sup>2</sup> out, and throws them all over the stage.*

*Page.* This "passes!

*Mrs. Ford.* Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

*Ford.* I shall find you anon.

*Eva.* 'Tis unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket, I say.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, man, why,—

*Ford.* Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

*Mrs. Ford.* If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death. <sup>3</sup>[*All Clothes thrown out.*

*Page.* Here's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this<sup>b</sup> wrongs you.

*Eva.* Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

*Ford.* Well, he's not here I seek for.

*Page.* No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

*Ford.* Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no "color for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's "kisman." Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

*Mrs. Ford.* What ho! mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman! What old woman's that?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

*Ford.* A witch, a "quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such "daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down I say.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, good, sweet husband.—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

*Enter FALSTAFF in Women's Clothes, led by Mrs. PAGE.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

<sup>a</sup> Inventory; list.—<sup>b</sup> A "thrum'd" hat was a hat composed of weaver's tufts or *thrums*.—<sup>c</sup> A "muffler" was a part of female attire which covered only the lower part of the face.—<sup>d</sup> Dregs; refuse.—<sup>e</sup> Fimping; pimplike.—<sup>f</sup> Gang.

<sup>1</sup> Surpasses; goes beyond all bounds.—<sup>2</sup> "This wrongs you," i.e., this is unworthy of you.—<sup>3</sup> "Show no color," i.e., grant no mercy.—<sup>4</sup> Lover.—<sup>5</sup> Worthless woman.—<sup>6</sup> Falsehood; imposition.

*Ford.* I'll prat her.—Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him.*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

*Mrs. Page.* Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

*Ford.* Hang her, witch!

*Eva.* By yea and 'nay, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her 'muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out this upon no 'trail, never trust me when I 'open again.

*Page.* Let's obey his humor a little farther. Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, and EVANS.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

*Mrs. Ford.* What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any farther revenge?

*Mrs. Page.* The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of 'waste, attempt us again.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

*Mrs. Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any farther afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed, and, methinks, there would be no 'periled to the jest. Should he not be publicly shamed?

*Mrs. Page.* Come, to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter Host and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

*Bard.* Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

*Host.* They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll 'sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must 'come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—A Room in FORD'S HOUSE.

*Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Eva.* 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

<sup>a</sup> Money wretch.—<sup>b</sup> Cover for the lower part of the face.—<sup>c</sup> Cry out upon no trail, i. e., bark upon no scent—a huntsman's phrase.—<sup>d</sup> Cry out.—<sup>e</sup> In the way of waste, i. e., by destroying our reputation.—<sup>f</sup> No period, i. e., no right period, or proper catastrophe.—<sup>g</sup> I'll sauce them, i. e., charge them at a high price.—<sup>h</sup> Come off, i. e., come down; pay down a sum of money.

*Page.* And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

*Mrs. Page.* Within a quarter of an hour. [*wilt;*]

*Ford.* Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou I rather will suspect the sun with cold, [*stand;*]  
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honor In him that was of late a heretic,  
As firm as faith.

*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extreme in submission,

As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport,

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,

Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way than that they spoke of.

*Page.* How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie! he'll never come.

*Eva.* You 'see, he has been thrown into the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

*Page.* So think I too.

[*he comes,*]

*Mrs. Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him when And let us two devise to bring him thither.

*Mrs. Page.* There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,

Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,

Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns;

And there he blasts the trees, and takes the cattle;

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,

The superstitious idle-headed 'eld

Received, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

*Page.* Why, yet there want not many, that do fear In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.

But what of this?

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our devise;

That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,

Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,

And in this shape: when you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

*Mrs. Page.* That likewise have we thought upon, and thus.

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,

And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress

Like urchins, 'loupes, and fairies, green and white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,

And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,

As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,

Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once

With some 'm diffused song: upon their sight,

We two in great amazement will fly:

Then, let them all encircle him about,

And, fairy-like, 'to-pinch the unclean knight;

And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,

In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,

In shape profane.

*Mrs. Ford.* And till he tell the truth,

Let the supposed fairies pinch him 'soudly,

And burn him with their tapers.

*Mrs. Page.* The truth being known,

We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,

And mock him home to Windsor.

<sup>i</sup> "Takes the cattle," i. e., strikes them with disease.—<sup>j</sup> Old people.—<sup>k</sup> Elves; goblins.—<sup>l</sup> Obscure; strange.—<sup>m</sup> Bepinch; pinch hard.

*Ford.* The children must Be prais'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

*Eva.* I will teach the children their behaviors; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

*Ford.* That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

*Mrs. Page.* My Nan shall be the queen of all the finely attired in a robe of white. [that time]

*Page.* That silk will I go buy;—[*Aside.*] and in shall master Slender steal my Nan away, And marry her at Eton. [*To them.*] Go, send to Falstaff straight.

*Ford.* Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook; He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

*Mrs. Page.* Fear not you that. Go, get us <sup>b</sup> prop-and <sup>c</sup> tricking for our fairies. [erties,

*Eva.* Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, and fey honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Go, mistress Ford, Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. FORD.*]

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will, And none but he, to marry with Nan Page. That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot; And <sup>1</sup>him my husband best of all affects: The doctor is well money'd, and his friends Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her, Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

[*Enter Host and SIMPLE.*]

*Host.* What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

*Sim.* Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

*Host.* There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an <sup>d</sup>Anthropophaginan unto thee: knock, I say.

*Sim.* There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

*Host.* Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military; art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

*Fal.* [*Above.*] How now, mine host?

*Host.* Here's a Bohemian Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend: my chambers are honorable; fie! privacy? fie!

[*Enter FALSTAFF.*]

*Fal.* There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

*Sim.* Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

*Fal.* Ay, marry, was it, <sup>e</sup>muscle-shell: what would you with her?

*Sim.* My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.

*Sim.* And what says she, I pray, sir?

*Fal.* Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

*Sim.* I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her, too, from him.

*Fal.* What are they? let us know.

*Host.* Ay, come; quick.

*Fal.* <sup>2</sup>You may not conceal them, sir.

*Host.* Conceal them, <sup>3</sup>and thou diest.

*Sim.* Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

*Sim.* What, sir?

*Fal.* To have her,—or no. Go; say, the woman told me so.

*Sim.* May I be bold to say so, sir?

*Fal.* Ay, sir, 'tis he, who more bold?

*Sim.* I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit SIMPLE.*]

*Host.* Thou art <sup>a</sup>clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal.* Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it, neither, but was <sup>b</sup>paid for my learning.

[*Enter BARDOLPH.*]

*Bard.* Out, alas, sir! cozenage; mere cozenage!

*Host.* Where be my horses? speak well of them, <sup>c</sup>varletto.

*Bard.* Run away with <sup>d</sup>by the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say, they be fled: Germans are honest men.

[*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.*]

*Eva.* Where is mine host?

*Host.* What is the matter, sir?

*Eva.* Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town tells me, there is three couzin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of <sup>e</sup>gibes and <sup>f</sup>vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Doctor CAIUS.*]

*Caius.* Vere is mine Host de Jarretière?

*Host.* Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

*Caius.* I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*]

*Host.* Hue and cry, villain! go.—Assist me, knight; I am undone.—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and BARDOLPH.*]

*Fal.* I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and <sup>g</sup>liquor fishermen's boots with me:

<sup>a</sup> Masks.—<sup>b</sup> "Properties," i. e., incidental necessities pertaining to a theatre.—<sup>c</sup> Dress; ornaments.—<sup>d</sup> A cannibal; fustian words, used to astonish Simple.—<sup>e</sup> Simple is called *muscle-shell*, because he stands with his mouth open.

<sup>f</sup> Clown.—<sup>g</sup> Scholar-like.—<sup>h</sup> To pay, in Shakespeare's time, signified to beat.—<sup>i</sup> Varlet; scoundrel.—<sup>j</sup> Jest.—<sup>k</sup> Sarcasms.—<sup>l</sup> Grease.

I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at <sup>a</sup>primero. Well, if my wind were but long <sup>1</sup> enough, I would pray and repent.

*Enter Mistress QUICKLY.*

Now, whence come you?

*Quick.* From the two parties, forsooth.

*Fal.* The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

*Quick.* And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; <sup>b</sup>speciously one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

*Fal.* What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colors of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

*Quick.* Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together. Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

*Fal.* Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter FENTON and Host.*

*Host.* Master Fenton, talk not to me: my mind is heavy; I will give over all. [*pose,*]

*Fent.* Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my pursuit. And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

*Host.* I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

*Fent.* From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection (So far forth as herself might be her chooser) Even to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest

[*Showing the Letter.*]

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine Host: To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen; The purpose why, is <sup>c</sup>here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented. Now, sir, Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for Dr. Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white;

And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go, She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended, The better to denote her to the doctor, (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded) That <sup>d</sup>quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and on that token The maid hath given consent to go with him.

*Host.* Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

*Fent.* Both, my good host, to go along with me: And here it rests,—that you procure the vicar To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one, And in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

*Host.* Well, husband your device: I'll to the vicar. Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

*Fent.* So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT V.

#### SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. QUICKLY.*

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go:—I'll <sup>e</sup>hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

*Quick.* I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

*Fal.* Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and 'mince. [*Exit Mrs. QUICKLY.*]

*Enter FORD.*

How now, master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

*Fal.* I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam, because I know also, life is a <sup>f</sup>shuttle. I am in haste: go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked <sup>g</sup>geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow. Strange things in hand, master Brook: follow. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

*Page.* Come, come: we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

<sup>a</sup> Fantastically.—<sup>e</sup> "Hold," i. e., keep to the time.—<sup>f</sup> Walk; begone.—<sup>g</sup> An allusion to the Book of Job: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."—<sup>h</sup> Plucking live geese of their feathers was formerly a barbarous sport among boys.

<sup>a</sup> *Primero* was a fashionable game at cards.—<sup>b</sup> Especially.—<sup>c</sup> "Here," i. e., in the letter.

*Slén.* Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a <sup>a</sup>nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, "mum;" she cries, "budget," and by that we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too; but what needs either your "mum," or her "budget?" the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

*Page.* The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the <sup>b</sup>devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor.

*Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Dr. CAIUS.*

*Mrs. Page.* Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the park: we two must go together.

*Caius.* I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

*Mrs. Page.* Fare you well, sir. [*Exit CAIUS.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

*Mrs. Ford.* Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Evans?

*Mrs. Page.* They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

*Mrs. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mrs. Page.* If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

*Mrs. Page.* Against such <sup>c</sup>lewdsters, and their lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery.

*Mrs. Ford.* The hour draws on: to the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, and Fairies.*

*Eva.* Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.—Another Part of the Park.

*Enter FALSTAFF disguised, with a Buck's Head on.*

*Fal.* The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now the hot-blooded gods assist me!—remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda: O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on't, Jove; a fowl fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

*Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

*Fal.* My doe with the black <sup>d</sup>scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves;" hail kissing-comfits, and snow <sup>e</sup>eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*]

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

*Fal.* Divide me like a <sup>f</sup>bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the <sup>g</sup>fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a <sup>h</sup>woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome. [*Noise within.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Alas! what noise?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven forgive our sins!

*Fal.* What should this be?

*Mrs. Ford.* } Away, away! [*They run off.*]

*Mrs. Page.* }  
*Fal.* I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, like a Satyr; Mrs. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

*Queen.* Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,

Attend your office, and your <sup>k</sup>quality.

Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

*Pist.* Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys! Cricket, to Windsor chimneys <sup>l</sup>when thou'st leapt, Where fires thou find'st unak'd, and hearths unswep't, There pinch the maids as blue as <sup>m</sup>bilberry: Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery!

*Fal.* They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die. <sup>n</sup>[*To himself.*]

I'll wink and couch. No man their works must eye. [*Lies down upon his face.*]

*Eva.* Where's the Bead?—Go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

<sup>o</sup>Rouse up the organs of her <sup>m</sup>fantasy,

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

But those <sup>p</sup>that sleep, and think not on their sins,

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and <sup>q</sup>Queen. About, about! [*shins.*]

Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:

Strew good luck, <sup>r</sup>ouphes, on every sacred room,

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,

In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;

Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm, and every precious <sup>s</sup>flower:

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,

With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,

Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:

Th' <sup>t</sup>expression that it bears, green let it be,

<sup>d</sup> Tail.—<sup>e</sup> "Eringo" is the popular name of the sea-holly: "kissing-comfits" were principally made of potatoes and cringo roots, and were perfumed to sweeten the breath.—<sup>f</sup> "A bribe-buck," i. e., a buck sent as a bribe.—<sup>g</sup> Keeper.—<sup>h</sup> Sportsman; hunter.—<sup>i</sup> For orphan Warburton reads *ouphen*, or elish.—<sup>k</sup> Profession.—<sup>l</sup> The *bilberry* is a species of whortleberry.—<sup>m</sup> "Rouse up the organs of her fantasy," i. e., amuse her mind with some delightful vision.—<sup>n</sup> Fairies; elves.—<sup>o</sup> Articles of furniture were anciently rubbed with aromatic herbs, to drive away evil spirits.—<sup>p</sup> Impression.

<sup>a</sup> Watchword.—<sup>b</sup> An allusion to Falstaff, who was to have horns on his head.—<sup>c</sup> Profligates.



More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;  
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,  
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;  
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,  
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:  
Fairies, use flowers for their <sup>a</sup>character.  
Away! disperse! but, till 'tis one o'clock,  
Our dance of custom, round about the oak  
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

*Eva.* <sup>1</sup>Look hand in hand: yourselves in order set;  
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,  
To guide our measure round about the tree.  
But, stay! I smell a man of middle <sup>b</sup>earth.

*Fal.* Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy,  
lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

<sup>2</sup>[*To himself.*

*Pist.* Vile worm, thou wast 'o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

*Queen.* With trial-fire touch me his finger end:  
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,  
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,  
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

*Pist.* A trial! come.

*Eva.* Come, will this wood take fire?  
<sup>3</sup>[*They burn him with their tapers.*

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh!

*Queen.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!  
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;  
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Song, <sup>3</sup>by one.

*Fic on sinful fantasy!  
Fic on lust and luxury!  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,  
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.*

<sup>4</sup>CHORUS.

*Pinch him, fairies, mutually;  
Pinch him for his villainy;  
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.*

*During this song, the fairies pinch FALSTAFF: Doctor CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; SLENDER another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and FENTON comes, and steals away ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his back's head, and rises.*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, and Mrs. FORD.  
They lay hold of him.*

*Page.* Nay, do not fly: I think, we have <sup>5</sup>match'd you now.

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

*Mrs. Page.* I pray you come; hold up the jest no higher.—

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you these, husband? do not these fair <sup>6</sup>yokes Become the forest better than the town?

*Ford.* Now, sir, who's a cuckold now!—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horses, master Brook: and, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John, we have had ill-luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

<sup>a</sup> *Character* is a writing by characters—<sup>b</sup> "A man of middle earth," i. e., a mortal man.—<sup>c</sup> "O'erlook'd," i. e., be-  
witched; looked on by an evil eye.—<sup>d</sup> Horns.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.  
*Ford.* Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are ex-  
tant.

*Fal.* And these are not fairies! I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the <sup>e</sup>fop-  
pery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a <sup>f</sup>Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

*Eva.* Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

*Ford.* Well said, fairy Hugh.

*Eva.* And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

*Ford.* I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

*Fal.* Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-  
reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of <sup>g</sup>frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

*Eva.* Scese is not good to give putter: your pelly is all putter.

*Fal.* Scese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust, and late-  
walking, through the realm.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves with-  
out scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a <sup>h</sup>hog-pudding? a bag of flax?

*Mrs. Page.* A puffed man?

*Page.* Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable en-  
tails?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

*Page.* And as poor as Job?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Eva.* And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drink-  
ings, and swearings, and starings, pribles and prables?

*Fal.* Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel. Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er  
<sup>h</sup>me: use me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

*Page.* Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

*Mrs. Page.* Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

[*Aside.*

*Enter SLENDER, crying.*

*Slender.* Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

*Page.* Son, how now! how now, son! have you despatched?

*Slender.* Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

*Page.* Of what, son?

*Slender.* I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress

<sup>e</sup> Folly: foolery.—<sup>f</sup> *Jack-a-lent* was a puppet thrown at in  
Lent.—<sup>g</sup> Fool's cap.—<sup>h</sup> "Is a plummet o'er me," i. e., weighs  
me down.

Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy; if it had not been i' the church, I would have <sup>a</sup>swinged him, or he should have swunged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slcn. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slcn. I went to her in white, and cried "mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy: it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy; by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [Exit CAIUS.]

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton! <sup>1</sup>[They kneel.]

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, mistress; how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do <sup>b</sup>amaze her: hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous <sup>2</sup>guile, Since therein she doth <sup>c</sup>evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy.—In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state: Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy.

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no farther.—Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days.—

Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so.—Sir John, To master Brook you yet shall hold your word; For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford.

[Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> Whipped.

<sup>b</sup> Confound her by your questions.—<sup>c</sup> Avoid.

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.



ACT IV.—Scene 3.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, the Duke.  
ANGELO, the Deputy.<sup>1</sup>  
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.  
CLAUDIO, a young Gentleman.  
LUCIO, a Fantastic.  
Two other like Gentlemen.  
Provost.  
THOMAS, }  
PETER, } Two Friars.  
A Justice.  
ELBOW, a simple Constable.

FROTH, a foolish Gentleman.  
Clown.  
ABHORSON, an Executioner.  
BARNARDINE, a dissolute Prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.  
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.  
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.  
FRANCISCA, a Nun.  
MISTRESS OVER-DONE, a Bawd.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

*Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Escalus!

*Escal.* My lord.

*Duke.* Of government the properties to unfold,  
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;  
Since I am <sup>2</sup>apt to know, that your own <sup>3</sup>science  
Exceeds, in that, the <sup>b</sup>lists of all advice  
My strength can give you: then, no more remains,  
But <sup>3</sup>add to your sufficiency your worth,  
And let them work. The nature of our people,  
Our city's institutions, and the terms  
For common justice, y' are as <sup>c</sup>pregnant in  
As art and practice hath enriched any  
That we remember. There is our commission,

<sup>4</sup>[*Giving it.*]

From which we would not have you warp.—Call  
hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—[*Exit an Attendant.*]

What figure of us think you he will bear?  
For, you must know, we have with special soul  
Elected him our absence to supply,  
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,  
And given his deputation all the organs  
Of our own power. What think you of it?

*Escal.* If any in Vienna be of worth  
To undergo such ample grace and honor,  
It is lord Angelo.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Duke.* Look, where he comes.

*Ang.* Always obedient to your grace's will,  
I come to know your pleasure.

*Duke.* Angelo,  
There is a kind of character in thy life,  
That, to th' observer, doth thy history  
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy <sup>d</sup>belongings

<sup>a</sup> Knowledge.—<sup>b</sup> Bounds.—<sup>c</sup> Ready.

<sup>d</sup> Endowments.

Are not thine own so <sup>a</sup>proper, as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.  
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,  
But to fine <sup>b</sup>issues; nor nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and <sup>c</sup>use. But I do bend my speech  
To one that can my part in him <sup>d</sup>advertise:  
Hold, therefore, Angelo: <sup>1</sup>[*Tendering his commission.*]  
In our <sup>e</sup>remove be thou at full yourself;  
<sup>f</sup>Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,  
Though first in question, is thy <sup>g</sup>secondary:  
Take thy commission. <sup>2</sup>[*Giving it.*]

*Ang.* Now, good my lord,  
Let there be some more test made of my metal,  
Before so noble and so great a figure  
Be stamp'd upon it.

*Duke.* No more evasion:  
We have with a <sup>h</sup>heaven'd and prepared choice  
Proceeded to you; therefore, take your honors.  
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,  
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd  
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,  
As time and our concernings shall <sup>i</sup>importune,  
How it goes with us; and do look to know,  
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:  
To the hopeful execution do I leave you  
Of your commissions.

*Ang.* Yet, give leave, my lord,  
That we may bring you something on the way.

*Duke.* My haste may not admit it;  
Nor need you, on mine honor, have to do  
With any scruple: your <sup>k</sup>scope is as mine own,  
So to enforce, or qualify the laws  
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand.  
I'll privily away: I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause, and <sup>l</sup>avares vehement,  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,  
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

*Ang.* The heavens give safety to your purposes!

*Escal.* Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

*Duke.* I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*Escal.* I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave  
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me  
To look into the bottom of my place:  
A power I have, but of what strength and nature  
I am not yet instructed.

*Ang.* 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,  
And we may soon our satisfaction have  
Touching that point.

*Escal.* I'll wait upon your honor. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* If the duke, with the other dukes, come  
not to <sup>m</sup>composition with the king of Hungary, why  
then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

<sup>1</sup> *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the  
king of Hungary's!

<sup>a</sup> "Thine own so proper," i. e., so much thine own property.—<sup>b</sup> "Fine issues," i. e., high purposes.—<sup>c</sup> "Use," i. e., interest.—<sup>d</sup> "One that can my part in him advertise," i. e., one already conversant with the duties of my office.—<sup>e</sup> Absence.—<sup>f</sup> "Mortality," i. e., sentence of death.—<sup>g</sup> Deputy.—<sup>h</sup> Matured; deliberate.—<sup>i</sup> Require.—<sup>j</sup> Extent of power.—<sup>k</sup> Hailings; salutations.—<sup>l</sup> Terms; agreement.

<sup>2</sup> *Gent.* Amen.

*Lucio.* Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

<sup>2</sup> *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

*Lucio.* Ay, that he razed.

<sup>1</sup> *Gent.* Why? 'Twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

<sup>2</sup> *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

*Lucio.* I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

<sup>2</sup> *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

<sup>1</sup> *Gent.* What, in metre?

*Lucio.* In any <sup>n</sup>proportion, or in any language.

<sup>1</sup> *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

*Lucio.* Ay; why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example; thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

<sup>1</sup> *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between <sup>o</sup>us.

*Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

<sup>1</sup> *Gent.* And thou the velvet? thou art good velvet: thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art <sup>p</sup>il'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

*Lucio.* I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink <sup>q</sup>after thee.

<sup>1</sup> *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong, have I not?

<sup>2</sup> *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted, or free.

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes!

<sup>1</sup> *Gent.* I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

<sup>2</sup> *Gent.* To what, I pray?

*Lucio.* Judge.

<sup>2</sup> *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year.

<sup>1</sup> *Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more.

<sup>2</sup> *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

*Enter Bawd.*

<sup>1</sup> *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

*Bawd.* Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

<sup>2</sup> *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

*Bawd.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio; signior Claudio.

<sup>1</sup> *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

*Bawd.* Nay, but I know, 'tis so; I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopped off.

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

<sup>n</sup> Measure.—<sup>o</sup> i. e., we are both of the same piece.—<sup>p</sup> Velvet was esteemed according to the richness of the pile: but *pil'd* means also *bald*.—The allusion is to the loss of hair by a loathsome disease.—<sup>q</sup> The cup of an infected person was formerly thought contagious.

*Bawd.* I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

<sup>2</sup> *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

<sup>1</sup> *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

*Lucio.* Away: let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*]

*Bawd.* Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

*Bawd.* Well: what has he done?

*Clo.* A woman.

*Bawd.* But what's his offence?

*Clo.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

*Bawd.* What, is there a maid with child by him?

*Clo.* No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

*Bawd.* What proclamation, man?

*Clo.* All 'bawdy houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

*Bawd.* And what shall become of those in the city?

*Clo.* They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

*Bawd.* But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

*Clo.* To the ground, mistress.

*Bawd.* Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

*Clo.* Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service: you will be considered.

*Bawd.* What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

*Clo.* Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—The Same.

*Enter Provost, Claudio, and Officers.*

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

*Prov.* I do it not in evil disposition, But from lord Angelo by special charge.

*Claud.* Thus can the demi-god, authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight.— The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so: yet still 'tis just.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

*Claud.* From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scape by the immoderate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that <sup>4</sup> ravin down their proper bane,

A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

*Claud.* What but to speak of would offend again.

*Lucio.* What is it? murder?

*Claud.* No.

*Lucio.* Lechery?

*Claud.* Call it so.

*Prov.* Away, sir! you must go.

*Claud.* One word, good friend.—*Lucio*, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*]

*Lucio.* A hundred if they'll do you any good.—Is lechery so look'd after? [*Tract,*]

*Claud.* Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true count I got possession of Julietta's bed:

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the <sup>5</sup> pronunciation lack

Of outward order: this we came not to,

Only for <sup>6</sup> procurement of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,

Till time had made them for us. But it chances,

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment

With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

*Lucio.* With child, perhaps?

*Claud.* Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,

Or whether that the body public be

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in;—but this new governor

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,

Which have, like unscour'd armor, hung by the wall

So long, that nineteen <sup>7</sup> zodiacks have gone round,

And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

Freshly on me:—'tis surely, for a name.

*Lucio.* I warrant, it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I pray thee, Lucio, do me this kind service.

This day my sister should the cloister enter,

And there receive her <sup>8</sup> approbation:

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself essay him:

I have great hope in that; for in her youth

There is a <sup>9</sup> prone and speechless dialect,

Such as moves men: beside, she hath prosperous art,

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And well she can persuade.

*Lucio.* I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of <sup>10</sup> tick-tack. I'll to her.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend Lucio.

*Lucio.* Within two hours.

*Claud.* Come, officer; away! [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> "The sweat," i. e., the consequences of the curative process then in use for a certain disease.—<sup>b</sup> Jailer.—<sup>c</sup> An allusion to a passage in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy."—<sup>d</sup> Voraciously devour.

<sup>e</sup> Folly.—<sup>f</sup> Yearly circles.—<sup>g</sup> Ticklish.—<sup>h</sup> "Receive her approbation," i. e., enter on her novitiate, or probation.—<sup>i</sup> Prompt; ready.—<sup>k</sup> Tricktrack: the word is used in a wanton sense.

## SCENE IV.—A Monastery.

*Enter Duke, and Friar THOMAS.*

*Duke.* No, holy father; throw away that thought: Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete <sup>a</sup>bosom. Why I desire thee To give me secret harbor hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled, than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

*Fri.* May your grace speak of it?

*Duke.* My holy sir, none better knows than you How I have ever lov'd the life <sup>b</sup>remov'd; And held in idle price to haunt assemblies, Where youth, and cost, and witless <sup>c</sup>bravery keeps. I have deliver'd to lord Angelo (A man of <sup>d</sup>stricture, and firm abstinence) My absolute power and place here in Vienna, And he supposes me travell'd to Poland; For so I have strew'd it in the common ear, And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir, You will demand of me, why I do this?

*Fri.* Gladly, my lord.

*Duke.* We have strict statutes, and most biting laws, (The needful bits and curbs to head-strong steeds) Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep; Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave, That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers, Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch Only to stick it in their children's sight, For terror, not to use, 'in time the rod's More mock'd, than fear'd; so our most just decrees, Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead, And liberty plucks justice by the nose; The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart Goes all decorum.

*Fri.* It rested in your grace To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd; And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd, Than in lord Angelo.

*Duke.* I fear, too dreadful: Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope, 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done, When evil deeds have their permissive pass, [father, And not <sup>2</sup>due punishment. Therefore, indeed, my I have on Angelo impos'd the office, Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home, And yet my nature never <sup>3</sup>in the sight, To draw on slander. And to behold his sway, I will, as 'twere a brother of your order, Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee, Supply me with the habit, and instruct me How I may formally in person bear me Like a true friar. More reasons for this action, At our more leisure shall I render you; Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise; Stands at a <sup>e</sup>guard with envy; scarce confesses That his blood flows, or that his appetite Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see, If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.—A Nunnery.

*Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.*

*Isab.* And have you nuns no farther privileges?

*Fran.* Are not these large enough?

*Isab.* Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more, But rather wishing a more strict restraint Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.

*Lucio.* [ *Within.* ] Ho! Peace be in this place!

*Isab.* Who's that which calls?

*Fran.* It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella, Turn you the key, and know his business of him: You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn. When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men, But in the presence of the prioress: Then, if you speak, you must not show your face; Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

<sup>4</sup>[*LUCIO calls.*]

He calls again: I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit FRANCISCA.*]

*Isab.* Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses Proclaim you are no less, can you so stead me, As bring me to the sight of Isabella, A novice of this place, and the fair sister To her unhappy brother Claudio?

*Isab.* Why her unhappy brother? let me ask, The rather, for I now must make you know I am that Isabella, and his sister. [ *You.* ]

*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isab.* Woe me! for what?

*Lucio.* For that, which, if myself might be his judge, He should receive his punishment in thanks.

He hath got his friend with child.

*Isab.* Sir, make me not your <sup>b</sup>scorn. [ *familiar sin* ]

*Lucio.* 'Tis true. I would not, though 'tis my With maids to seem the flapping, and to jest, Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so: I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted By your renouncement, an immortal spirit, And to be talk'd with in sincerity, As with a saint.

*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and <sup>c</sup>truth, 'tis Your brother and his <sup>b</sup>lover have embrac'd: [ *thus:* As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time, That from the <sup>e</sup>seeding the bare fallow brings To teeming <sup>f</sup>foison, even so her plenteous womb Expresseth his full <sup>f</sup>tilth and husbandry. [ *Juliet?* ]

*Isab.* Some one with child by him?—My cousin

*Lucio.* Is she your cousin? [ *names* ]

*Isab.* Adoptedly; as school-maids change their By vain, though apt, affection.

*Lucio.* She it is.

*Isab.* O! let him marry her.

*Lucio.* This is the point.

The duke, <sup>7</sup>who's very strangely gone from hence, Bore many gentlemen, myself being one, In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn, By those that know the very nerves of state, His givings out were of an infinite distance From his true-meant design. Upon his place, And with full <sup>h</sup>line of his authority, Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood Is very snow-broth; one who never feels The wanton stings and motions of the sense, But doth <sup>i</sup>rebate and blunt his natural edge With profits of the mind, study and fast. He (to give fear to <sup>j</sup>use and liberty, Which have for long run by the hideous law, As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act, Under whose heavy sense your brother's life Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,

<sup>a</sup> "A complete bosom," i. e., a bosom completely armed.—  
<sup>b</sup> Retired.—<sup>c</sup> "Bravery" is showy dress.—<sup>d</sup> Strictness.—<sup>e</sup> "At a guard," i. e., on his defence.

<sup>f</sup> An old proverb reads: "The lapwing cries most, farthest from her nest," i. e., tongue far from heart.—<sup>g</sup> Fewness and truth," i. e., in few and true words.—<sup>h</sup> Mistress.—<sup>i</sup> "Teeming foison," i. e., breeding plenty.—<sup>j</sup> Tillage.—<sup>k</sup> Extent.—<sup>l</sup> Make dull.—<sup>m</sup> "To give fear to use," i. e., to intimidate use, or practices long countenanced by custom.

And follows close the rigor of the statute,  
To make him an example. All hope is gone,  
Unless you have the <sup>a</sup>grace by your fair prayer  
To soften Angelo; and that's my pith  
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.  
*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life?

*Lucio.* Has <sup>b</sup>censur'd him  
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath  
A warrant for his execution.

*Isab.* Alas! what poor ability's in me  
To do him good?

*Lucio.* Essay the power you have.

*Isab.* My power, alas! I doubt.

*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord Angelo,  
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,  
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would <sup>c</sup>owe them.

*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.

*Lucio.* But speedily.

*Isab.* I will about it straight,  
No longer staying but to give the <sup>d</sup>mother  
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:  
Commend me to my brother; soon at night  
I'll send him certain word of my success.

*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.

*Isab.* Good sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Hall in ANGELO's House.

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Officers, and  
other Attendants.*

*Ang.* We must not make a scare-crow of the law,  
Setting it up to <sup>e</sup>fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch, and not their terror.

*Escal.* Ay, but yet  
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
Than <sup>f</sup>fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,  
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.  
Let but your honor <sup>g</sup>know,  
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,) <sup>h</sup>  
That, in the working of your own affections,  
Had time <sup>i</sup>coher'd with place, or place with wishing,  
Or that the resolute acting of your blood  
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,  
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,  
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,  
And pull'd the law upon you.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
Another thing to fall. I not deny,  
The jury, passing on <sup>j</sup>a prisoner's life,  
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two [*tice,*  
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to jus-  
tice that justice seizes: what know the laws, [*nant,*  
That thieves do <sup>k</sup>pass on thieves? 'Tis very <sup>k</sup>preg-  
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,  
Because we see it; but what we do not see  
We tread upon, and never think of it.  
You may not so extenuate his offence,  
'For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,  
When I, that censure him, do so offend,  
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,

And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.

*Ang.*

Where is the provost?

*Enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Here, if it like your honor.

*Ang.*

See that Claudio  
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd. [*Prov.*  
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Prov.*]

*Escal.* Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!  
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:  
Some run from <sup>2</sup>breaks of ice, and answer none,  
And some condemned for a fault alone.

*Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.*

*Elb.* Come, bring them away. If these be good  
people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use  
their abuses in common houses, I know no law:  
bring them away.

*Ang.* How now, sir? What's your name, and  
what's the matter?

*Elb.* If it please your honor, I am the poor duke's  
constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon  
justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good  
honor two notorious benefactors.

*Ang.* Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are  
they? are they not malefactors?

*Elb.* If it please your honor, I know not well  
what they are; but precise villains they are, that I  
am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world,  
that good Christians ought to have.

*Escal.* This comes off <sup>m</sup>well: here's a wise officer.  
*Ang.* Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow  
is your name: why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

*Clo.* He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow.

*Ang.* What are you, sir?

*Elb.* He, sir? a tapster, sir; <sup>n</sup>parcel-bawd; one  
that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as  
they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she  
professes a <sup>o</sup>hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill  
house too.

*Escal.* How know you that?

*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I <sup>p</sup>detest before heaven  
and your honor,—

*Escal.* How! thy wife?

*Elb.* Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest  
woman,—

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well  
as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house,  
it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been  
a woman cardinally given, might have been accused  
in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

*Escal.* By the woman's means?

*Elb.* Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means; but  
as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

*Clo.* Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou hon-  
orable man; prove it.

*Escal.* [*To ANGELO.*] Do you hear how he mis-  
places?

*Clo.* Sir, she came in great with child, and longing  
(saving your honor's reverence) for stew'd prunes:  
sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very  
distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish  
of some three-pence: your honors have seen such  
dishes: they are not China dishes, but very good  
dishes.

<sup>a</sup> "Grace," i. e., power of gaining favor.—<sup>b</sup> Sentenced.—  
<sup>c</sup> Have; possess.—<sup>d</sup> Abbess.—<sup>e</sup> Frighten.—<sup>f</sup> Throw down.—  
<sup>g</sup> Examine.—<sup>h</sup> Suited.—<sup>i</sup> Pass judgment.—<sup>j</sup> Plain; full of  
proof.—<sup>k</sup> Because.

<sup>m</sup> "Comes off well," i. e., is well told.—<sup>n</sup> Partly bawd.—  
<sup>o</sup> "Professes a hot-house," i. e., keeps a bagnio.—<sup>p</sup> Protest.

*Escal.* Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right; but to the point. As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Clo.* Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

*Froth.* Ay, so I did, indeed.

*Clo.* Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Clo.* Why, very well then.

*Escal.* Come; you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

*Clo.* Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

*Clo.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honor's leave. And, I beseech you, look <sup>1</sup> unto master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas.—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

*Froth.* All-hallowed <sup>a</sup> eve.

*Clo.* Why, very well: I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a <sup>b</sup> lower chair, sir;—'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

*Froth.* I have so; because it is an open room, and good for <sup>2</sup> windows.

*Clo.* Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause, Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

*Escal.* I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit ANGELO.]

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

*Clo.* Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Clo.* I beseech your honor, ask me.

*Escal.* Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

*Clo.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good master Froth, look upon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honor mark his face?

*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

*Clo.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Clo.* Doth your honor see any harm in his face?

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Clo.* I'll be <sup>c</sup> supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honor.

*Escal.* He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.

*Clo.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

*Clo.* Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice, or <sup>d</sup> Iniquity?—Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked <sup>e</sup> Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her?—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked <sup>e</sup> Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff!

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue; now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

*Escal.* Where were you born, friend?

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth.* Yes, an't please you, sir.

*Escal.* So.—What trade are you of, sir?

*Clo.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress' name?

*Clo.* Mistress Over-done.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband?

*Clo.* Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

*Escal.* Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

*Escal.* Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell.—[Exit FROTH.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

*Clo.* Pompey.

*Escal.* What else?

*Clo.* Bum, sir.

*Escal.* 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you color it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

*Clo.* If the law would allow it, sir.

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

*Clo.* Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your <sup>3</sup> lordship will take <sup>f</sup> order for the

<sup>a</sup> The eve of All Saints' day.—<sup>b</sup> A "lower chair" was an easy chair.—<sup>c</sup> Deposed; sworn.

<sup>d</sup> "Justice or Iniquity," i.e., constable or clown.—<sup>e</sup> Canibal.—<sup>f</sup> To take order is to take measures, precautions.



drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

*Clo.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three pence a 'day. If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Clo.* I thank your worship for your good counsel, but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

*Escal.* Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

*Elb.* And a half, sir.

*Escal.* Alas! it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

*Escal.* Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir?

*Escal.* To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit ELBOW.*]  
What's o'clock, think you?

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

But yet, poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.

Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter Provost, and a Servant.*

*Serv.* He's hearing of a cause: he will come I'll tell him of you. [*straight.*]

*Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know His pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas!

He hath but as offended in a dream:

All sects, all ages smuck of this vice, and he

To die for it!—

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter, provost?

*Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

*Ang.* Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen,

When, after execution, judgment hath

Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.*

Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spar'd.

*Prov.*

I crave your honor's pardon. What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? She's very near her hour.

*Ang.*

Dispose of her To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

*Re-ent' Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd Desires access to you.

*Ang.*

Hath he a sister?

*Prov.* Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already.

*Ang.* Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*]  
See you the fomicatress be remov'd:

Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;

There shall be order for it.

*Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.*

*Prov.* Save your honor! [*Offering to go.*]

*Ang.* Stay a little while.—[*To ISAB.*] Y' are welcome: what's your will?

*Isab.* I am a woeful suitor to your honor, Please but your honor hear me.

*Ang.*

Well; what's your suit?

*Isab.* There is a vice, that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of justice, For which I would not plead, but that I must; For which I must not plead, but that I am At war 'twixt will, and will not.

*Ang.*

Well; the matter?

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to die:

I do beseech you, let it be his fault,

And not my brother.

*Prov.* [*Aside.*] Heaven give thee moving graces!

*Ang.* Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done.

Mine were the very cipher of a function,

To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,

And let go by the actor.

*Isab.*

O just, but severe law!

I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honor!

[*Going.*]

*Lucio.* [*To ISAB.*] Giv't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;

You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.

To him, I say.

*Isab.* Must he needs die?

*Ang.*

Maiden, no remedy.

*Isab.* Yes; I do think that you might pardon him, And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

*Ang.* I will not do't.

*Isab.*

But can you, if you would?

*Ang.* Look; what I will not, that I cannot do.

*Isab.* But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse As mine is to him?

*Ang.*

He's sentenc'd: 'tis too late.

*Lucio.* [*To ISAB.*] Thou art too cold.

*Isab.* Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,

May call it back again: Well believe this,

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one half so good a grace

<sup>a</sup> i. e., Let my brother's fault die, but let not him suffer.—

<sup>b</sup> Fity.—<sup>c</sup> "Well believe this," i. e., be well assured of this.

As mercy does. If he had been as you, and you as he, You would have slept like him; but he, like you, Would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you, begone.

*Isab.* I would to heaven I had your potency, And you were Isabel! should it then be thus? No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge, And what a prisoner.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

*Ang.* Your brother is a forf-eit of the law, And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once; And he that might the vantage best have took, Found out the remedy. How would you be, If he, which is the <sup>1</sup> God of judgment, should But judge you as you are? O, think on that, And mercy then will breathe within your lips, Like man new <sup>a</sup> made!

*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid.

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother: Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son, It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

*Isab.* To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!

He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven With less respect than we do minister To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you: Who is it that hath died for this offence? There's many have committed it.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] Ay, well said.

*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though it hath Those many had not dar'd to do that evil, [*slept*: If the first <sup>2</sup> one, that did th' edict infringe, Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake; Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet, Looks in a <sup>b</sup> glass, that shows what future evils Either <sup>3</sup> new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd, And so in progress to be hatch'd and born, Are now to have no successive degrees, But <sup>4</sup> ere they live to end.

*Isab.* Yet show some pity.

*Ang.* I show it most of all, when I show justice; For then I pity those I do not know, Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall, And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong, Lives not to act another. Be satisfied: Your brother dies to-morrow: be content. [*tence*,

*Isab.* So you must be the first that gives this sen- And he that suffers. O! it is excellent To have a giant's strength; <sup>5</sup> but tyrannous To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] That's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet, For every <sup>c</sup> pelting, petty officer Would use his heaven for thunder; Nothing but thunder. Merciful heaven! Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak, Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man! Drest in a little brief authority, Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd, His glassy essence, like an angry ape, Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven, As make the angels weep; who, with our <sup>d</sup> spleens, Would all themselves laugh <sup>e</sup> mortal.

*Lucio.* [*To Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench! He He's coming; I perceive't. [*will relent*:

*Prov.* [*Aside.*] Pray heaven, she win him!

*Isab.* <sup>6</sup> You cannot weigh our brother with yourself: Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them, But in the less foul profanation. [*o' that*.

*Lucio.* [*To Isab.*] Thou'rt in the right, girl: more

*Isab.* That in the captain's but a choleric word, Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] Art avis'd o' that? more on't.

*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like others, Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom; Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know That's like my brother's fault: if it confess A natural guiltiness, such as is his, Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue Against my brother's life.

*Ang.* [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [*To her.*]

Fare you well.

*Isab.* Gentle my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* I will bethink me.—Come again to-morrow.

*Isab.* Hark, how I'll bribe you. Good my lord,

*Ang.* How! bribe me? [*turn back*.

*Isab.* Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] You had marr'd all else.

*Isab.* Not with <sup>f</sup>ond <sup>7</sup> circles of the <sup>8</sup> tested gold, Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor As fancy values them; but with true prayers, That shall be up at heaven, and enter there Ere sun-rise: prayers from <sup>9</sup> preserved souls, From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate To nothing temporal.

*Ang.* Well; come to me to-morrow.

*Lucio.* [*To Isab.*] Go to; 'tis well: away!

*Isab.* Heaven keep your honor safe! <sup>8</sup> [*Going*.

*Ang.* [*Aside.*] Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation, Where prayers cross.

*Isab.* At what hour to-morrow

Shall I attend your lordship?

*Ang.* At any time 'fore noon.

*Isab.* Save your honor!

[*Exit LUCIO, ISABELLA, and Provost.*]

*Ang.* From thence; even from thy virtue!—

What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine? The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha! Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I, That lying by the violet in the sun, Do, as the <sup>1</sup> carrion does, not as the flower, Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be, That modesty may more betray our <sup>2</sup> sense [enough, Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary, And pitch our <sup>3</sup> offals there? O, fie, fie, fie! What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo? Dost thou desire her foully for those things That make her good? O, let her brother live! Thieves for their robbery have authority, When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her, That I desire to hear her speak again, And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on? O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous Is that temptation, that doth goad us on To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,

<sup>a</sup> "Like man new made," i.e., like the first man in his days of innocence.—<sup>b</sup> Alluding to fortune-tellers, who pretended to see future events in a glass.—<sup>c</sup> Paltry.—<sup>d</sup> Ill-humor; unseasonable mirth.—<sup>e</sup> "Laugh mortal," i.e., laugh themselves out of their immortality.

<sup>f</sup> Overvalued.—<sup>g</sup> Attested; stamped.—<sup>h</sup> "Preserved" from the excommunications of the world.—<sup>i</sup> The carrion grows putrid by those beams that increase the fragrance of the violet.—<sup>k</sup> "Sense" for sensual appetite.

With all her double vigor, art and nature,  
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
Subdues me quite.—<sup>1</sup> Even from youth till now,  
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.  
[Exit.]

## SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison.

Enter DUKE, <sup>2</sup> as a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost; so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,  
I come to visit the afflicted spirits  
Here in the prison: do me the common right  
To let me see them, and to make me know  
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
To them accordingly. [Needful.]

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were

Enter JULIET.

Look; here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,  
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,  
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child,  
And he that got it, sentenc'd—a young man  
More fit to do another such offence,  
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—

[To JULIET.] I have provided for you: stay awhile,  
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your  
And try your penitence, if it be sound, [conscience,  
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act  
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but least you do  
repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame;  
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,  
Showing, we would not <sup>3</sup> serve heaven, as we love it,  
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil,  
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There <sup>4</sup> rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [Exit.]

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,  
That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exitant.]

## SCENE IV.—A Room in ANGELO's House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and  
pray

To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words,  
Whilst my <sup>4</sup> intention, hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,  
As if I did but only chew his name,  
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,

Is like a good thing, being often read,  
Grown <sup>5</sup> scar and tedious; yea, my gravity,  
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,  
Could I, with <sup>6</sup> boot, change for an idle plume,  
Which the air beats for <sup>7</sup> vain. O place! O form!  
How often dost thou with thy <sup>8</sup> ease, thy habit,  
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:  
Let's write good <sup>9</sup> angel on the devil's horn,  
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now! who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,

Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Serv]

O heavens!  
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,  
Making it both unable for itself,  
And dispossessing all my other parts  
Of necessary fitness?  
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;  
Come all to help him, and so stop the air  
By which he should revive: and even so  
The <sup>10</sup> general, subject to a well-wish'd king,  
Quit their own <sup>11</sup> path, and in obsequious fondness  
Crowd to his presence, where their untanght love  
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better  
please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honor!  
[Going.]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,  
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,  
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,  
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good  
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen  
A man already <sup>12</sup> made, as to remit  
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image  
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy  
Falsely to take away a life true made,  
As to put metal in restrained means,  
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then, I shall poze you quickly.  
Which had you rather, that the most just law  
Now took your brother's life, or to redeem him  
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness  
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,  
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins  
Stand more for number than for accomp't.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak  
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—  
I, now the voice of the recorded law,  
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:

<sup>1</sup> Profit.—<sup>2</sup> "For vain," i. e., for being vain.—<sup>3</sup> Outside.—  
<sup>4</sup> "Let's write good angel," &c.; i. e., Though we should  
write good angel on the devil's horn, it will not change his  
nature, or give him a right to exhibit an angel for his crest.  
—<sup>5</sup> "Crowds."—<sup>6</sup> "The general," i. e., the people; the multi-  
tude.—<sup>7</sup> i. e., that hath killed a man.—<sup>8</sup> i. e., sins of compul-  
sion are not imputed to us by Heaven as crimes.

<sup>9</sup> "There rest," i. e., rest in this frame of mind.

Might there not be a charity in sin,  
To save this brother's life?

*Isab.* Please you to do't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul:  
It is no sin at all, but charity.

*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,  
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,  
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer.

*Ang.* Nay, but hear me.  
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,  
Or seem so, <sup>b</sup>crafty; and that is not good.

*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,  
But graciously to know I am no better.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,  
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks  
Proclaim an <sup>1</sup>inshell'd <sup>d</sup>beauty ten times louder  
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me:  
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross.  
Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears  
Accountant to the law upon that <sup>a</sup>pain.

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,  
(As I <sup>1</sup>subscribe not that, nor any other,  
But in the <sup>2</sup>force of <sup>3</sup>question) that you, his sister,  
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,  
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,  
Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
Of the all-binding law; and that there were  
No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
You must lay down the treasures of your body  
To this <sup>b</sup>suppos'd, or else to let him suffer,  
What would you do?

*Isab.* As much for my poor brother, as myself:  
That is, were I under the terms of death,  
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,  
And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield  
My body up to shame.

*Ang.* Then must  
Your brother die.

*Isab.* And 'twere the cheaper way.  
Better it were, a brother died at once,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.

*Ang.* Were not you, then, as cruel, as the sentence  
That you have slander'd so?

*Isab.* <sup>1</sup>Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,  
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is  
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;  
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother  
A merriment, than a vice.

*Isab.* O, pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out,  
To have what we would have, we speak not what we  
I something do excuse the thing I hate, [mean.  
For his advantage that I dearly love.

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Isab.* Else let my brother die,  
If not a feodary, but only he,  
Owe, and succeed this <sup>k</sup>weakness.

*Ang.*

Nay, women are frail too.  
*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,  
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar  
In profiting by <sup>1</sup>them. Nay, call us ten times frail,  
For we are soft as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false <sup>m</sup>prints.

*Ang.* I think it well;  
And from this testimony of your own sex,  
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,  
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold:  
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,  
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;  
If you be one, (as you are well express'd  
By all external warrants,) show it now,  
By putting on the destin'd livery.

*Isab.* I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,  
Let me intreat you speak the former language.

*Ang.* Plainly, conceive I love you.

*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,  
That he shall die for it.

*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

*Isab.* I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,  
Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on <sup>n</sup>others.

*Ang.* Believe me, on mine honor,  
My words express my purpose.

*Isab.* Ha! little honor to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, <sup>o</sup>seem—  
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't: [ing!—  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world  
Aloof what man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsol'd name, the austereness of my life,  
<sup>3</sup>May I vouch against you, and my place i' the state,  
Will so your accusation overweigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report,  
And smell of calumny. I have begun,  
And now I give my sensual race the rein:  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;  
Lay by all nicety, and <sup>q</sup>profligious blushes,  
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will,  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,  
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.

*Isab.* To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,  
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!  
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
Either of condemnation or <sup>r</sup>approof,  
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,  
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,  
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother:  
Though he hath fallen by <sup>s</sup>prompture of the blood,  
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor,  
That had he twenty heads to tender down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhor'd pollution.  
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:  
More than our brother is our chastity.  
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.

<sup>a</sup> "Of your answer," i.e., for you to answer.—<sup>b</sup> "Crafty," i.e., being crafty.—<sup>c</sup> Accuse.—<sup>d</sup> "Inshell'd," i.e., hidden.—<sup>e</sup> Penalty.—<sup>f</sup> "Subscribe not," i.e., agree not to.—<sup>g</sup> "In the force of question," i.e., in the way of supposition.—<sup>h</sup> Supposed person.—<sup>i</sup> Ignomy.—<sup>k</sup> The meaning of this obscure passage seems to be: "If we are not all frail, let my brother die; if he alone offend, and have no feodary (companion) in this weakness."

<sup>1</sup> i.e., "Men debase their natures by taking advantage of women's weakness."—<sup>m</sup> Impressions.—<sup>n</sup> i.e., "You are privileged to assume an air of licentiousness, in order to detect others."—<sup>o</sup> Hypocrisy.—<sup>p</sup> Declare.—<sup>q</sup> Dilatory; tedious.—<sup>r</sup> Approval.—<sup>s</sup> Temptation; instigation.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

*Enter DUKE, as a Friar, CLAUDIO, and Provost.*

*Duke.* So then, you hope of pardon from lord  
*Claud.* The miserable have [Angelo?  
No other medicine, but only hope.  
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be <sup>a</sup>absolute for death; either death, or life,  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:—  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would <sup>b</sup>keep: a breath thou art,  
Servile to all the skyey influences,  
That <sup>c</sup>I do this habitation, where thou <sup>c</sup>keep'st,  
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool;  
For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet run'st toward him still: thou art not noble;  
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,  
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;  
For thou dost fear the soft and tender <sup>d</sup>fork  
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,  
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st  
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;  
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains  
That issue out of dust: happy thou art not;  
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,  
And what thou hast forget'st. Thou art not certain;  
For thy complexion shifts to strange <sup>e</sup>effects,  
After the moon: if thou art rich, thou'rt poor;  
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee: friend hast thou none;  
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,  
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
Do curse the gout, <sup>f</sup>serpigo, and the rheum, [age,  
For ending thee no sooner: thou hast nor youth, nor  
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming of both; for all thy <sup>g</sup>boasted youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
Of palsied <sup>h</sup>eld: and when thou art old and rich,  
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,  
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
Lie hid more thousand deaths, yet death we fear,  
That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.* I humbly thank you.  
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die,  
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

*Isab.* [Without.] What, ho! Peace here; grace  
and good company! [a welcome.

*Prov.* Who's there? come in: the wish deserves

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Isab.* My business is a word or two with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome. Look, signior; here's

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you. [Your sister.

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring me to hear them speak, where I may

be conceal'd. [Exeunt DUKE and Provost.

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?

*Isab.* Why, as all

Comforts are; most good, most good, indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

Intends you for his swift ambassador,

Where you shall be an everlasting <sup>h</sup>lieger:

<sup>a</sup> Determined.—<sup>b</sup> Care for.—<sup>c</sup> Dwellest.—<sup>d</sup> Shakespeare here adopts the error that a worm (or serpent) wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is forked.—<sup>e</sup> Affections; passions of the mind.—<sup>f</sup> Serpigo is a leprous eruption.—<sup>g</sup> Old age.—<sup>h</sup> Resident.

Therefore, your best <sup>i</sup>appointment make with speed;  
To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy?

*Isab.* None, but such remedy, as to save a head  
To cleave a heart in twain.

*Claud.* But is there any?

*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live:

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life.

But fetter you till death.

*Claud.* Perpetual durance?

*Isab.* Ay, just; perpetual durance: a restraint,

Though all the world's <sup>k</sup>vastidity you had,

To a determin'd scope.

*Claud.* But in what nature?

*Isab.* In such a one as, you consenting to it,

Would bark your honor from that trunk you bear,

And leave you naked.

*Claud.* Let me know the point.

*Isab.* O! I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,

Lest thou a feverous life <sup>l</sup>would'st entertain,

And six or seven winters more respect,

Than a perpetual honor. Dar'st thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension,

And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance finds a pang, as great

As when a giant dies.

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch

From flowery tenderness? If I must die,

I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in mine arms. [grave

*Isab.* There spake my brother: there my father's

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:

Thou art too noble to conserve a life

In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy

Whose settled visage and deliberate word

Nips youth <sup>m</sup>i' the head, and follies doth <sup>n</sup>enmew

As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil:

His filth within being cast, he would appear

A pond as deep as hell.

*Claud.* The <sup>o</sup>priestly Angelo?

*Isab.* O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,

The damndest body to invest and cover

In <sup>p</sup>priestly garb! Dost thou think, Claudio,

If I would yield him my virginity,

Thou might'st be freed.

*Claud.* O, heavens! it cannot be.

*Isab.* Yes, he would give 't thee from this rank

So to offend him still. This night's the time [an offence,

That I should do what I abhor to name,

Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do't.

*Isab.* O! were it but my life,

I'd throw it down for your deliverance

As <sup>q</sup>frankly as a pin.

*Claud.* Thanks, dear Isabel.

*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

*Claud.* Yes. Has he affections in him,

That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,

When he would <sup>r</sup>force it? Sure, it is no sin;

Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

*Isab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If it were damnable, he being so wise,

Why would he for the momentary trick

Be <sup>s</sup>perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

*Isab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

<sup>i</sup> Preparation.—<sup>k</sup> Vastness of extent.—<sup>l</sup> To a determin'd scope.—<sup>m</sup> i. e., a confinement of your mind to one painful idea.—<sup>n</sup> Restrain; shut up.—<sup>o</sup> From this rank offence.—<sup>p</sup> i. e., from the time of my committing this rank offence.—<sup>q</sup> Freely.—<sup>r</sup> Enforce.—<sup>s</sup> Lastingly.

*Isab.* And shamed life a hateful.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the <sup>a</sup>viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The <sup>b</sup>pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible.  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*Isab.* Alas! alas!

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live.

What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,  
That it becomes a virtue.

*Isab.* O, you beast!  
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?  
Is't not a kind of incest to take life  
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?  
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair,  
For such a warped slip of <sup>c</sup>wilderness  
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my <sup>d</sup>defiance:  
Die; perish! might but my bending down  
Relieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.  
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,  
No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Isab.* O, fie, fie, fie!  
Thy sin's not accidental, but a <sup>e</sup>trade.  
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:  
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*]

*Claud.* O hear me, Isabella!

*Re-enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.  
*Isab.* What is your will?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure, I  
would by and by have some speech with you: the  
satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own  
benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure: my stay must  
be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you  
a while.

*Duke.* [*To CLAUDIO.*] Son, I have overheard what  
hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had  
never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made  
an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with  
the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of  
honor in her, hath made him that gracious denial  
which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to  
Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore, pre-  
pare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your <sup>f</sup>resolution  
with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you  
must die. Go; to your knees, and make ready.

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so  
out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

*Duke.* <sup>g</sup>Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

*Re-enter Provost.*

Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* What's your will, father?

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be gone.

Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises  
with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

*Prov.* In good <sup>h</sup>time. [*Exit Provost.*]

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair hath  
made you good: the goodness that is <sup>i</sup>chief in beauty  
makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being  
the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of  
it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to  
you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding;  
and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I  
should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to con-  
tent this substitute, and to save your brother?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve him. I had rather  
my brother die by the law, than my son should be  
unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke  
deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can  
speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover  
his government.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the  
matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he  
made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear  
on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good  
a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe,  
that you may most <sup>j</sup>uprighteously do a poor wronged  
lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the  
angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person,  
and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure,  
he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit  
to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of  
my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.  
Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of  
Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words  
went with her name.

*Duke.* Her should this Angelo have married; he  
was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial ap-  
pointed: between which time of the contract, and  
<sup>k</sup>limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was  
wrecked at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the  
dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this be-  
fel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble  
and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever  
most kind and natural; with him the portion and  
sine of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both,  
her <sup>l</sup>combine husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

*Isab.* Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dried not one of  
them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole,  
pretending in her discoveries of dishonor: in few,  
bestowed her on her own <sup>m</sup>lamentation, which she  
yet wears for his sake, and he, <sup>n</sup>as marble to her  
tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death to take this  
poor maid from the world! What corruption in this  
life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of  
this can she avail?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal;  
and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but  
keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

*Isab.* Show me how, good father.

*Duke.* This fore-named maid hath yet in her the  
continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkind-  
ness, that in all reason should have quenched her  
love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made  
it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: an-  
swer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree

<sup>a</sup> Invisible; unseen.—<sup>b</sup> Suspended.—<sup>c</sup> Wildness.—<sup>d</sup> Refusal.  
—<sup>e</sup> Established habit.—<sup>f</sup> "Do not satisfy your resolution,"  
i. e., do not extinguish, quench your resolution.—<sup>g</sup> "Hold  
you there," i. e., continue in that resolution.

<sup>h</sup> "In good time," i. e., *à la bonne heure*; very well; so  
be it.—<sup>i</sup> Uprightly.—<sup>j</sup> Appointed time.—<sup>k</sup> Betrothed.—<sup>m</sup> "Be-  
stowed her on her own lamentation," i. e., gave her up to  
her sorrows.

with his demands to the point; only <sup>a</sup> refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here by this is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy <sup>b</sup> scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated <sup>c</sup> grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—The Street before the Prison.

*Enter DUKE, as a Friar; to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white <sup>d</sup> bastard.

*Duke.* O, heavens! what stuff is here?

*Clo.* 'Twas never merry world, since, of two <sup>1</sup> usances,<sup>e</sup> the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocence, stands for the facing.

*Elb.* Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!

The evil that thou causest to be done,  
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think  
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,  
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,  
From their abominable and beastly touches  
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.  
Canst thou believe thy living is a life  
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

*Clo.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer: Correction and instruction must both work,  
Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whore-

master: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would seem to be, From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist, a f<sup>o</sup>cord, sir.

*Clo.* I spy comfort: I cry, bail. Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made <sup>f</sup> woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it chuteli'd? What reply? Ha! What say'st thou to this time, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd? the last rain? Ha! What say'st thou, <sup>2</sup> troth? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words, or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus: still worse!

*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha!

*Clo.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the <sup>h</sup> tub.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an <sup>i</sup> unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

*Clo.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?

*Elb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the <sup>k</sup> house.

*Clo.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

*Lucio.* No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the <sup>l</sup> wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

*Duke.* And you.

*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha!

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

*Clo.* You will not bail me then, sir?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

*Lucio.* Go; to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt ELBOW, CLOWN, and OFFICERS.*]  
What news, friar, of the duke?

*Duke.* I know none. Can you tell me of any?

*Lucio.* Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

*Duke.* I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to't.

*Duke.* He does well in't.

<sup>a</sup> "Refer yourself," i. e., have recourse to.—<sup>b</sup> Overreached; stripped of his disguise.—<sup>c</sup> Solitary farmhouse.—<sup>d</sup> Bastard was the name of a kind of sweet wine.—<sup>e</sup> "Usances," i. e., usurers.

<sup>f</sup> i. e., His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a cord —  
<sup>g</sup> "Newly made woman," i. e., new courtesan.—<sup>h</sup> The method of cure for a certain disease was called the *powdering-tub*.—  
<sup>i</sup> Inevitable.—<sup>k</sup> "Keep the house," i. e., stay at home: alluding to the etymology of *husband*.—<sup>l</sup> Fashion.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred: it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

*Duke.* How should he be made then?

*Lucio.* Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him: some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes; but it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice: that I know to be true; and he is a <sup>a</sup>motion ingenerative, that's infallible.

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke much <sup>b</sup>detected for women: he was not inclined that way.

*Lucio.* O, sir! you are deceived.

*Duke.* 'Tis not possible.

*Lucio.* Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a duet in her <sup>c</sup>clack-dish. The duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an <sup>d</sup>inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

*Duke.* What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

*Lucio.* No,—pardon: 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater <sup>e</sup>file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise? why, no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, <sup>f</sup>unweighing fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath <sup>g</sup>helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke.

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* O! you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unburthful an <sup>h</sup>opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

*Duke.* Why should he die, friar?

*Lucio.* Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this 'ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-caves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she <sup>k</sup>smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.]

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure <sup>l</sup>scape: back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong, Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

*Escal.* Go: away with her to prison!

*Bawd.* Good my lord, be good to me; your honor is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still <sup>m</sup>forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honor.

*Bawd.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time: he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and <sup>n</sup>Jacob. I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much license:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [Exit Bawd and Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother <sup>o</sup>wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

*Prov.* So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke.* Bliss and goodness on you.

*Escal.* Of whence are you?

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my chance is To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See, In special business from his holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad? the world?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking, there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but <sup>p</sup>security enough to make fellowships accurs'd. Much upon

<sup>a</sup> "Motion ingenerative," i. e., a puppet without the power of generation. <sup>b</sup> Accus'd.—<sup>c</sup> A "clack-dish" was a wooden dish with a movable cover, carried by beggars, which they clacked to show that it was empty.—<sup>d</sup> Intimate.—<sup>e</sup> "The greater file of the subject," i. e., the majority of his subjects. <sup>f</sup> Inconsiderate.—<sup>g</sup> Guided; managed.

<sup>h</sup> Opponent.—<sup>i</sup> Emascuated.—<sup>k</sup> Smelt of.—<sup>l</sup> Transgress; offend.—<sup>m</sup> An allusion to the saints' days, Philip and James, or Jacobus.—<sup>n</sup> "Wrought by," i. e., were actuated by.—<sup>o</sup> The allusion is to those legal securities into which fellowship leads men to enter for each other.



this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

*Escal.* One that, above all other strifes, contented especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to?

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he <sup>a</sup>resolved to die.

*Escal.* You have paid the heavens <sup>1</sup>the due of your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labor'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost.*]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,  
Should be as holy as severe;  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand, <sup>2</sup>virtue to go;  
More nor less to others paying,  
Than by self offences weighing.  
Shame to him, whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking!  
Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
To weed my vice, and let his grow!  
O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side!  
How may <sup>b</sup>likeness, <sup>c</sup>made in crimes,  
<sup>3</sup>Masking practice on the times,  
Draw with idle spiders' strings  
Most pond'rous and substantial things!  
Craft against vice I must apply.  
With Angelo to-night shall he  
His old betrothed, but despised:  
So disguise shall, by the disguised,  
Pay with falsehood false exacting,  
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room at the moated Grange.

MARIANA discovered sitting: a Boy singing.

SONG.

Take, O! take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn:

<sup>4</sup>But my kisses bring again,  
Scals of love, but seal'd in vain.

*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—

[*Exit Boy.*]

*Enter Duke.*

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish  
You had not found me here so musical:

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,

My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

*Duke.* 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a  
charm,

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me  
here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd  
here to meet.

*Mari.* You have not been inquired after: I have  
sat here all day.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* I do constantly believe you.—The time is  
come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a  
little: may be, I will call upon you anon, for some  
advantage to yourself.

*Mari.* I am always bound to you.

[*Exit.*]

*Duke.* Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

*Isab.* He hath a garden <sup>d</sup>circumur'd with brick,  
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;

And to that vineyard is a <sup>e</sup>planch'd gate,

That makes his opening with this bigger key:

This other doth command a little door,

Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;

There have I made my promise upon the heavy

Middle of the night to call upon him. [way?]

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this

*Isab.* I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:

With whispering and most guilty diligence,

In action all of precept, he did show me

The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens

Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair <sup>f</sup>the dark;

And that I have <sup>g</sup>possess'd him my most stay

Can be but brief: for I have made him know,

I have a servant comes with me along,

That <sup>h</sup>stays upon me; whose persuasion is,

I come about my brother.

*Duke.* 'Tis well borne up.

I have not yet made known to Mariana

A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth.

*Re-enter MARIANA.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid:

She comes to do you good.

*Isab.*

I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

*Duke.* Take then this your companion by the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;

The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.*

Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA.*]

*Duke.* O place and greatness! millions of false eyes

Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report

<sup>5</sup>Run with base, false and most contrarious <sup>b</sup>quests

Upon thy doings: thousand <sup>c</sup>escapes of wit

Make thee the father of their idle <sup>d</sup>dreams,

And rack thee in their fancies!

*Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

Welcome! How agreed?

<sup>a</sup> Walled around.—<sup>e</sup> Wooden; planked (from the French *planche*).—<sup>f</sup> Informed.—<sup>g</sup> Waits.—<sup>h</sup> Inquisitions; inquiries.—<sup>i</sup> Sallies.

<sup>a</sup> Satisfied.—<sup>b</sup> Appearance.—<sup>c</sup> Trained.

*Isab.* She'll take the enterprize upon her, father, If you advise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent, But my entreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say, When you depart from him, but, soft and low, "Remember now my brother."

*Mari.* Fear me not.

*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all. He is your husband on a pre-contract:

To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,  
 'Sith that the justice of your title to him  
 Doth <sup>b</sup>flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:  
 Our corn's to reap, for yet our <sup>b</sup>field's to sow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Prison.

*Enter Provost and Claudio.*

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

*Clo.* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

*Prov.* Come, sir; leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your <sup>c</sup>gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

*Clo.* Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

*Prov.* What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Do you call, sir?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath been a bawd.

*Abhor.* A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

*Prov.* Go to, sir; you weigh equally: a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*]

*Clo.* Pray, sir, by your good favor, (for, surely, sir, a good <sup>d</sup> favor you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

*Abhor.* Ay, sir; a mystery.

*Clo.* Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Clo.* Proof?

*Abhor.* Every <sup>e</sup> true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Clo.* If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Are you agreed?

*Clo.* Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

*Prov.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow, four o'clock.

*Abhor.* Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

*Clo.* I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me <sup>f</sup> yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Claudio and ABHORSON.*]  
 Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,  
 Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter CLAUDIO.*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labor When it lies <sup>g</sup> starkly in the traveller's bones: He will not wake.

*Prov.*

Who can do good on him?

Well, go; prepare yourself. But bark, what noise?

[*Knocking within.*]

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—By and by:—

[*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,  
 For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

*Enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung.

*Duke.*

Not Isabel?

*Prov.* No.

*Duke.* There will then, ere't be long.

*Prov.* What comfort is for Claudio?

*Duke.*

There's some in hope.

*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy.

*Duke.* Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd Even with the stroke and line of his great justice. He doth with holy abstinence subdue That in himself, which he spurs on his power To <sup>h</sup> quality in others: were he <sup>i</sup> meal'd with that Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

[*Knocking within.*]

But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—

[*Exit Provost.*]

This is a gentle provost: <sup>k</sup> seldom, when The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. [*Knocking.*]  
 How now? What noise? That spirit's possessed with haste,

That wounds the <sup>l</sup> resisting postern with these strokes.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* [*Speaking to one at the door.*] There he must stay, until the officer Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

*Duke.* Have you no countermmand for Claudio yet, But he must die to-morrow?

*Prov.*

None, sir, none.

*Duke.* As near the dawning, provost, as it is, You shall hear more ere morning.

*Prov.*

<sup>l</sup> Happily,

You something know; yet, I believe, there comes No countermmand: no such example have we. Besides, upon the very <sup>m</sup> siege of justice, Lord Angelo hath to the public ear Profess'd the contrary.

<sup>a</sup> Since.—<sup>b</sup> Gild, or varnish over.—<sup>c</sup> Fetters.—<sup>d</sup> Countenance.—<sup>e</sup> Honest.

<sup>f</sup> Handy; ready.—<sup>g</sup> Strongly.—<sup>h</sup> Temper; moderate.—<sup>i</sup> Defiled.—<sup>k</sup> Seldom, i. e., seldom is it; it seldom happens.—<sup>l</sup> Perhaps.—<sup>m</sup> Scat.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Duke.* This is his lordship's man.

*Prov.* And here comes Claudio's pardon.

*Mes.* My lord hath sent you this note; [*Giving a paper*] and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

*Prov.* I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Duke.* This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin, [*Aside.*]

For which the pardoner himself is in:

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is born in high authority.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

That for the fault's love is th' offender friended.—

Now, sir, what news?

*Prov.* I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

*Duke.* Pray you, let's hear.

*Prov.* [*Reads.*] "Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."—What say you to this, sir?

*Duke.* What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

*Prov.* A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years<sup>b</sup> old.

*Duke.* How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his<sup>c</sup> fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

*Duke.* It is now apparent?

*Prov.* Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

*Duke.* More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my<sup>d</sup> cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law, than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested<sup>e</sup> effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

*Prov.* Pray, sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack! how may I do it, having the hour

limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order, I warrant you: if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the flavor.

*Duke.* O! death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father: it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

*Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke<sup>b</sup> avouch the justice of your dealing.

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you<sup>f</sup> fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease<sup>g</sup> attempt you, I will go farther than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir; here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon<sup>h</sup> over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is<sup>i</sup> writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things<sup>j</sup> should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present<sup>k</sup> shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely<sup>l</sup> resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clw.* I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession; one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Mr. Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready<sup>m</sup> money; marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-color'd satin, which now<sup>n</sup> peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dicy, and young Mr. Deep-vow, and Mr. Copper-spur, and Mr. Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger-man, and young

<sup>f</sup> Countenance.—<sup>g</sup> Practice.—<sup>h</sup> Vindicate.—<sup>i</sup> "Fearful," i. e., so fearful; so apprehensive.—<sup>k</sup> Attempt, i. e., tempt; induce.—<sup>l</sup> Over-read it, i. e., read it over.—<sup>m</sup> "What is writ," i. e., what is here written (the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand).—<sup>n</sup> "Should be," i. e., can be.—<sup>o</sup> "A present shrift," i. e., an immediate confession.—<sup>p</sup> Convince.—<sup>q</sup> An allusion to the practice of money-lenders, who make advances partly in unsalable goods—such as *brown paper and old ginger*, and partly in cash.—<sup>r</sup> Impeaches.

<sup>a</sup> "Putting on," i. e., spur; incitement.—<sup>b</sup> Nine years in prison.—<sup>c</sup> Crime; offence.—<sup>d</sup> "In the boldness of my cunning," i. e., in confidence of my sagacity.—<sup>e</sup> "In a manifested effect," i. e., by manifest proof.

Drop-heir that kill'd Lusty Pudding, and Mr. Forth-right the tilter, and brave Mr. Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's <sup>a</sup>sake.

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

*Clo.* Mr. Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, Mr. Barnardine.

*Abhor.* What, ho, Barnardine!

*Barnar.* [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

*Clo.* Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

*Barnar.* [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

*Abhor.* Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

*Clo.* Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

*Abhor.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Clo.* He is coming, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

*Enter BARNARDINE.*

*Abhor.* Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

*Clo.* Very ready, sir.

*Barnar.* How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

*Abhor.* Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

*Barnar.* You rogue, I have been drinking all night: I am not fitt'd for't.

*Clo.* O! the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

*Enter DUKE.*

*Abhor.* Look you, sir; here comes your <sup>b</sup>ghostly father. Do we just now, think you?

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

*Barnar.* Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain. [*You,*

*Duke.* O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech Look forward on the journey you shall go.

*Barnar.* I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

*Duke.* But hear you,—

*Barnar.* Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

*Enter Provost.*

*Duke.* Unfit to live, or die. O, I grovelling beast!—After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and CLOWN.*

*Prov.* Now, sir; how do you find the prisoner?

*Duke.* A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And, to <sup>c</sup>transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

*Prov.* Here in the prison, father,

There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his color. What if we do omit This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd, And satisfy the deputy with the visage

Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

*Duke.* O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Despatch it presently: the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo. See, this be done, And sent according to command, whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon; And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

*Duke.* Let this be done.—Put them in secret holds Both Barnardine and Claudio:

Ere twice the sun hath made his <sup>d</sup>journal greeting To <sup>e</sup>yonder generation, you shall find Your safety <sup>f</sup>manifest.

*Prov.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quick, despatch, and send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*

Now will I write letters to Angelo, (The provost, he shall bear them) whose contents Shall witness to him, I am near at home, And that by great injunctions I am bound To enter publicly: him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount, A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

*Duke.* Convenient is it. Make a swift return, For I would commune with you of such things, That want no ear but yours.

*Prov.* I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

*Isab.* [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel.—She's come to know, If yet her brother's pardon be come hither; But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair, When it is least expected.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* Ho! by your leave. [*Laughter.*

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious

*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world. His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other. <sup>g</sup>[*Catching her.* Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

*Isab.* O! I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!

<sup>h</sup>Petjurous world! Most damned Angelo!

*Duke.* This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot: Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven. Mark what I say <sup>i</sup>to you, which you shall find By every syllable a faithful verity. [*Eyes:*

The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your One of our convent, and his confessor, Gives me this <sup>j</sup>instance. Already he hath carried Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, [*wisdom* There to give up their power. If you can, <sup>k</sup>pace your In that good path that I would wish it go, And you shall have your <sup>l</sup>bosom on this wretch, Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart, And general honor.

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to the custom of prisoners begging "for the Lord's sake."—<sup>b</sup> Spiritual.—<sup>c</sup> "Transport him," i. e., remove him from one world to the other.

<sup>d</sup> Daily (from the French *journalier*).—<sup>e</sup> "Yonder generation," i. e., the antipodes.—<sup>f</sup> Information.—<sup>g</sup> Direct.—<sup>h</sup> "Your bosom," i. e., your heart's desire; your wish.

*Isab.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter, then, to friar Peter give;  
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:  
Say, by this token, I desire his company  
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours  
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you  
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo  
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,  
I am <sup>1</sup> confined by a sacred vow.  
And shall be absent. <sup>2</sup> Wend you with this letter.  
Command these fretting waters from your eyes  
With a light heart: trust not my holy order,  
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

*Enter Lucio.*

*Lucio.* Good even.  
Friar, where is the provost?

*Duke.* Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* O, pretty Isabella! I am pale at mine  
heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient.  
I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I  
dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal  
would set me to't. But, they say, the duke will be  
here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy  
brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners  
had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit ISABELLA.*]

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding  
to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in 'them.

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well  
as I do: he's a better <sup>4</sup> woodman than thou takest  
him for.

*Duke.* Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye  
well. [*Going.*]

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee. I can  
tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him already,  
sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a wench  
with child.

*Duke.* Did you such a thing?

*Lucio.* Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to for-  
swear it: they would else have married me to the  
rotten medlar.

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than honest.  
Rest you well. [*Going.*]

*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's  
end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little  
of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in ANGELO'S House.

*Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.*

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath <sup>6</sup> disvouch'd  
it other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner.  
His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven,  
His wisdom be not tainted!  
And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver  
Our authorities there?

*Escal.* I guess not.

*Ang.* And why should we  
Proclaim it <sup>4</sup> an hour before his entering,  
That if any crave redress of injustice,  
They should exhibit their petitions  
In the street?

*Escal.* He shows his reason for that: to have a  
despatch of complaints, and to deliver us from dis-  
vices hereafter,  
Which shall then have no power to stand against us.

<sup>a</sup> "Perfect him," i. e., instruct him fully of.—<sup>b</sup> Go.—  
<sup>c</sup> "Lives not in them," i. e., depends not on them.—<sup>d</sup> "Wood-  
man," i. e., one who hunted after women, as the woodman  
hunts after deer.—<sup>e</sup> Contradicted.

*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:  
Betimes <sup>7</sup> the morn, I'll call you at your house.  
Give notice to such men of sort and <sup>1</sup> suit,  
As are to meet him.

*Escal.* I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*Ang.* Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me <sup>2</sup> unpregnant,  
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,  
And by an eminent <sup>3</sup> body, that enforce'd  
The law against it!—But that her tender shame  
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, [no;  
How might she tongue me! Yet reason <sup>4</sup> dares her:  
For my authority bears <sup>5</sup> such a <sup>6</sup> credent bulk  
That no <sup>7</sup> particular scandal once can touch,  
But it confounds the <sup>8</sup> breather. He should have liv'd,  
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,  
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,  
For so receiving a dishonor'd life  
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!  
Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.  
[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE V.—Fields without the Town.

*Enter DUKE, in his own habit, and Friar PETER.*

*Duke.* These letters at fit time deliver me.  
[*Giving <sup>6</sup> them.*]

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.  
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,  
And hold you ever to our special drift,  
Though sometimes you do <sup>2</sup> blench from this to that,  
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,  
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice  
<sup>7</sup> Unto Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,  
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;  
But send me Flavius first.

*F. Peter.* It shall be speeded well. [*Exit Peter.*]

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varius; thou hast made good  
haste.  
Come, we will walk: there's other of our friends  
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varius. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.

*Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.*

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly, I am loath:  
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,  
That is your part; yet I'm advis'd to do it,  
He says, to <sup>6</sup> vaillful purpose.

*Mari.* Be rul'd by him.

*Isab.* Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure  
He speak against me on the adverse side,  
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic,  
That's bitter to sweet end.

*Mari.* I would, friar Peter—

*Isab.* O, peace! the friar is come.

*Enter Friar PETER.*

*F. Peter.* Come; I have found you out a stand  
most fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the duke,  
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets  
The generous and <sup>2</sup> gravest citizens [sounded:  
Have <sup>3</sup> hent the gates, and very near upon  
The duke is ent'ring: therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> "Sort and suit," i. e., figure and rank.—<sup>2</sup> Unready; un-  
prepared.—<sup>3</sup> Personage.—<sup>4</sup> Challenges; incites.—<sup>5</sup> Credita-  
ble; unquestionable.—<sup>6</sup> Private.—<sup>7</sup> Utterer.—<sup>8</sup> "Blench,"  
i. e., start off; fly off.—<sup>9</sup> Availful; available.—<sup>10</sup> "Generous  
and gravest," i. e., noblest, highest in rank, and most respect-  
ed.—<sup>11</sup> "Hent," i. e., taken possession of.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA, (*veild*), ISABELLA, and PETER, *at a distance*. Enter at several doors, DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met.—  
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.  
Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.  
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear  
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul  
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,  
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.  
Duke. O! your desert speaks loud; and I should  
To lock it in the wards of covert<sup>b</sup> bosom, [wrong it,  
When it deserves with characters of brass  
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,  
And rature of oblivion. Give me your hand,  
And let the subject see, to make them know  
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim  
Favors that keep within.—Come, Escalus;  
You must walk by us on our other hand,  
And good supporters are you.

Friar PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time. Speak loud, and  
kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! <sup>1</sup>Vail your regard  
[Kneeling.

Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!  
O worthy prince! dishonor not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object,  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,  
And given me justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom?  
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice: [Be brief.  
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke! <sup>2</sup>[Rising.  
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.

Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak  
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,  
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me,  
here! <sup>3</sup>[Kneeling again.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:  
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,  
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice! <sup>4</sup>[Rising.  
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and  
<sup>5</sup>strangely.

Isab. <sup>6</sup>Most strangely, yet most truly, will I speak.  
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?  
That Angelo's a murderer, isn't not strange?  
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,  
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,  
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,  
Than this is all as true as it is strange:  
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth  
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her.—Poor soul!  
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st  
There is another comfort than this world,  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

<sup>a</sup> "Forerunning more requital," i.e., as an earnest of further recompense.—<sup>b</sup> "To lock it in the wards of covert bosom," i.e., to conceal it in my heart.—<sup>c</sup> Fortified.—<sup>d</sup> "Vail," i.e., lower; let fall.

That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible  
That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible,  
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,  
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, characters, titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince:  
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,  
If she be mad, as I believe no other,  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke!  
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason  
For incredulity; but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid,  
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,  
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio, [say?  
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication  
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.  
I, in probation of a sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio  
As then the messenger.—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace.  
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her  
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,  
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.  
Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;  
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then:  
Pray you, take note of it; and when you have  
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then  
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honor.  
Duke. The warrant's for yourself: take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.  
Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong  
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went  
To this pernicious, caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.  
Isab. Pardon it:

The phrase is to the matter.  
Duke. Mended again: the matter?—Now proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,  
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,  
How he 'refell'd me, and how I replied,  
(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion  
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body  
To his concupiscent intemperate lust,  
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,  
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honor,  
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,  
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant  
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely.  
Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true!  
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not  
what thou speak'st,

<sup>e</sup> "Dressings," i.e., habiliments of office.—<sup>f</sup> "Characters," i.e., characters; distinctive marks.—<sup>g</sup> "The false seems true," i.e., the falsity which now seems true.—<sup>h</sup> "To the matter," i.e., suited to the matter.—<sup>i</sup> Refuted.—<sup>j</sup> Pity.—<sup>k</sup> "O that it had as much of the likeness as it has of the reality of truth,"—<sup>l</sup> Foolish.

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor,  
In hateful practice. First, his integrity  
Stands without blemish: next, it imports no reason,  
That with such vehemency he should pursue  
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,  
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,  
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:  
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice  
Thou cam'st here to complain.

*Isab.* And is this all?  
Then, O! you blessed ministers above,  
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up. [woe,  
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from  
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

*Duke.* I know, you'd fain be gone.—An officer!  
To prison with her.—Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.  
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

*Isab.* One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

*Duke.* A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that  
Lodowick?

*Lucio.* My lord, I know him: 'tis a meddling friar;  
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,  
For certain words he spake against your grace  
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

*Duke.* Words against me? This a good friar, belike.  
And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar  
I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,  
A very scurvy fellow.

*F. Peter.* Blessed be your royal grace!  
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard  
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman  
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,  
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,  
As she from one ungot.

*Duke.* We did believe no less.  
Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?

*F. Peter.* I know him for a man divine and holy;  
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,  
As he's reported by this gentleman;  
And, on my truth, a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

*Lucio.* My lord, most villainously: believe it.

*F. Peter.* Well; he in time may come to clear him.  
But at this instant he is sick, my lord, [self,  
Of a strange fever. Upon his more request,  
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint  
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo, came I hither,  
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know  
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,  
And all probation, will make up full clear,  
Whosoever he's convented. First, for this woman,  
To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,  
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,  
Till she herself confess it.

*Duke.* Good friar, let's hear it.

[*ISABELLA is carried off guarded; and MARIANA  
comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—  
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—  
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;  
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge  
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

First, let her show her face, and after speak.

*Mari.* Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face,  
Until my husband bid me.

*Duke.* What, are you married?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* Are you a maid?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* A widow then?

*Mari.* Neither, my lord.

*Duke.* Why, you  
Are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?

*Lucio.* My lord, she may be a punk; for many of  
them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. [cause

*Duke.* Silence that fellow: I would, he had some  
To prattle for himself.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Mari.* My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;  
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:  
I have known my husband, yet my husband knows not  
That ever he knew me.

*Lucio.* He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no  
better.

*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert  
so too!

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Duke.* This is no witness for lord Angelo.

*Mari.* Now I come to't, my lord.

She that accuses him of fornication,  
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;  
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,  
When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms,  
With all th' effect of love.

*Ang.* Charges she more than me?

*Mari.* Not that I know.

*Duke.* No? you say, your husband.

*Mari.* Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,  
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,  
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

*Ang.* This is a strange abuse.—Let's see thy face.

*Mari.* My husband bids me; now I will unmask.  
[Unveiling.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,  
Which once, thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:  
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,  
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body  
That took away the match from Isabel,  
And did supply thee at thy garden-house  
In her imagin'd person.

*Duke.* Know you this woman?

*Lucio.* Carnally, she says.

*Duke.* Sirrah, no more.

*Lucio.* Enough, my lord.

*Ang.* My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;  
And five years since there was some speech of marriage  
Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,  
Partly, for that her promised proportions  
Came short of composition; but, in chief,  
For that her reputation was disvalued  
In levity: since which time of five years  
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,  
Upon my faith and honor.

*Mari.* Noble prince, <sup>2</sup>[Kneeling.

As there comes light from heaven, and words from  
breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,  
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly  
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,  
But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-house,  
He knew me as a wife. As this is true  
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,

<sup>a</sup> "In hateful practice," i. e., by hateful stratagem.—<sup>b</sup> False appearance.—<sup>c</sup> Conspiracy.—<sup>d</sup> Whipped.—<sup>e</sup> "Temporary meddler," i. e., a meddler in temporal matters.—<sup>f</sup> Absolute.—<sup>g</sup> Cited; summoned.—<sup>h</sup> Publicly.

<sup>1</sup> Summer-house.—<sup>2</sup> Her fortune, which was promised proportionate to mine, fell short of the composition, i. e., contract or bargain.

Or else for ever be <sup>a</sup>confixed here,  
A marble monument.

*Ang.* I did but smile till now :  
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;  
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive,  
These poor <sup>b</sup>informal women are no more  
But instruments of some more mightier member,  
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,  
To find this <sup>c</sup>practice out.

*Duke.* Ay, with my heart ;  
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—  
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,  
<sup>d</sup>Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou, thy  
oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular saint,  
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,  
That's <sup>e</sup>seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,  
Sit with my cousin : lend him your kind pains  
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—  
There is another friar that set them on ;  
Let him be sent for. [indeed,

*F. Peter.* Would he were here, my lord ; for he,  
Hath set the women on to this complaint.  
Your provost knows the place where he abides,  
And he may fetch him.

*Duke.* Go, do it instantly.— [Exit Provost.  
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
Whom it concerns to hear this matter <sup>f</sup>forth,  
Do with your injuries as seems you best,  
In any chastisement : I for a while  
Will leave you ; but stir not you, till you have well  
Determined upon these slanderers. <sup>1</sup>[Exit DUKE.

*Escal.* My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.<sup>2</sup>—Signior  
Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lodowick  
to be a dishonest person ?

*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit monachum* : honest in  
nothing, but in his clothes ; and one that hath spoke  
most villainous speeches of the duke.

*Escal.* We shall entreat you to abide here till he  
come, and enforce them against him. We shall find  
this friar a notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word.

*Escal.* Call that same Isabel here once again :  
[To an Attendant.] I would speak with her. Pray  
you, my lord, give me leave to question ; you shall  
see how I'll handle her.

*Lucio.* Not better than he, by her own report.

*Escal.* Say you ?

*Lucio.* Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her pri-  
vately, she would sooner confess : perchance, publicly  
she'll be ashamed.

*Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA : the DUKE, in a  
Friar's habit, and Provost.*

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

*Lucio.* That's the way ; for women are light at  
midnight.

*Escal.* Come on, mistress. [To ISABELLA.] Here's  
a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of ;  
here, with the provost.

*Escal.* In very good time ;—speak not you to him,  
till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

*Escal.* Come, sir. Did you set these women on  
to slander lord Angelo ? they have confess'd you  
did.

*Duke.* 'Tis false.

*Escal.* How ! know you where you are ?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place ! <sup>3</sup>then let the  
devil

Be sometime honor'd for his burning throne.—

Where is the duke ? 'tis he should hear me speak.

*Escal.* The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak :  
Look, you speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least.—But, O, poor souls !  
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox ?  
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone ?  
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,  
Thus to <sup>4</sup>reject your manifest appeal,  
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,  
Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal : this is he I spoke of.

*Escal.* Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd friar !  
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women  
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,  
And in the <sup>5</sup>witness of his proper ear,  
To call him villain ? And then to glance from him  
To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice ?—  
Take him hence ; to the rack with him.—We'll <sup>h</sup>touze

you  
Joint by joint, but we will know <sup>6</sup>your purpose.—  
What ! unjust ?

*Duke.* Be not so hot ; the duke dare  
No more stretch this finger of mine, than he  
Dare rack his own : his subject am I not,  
Nor here <sup>7</sup>provincial. My business in this state  
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,  
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,  
Till it o'er-run the stew : laws for all faults,  
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes  
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,  
As much in mock as <sup>k</sup>mark. [prison.

*Escal.* Slander to the state ! Away with him to  
*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, signior  
Is this the man that you did tell us of ? [Lucio ?

*Lucio.* 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, Goodman  
bald-pate : do you know me ?

*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the sound of your  
voice : I met you at the prison, in the absence of  
the duke.

*Lucio.* O ! did you so ? And do you remember  
what you said of the duke ?

*Duke.* Most notably, sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, sir ? And was the duke a flesh-  
monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported  
him to be ?

*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with me, as  
you make that my report : you, indeed, spoke so of  
him ; and much more, much worse.

*Lucio.* O, thou damnable fellow ! Did not I pluck  
thee by the nose, for thy speeches ?

*Duke.* I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

*Ang.* Hark how the villain would <sup>6</sup>gloze<sup>1</sup> now,  
after his treasonable abuses.

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal :—  
Away with him to prison.—Where is the provost ?

—Away with him to prison. Lay bolts enough up-  
on him, let him speak no more.—Away with those  
<sup>m</sup>giglots too, and with the other confederate com-  
panion. [The Provost lays hand on the DUKE

*Duke.* Stay, sir ; stay a while.

*Ang.* What ! resists he ? Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, sir ; come, sir ; come, sir ; foh ! sir.

<sup>a</sup> Fixed ; fastened.—<sup>b</sup> "Informal women," i. e., women de-  
graded in mind.—<sup>c</sup> Conspiracy.—<sup>d</sup> Confederate.—<sup>e</sup> "Seal'd  
in approbation," i. e., confirmed in favor.—<sup>f</sup> "Forth," i. e.,  
out ; to the end.

<sup>g</sup> "Witness of his proper ear," i. e., hearing of his own ear.  
—<sup>h</sup> Rend ; tear.—<sup>i</sup> "Nor here provincial," i. e., nor of this  
province.—<sup>k</sup> Barbers' shops were anciently places of great  
resort, and to enforce order, the violation of certain written  
laws, usually hung up, was punished with *forfeits* ; which  
were "as much in mock as mark," because the barber had  
no authority to enforce them.—<sup>l</sup> To "gloze" is to flatter, to  
 wheedle.—<sup>m</sup> Wantons.



Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your <sup>a</sup>sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour. Will't not off?

<sup>1</sup> [*Pulling off the DUKE's disguise.*]

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a duke.—<sup>2</sup> [*All start and stand.*]

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.— Sneak not away, sir; [*To LUCIO.*] for the friar and Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him. [*You Lucio.*] This may prove worse than hanging.

*Duke.* What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down. [*To ESCALUS.*]

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave. [*To ANGELO.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee <sup>b</sup>office? If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* O, my dread lord!

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive your grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my <sup>c</sup>passes. Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession: Immediate sentence then, and <sup>d</sup>sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.* Come hither, Mariana.— Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was, my lord. [*ly.—*]

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her instantly— Do you the office, friar; which <sup>e</sup>consummate, Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.*]

*Escal.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor, Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.* Come hither, Isabel, Your friar is now your prince: as I was then Advertising and <sup>f</sup>holy to your business, Not changing heart with habit, I am still Attorney'd at your service.

*Isab.* O, give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty!

*Duke.* You are pardon'd, Isabel: And now, dear maid, be you as <sup>g</sup>free to us. Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart; And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself, Laboring to save his life, and would not rather Make rash <sup>h</sup>demonstration of my hidden power, Than let him so be lost. O, most kind maid! It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on, [*him!*] That <sup>i</sup>brain'd my purpose: but <sup>j</sup>all peace be with That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort, So happy is your brother.

*Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.*

*Isab.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* For this new-married man, approaching here, Whose <sup>k</sup>salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honor, you must pardon For Mariana's sake. But, as he adjudge'd your brother, (Being criminal, in double violation Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach, Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,)

The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his <sup>l</sup>proper tongue, "An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!" Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure, Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure. Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested, [*tag.*] Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee <sup>m</sup>van- We do condemn thee to the very block [*haste.—*] Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like Away with him.

*Mari.* O, my most gracious lord! I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with a husband. Consenting to the safeguard of your honor, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choke your good to come. For his possessions, Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and <sup>n</sup>widow you withal, To buy you a better husband.

*Mari.* O, my dear lord! I crave no other, nor no better man.

*Duke.* Never crave him: we are <sup>o</sup>definitive.

*Mari.* Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*]

*Duke.* You do but lose your labor. Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*To LUCIO.*] to you. [*part:*]

*Mari.* O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my Lend me your knees, and all my life to come, <sup>p</sup>I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all <sup>q</sup>sense you do importune her: Should she kneel down in mercy of this <sup>r</sup>fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, And take her hence in horror.

*Mari.* Isabel, Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me: Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all. They say, best men are moulded out of faults, And, for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad: so may my husband.

O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.

*Isab.* Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*] Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd, As if my brother liv'd. I partly think, A due sincerity govern'd his deeds, Till he did look on me: since it is so, Let him not die. My brother had but justice, In that he did the thing for which he died: For Angelo, His act did not o'ertake his bad intent; And must be buried but as an intent That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no subjects, Intent but merely thoughts.

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say.—<sup>6</sup> [*They rise.*]

I have bethought me of another fault.— Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded At an unusual hour?

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed?

*Prov.* No, my good lord: it was by private message.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your office: Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord: I thought it was a fault, but knew it not, Yet did repent me, after more <sup>s</sup>advice;

<sup>k</sup> Own.—I. e., "To deny which will avail thee nothing."—<sup>l</sup> Endow.—<sup>m</sup> Positive.—<sup>n</sup> "Against all sense," I. e., against reason and affection.—<sup>o</sup> "In mercy of this fact," I. e., beseeching mercy for this deed, the execution of Claudio.—<sup>p</sup> "More advice," I. e., more mature reflection.

<sup>a</sup> "Sheep-biting," I. e., thievish.—<sup>b</sup> Service.—<sup>c</sup> Trespasses.—<sup>d</sup> Following.—<sup>e</sup> Consummated; completed.—<sup>f</sup> "Advertising and holy," I. e., attentive and faithful.—<sup>g</sup> Generous, I. e., pardon us, as we have pardoned you.—<sup>h</sup> "Brain'd," I. e., thwarted.—<sup>i</sup> Salacious; lecherous.

For testimony whereof, one in the prison,  
That should by private order else have died,  
I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.*

What's he?

*Prov.*

His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—  
Go fetch him hither: let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

*Escal.* I am sorry, one so learned and so wise  
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,  
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,  
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

*Ang.* I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;  
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,  
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:  
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO* <sup>1</sup> (*muffled*),  
and JULIET.

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine?

*Prov.*

This, my lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man.—  
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,  
That apprehends no farther than this world,  
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemned;  
But, for those <sup>a</sup> earthly faults, I quit them all,  
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide  
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him:  
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's  
that?

*Prov.* This is another prisoner that I sav'd,  
That should have died when Claudio lost his head,  
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles* <sup>2</sup> *him.*]

*Duke.* If he be like your brother, [*To ISABELLA,*]  
for his sake,

<sup>3</sup> *CLAUDIO and ISABELLA embrace.*

Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,  
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,  
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.  
By this lord Angelo perceives he's safe:  
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye.—  
Well, Angelo, your evil <sup>b</sup> quits you well: [*c* yours.—  
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth

I find an apt remission in myself,  
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.—  
You, sirrah, [*To LUCIO,*] that knew me for a fool, a  
One all of <sup>d</sup> luxury, an ass, a madman: [*coward,*  
Wherein have I so <sup>4</sup> well deserv'd of you,  
That you extol me thus?

*Lucio.* 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according  
to the <sup>e</sup> trick. If you will hang me for it, you may;  
but I had rather it would please you, I might be  
whipp'd.

*Duke.* Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—  
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,  
If any woman's wronged by this lewd fellow,  
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one  
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,  
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,  
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

*Lucio.* I beseech your highness, do not marry me  
to a whore! Your highness said even now I made  
you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me  
in making me a cuckold.

*Duke.* Upon mine honor, thou shalt marry her.  
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal  
Remit thy other 'forfeits.—Take him to prison,  
And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to  
death, whipping, and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a prince deserves it.—  
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—  
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:  
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—  
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:  
There's more behind that is more <sup>5</sup> gratulate.  
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy;  
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—  
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:  
Th' offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,  
I have a motion much imports your good;  
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—  
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show  
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

<sup>6</sup> [*Curtain drawn.*]

<sup>a</sup> i. e., so far as they are punishable on earth.—<sup>b</sup> Requites.  
—<sup>c</sup> "Her worth, worth yours," i. e., her worth is equal to  
yours.

<sup>4</sup> Incontinence.—<sup>e</sup> Thoughtless practice.—<sup>f</sup> Punishments.—  
<sup>5</sup> "More gratulate," i. e., more to be rejoiced in.

# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.



ACT II.—Scene 2.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.  
 ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.  
 ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } Twin Brothers, Sons to  
 ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } Ægeon and Æmilia.<sup>1</sup>  
 DROMIO of Ephesus, } Twin Brothers, Attendants  
 DROMIO of Syracuse, } on the two Antipholuses.  
 BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.  
 ANGELO, a Goldsmith.

A Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.  
 PINCH, a Schoolmaster.<sup>2</sup>

ÆMILIA, Wife to Ægeon.<sup>3</sup>  
 ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.  
 LUCIANA, her sister.  
 LUCE, <sup>4</sup> Servant to Adriana.  
 A Courtizan.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

*Enter SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus, ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse, Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.*

*Æge.* Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
 And by the doom of death end woes and all.

*Duke.* Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.  
 I am not partial, to infringe our laws;  
 The enmity and discord, which of late  
 Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke  
 To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
 Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,  
 Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—  
 Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.  
 For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
 Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,  
 To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:  
 Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,  
 Be seen at <sup>5</sup> Syracusian marts and fairs;  
 Again, if any Syracusian born

Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies;  
 His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,  
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
 To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;  
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die. [done,

*Æge.* Yet this my comfort; when your words are  
 My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

*Duke.* Well, Syracusian; say, in brief, the cause  
 Why thou departedst from thy native home,  
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*Æge.* A heavier task could not have been impos'd,  
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;  
 Yet, that the world may witness, that my end  
 Was wrought by <sup>6</sup> fortune, not by vile offence,  
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
 In Syracuse was I born; and wed  
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad.  
 With her I liv'd in joy: our wealth increas'd,  
 By prosperous voyages I often made  
 To Epidamnus; till my factor's death,  
 And the great care of goods at random left  
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:

From whom my absence was not six months old,  
 Before herself (almost at fainting under  
 The pleasing punishment that women bear)  
 Had made provision for her following me,  
 And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.  
 There had she not been long, but she became  
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;  
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,  
 A poor mean woman was delivered  
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.  
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
 Made daily motions for our home return:  
 Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon we came aboard!  
 A league from Epidamnus had we sail'd,  
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
 Gave any tragic <sup>a</sup>instance of our harm:  
 But longer did we not retain much hope;  
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant  
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death;  
 Which, though myself would <sup>1</sup> gently have embrac'd,  
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
 And this it was,—for other means <sup>2</sup> were none.—  
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.  
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,  
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms  
 To him one of the other twins was bound,  
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;  
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
 Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
 Dispers'd those vapors that offended us,  
 And by the benefit of his wish'd light  
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
 Two ships from far making amain to us;  
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:  
 But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!  
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so,  
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Ege.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
 Worthily term'd them mercilese to us!  
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock,  
 Which being violently borne upon,  
 Our helpful ship was splitt'd in the midst;  
 So that in this unjust divorce of us  
 Fortune had left to both of us alike  
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened  
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
 Was carried with more speed before the wind,  
 And in our sight they three were taken up  
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length another ship had seized on us;  
 And knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
 Gave <sup>b</sup> healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;  
 And would have left the fishers of their prey,

<sup>a</sup> Symptom.—<sup>b</sup> Kind.

Had not their bark been very slow of sail,  
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—  
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,  
<sup>3</sup> And by misfortune was my life prolong'd,  
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

*Duke.* And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
 Do me the favor to dilate at full  
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

*Ege.* My <sup>c</sup>youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
 At eighteen years became inquisitive  
 After his brother; and importun'd me,  
 That his attendant (so his case was like,  
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)  
 Might bear him company in the quest of him;  
 Whom whilst <sup>4</sup> he labor'd of all love to see,  
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,  
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia;  
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,  
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought  
 Or that, or any place that harbors men.  
 But here must end the story of my life;  
 And happy were I in my timely death,  
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke.* Hapless *Egeon*, whom the fates have mark'd  
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap!  
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
 But though thou art adjudged to the death,  
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,  
 But to our honor's great disparagement,  
 Yet will I favor thee in what I can:  
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,  
 To seek thy <sup>5</sup> hope by beneficial help.  
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;  
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
 And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.—  
 Jailor, <sup>6</sup> now take him to thy custody.

*Jail.* I will, my lord.

*Ege.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth *Egeon* <sup>d</sup> wend,  
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A public Place.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

*Mer.* Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnus,  
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
 This very day, a Syracusan merchant  
 Is apprehended for arrival here;  
 And, not being able to buy out his life  
 According to the statute of the town,  
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
 There is your money that I had to keep.

*Ant. S.* Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we <sup>e</sup> host,  
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time:  
 Till <sup>7</sup> then, I'll view the manners of the town,  
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
 And then return and sleep within mine inn,  
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
 Get thee away.

*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,  
 And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit*, <sup>8</sup> shaking money-bag.

*Ant. S.* A trusty <sup>f</sup> villain, sir; that very oft,

<sup>e</sup> It appears, from what goes before, that it was the *eldest*, and not the *youngest*. He says: "My wife, more careful of the latter-born," &c.—<sup>d</sup> Go.—<sup>e</sup> Lodge; put up.—<sup>f</sup> A trusty villain," i. e., a faithful slave.

When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humor with his merry jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the town,  
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

*Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;  
I crave your pardon. <sup>a</sup>Soon at five o'clock,  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
And afterwards <sup>b</sup>consort you till bed-time:  
My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down to view the city.

*Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit.*]

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content,  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop;  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, <sup>c</sup>confounds himself:  
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true <sup>d</sup>date.—  
What now? How chance thou art returned so soon?

*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too  
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit, [*late.*]  
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;  
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:  
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;  
The meat is cold, because you come not home;  
You come not home, because you have no stomach;  
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;  
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
Are <sup>e</sup>penitent for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I pray;

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

*Dro. E.* O! sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last  
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper.  
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humor now.  
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?  
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust  
So great a charge from thine own custody?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.  
I from my mistress come to you in post;  
If I return, I shall be post indeed,  
For she will score your fault upon my pate.  
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,  
And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come; these jests are out  
of season:

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.  
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

*Dro. E.* To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the  
mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner.  
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,  
Or I shall break that merry <sup>f</sup>sconce of yours,  
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.  
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate;  
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both.  
If I should pay your worship those again,  
Perchance you 'would not bear them patiently.

*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave,  
hast thou?

*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the  
Phoenix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,

And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.  
*Ant. S.* What, wilt thou <sup>g</sup>flout me thus unto my face,  
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir? for God's sake,  
hold your hands.

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit* <sup>2</sup>*running.*]

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other  
The villain is <sup>h</sup>o'er-raught of all my money.

They say, this town is full of cozenage;  
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,  
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many such like <sup>i</sup>libertines of sin:  
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
I'll to the <sup>j</sup>Centaur, to go seek this slave:  
I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A public Place.

*Enter ADRIANA, wife to ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,  
and LUCIANA her sister.*

*Adr.* Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,  
That in such haste I sent to seek his master?  
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,  
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.  
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.

A man is master of his liberty:  
Time is their master; and, when they see time,  
They'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more?

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o' door.

*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

*Luc.* O! know he is the bridle of your will.

*Adr.* There's none but asses will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, head-strong liberty is lash'd with <sup>k</sup>woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,

Indued with intellectual sense and souls,

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:

Then, let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But, were you wedded, you would bear some  
sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

<sup>a</sup> "Soon at," i. e., about.—<sup>b</sup> Accompany.—<sup>c</sup> Loses.—<sup>d</sup> "The almanack of my true date," i. e., because he and Dromio were both born in the same hour.—<sup>e</sup> "Are penitent," i. e., are doing penance.—<sup>f</sup> Head.

<sup>g</sup> Mock; insult.—<sup>h</sup> Overreached.—<sup>i</sup> The "Centaur" was the sign of the inn where he was entertained.—<sup>j</sup> i. e., woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other <sup>a</sup> where?

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she <sup>b</sup> pause;

They can be meek, that have no other <sup>c</sup> cause.

A wretched soul, bruise'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me;

But if thou live to see like right bereft,

This <sup>d</sup> fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—

Here comes your man: now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay ay; he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so <sup>1</sup> doubly, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so <sup>2</sup> doubly, that I could scarce <sup>e</sup> understand them.

*Adr.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?

It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain!

*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad; But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:

Will you come, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he:

My mistress, sir, quoth I; hang up thy mistress!

I know not thy mistress: out on thy mistress!

*Luc.* Quoth who?

*Dro. E.* Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress.

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other

Beating I shall have a holy head. [beating.]

*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

*Dro. E.* Am I so <sup>f</sup> round with you, as you with me,

That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

of I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.]

*Luc.* Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age th' <sup>g</sup> alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault; he's master of my state.

What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then, is he the ground

Of my <sup>h</sup> defeatures. My decayed <sup>i</sup> fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair;

But, too unruely deer, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home: poor I am but his <sup>j</sup> istale.

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage other where,

Or else, what <sup>k</sup> lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain:

Would that alone, alone he would <sup>l</sup> detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see, the jewel best enamell'd

Will lose his beauty: yet though gold <sup>m</sup> bides still,

That others touch, <sup>n</sup> and often touching will

Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up

Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.

By computation, and mine host's report,

I could not speak with Dromio, since at first

I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, sir! is your merry humor alter'd?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?

My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,

That thus so madly thou didst answer me? [woud?]

*Dro. S.* What answer, sir? when spake I such a

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence, Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;

For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein.

What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[Beating him.]

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest

Upon what bargain do you give it me? [is earnest:]

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,

And make a common of my serious <sup>o</sup> hours.

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,

But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me, <sup>p</sup> know my aspect,

And fashion your demeanor to my looks.

<sup>a</sup> "Some other where," i. e., somewhere else. The meaning is, "How if your husband start in pursuit of other women?"—<sup>b</sup> "Though she pause," i. e., though she be quiet.—<sup>c</sup> "No other cause," i. e., no cause to be otherwise.—<sup>d</sup> "Idiotic."—<sup>e</sup> "Stand under."—<sup>f</sup> "Round" is plain-spoken; Dromio uses the word in a double sense, alluding to the foot-ball.

<sup>g</sup> "Defeatures," i. e., change of features; loss of comeliness.—<sup>h</sup> "Beauty; fairness."—<sup>i</sup> "Stale," i. e., cast-off favorite.—<sup>j</sup> "Hinders."—<sup>k</sup> "e," Would that he would keep the chain alone from me.—<sup>l</sup> "And" is used here, probably, for *an*.—<sup>m</sup> "e," intrude on them when you please.—<sup>n</sup> "Know my aspect," i. e., study my countenance.

Or I will beat this method in your scone.

*Dro. S.* Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a <sup>a</sup> sconce for my head, and <sup>a</sup> insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—for urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season, [rhyme nor reason?—] When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir? for what?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something, that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, <sup>1</sup> and give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner time?

*Dro. S.* No, sir: I think, the meat wants that I have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir; what's that?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

*Ant. S.* Your reason?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery?

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scantied men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers, without wit.

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant. S.* For what reason?

*Dro. S.* For two; and sound ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones then.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing <sup>b</sup> falsing.

*Dro. S.* Certain ones then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in <sup>2</sup>trimming; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en no time to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion. But soft! who <sup>c</sup>waits us yonder?

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown: Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects, I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow That never words were music to thine ear,

That never objects pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savor'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.<sup>3</sup>

How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it, That thou art thus estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;

For know, my love, as easy may'st thou <sup>d</sup>fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulph,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Should'st thou but hear I were licentious,

And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By ruffian lust should be contaminate!

Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou can'st; and therefore, see, thou do it.

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:

For, if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being <sup>e</sup>strumpeted by thy contagion.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed,

I live <sup>f</sup>unstain'd, thou undishonored. [not.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,

As strange unto your town, as to your talk;

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,

Want wit in all one word to understand. [you!

*Luc.* Fic, brother: how the world is chang'd with

When we you want to use my sister thus?

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* By Dromio?

*Dro. S.* By me? [him,—

*Adr.* By thee; and this thou didst return from

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows

Denied my house for his, me for his wife. [woman?

*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-

What is the course and drift of your compact?

*Dro. S.* I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.

*Ant. S.* How can she thus then call us by our names, Unless it be by inspiration?

*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

<sup>a</sup> "Sconce" was used not only to signify the head, but also a fort, a bulwark; and to "insconce" was to cover as with a fort, to secure.—<sup>b</sup> Deceiving.

<sup>c</sup> Beckons.—<sup>d</sup> "Fall," i. e., let fall.—<sup>e</sup> Debauched.

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!  
 Be it my wrong, you are from me <sup>a</sup> exempt,  
 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
 Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;  
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,  
 Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,  
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate:  
 If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
 Usurping ivy, brier, or <sup>b</sup> idle moss;  
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion. [theme!]  
*Ant. S.* To me she speaks; she <sup>c</sup> means me for her  
 What, was I married to her in my dream,  
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?  
 What error <sup>d</sup> draws our eyes and ears amiss?  
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
 I'll entertain the <sup>e</sup> proffer'd fallacy.

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.  
*Dro. S.* O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.  
 This is the fairy land: O, spite of spites!  
 We talk with goblins, owls, and <sup>f</sup> elves and sprites.  
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?  
 Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

*Dro. S.* I am transformed, master, am I not?

*Ant. S.* I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

*Ant. S.* Thou hast thine own form.

*Dro. S.* No. I am an ape.

*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

*Dro. S.* 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for  
 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be, [grass.  
 But I should know her, as well as she knows me.

*Adr.* Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,  
 To put the finger in <sup>g</sup> my eye and weep,  
 Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.  
 Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—  
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,  
 And <sup>h</sup> shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.—  
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
 Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—  
 Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

*Ant. S.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?  
 Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?  
 Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?  
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so,  
 And in this mist, at all adventures, go.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*Adr.* Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late.

[Exeunt.]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,  
 ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

*Ant. E.* Good signior Angelo, you must excuse  
 My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours. [c<sup>o</sup> us;  
 Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop  
 To see the making of her <sup>d</sup> carcanet,  
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home;  
 But here's a villain, that would face me down  
 He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,  
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;

And that I did deny my wife and house.—

Thou drunkard, thou, what did'st thou mean by this?

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir; but I know what  
 I know. [show:]

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to  
 If <sup>7</sup> my skin were parchment, and the blows you gave  
 were ink, [what I think.]

Your own hand-writing would tell you <sup>8</sup> for certain  
*Ant. E.* I think, thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry, so it doth appear,  
 By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that pass,  
 You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

*Ant. E.* You are sad, signior Balthazar: pray God,  
 our cheer [here.]

May answer my good-will, and your good welcome  
*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your  
 welcome dear.

*Ant. E.* O, signior Balthazar! either at flesh or fish,  
 A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl  
 affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common, for that's  
 nothing but words. [feast.]

*Bal.* Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry

*Ant. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing  
 guest: [part:]

But though my cates be mean, take them in good  
 Better cheer may you have, but not with better  
 heart.

But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,  
 Gin! <sup>9</sup> [Calling.]

*Dro. S.* [Within.] <sup>e</sup> Mome, malt-horse, capon,  
 coxcomb, idiot, <sup>f</sup> patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.  
 Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for  
 such store, [door.]

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the  
*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter?—My  
 master stays in the street.

*Dro. S.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest  
 he catch cold on's feet. [door.]

*Ant. E.* Who talks within there? ho! open the  
*Dro. S.* Right, sir: I'll tell you when, an you'll  
 tell me wherefore. [din'd to-day.]

*Ant. E.* Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not

*Dro. S.* Nor to-day here you must not, come again  
 when you may. [the house I owe?]

*Ant. E.* What art thou that keep'st me out from

*Dro. S.* The porter for this time, sir; and my  
 name is Dromio. [office and my name:]

*Dro. E.* O villain! thou hast stolen both mine  
 The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.  
 If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,  
 Thou would'st have changed thy face for a name, or  
 thy name for <sup>10</sup> a face.

*Luc.* [Within.] What a <sup>11</sup> coil is there, Dromio:  
 who are those at the gate?

*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

*Luc.* Faith no; he comes too late;  
 And so tell your master.

*Dro. E.* O Lord! I must laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

*Luc.* Have at you with another: that's,—when?  
 can you tell? [hast answer'd him well.]

*Dro. S.* If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou

*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us

*Luc.* I thought to have ask'd you. [in, I <sup>11</sup> trow!]

<sup>a</sup> Separated; parted.—<sup>b</sup> Unfruitful.—<sup>c</sup> "Shrive you," i. e.,  
 call you to confession.—<sup>d</sup> A "carcanet" is a chain for a lady's  
 neck.

<sup>e</sup> A "mome" was a fool, or a foolish jester.—<sup>f</sup> "Patch!" a  
 term of contempt applied to persons of low condition.—  
<sup>g</sup> Own.—<sup>h</sup> Hubbub; tumult.



*Dro. S.* And you said, no.  
*Dro. E.* So; come, help! well struck; there was  
*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in. [blow for blow.  
*Luc.* Can you tell for whose sake?  
*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.  
*Luc.* Let him knock till it ache.  
*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down. [the town?  
*Luc.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in  
*Adr.* [Within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise? [unruly boys.  
*Dro. S.* By my troth, your town is troubled with  
*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have come before. [door.  
*Adr.* Your wife, sir knave? go, get you from the  
*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore. [would fain have either.  
*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we  
*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall <sup>a</sup>part with neither. [welcome hither.  
*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master: bid them  
*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in. [were thin.  
*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments  
 Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold: [and <sup>b</sup>sold.  
 It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought  
*Ant. E.* Go, fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate. [your knave's pate.  
*Dro. S.* Break any breaking here, and I'll break  
*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind; [behind.  
 Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not  
*Dro. S.* It seems, thou want'st breaking. Out upon thee, hind! [thee, let me in.  
*Dro. E.* Here's too much out upon thee! I pray  
*Dro. S.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin. [crow.  
*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in. Go, borrow me a  
*Dro. E.* A crow without feather? master, mean you so? [feather.  
 For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a  
 If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.  
*Ant. E.* Go, get thee gone: fetch me an iron crow.  
*Bal.* Have patience, sir; O! let it not be so:  
 Herein you war against your reputation,  
 And draw within the compass of suspect  
 Th' unviolated honor of your wife.  
<sup>c</sup>Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,  
 Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
 Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;  
 And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse  
 Why at this time the doors are <sup>d</sup>made against you.  
 Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,  
 And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;  
 And about evening come yourself alone  
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,  
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;  
 And that supposed by the common route,  
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,  
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:  
 For slander lives upon succession,  
 For ever housed, where it gets possession.  
*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,  
 And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,  
 Pretty and witty; wild, and yet too, gentle;  
 There will we dine. This woman that I mean,  
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)  
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:  
 To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,  
 And fetch the chain; by <sup>e</sup>this, I know, 'tis made:  
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;  
 For there's the house. That chain will I bestow  
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)  
 Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.  
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.  
*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.  
*Ant. E.* Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter LUCIANA, and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot  
 A husband's office? Shall <sup>1</sup>unkind debate  
 Even in the spring of love, thy <sup>1</sup>love-springs rot?  
 Shall love, in building, grow so <sup>2</sup>ruinate?  
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth, [ness:  
 Then, for her wealth's sake use her with more kind-  
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth:  
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;  
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;  
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;  
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;  
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:  
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;  
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint:  
 Be secret-false; what need she be acquainted?  
 What simple thief lags of his own attainment?  
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,  
 And let her read it in thy looks at board:  
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;  
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
 Alas, poor women! make us but believe,  
 Being compact of <sup>b</sup>credit, that you love us;  
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve,  
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again:  
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.  
 'Tis holy sport to be a little <sup>1</sup>vain,  
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.  
*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,  
 I know not,  
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)  
 Less in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,  
 Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.  
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:  
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,  
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.  
 Against my soul's pure truth, why labor you  
 To make it wander in an unknown field?  
 Are you a god? would you create me new?  
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.  
 But if that I am I, then well I know,  
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:  
 Far more, far more, to you do I <sup>2</sup>incline.  
 O, train me not, sweet <sup>k</sup>mermaid, with thy note,  
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.  
 Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:  
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

<sup>a</sup> "Part," i. e., have part.—<sup>b</sup> "Bought and sold," i. e., overreached by foul practices.—<sup>c</sup> "Once this," i. e., once for all.—<sup>d</sup> "Made," i. e., made fast.

<sup>e</sup> "By this," i. e., by this time.—<sup>f</sup> "Love-springs," i. e., young plants or shoots of love.—<sup>g</sup> Destroyed; ruined.—<sup>h</sup> "Being compact of credit," i. e., being made up of credulity.—<sup>i</sup> "Vain," i. e., light of tongue.—<sup>k</sup> Syren.

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die:

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

*Luc.* What! are you mad, that you do reason so?

*Ant. S.* Not mad, but <sup>a</sup>mated; how, I do not know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

*Luc.* Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight. [night.

*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on

*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my sister so.

*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*Ant. S.* No;

It is itself, mine own self's better part;

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.

Thou wilt I love, and with thee lead my life:

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.

Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, sir! hold you still:

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [Exit.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, running.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio! where run'st thou so fast?

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio?

am I your man? am I myself?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass; I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she?

*Dro. S.* A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, <sup>b</sup>sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a <sup>2</sup>Polar winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro. S.* <sup>c</sup>Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why? she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro. S.* No, sir; 'tis in grain: Noah's flood could not do it.

*Ant. S.* What's her name?

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir; but her name is three quarters, that is, an ell; and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?

*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness, hard, in the palm of the hand.

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her <sup>d</sup>hair.

*Ant. S.* Where England?

*Dro. S.* I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between Franco and it.

*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro. S.* O! sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of <sup>e</sup>carracks to be ballast at her nose.

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro. S.* O! sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was <sup>f</sup>assured to her: told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of <sup>g</sup>faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn <sup>h</sup>' the wheel.

*Ant. S.* Go, hie thee presently post to the road, And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbor in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart, Where I will walk till thou return to me.

If every one knows us, and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and begone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life, So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here, And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.

She that doth call me husband, even my soul Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me traitor to myself: But, lest myself be guilty of self-wrong, I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholus?

*Ant. S.* Ay, that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir. Lo! here is the chain. I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine; The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*Ant. S.* What is your will that I shall do with this?

*Ang.* What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir? I bespoke it not.

<sup>a</sup> Confounded.—<sup>b</sup> "Sir-reverence," an old corruption of *sacred reverence*.—<sup>c</sup> "Swart," i. e., swarthy; dusky.

<sup>d</sup> "Against her hair," i. e., against Henry IV. of Navarre, whose claim the states of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant.—<sup>e</sup> "Carracks," i. e., large ships of burden.—<sup>f</sup> "Affianced."—<sup>g</sup> "Made of faith," an allusion to the popular belief that great faith was a protection against witchcraft.—<sup>h</sup> "Turn 't the wheel," i. e., become a turnspit.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.  
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;  
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
And then receive my money for the chain.

*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,  
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well.  
[*Exit.*]

*Ant. S.* What I should think of this, I can not tell;  
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,  
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.  
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,  
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:  
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—The Same.

*Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

*Mer.* You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,  
And since I have not much importun'd you;  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:  
Therefore, make present satisfaction,  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

*Ang.* Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,  
Is <sup>a</sup>growing to me by Antipholus;  
And, in the instant that I met with you,  
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock,  
I shall receive the money for the same.  
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus, <sup>b</sup>from the Courtizan's.*

*Off.* That labor may you save: see where he comes.

*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go  
And buy a rope's end, that will I bestow [to you]  
Among my wife and <sup>c</sup>these confederates,  
For locking me out of my doors by day.—  
But soft, I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone;  
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a-year? I buy a rope? [*Exit.*]

*Ant. E.* A man is well help up that trusts to you:  
I promis'd <sup>3</sup>me your presence, and the chain,  
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me.  
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,  
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humor, here's the note  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost <sup>b</sup>carat,  
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,  
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:  
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,  
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money;  
Besides, I have some business in the town.  
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:  
Perchance, I <sup>c</sup>will be there as soon as you.

*Ang.* Then, you will bring the chain to her yourself?

*Ant. E.* No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough. [you?]

*Ang.* Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about

*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,  
Or else you may return without your money.

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:  
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. E.* Good lord! you use this dalliance, to excuse  
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine.  
I should have chid you for not bringing it,  
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

*Mer.* The hour steals on: I pray you, sir, dispatch.

*Ang.* You hear, how he importunes me: the chain—

*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money. [now.]

*Ang.* Come, come; you know, I gave it you even  
Either send the chain, or send by me some token.

*Ant. E.* Fie! now you run this humor out of breath.

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say, wher' you'll answer me, or no?

*Ant. E.* Why, I'll leave him to the officer.

*Ant. E.* I answer you! what should I answer you?

*Ang.* The money that you owe me for the chain.

*Ant. E.* I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

*Ang.* You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

*Ant. E.* You gave me none: you wrong me much  
to say so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

*Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

*Off.* I do, and charge you in the duke's name to

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation.—[Obey me.]

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. E.* Consent to pay <sup>4</sup>for that I never had?

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee: arrest him, officer.—

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir. You hear the suit.

*Ant. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.—

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear,

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnium,  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then, sir, she bears away. Our <sup>d</sup>freightage, sir,

I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought

The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim: the merry wind

Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,

But for their owner, master, and yourself. [sheep,

*Ant. E.* How now? a madman! Why, thou <sup>e</sup>peevish

What ship of Epidamnium stays for me?

*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire <sup>f</sup>waftage.

*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;

And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

*Dro. S.* You sent me for a rope's end as soon.

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure,

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats: let her send it.

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*]

<sup>a</sup> Accruing; growing due.—<sup>b</sup> Carat.—<sup>c</sup> "Will" for shall.

<sup>d</sup> Freight; cargo.—<sup>e</sup> Mad; foolish.—<sup>f</sup> Carriage.

*Dro. S.* To Adriana? that is where we din'd,  
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:  
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
Thither I must, although against my will,  
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so?  
Might'st thou perceive austerly in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?  
Look'd he or red, or pale? or sad, or merry?  
What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

*Luc.* First he denied you had in him no right.

*Adr.* He meant, he did me none: the more my spite.

*Luc.* Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you. [were.]

*Adr.* And what said he?

*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

*Luc.* With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

*Adr.* Did'st speak him fair?

*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not hold me still:

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and b'sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless every where;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.

Far from her nest the <sup>4</sup>laping cries away:

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, <sup>2</sup>running.*

*Dro. S.* Here, go: the desk! the purse! <sup>3</sup>swift,  
now make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?

*Dro. S.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him <sup>4</sup>fell,

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

<sup>5</sup>Who knows no touch of mercy, cannot feel;

A fiend, a <sup>6</sup>fury, pitiless and rough;

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff; [mands

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-

The passages <sup>7</sup>and alleys, creeks and narrow lands:

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws <sup>8</sup>dry-foot

well; [hell.

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter? [the case.

*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on

*Adr.* What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

*Dro. S.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested

well;

\* An allusion to the northern lights, which have the appearance of armies meeting in the shock.—<sup>2</sup> Dry; withered.—<sup>3</sup> Stigmatical," i. e., stigmatized or marked by nature with deformity.—<sup>4</sup> The laping is said to draw pursuers from her nest by crying in other places. See Measure for Measure, Act i. Scene 5.—<sup>5</sup> The buff or leather jerkin of the serjeant is called an everlasting garment, because it was so durable.—<sup>6</sup> To run counter, in sportsman's phrase, signifies that the hounds, mistaking the course of the game, run backward; to draw dry-foot was to follow the scent or track of the game. There is a quibble upon the word counter, which points at a well-known prison in London, so called.—<sup>7</sup> "Hell" was the cant term for a prison.

But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption? the money in his desk?

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at;

[*Exit LUCIANA.*]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—

Tell me, was he arrested on a <sup>b</sup>band?

*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;

A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

*Adr.* What, the chain?

*Dro. S.* No, no, the bell. 'Tis time that I were

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that did I never hear.

*Dro. S.* O yes; if any hour meet a serjeant, 'a

turns back for very fear. [reason!]

*Adr.* As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou

*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more

than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,

That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If he be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back <sup>8</sup>any hour in a day?

*Re-enter LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Go, Dromio: there's the money, bear it

straight,

And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister; I am press'd down with <sup>1</sup>conceit,

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—The Same.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, <sup>9</sup>wearing the chain.*

*Ant. S.* There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,

As if I were their well acquainted friend;

And every one doth call me by my name.

Some tender money to me, some invite me;

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;

Some offer me commodities to buy:

Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,

And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,

And, therewithal, took measure of my body.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,

And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for.

What, have you got the picture of old Adam new

apparell'd?

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? What Adam dost thou

mean?

*Dro. S.* Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but

that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the

calfskin that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that

came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you

forsake your liberty.

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went,

like a base-vile, in a case of leather: the man, sir,

that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob,

and 'rests them: he, sir, that takes pity on decayed

men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets

up his <sup>10</sup>rest to do more exploits with his mace, than

a <sup>11</sup>morris-pike.

*Ant. S.* What, thou mean'st an officer?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band; he that

brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band;

one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says,

"God give you good rest!"

<sup>a</sup> Bond.—<sup>1</sup> "Conceit" i. e., fanciful conception.—<sup>2</sup> "To set up one's rest," signified to be firmly resolved to do a thing.—<sup>3</sup> A "morris-pike" is a Moorish pike, used in the 16th century.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I,  
And here we wander in illusions.  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a Courtizan.*

*Cour.* Well met, well met, master Antipholus.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:

Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

*Ant. S.* Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

*Dro. S.* Master, is this mistress Satan?

*Ant. S.* It is the devil.

*Dro. S.* Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam;  
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench:  
and thereof comes that the wenches say, "God damn me,"  
that's as much as to say, "God make me a light wench."  
It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn;  
*ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.  
Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.

*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio?

*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil. [supping?]

*Ant. S.* Avoid, 'thou fiend! what tell'st thou me of  
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:  
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,  
Or for my diamond the chain you promised,  
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you. [nail,

*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the parings of one's  
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry—  
But she, more covetous, would have a chain. [stone;  
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,  
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*Cour.* I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.  
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so. [us go.

*Ant. S.* Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let  
*Dro. S.* Fly pride, says the peacock: mistress, that  
you know. [Exeunt ANT. and DRO.

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,  
Else would he never so demean himself.  
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,  
And for the same he promis'd me a chain:  
Both one and other he denies me now.  
The reason that I gather he is mad,  
Besides this present instance of his rage,  
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner  
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.  
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
On purpose shut the doors against his way.  
My way is now, to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife, that being lunatic,  
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce  
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,  
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—The Same.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and a Jailer.*

*Ant. E.* Fear me not, man; I will not break away:  
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,  
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.  
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,

7

And will not lightly trust the messenger:  
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,  
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man: I think he brings the money.—  
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

*Dro. E.* Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

*Ant. E.* But where's the money?

*Dro. E.* Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

*Ant. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

*Dro. E.* I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

*Ant. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

*Dro. E.* To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

*Ant. E.* And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.  
[Beating him.

*Jail.* Good sir, be patient.

*Dro. E.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in  
adversity.

*Jail.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*Dro. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*Ant. E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

*Dro. E.* I would I were senseless, sir; that I  
might not feel your blows.

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows,  
and so is an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass, indeed: you may prove it  
by my <sup>a</sup>long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour  
of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at  
his hands for my service, but blows. When I am  
cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he  
cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I  
sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors  
with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with  
it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as  
a beggar <sup>b</sup>wont her brat; and I think, when he hath  
lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Ant. E.* Come, go along: my wife is coming yonder.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtizan, and  
a schoolmaster called PINCH.*

*Dro. E.* Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end;  
or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "beware the  
rope's end."

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.

*Cour.* How say you now? is not your husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

*Cour.* Mark, how he trembles in his <sup>c</sup>ecstasy!

*Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your  
pulse.

*Ant. E.* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

*Ant. E.* Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

*Adr.* O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

*Ant. E.* You minion, you; are these your <sup>d</sup>cus-  
tomers?

Did this <sup>e</sup>companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house? [home;

*Adr.* O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at

<sup>a</sup> Long from frequent pulling.—<sup>b</sup> "Wont," i. e., is wont, accustomed to.—<sup>c</sup> This tremor was anciently thought to be a sure indication of demoniacal possession.—<sup>d</sup> "Customers," i. e., familiars; intimates.—<sup>e</sup> "Companion," a word of contempt, anciently used as we now use *fellow*.

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,  
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

*Ant. E.* Din'd at home! Thou, villain, what say'st thou?

*Dro. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

*Dro. E.* <sup>a</sup>Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

*Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?

*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me? [you.]

*Dro. E.* <sup>b</sup>Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd

*Ant. E.* And did not I in rage depart from thence?

*Dro. E.* In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,  
That since have felt the <sup>1</sup>rigor of his rage.

*Adr.* Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

*Pinch.* It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,  
And, yielding to him, humors well his frenzy. [me.]

*Ant. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest

*Adr.* Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

*Dro. E.* Money by me! heart and good-will you

But, surely, master, not a rag of money. [might:]

*Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of  
ducats!

*Adr.* He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

*Luc.* And I am witness with her that she did.

*Dro. E.* God and the rope-maker <sup>2</sup>now bear me  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope! [witness,

*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master is possessed;  
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

*Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth  
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? [to-day?

*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

*Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out. [both.]

*Adr.* Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in

*Ant. E.* Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all,  
And art confederate with a damned yack

To make a loathsome, abject scorn of me;

But with these nails I'll pluck out <sup>3</sup>those false eyes,  
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

*Enter three or four, and bind ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO.*

*Adr.* O bind him, bind him! let him not come  
near me. [him.]

*Pinch.* More company!—the feud is strong within

*Luc.* Ah me! poor man, how pale and wan he looks.

*Ant. E.* What, will you murder me? Thou jailor,  
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them [thou,

To make a rescue?

*Jail.* Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

*Pinch.* Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou <sup>c</sup>peevish officer?  
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

*Jail.* He is my prisoner: if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

*Adr.* I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee.

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt <sup>d</sup>grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house.—O, most unhappy day!

*Ant. E.* O, most <sup>e</sup>unhappy trumpet!

*Dro. E.* Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

*Ant. E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou  
mad me? [good master;

*Dro. E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,  
Cry, the devil.—

*Luc.* God help, poor souls! how idly do they talk.

*Adr.* Gobear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—  
[*Exeunt PINCH and assistants with ANT. and DRO.*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

*Jail.* One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

*Adr.* I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

*Jail.* Two hundred ducats.

*Adr.* Say, how <sup>f</sup>grows it due?

*Jail.* Due for a chain your husband had of him.

*Adr.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

*Cour.* When as your husband, all in rage, to-day  
Came to my house, and took away my ring,

(The ring I saw upon his finger now)

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is:

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

*Adr.* And come with naked swords. Let's call  
To have them bound again. [more help,

*Jail.* Away! they'll kill us.

*Exeunt ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and JAILOR.*

*Ant. S.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

*Dro. S.* She, that would be your wife, now ran  
from you. [thence:]

*Ant. S.* Come to the Centaur; fetch our <sup>g</sup>stuff from  
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

*Dro. S.* Faith, stay here this night, they will surely  
do us no harm; you saw they <sup>h</sup>spake us fair, gave  
us gold. Methinks they are such a gentle nation,  
that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims  
marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here  
still, and turn witch.

*Ant. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town;  
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before an Abbey.

*Enter Merchant and ANGELO.*

*Ang.* I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;

But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

*Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

*Ang.* Of very reverend reputation, sir,

Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,

Second to none that lives here in the city:

His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*Mer.* Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Ang.* 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,  
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.

Good sir, draw near <sup>i</sup>with me, I'll speak to him.—  
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble;

And not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance and oaths so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly:

Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend;

Who, but for staying on our controversy,

<sup>a</sup> "Perdy," a corruption of the French oath, *par Dieu*.—

<sup>b</sup> Certainly; in truth.—<sup>c</sup> Mad; foolish.—<sup>d</sup> "How the debt  
grows," i. e., how it has accrued.—<sup>e</sup> Unlucky; mischievous.

<sup>f</sup> Becomes.—<sup>g</sup> Baggage.

Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.

This chain, you had of me: can you deny it?

*Ant. S.* I think, I had: I never did deny it.

*Mer.* Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

*Ant. S.* Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

*Mer.* These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear  
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st [thee.  
To walk where any honest men resort.

*Ant. S.* Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.

I'll prove mine honor and mine honesty

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand. [*draw.*

*Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*They*

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan, and Others.*

*Adr.* Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is  
mad.—

Some get within <sup>a</sup>him; take his sword away.

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

*Dro. S.* Run, master, run; for God's sake take a  
This is some priory:—in, or we are spoil'd. [<sup>b</sup>house!

[*Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO to the Abbey.*

*Enter the Lady Abbess.*

*Abb.* Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you  
hither?

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,

And bear him home for his recovery.

*Ang.* I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

*Mer.* I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?

*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad;

And much different from the man he was;

But, till this afternoon, his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage. [<sup>c</sup>see?

*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of  
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye  
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last;

Namely, some love, that drew him off from home.

*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.

*Adr.* Why, so I did.

*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.

*Adr.* As roughly as my modesty would let me.

*Abb.* Haply, in private.

*Adr.* And in assemblies too.

*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.

*Adr.* It was the 'copy of our conference.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanc'd <sup>d</sup>at it:

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

*Abb.* And thereof came it that the man was mad:

The venom clamors of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,

And thereof comes it, that his head is light.

Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions;

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred:

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,

And at her heels a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.

The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

*Abb.* No; not a creature enters in my house.

*Adr.* Then, let your servants bring my husband  
forth.

*Abb.* Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,

Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labor in essaying it.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness; for it is my office,

And will have no <sup>e</sup>attorney but myself,

And therefore let me have him home with me.

*Abb.* Be patient; for I will not let him stir,

Till I have us'd the approved means I have,

With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

To make of him a formal man <sup>f</sup>again.

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order;

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my husband here;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness

To separate the husband and the wife.

*Abb.* Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.

[*Exit Abbess.*

*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

*Adr.* Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,

And never rise, until my tears and prayers

Have won his grace to come in person hither,

And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

*Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five:

Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale,

The place of death and <sup>g</sup>solemn execution,

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

*Ang.* Upon what cause?

*Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,

Who put unluckily into this bay

Against the laws and statutes of this town,

Behеaded publicly for his offence. [<sup>h</sup>death.

*Ang.* See, where they come: we will behold his

*Luc.* Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE attended; ÆGEON bare-headed; with  
the Headsman and other Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publicly,

If any friend will pay the sum for him,

He shall not die, so much we tender him.

*Adr.* Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:

It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antipholus, my

Whom I made lord of me, and all I had, [husband,

At your <sup>i</sup>important letters, this ill day

A most outrageous fit of madness took him,

That desperately he hurried through the street,

(With him his bondman, all as mad as he)

Doing displeasure to the citizens

By rushing in their houses, bearing thence

Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

Whilst to take <sup>j</sup>order for the wrongs I went,

That here and there his fury had committed.

<sup>a</sup> "Got within him," i. e., close, grapple with him.—<sup>b</sup> "Take a house," i. e., take shelter in a house.—<sup>c</sup> "The copy of our conference," i. e., a large part of our discourse.

<sup>d</sup> Substitute.—<sup>e</sup> i. e., to bring him back to his senses.—<sup>f</sup> "Unfortunate.—<sup>g</sup> "To take order," i. e., to take measures.

Anon, I <sup>a</sup> wot not by what <sup>1</sup> strange escape,  
He broke from those that had the guard of him,  
And with his mad attendant and himself,  
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,  
We came again to bind them. Then they fled  
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;  
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,  
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,  
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

*Duke.* Long since thy husband serv'd me in my  
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word, [wars,  
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,  
To do him all the grace and good I could.—  
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate,  
And bid the lady abbess come to me.  
I will determine this, before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress! shift and save yourself.  
My master and his man are both broke loose,  
Beaten the maids <sup>b</sup> a-row, and bound the doctor,  
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;  
And ever as it blazed they threw on him  
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.  
My master preaches patience to him, and the while  
His man with scissors <sup>c</sup> nicks him like a fool;  
And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*Adr.* Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here:  
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

*Serv.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;  
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.  
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*  
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone.

*Duke.* Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard  
with halberds!

*Adr.* Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,  
That he is borne about invisible:  
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here,  
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious duke! O! grant  
me justice,

Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I <sup>d</sup> bestid thee in the wars, and took  
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice,

*Ege.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,  
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio! [there!

*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman  
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,  
That hath abused and dishonor'd me,  
Even in the strength and height of injury.  
Beyond imagination is the wrong,  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*Ant. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors  
upon me,  
While she with <sup>e</sup> harlots feasted in my house.

*Duke.* A grievous fault. Say, woman, did'st thou so?  
*Adr.* No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,  
To-day did dine together. So befal my soul,  
As this is false he burdens me withal.

*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth.

*Ang.* O perjurd woman! They are both forsworn:  
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

*Ant. E.* My liege, I am <sup>f</sup> advised what I say;  
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging ire,  
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:  
That goldsmith there, were he not <sup>g</sup> pack'd with her,  
Could witness it, for he was with me then;  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,  
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,  
And in his company, that gentleman.  
There did this perjurd goldsmith swear me down,  
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,  
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,  
He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey, and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.

Then fairly I bespoke the officer,  
To go in person with me to my house.  
By the way we met

My wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
Of vile confederates: along with them  
They brought one <sup>h</sup> pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,

A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,  
A needy, hollow-cy'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,

And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as <sup>i</sup> twere, out-facing me,  
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then, altogether  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home

<sup>2</sup> They left me and my man, both bound together;  
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech  
To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames, and great indignities.

*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,  
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

*Ang.* He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck.

*Mcr.* Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine  
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,  
After you first forswore it on the mart,  
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;  
And then you fled into this abbey here,  
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

*Ant. E.* I never came within these abbey walls,  
Nor ever did'st thou draw thy sword on me.  
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!  
And this is false you burden me withal.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate <sup>k</sup> impeach is this!  
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's <sup>l</sup> cup.

If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;  
If he were mad, he would not plead so <sup>k</sup> coldly:—  
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here  
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you? [pines.

*Dro. E.* Sir, he dined with her, there, at the Porcu-  
*Cour.* He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

<sup>a</sup> "I wot not," i. e., I know not.—<sup>b</sup> "A-row," i. e., one after another; successively.—<sup>c</sup> "Nicks him like a fool!" the heads of fools or jesters were shaved, or their hair cut close.—<sup>d</sup> Defended.—<sup>e</sup> Harlot was anciently applied to a base person among men, as well as to wantons among women.

<sup>f</sup> "I am advised what I say," i. e., I speak advisedly and with circumspection.—<sup>g</sup> Confederates.—<sup>h</sup> Difficulty; impediment.—<sup>i</sup> The cup of Circe is said to have transformed the companions of Ulysses into swine.—<sup>k</sup> "Coldly," i. e., coolly; deliberately.



*Ant. E.* 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.  
*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?  
*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.  
*Duke.* Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbeſs  
 I think you are all <sup>a</sup>mated, or stark mad. [*hither.*—  
 [Exit an Attendant.]

*Ege.* Most mighty duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a  
 Haply, I ſee a friend will ſave my life, [word.  
 And pay the ſum that may deliver me.

*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracuſian, what thou wilt.  
*Ege.* Is not your name, ſir, call'd Antipholus,  
 And is not that your bondman Dromio?

*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman, ſir;  
 But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:  
 Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

*Ege.* I am ſure you both of you remember me.  
*Dro. E.* Ourſelves we do remember, ſir, by you;  
 For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, ſir? [well.  
*Ege.* Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me  
*Ant. E.* I never ſaw you in my life, till now.

*Ege.* O! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw  
 me laſt;

And careful hours, with time's <sup>b</sup>deformed hand,  
 Have written ſtrange <sup>c</sup>defeatures in my face:  
 But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

*Ant. E.* Neither.  
*Ege.* Dromio, nor thou?  
*Dro. E.* No, truſt me, ſir, nor I.

*Ege.* I am ſure thou doſt.  
*Dro. E.* Ay, ſir; but I am ſure I do not; and  
 whatſoever a man denies, you are now <sup>d</sup>bound to  
 believe him.

*Ege.* Not know my voice? O, time's extremity!  
 Haſt thou ſo crack'd <sup>1</sup>my voice, ſplit my poor tongue  
 In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon  
 Knows not my feeble key of untun'd <sup>e</sup>cares?  
 Though now this <sup>f</sup>grained face of mine be hid  
 In ſap-conſuming winter's drizzled ſnow,  
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up,  
 Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,  
 My waſting lamps ſome fading glimmer left,  
 My dull, deaf ears a little uſe to hear:  
 All theſe old witneſſes (I cannot err)  
 Tell me thou art my ſon Antipholus.

*Ant. E.* I never ſaw my father in my life.  
*Ege.* But ſeven years ſince, in Syracuſa, boy,  
 Thou know'ſt we parted. But, perhaps, my ſon,  
 Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſery.

*Ant. E.* The duke, and all that know me in the city,  
 Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo.  
 I ne'er ſaw Syracuſa in my life.

*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracuſian, twenty years  
 Have I been patron to Antipholus,  
 During which time he ne'er ſaw Syracuſe.  
 I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter Abbeſs, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuſe  
 and DROMIO of Syracuſe.*

*Abb.* Moſt mighty duke, behold a man much  
 wrong'd. [All gather to ſee them.]

*Adr.* I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me!  
*Duke.* One of theſe men is Genius to the other;  
 And ſo of theſe: which is the natural man,  
 And which the ſpirit? Who deciphers them?

*Dro. S.* I, ſir, am Dromio: command him away.

*Dro. E.* I, ſir, am Dromio: pray let me ſtay.

*Ant. S.* Egeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoul?

<sup>a</sup> "Mated," i. e., confounded.—<sup>b</sup> Deformed for deforming.  
<sup>c</sup> "Defeatures," i. e., change of features.—<sup>d</sup> Dromio quib-  
 bles upon the word bound.—i. e., the weak and diſcordant  
 tone of my voice.—<sup>e</sup> Farrowed; lined.

*Dro. S.* O, my old maſter! who hath bound him  
 here?

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,  
 And gain a huſband by his liberty.—  
 Speak, old Egeon, if thou be'ſt the man  
 That had a wife once call'd Emilia,  
 That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons.  
 O! if thou be'ſt the ſame Egeon, ſpeak,  
 And ſpeak unto the ſame Emilia!

*Ege.* If I dream not, thou art Emilia.  
 If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſon  
 That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

*Abb.* By men of Epidamnus, he, and I,  
 And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;  
 But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of Corinth  
 By force took Dromio and my ſon from them,  
 And me they left with thoſe of Epidamnus.  
 What then became of them, I cannot tell;  
 I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.

*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning <sup>e</sup>ſtory right  
 Theſe two Antipholus', theſe two ſo like,  
 And theſe two Dromios, one in ſemblance,—  
 Beſides <sup>2</sup>his urging of <sup>3</sup>his wreck at ſea;—  
 Theſe are the parents to theſe children,  
 Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'ſt from Corinth firſt.

*Ant. S.* No, ſir, not I: I came from Syracuſe.  
*Duke.* Stay, ſtand apart: I know not which is which.

*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my moſt gracious lord.

*Dro. E.* And I with him. [warrior,

*Ant. E.* Brought to this town by that moſt famous  
 Duke Menaphon, your moſt renowned uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

*Ant. S.* I, gentle miſtreſs.

*Adr.* And are not you my huſband?

*Ant. E.* No; I ſay nay to that.

*Ant. S.* And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo;

And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,  
 Did call me brother.—What I told you then,  
 I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good,  
 If this be not a dream I ſee, and hear.

*Ang.* That is the chain, ſir, which you had of me.

*Ant. S.* I think it be, ſir: I deny it not.

*Ant. E.* And you, ſir, for this chain arreſted me.

*Ang.* I think I did, ſir: I deny it not.

*Adr.* I ſent you money, ſir, to be your bail,

By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

*Dro. E.* No, none by me.

*Ant. S.* This purſe of ducats I received from you,

And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.

I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon theſe errors <sup>4</sup>all aroſe.

*Ant. E.* Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.

*Duke.* It ſhall not need: thy father hath his life.

*Cour.* Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.

*Ant. E.* There, take it; and much thanks for my  
 good cheer.

*Abb.* Renowned duke, vouchſafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes;

And all that are aſſembled in this place,

That by this ſympathized one day's error

Have ſuffered wrong, go, keep us company,

And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.

Twenty-five years have I been gone in travail

Of you, my ſons; and <sup>5</sup>at this preſent hour

My heavy burdens are delivered.—

The duke, my huſband, and my children both,

And you the <sup>6</sup>calendars of their nativity,

<sup>e</sup> The morning ſtory is the ſtory that Egeon tells the Duke  
 in the firſt ſcene of the play.—i. e., the two Dromios.

Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me :  
After so long grief such nativity!

*Duke.* With all my heart : I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan, Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.*]

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship board ? [barked ?]

*Ant. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou em-

*Dro. S.* Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur. [Dromio :

*Ant. S.* He speaks to me.—I am your master, Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon.

Embrace thy brother there ; rejoice with him.

<sup>1</sup>[*Exeunt ANT. S. and E., ADR., and LUC.*]

*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house, That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner :

She now shall be my sister, not my wife. [brother :

*Dro. E.* Methinks, you are my glass, and not my I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

*Dro. S.* Not I, sir ; you are my elder.

*Dro. E.* That's a question : how shall we try it ?

*Dro. S.* We'll draw cuts for the senior : till then, lead thou first.

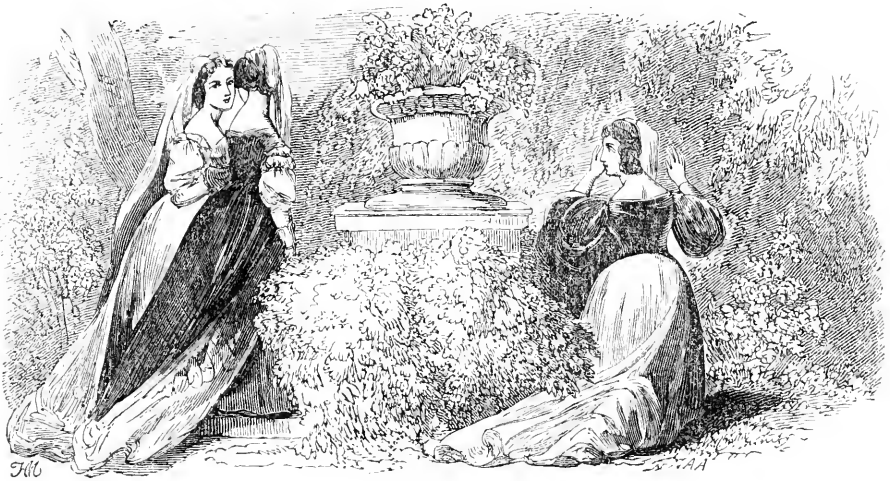
*Dro. E.* Nay, then thus :

We came into the world, like brother and brother ;

And now, let's go hand in hand, not one before another

[*Exeunt.*]

# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



ACT III.—Scene I.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.  
JOHN, his bastard Brother.  
CLAUDIO, a young Lord of Florence.<sup>1</sup>  
BENEDICK, a young Lord of Padua.<sup>2</sup>  
LEONATO, Governor of Messina.  
ANTONIO, his Brother.  
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Don Pedro.  
BORACHIO, } followers of John.  
CONRADE, }  
DOGBERRY, } two Officers.  
VERGES, }

FRIAR FRANCIS.  
<sup>3</sup> A Gentleman.  
A Sexton.  
A Boy.

HERO, Daughter to Leonato.  
BEATRICE, Niece to Leonato.  
MARGARET, } Gentlowomen attending on Hero.  
URSULA, }

<sup>4</sup> Watchmen, and Attendants, &c.

SCENE, Messina.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before LEONATO's House.

*Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Gentleman.*

*Leon.* I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

*Gent.* He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

*Leon.* How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

*Gent.* But few of any sort, and none of name.

*Leon.* A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

*Gent.* Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

*Leon.* He hath an uncle, here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

*Gent.* I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears?

*Gent.* In great <sup>a</sup> measure.

*Leon.* A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so washed: how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

*Beat.* I pray you, is signior <sup>b</sup> Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

*Gent.* I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any <sup>c</sup> sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you ask for, niece?

*Hero.* My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

<sup>a</sup> "In great measure," i.e., in abundance.—<sup>b</sup> *Montanto* was one of the ancient terms of the fencing-school: a title humorously given to one whom she would represent as a bravado.  
—<sup>c</sup> Rank.

*Gent.* O! he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

*Beat.* He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

*Leon.* Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be <sup>b</sup>meet with you, I doubt it not.

*Gent.* He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

*Gent.* And a good soldier too, lady.

*Beat.* And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

*Gent.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honorable virtues.

*Beat.* It is so, indeed: he is no less than a <sup>c</sup>stuffed man; but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five <sup>d</sup>wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a <sup>e</sup>difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

*Gent.* Is't possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

*Gent.* I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

*Beat.* No; and he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young <sup>f</sup>squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

*Gent.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

*Beat.* O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

*Gent.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You will never run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

*Gent.* Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter DON PEDRO, JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, and others.*

*D. Pedro.* Good signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

*Leon.* Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain, but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

*D. Pedro.* You embrace your <sup>h</sup>charge too willingly. I think, this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

*Bene.* Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

*Leon.* Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

*D. Pedro.* You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly, the lady fathers <sup>i</sup>herself.—Be happy, lady, for you are like an honorable father.

*Bene.* If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick: no body marks you.

*Bene.* What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

*Beat.* Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such <sup>k</sup>meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turn-coat. But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for, truly, I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humor for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

*Bene.* God keep your ladyship still in that mind; so some gentleman or other shall <sup>l</sup>escape a predestinate scratched face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours.<sup>1</sup>

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

*Bene.* I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

*Beat.* You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

*D. Pedro.* <sup>2</sup>That is the sum of all.—Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

*Leon.* If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

*John.* I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace, lead on?

*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato: we will go together. [*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

*Claud.* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

*Bene.* I noted her not; but I looked on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady?

*Bene.* Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

*Claud.* No; I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

*Bene.* Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little

<sup>a</sup> *Flights* were long and light-feathered arrows.—<sup>b</sup> *Even*.—*A stuffed man* was a cant phrase for a cuckold.—<sup>c</sup> *If it* was anciently the general term for intellectual power. The *wits* seem to have been reckoned *five*, by analogy to the five senses.—<sup>d</sup> "For a difference" is an heraldic term.—<sup>e</sup> "Not in your books," i. e., not in favor with you.—<sup>f</sup> *Boxer*.

<sup>h</sup> *Burden*; encumbrance.—<sup>i</sup> i. e., is like her father.—<sup>k</sup> *Prop-*  
er; fitting.

for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou thinkest, I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel?

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to <sup>a</sup>go in the song?

*Claud.* In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

*Claud.* I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

*Bene.* Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with <sup>b</sup>suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

*Re-enter Don PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

*Bene.* I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

*D. Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

*Bene.* You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With whom?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short the answer is:—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it uttered.

*Bene.* Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

*Claud.* If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, I speak my thought.

*Claud.* And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Bene.* And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

*D. Pedro.* That she is worthy, I know.

*Bene.* That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a <sup>c</sup>recheat

winded in my forehead, or hang my <sup>d</sup>bugle in an invisible <sup>e</sup>haldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the <sup>f</sup>fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a bachelor.

*D. Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

*Bene.* With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

*D. Pedro.* Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable <sup>g</sup>argument.

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle like a <sup>h</sup>cat, and shoot at me; and he that <sup>i</sup>first hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called <sup>j</sup>Adam.

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try:

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

*Bene.* The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign,—“Here you may see Benedick the married man.”

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too, then.

*D. Pedro.* Well, you will temporize with the hours.

In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

*Claud.* To the tuition of God: from my house, if I had it.—

*D. Pedro.* The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime <sup>k</sup> guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old <sup>l</sup>ends any farther, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [*Exit BENEDICK.*]

*Claud.* My liege, your highness now may do me good. [*How,*]

*D. Pedro.* My love is thine to teach: teach it but And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero, she's his only heir. Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

*Claud.* O! my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand, Than to drive liking to the name of love; But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars—

<sup>a</sup> "To go," i. e., to join.—<sup>b</sup> "Wear his cap with suspicion," i. e., subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy.—<sup>c</sup> A "recheat" is a huntsman's blast of the horn, to call off the dogs.

<sup>d</sup> Bugle-horn.—<sup>e</sup> Girdle; belt.—<sup>f</sup> Conclusion.—<sup>g</sup> "A notable argument," i. e., a capital subject for satire.—<sup>h</sup> One of the inhuman sports of the time was to enclose a cat in a wooden tub or bottle, which was suspended aloft to be shot at.—<sup>i</sup> i. e., Adam Bell, a noted archer.—<sup>j</sup> Trimmed; ornamented.—<sup>k</sup> "Old ends," i. e., the ends or conclusions of letters.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a book of words. If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it, And I will break with her, and with her father, And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end, That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

*Claudio.* How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion! But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much broader than The fairest <sup>1</sup>ground is the necessity. [the flood?] Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis <sup>2</sup>once, thou lovest, And I will fit thee with the remedy. I know we shall have revelling to-night: I will assume thy part in some disguise, And tell fair Hero I am Claudio; And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart, And take her hearing prisoner with the force, And strong encounter of my amorous tale: Then, after, to her father will I break; And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine. In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE II.—A Room in LEONATO's House.

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Leon.* How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

*Leon.* Are they good?

*Ant.* As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a <sup>3</sup>thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

*Leon.* No, no: we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [Several persons cross the stage.] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O! I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE III.—Another Room in LEONATO's House.

*Enter JOHN and CONRADE.*

*Con.* What the good <sup>4</sup>year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

*John.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

*John.* I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stom-

ach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and <sup>5</sup>claw no man in his humor.

*Con.* Yea; but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controulment. You have, <sup>6</sup>late, stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

*John.* I had rather be a <sup>7</sup>canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your discontent?

*John.* I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

*Enter BORACHIO.*

*Bora.* I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*John.* Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he, for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

*John.* Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

*Bora.* Even he.

*John.* A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

*John.* A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

*Bora.* Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a <sup>8</sup>musty-room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in <sup>9</sup>sed conference: I whipt me behind the <sup>10</sup> arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

*John.* Come, come; let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both <sup>11</sup>sure, and will assist me?

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

*John.* Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

#### SCENE I.—A Hall in LEONATO's House.

*Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.*

*Leon.* Was not count John here at supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

<sup>1</sup> "Once," i. e., once for all.—<sup>2</sup> "Thick-pleached," i. e., thickly interwoven.—<sup>3</sup> "The good year!" a common exclamation in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>4</sup> Flatter.—<sup>5</sup> "A canker," i. e., a canker-rose.—<sup>6</sup> "Smoking a musty-room," a precaution rendered necessary formerly by the neglect of cleanliness.—<sup>7</sup> Serious.—<sup>8</sup> Tapestry.—<sup>9</sup> "Sure," i. e., to be depended on.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks: I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

*Leon.* Then, half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

*Beat.* With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if a' could get her good will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Ant.* In faith, she's too curst.

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

*Beat.* Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

*Leon.* You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

*Beat.* What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore, I will even take sumpence in earnest of the <sup>a</sup>bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

*Leon.* Well then, go you into hell?

*Beat.* No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so, deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens: he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

*Ant.* Well, niece, I trust, you will be ruled by your father. [To *Hero*.]

*Beat.* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:" but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

*Beat.* Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

*Beat.* The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too <sup>b</sup>important, tell him, there is <sup>c</sup>measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer: for, hear me, *Hero*; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a

Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a measure, full of state and anticuity; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink <sup>a</sup>a-pace into his grave.

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by day-light.

*Leon.* The revellers are entering, brother. Make good room!

*Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and maskers.*

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your <sup>d</sup>friend?

*Hero.* So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to say so?

*Hero.* When I like your favor; for God defend, the lute should be like the <sup>e</sup>case!

*D. Pedro.* My visor is *Philemon's* roof; within the house is <sup>f</sup>Jove.

*Hero.* Why, then your visor should be thatched.

*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*]

*Bene.* Well, I would you did like me.

*Marg.* So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

*Bene.* Which is one?

*Marg.* I say my prayers aloud.

*Bene.* I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

*Marg.* God match me with a good dancer!

<sup>2</sup> *Bene.* Amen.

*Marg.* And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

<sup>3</sup> *Bene.* No more words: the clerk is answered.

*Urs.* I know you well enough: you are signior Antonio.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* I know you by the wagging of your head.

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urs.* You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* Come, come: do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you so?

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred merry Tales."—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure, you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising <sup>b</sup>impossible slanders:

<sup>a</sup> A bear-ward is a keeper of bears.—<sup>b</sup> Importunate.—<sup>c</sup> A measure, formerly, besides its ordinary meanings, signified also a dance.

<sup>d</sup> Lover.—<sup>e</sup> i. e., God forbid that your face should be as homely as your mask.—<sup>f</sup> Alluding to the fable of Baucis and *Philemon* in *Ovid*.—<sup>g</sup> The name of a jest-book in *Shakespeare's time*.—<sup>h</sup> Incredible.

none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy, for he both pleases men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him. I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had <sup>a</sup>boarded me!

*Bene.* When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

*Beat.* Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge's wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

*Bene.* In every good thing.

*Beat.* Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance.* Then, *exunt all but JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*]

*John.* Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

*Bora.* And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

*John.* Are not you signior Benedick?

*Claud.* You know me well: I am he.

*John.* Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamored on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

*Claud.* How know you he loves her?

*John.* I heard him swear his affection.

*Bora.* So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

*John.* Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt JOHN and BORACHIO.*]

*Claud.* Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 'Tis certain so:—the prince woos for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues; Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent, for beauty is a witch, Against whose charms faith melteth into <sup>c</sup>blood. This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, <sup>1</sup>then, Hero!

*Re-enter BENEDICK.*

*Bene.* Count Claudio?

*Claud.* Yea, the same.

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me?

*Claud.* Whither?

*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

*Claud.* I wish him joy of her.

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

*Claud.* I pray you, leave me. <sup>2</sup>[*Angrily.*]

*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

*Claud.* If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

*Bene.* Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me? The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong:

I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me <sup>d</sup>out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

*Re-enter DON PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipped! What's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

*D. Pedro.* Wilt thou make a true transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

*D. Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

*D. Pedro.* The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman, that danced with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

*Bene.* O! she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such <sup>3</sup>importable conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poignards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had <sup>4</sup>lent him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal <sup>c</sup>Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither, so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

*Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.*

*D. Pedro.* Look, here she comes.

*Bene.* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. <sup>5</sup>Have you no employment for me?

*D. Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

*Bene.* O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> Accosted.—<sup>b</sup> Carriage; demeanor.—<sup>c</sup> Passion.

<sup>d</sup> "Gives me out," i. e., represents me.—<sup>e</sup> The goddess of discord.



*D. Pedro.* Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

*Beat.* Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him <sup>a</sup>use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

*D. Pedro.* You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* How then? Sick?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

*Beat.* The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count, civil as an orange, and something of <sup>1</sup>as jealous a complexion.

*D. Pedro.* P'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and, his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

*Beat.* Speak, count, 'tis your <sup>b</sup>cue.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

*Beat.* Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.

*Beat.* Good lord! for alliance thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned: I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

*D. Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

*Beat.* I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*D. Pedro.* Will you have me, lady?

*Beat.* No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

*D. Pedro.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

*Beat.* No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

*Leon.* Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

*Beat.* I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit BEATRICE.*]

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of <sup>c</sup>unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

*D. Pedro.* She can not endure to hear tell of a husband.

*Leon.* O! by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

*D. Pedro.* She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

*Leon.* O lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

*D. Pedro.* County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

*Claud.* To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

*Leon.* Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer <sup>2</sup>our mind.

*D. Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labors, which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a <sup>d</sup>mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* And you too, gentle Hero?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

*D. Pedro.* And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble <sup>e</sup>strain, of approved valor, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his <sup>f</sup>queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

*Enter JOHN and BORACHIO.*

*John.* It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

*John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

*John.* Show me briefly how.

*Bora.* I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

*John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

*John.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

*Bora.* The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince, your brother: spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honor in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated <sup>g</sup>stale, such a one as Hero.

<sup>a</sup> Interest.—<sup>b</sup> "Your cue," i. e., your turn: a phrase among the players.—<sup>c</sup> Mischief.

<sup>d</sup> "A mountain," i. e., a great deal.—<sup>e</sup> Lineage.—<sup>f</sup> Squeamish; fastidious.—<sup>g</sup> An abandoned woman.

*John.* What proof shall I make of that?

*Bora.* Proof enough to <sup>a</sup>misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

*John.* Only to despise them I will endeavor any thing.

*Bora.* Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; <sup>b</sup>intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio (as in love of your brother's honor, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid) that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming <sup>c</sup>proofs of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

*John.* Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

*Bora.* Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*John.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exit.]

### SCENE III.—LEONATO's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK, <sup>2</sup>a Boy following.

*Bene.* Boy!

*Boy.* Signior.

*Bene.* In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the <sup>c</sup>orchard.

*Boy.* I am here already, sir.

*Bene.* I know that; [Exit Boy.] but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armor; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is turn'd orthographer: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor.

<sup>3</sup>[Retires behind the trees.]

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

*D. Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this music? [Is, Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony! [self?

*D. Pedro.* See you where Benedick hath hid him?—*Claud.* O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the <sup>4</sup>hid-fox with a penny-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with <sup>5</sup>Musicians.

*D. Pedro.* Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

*Balth.* O! good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

*D. Pedro.* It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection.—I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing; Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos, Yet will he swear, he loves.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, pray thee, come: Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes; There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

*D. Pedro.* Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;

Note notes, forsooth, and nothing! [Music. *Bene.* <sup>6</sup>[Behind.] Now, divine air! now is his soul ravish'd!—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should <sup>4</sup>hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

### THE SONG.

*Balth.* Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever;

One foot in sea, and one on shore,

To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,

<sup>7</sup>Or dumps so dull and heavy;

The <sup>8</sup>frauds of men were ever so,

Since summer first was leavy.

Then sigh not so, &c.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a good song.

*Balth.* And an ill singer, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Ha? no, no: faith, thou singest well enough for a shift.

*Bene.* <sup>9</sup>[Behind.] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the <sup>10</sup>night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music, for tomorrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber window.

*Balth.* The best I can, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Do so; farewell. [Exit BALTHAZAR and Musicians.] Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

*Claud.* [Aside to PEDRO.] O! ay:—stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [Aloud.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither: but most wonderful, that

<sup>a</sup> Deceive. — <sup>b</sup> Pretend. — <sup>c</sup> Gardens were once called orchards.

<sup>d</sup> Drag; haul. — <sup>e</sup> Owl.

she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

*Bene.* <sup>1</sup> [*Behind.*] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection: it is past the infinite of <sup>a</sup> thought.

*D. Pedro.* May be, she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* 'Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* O God! counterfeit? There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

*Claud.* [*Aside.*] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

*Leon.* What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

*D. Pedro.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

*Leon.* I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

*Bene.* <sup>2</sup> [*Behind.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

*Claud.* [*Aside.*] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

*D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

*Leon.* No, and swears she never will: that's her torment.

*Claud.* 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

*Leon.* This says she, now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper <sup>3</sup> full.—My daughter tells us all.

*Claud.* Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

*Leon.* O!—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the <sup>4</sup> sheets?—

*Claud.* That.

*Leon.* O! she tore the letter into a thousand <sup>b</sup> half-pence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would <sup>c</sup> flout her:—"I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, <sup>e</sup>cries;—"O, sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

*Leon.* She doth indeed: my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

*D. Pedro.* It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

*Claud.* To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

*D. Pedro.* An he should, it were an <sup>a</sup> alms-deed to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and out of all suspicion she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*D. Pedro.* In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

*Leon.* O! my lord, wisdom and <sup>d</sup> blood combating

in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that <sup>d</sup> blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*D. Pedro.* I would, she had bestowed this <sup>e</sup> dotage on me; I would have <sup>f</sup> daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a <sup>g</sup> will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you?

*Claud.* Hero thinks surely, she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will <sup>h</sup> bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

*D. Pedro.* She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a <sup>i</sup> contemptible spirit.

*Claud.* He is a very <sup>b</sup> proper man.

*D. Pedro.* He hath, indeed, a good outward <sup>i</sup> happiness.

*Claud.* Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

*D. Pedro.* He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*D. Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

*Leon.* If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

*D. Pedro.* And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

*D. Pedro.* Well, we will hear farther of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

*Claud.* [*Aside.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

*D. Pedro.* [*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's <sup>k</sup> dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.*]

*Bene.* [*Advancing from the Arbor.*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly <sup>l</sup> borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry.—I must not seem proud.—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot <sup>m</sup> improve it:

<sup>a</sup> i. e., beyond the infinite power of thought to conceive.—  
<sup>b</sup> i. e., into a thousand small pieces.—<sup>c</sup> Mock.—<sup>d</sup> Passion.

<sup>e</sup> Fondness.—<sup>f</sup> Doff'd; put aside.—<sup>g</sup> Contemptuous; scornful.—<sup>h</sup> Handsome.—<sup>i</sup> Elegance; grace.—<sup>k</sup> Fondness.—<sup>l</sup> Sadly borne.—<sup>m</sup> i. e., seriously carried on.—<sup>n</sup> Disprove; refute.

and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat <sup>1</sup> in his age, that he cannot endure in his youth. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humor? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Beat.* Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure, then, in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and <sup>2</sup>not choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*Bene.* Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me"—that's as much as to say, my pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain: if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—LEONATO'S Garden.

*Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*

*Hero.* Good Margaret, run thee to the parlor; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice  
<sup>a</sup>Proposing with the prince and Claudio:  
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula  
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse  
Is all of her: say, that thou overheard'st us;  
And bid her steal into the <sup>b</sup>pleached bower,  
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,  
Forbid the sun to enter; like favorites,  
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride  
Against that power that bred it.—There will she hide  
To listen our purpose. This is thy office; [*her,*  
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*]

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,  
As we do trace this alley up and down,  
Our talk must only be of Benedick:  
When I do name him, let it be thy part  
To praise him more than ever man did merit.  
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick  
Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter  
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,  
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

*Enter BEATRICE, <sup>c</sup>stealing in behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs  
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

*Urs.* The pleasant'st hearing is to see the fish  
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,

And greedily devour the treacherous bait:

So angle we for Beatrice; who even now  
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.  
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

*Hero.* Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing  
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; <sup>d</sup>[*Aloud.*  
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild  
As chaggers of the rock.

*Urs.*

But are you sure

That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

*Hero.* So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

*Hero.* They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;  
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,  
To <sup>d</sup>wish him wrestle with affection,  
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

*Urs.* Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman  
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,  
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

*Hero.* O God of love! I know, he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man;

But nature never fram'd a woman's heart

Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

<sup>e</sup>Misprising what they look on; and her wit

Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection,

She is so self-endear'd.

*Urs.*

Sure, I think so;

And therefore, certainly, it were not good

She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero.* Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,

But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,

She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister:

If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,

Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed:

If low, an agate very vilely cut:

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds:

If silent, why, a block moved with none.

So turns she every man the wrong side out,

And never gives to truth and virtue that

Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

*Hero.* No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions  
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.

But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

She would mock me into air: O! she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.

Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:

It were a better death than die with mocks,

Which is as bad as die with tickling.

*Urs.* Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

*Hero.* No; rather I will go to Benedick,

And counsel him to fight against his passion:

And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders

To stain my cousin with. One doth not know,

How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*Urs.* O! do not do your cousin such a wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judgment,

(Having so <sup>b</sup>swift and excellent a wit,

As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse

So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

*Hero.* He is the only man of Italy,

Always excepted my dear Claudio.

*Urs.* I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,

Speaking my fancy: signior Benedick,

<sup>a</sup> Wild hawks.—<sup>d</sup> Desire; recommend.—<sup>e</sup> Undervaluing.  
—<sup>f</sup> "Spell him backward," i. e., misinterpret him.—<sup>g</sup> An  
allusion to the figures cut in *agate* for rings.—<sup>h</sup> Quick; ready.

<sup>a</sup> Conversing.—<sup>b</sup> Platted; interwoven.

For shape, for bearing, <sup>a</sup>argument, and valor,  
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

*Urs.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—  
When are you married, madam?

*Hero.* Why, <sup>1</sup>in a day;—to-morrow. Come, go in:  
I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel,  
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

*Urs.* [*Aside.*] She's <sup>2</sup>lim'd, I warrant you: we  
have caught her, madam. [*haps:*]

*Hero.* [*Aside.*] If it prove so, then loving goes by  
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exit* *HERO* and *URSULA*.]

*Beat.* [*Advancing.*] What fire is in mine ears?  
Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?  
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives <sup>2</sup>but in the lack of such.

And, Benedick, love on: I will requite thee,  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

*Enter* *DON PEDRO*, *CLAUDIO*, *BENEDICK*, and  
*LEONATO*.

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

*Claudio.* I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

*D. Pedro.* Nay; that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little <sup>c</sup>hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I: methinks, you are sadder.

*Claudio.* I hope he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love. If he be sad he wants money.

*Bene.* I have the tooth-ache.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it!

*Claudio.* You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

*D. Pedro.* What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

*Leon.* Where is but a humor, or a worm?

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

*Claudio.* Yet say I, he is in love.

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of <sup>d</sup>fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all <sup>e</sup>slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

*Claudio.* If he be not in love with some woman,

there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

*D. Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

*Claudio.* No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

*Claudio.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

*D. Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claudio.* And when was he wont to wash his face?

*D. Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

*Claudio.* Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lutestring, and now governed by stops.

*D. Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

*Claudio.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claudio.* Yes, and his ill conditions; and in despite of all dies for him.

*D. Pedro.* She shall be buried with her face upwards.

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exit* *BENEDICK* and *LEONATO*.]

*D. Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

*Claudio.* 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

*Enter* *JOHN*.

*John.* My lord and brother, God save you.

*D. Pedro.* Good even, brother.

*John.* If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

*D. Pedro.* In private?

*John.* If it please you; yet count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

*D. Pedro.* What's the matter?

*John.* [*To* *CLAUDIO*.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

*D. Pedro.* You know, he does.

*John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know.

*Claudio.* If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

*John.* You may think, I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in <sup>d</sup>deariness of heart hath 'help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labor ill bestowed!

*D. Pedro.* Why, what's the matter?

*John.* I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she has been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.

*Claudio.* Who? Hero?

*John.* Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

*Claudio.* Disloyal?

<sup>a</sup> Conversation.—<sup>b</sup> Ensnared.—<sup>c</sup> Executioner.—<sup>d</sup> A play upon the word *fancy*, used here for *love*.—<sup>e</sup> "Slops," i. e., large loose breeches: hence a *slop-seller*.

<sup>f</sup> Love-songs were sung to the *lute*.—<sup>g</sup> "Good den," i. e., good day; good even.—<sup>h</sup> "In deariness of heart," i. e., in the kindness of his heart.—<sup>i</sup> Helped.

*John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till farther warrant; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honor to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so?

*D. Pedro.* I will not think it.

*John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see any thing to-night, why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*D. Pedro.* And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

*John.* I will dispare her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

*D. Pedro.* O day untowardly turned!

*Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting!

*John.* O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Street.

*Enter* <sup>a</sup> DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

*Dogb.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

*Dogb.* First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal, for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Which, master constable, —

*Dogb.* You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore, bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How, if a' will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most

quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your <sup>b</sup>bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How, if they will not?

*Dogb.* Why then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

*Dogb.* Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

*Dogb.* This is the end of the <sup>c</sup>charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

*Verg.* Nay by'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

*Dogb.* Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him; marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By'r lady, I think, it be so.

*Dogb.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chiances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbor.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dogb.* One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great <sup>d</sup>coil to-night. Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY and VERGES.]

*Enter* BORACHIO and CONRADE.

*Bora.* What, Conrade!

*Watch.* [*Behind and aside.*] Peace! stir not.

*Bora.* Conrade, I say!

*Con.* Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

*Bora.* Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

*Bora.* Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true <sup>e</sup>drunkard, utter all to thee.

<sup>b</sup> "Bills" were a species of axe carried by watchmen.—

<sup>a</sup> Dogberry is the name of a shrub very common in England; Verges is the provincial pronunciation of *terjuice*.

<sup>c</sup> This charge is doubtless a satire upon the police regulations of London, entitled "Statutes of the Streets."—<sup>d</sup> Bustle; stir.—<sup>e</sup> Like a true drunkard.—*Borachio* quibbles upon his own name, which in Spanish signifies a drunkard.

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

*Bora.* Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

*Con.* Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

*Bora.* Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bora.* That shows thou art 'unconfirmed. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean, the fashion.

*Con.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*Bora.* Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year: a' goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

*Bora.* Didst thou not hear somebody?

*Con.* No: 'twas the vane on the house.

*Bora.* Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the breechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

*Con.* All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

*Bora.* Not so, neither; but know, that I have tonight wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night.—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afur off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

*Con.* And thought they Margaret was Hero?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret, and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

*1 Watch.* <sup>1</sup>[*Coming forward.*] We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

*2 Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was known in the commonwealth.

*1 Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them: I know him, a' wears a lock.

*Con.* Masters, masters!

*2 Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

*Con.* Masters,—

*1 Watch.* Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

*Bora.* We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

*Con.* A commodity in 'question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

*Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*

*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

*Urs.* I will, lady.

*Hero.* And bid her come hither.

*Urs.* Well.

[*Exit URSULA.*]

*Marg.* Troth, I think, your other 'rabato were better.

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

*Marg.* By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

*Marg.* I like the new 'tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

*Hero.* O! that exceeds, they say.

*Marg.* By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, <sup>2</sup>set with pearls down the sleeves, <sup>3</sup>side sleeves, and skirts round, under-borne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, <sup>4</sup>quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

*Marg.* 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

*Hero.* Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

*Marg.* Of what, lady? of speaking honorably? Is not marriage honorable in a beggar? Is not your lord honorable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body. Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: may my lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero.

*Hero.* Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Marg.* Clap us into—"Light o' love"; that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Yea, "Light o' love," with your heels!—then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no 'barns.

*Marg.* O, illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin: 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill.—Heigh ho!

*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

<sup>a</sup> A quibble upon the word *bill*, which was sometimes used in the sense of *bond*.—<sup>b</sup> "In question," i. e., on examination or trial.—<sup>c</sup> *Rabato*, a kind of ruff.—<sup>d</sup> Head-dress.—<sup>e</sup> "Side sleeves" were *long or full sleeves*.—<sup>f</sup> Neat; pretty.—<sup>g</sup> "Light o' love" was the name of an old dance-tune.—<sup>h</sup> A quibble between *barns* and *bairns* (children).

\* "Unconfirmed," i. e., unpractised in the ways of the world.—<sup>a</sup> "Reechy," i. e., reeky; discolored by smoke.—<sup>b</sup> Soiled.

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, <sup>a</sup>H.

*Marg.* Well, an you be not turned <sup>b</sup>Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

*Beat.* What means the fool, <sup>c</sup>trow?

*Marg.* Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stuffed, and stuffy; I cannot smell.

*Marg.* A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

*Beat.* O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

*Marg.* Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

*Marg.* Get you some of this distilled carduus <sup>d</sup>benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

*Beat.* Benediculus! why benediculus? you have some <sup>e</sup>moral in this benediculus.

*Marg.* Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without <sup>f</sup>grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not, but, methinks, you look with your eyes, as other women do.

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

*Marg.* Not a false gallop.

*Re-enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

*Enter* LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbor?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

*Dogb.* Marry, this it is, sir.

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends?

*Dogb.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

*Dogb.* Comparisons are odorous: <sup>g</sup>palabraa, neighbor Verges.

*Leon.* Neighbors, you are tedious.

*Dogb.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor <sup>h</sup>duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousness on me? ha!

*Dogb.* Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

*Dogb.* A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to 'see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbor Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i'faith, sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worshipp'd: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbor!

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you.

*Dogb.* Gifts, that God gives.

*Leon.* I must leave you.

*Dogb.* One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

*Dogb.* It shall be suffigance.

*Leon.* Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

*Leon.* I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and Messenger.]

*Dogb.* Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail: we are now to examination these men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dogb.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a *non com*: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The inside of a Church.

*Enter* Don PEDRO, JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, &c.

*Leon.* Come, friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Friar.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

*Claud.* No.

*Leon.* To be married to her; friar, you come to marry her.

*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

*Hero.* I do.

*Friar.* If either of you know any inward impedi-

<sup>a</sup> "H," i. e., *ache*, formerly pronounced *aitch* (H).—<sup>b</sup> "An you be not turned Turk," i. e., if you have not changed your mind.—<sup>c</sup> "Trow," i. e., think ye?—<sup>d</sup> The herb *blessed thistle*.—<sup>e</sup> Hidden meaning.—<sup>f</sup> "Eats his meat without grudging," i. e., feeds on love, and likes his food.—<sup>g</sup> Words, in Spanish.

<sup>h</sup> I. e., the duke's *poor* officers.—<sup>i</sup> "It is a world to see!" i. e., it is wonderful!



ment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

*Claud.* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*Friar.* Know you any, count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer; none.

*Claud.* O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

*Benc.* How now! Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! <sup>a</sup>he! [leave:

*Claud.* Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*D. Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again.

*Claud.* Sweet prince, you learn me noble thank—There, Leonato; take her back again: [fulness.—Give not this rotten orange to your friend; She's but the sign and semblance of her honor.—Behold, how like a maid she blushes here: O, what authority and show of truth Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence, To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear, All you that see her, that she were a maid, By these exterior shows? But she is none: She knows the heat of a <sup>b</sup>luxurious bed; Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord?

*Claud.* Not to be married, Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

*Leon.* Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof, Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity,— [known her,

*Claud.* I know what you would say: if I have You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband, And so extenuate the <sup>c</sup>forehand sin:

No, Leonato, I never tempted her with word too <sup>c</sup>large; But, as a brother to his sister, showed Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

*Hero.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

*Claud.* Out on thy seeming! I will write against it, You seem to me as Dian in her orb, As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown; But you are more intemperate in your blood Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals That rage in savage sensuality.

*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so <sup>d</sup>wide?

*Leon.* Sweet prince, why speak not you?

*D. Pedro.* What should I speak? I stand dishonor'd, that have gone about To link my dear friend to a common <sup>e</sup>stale.

*Leon.* Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

*John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are *Benc.* This looks not like a nuptial. [true.

*Hero.* True? O God!

*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

*Leon.* All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

*Claud.* Let me but move one question to your And, by that fatherly and <sup>f</sup>kindly power [daughter, That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

*Hero.* O God, defend me! how am I beset!—What kind of catechizing call you this?

*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name.

*Hero.* Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name With any just reproach?

*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero: Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one? Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato, I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honor, Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count, Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night, Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window; Who hath, indeed, most like a <sup>g</sup>liberal villain, Confess'd the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.

*John.* Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord, Not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language, Without offence to utter them. <sup>h</sup>Thou pretty lady, I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

*Claud.* O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been, If half thy outward graces had been plac'd About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart! But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell, Thou pure impiety, and impious purity! For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love, And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang, To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm, And never shall it more be <sup>i</sup>gracious.

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [*HERO swoons.*

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down? [light,

*John.* Come, let us go. These things, come thus to Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO, JOHN, and CLAUDIO.*

*Benc.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think:—help, uncle!—Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

*Leon.* O fate! take not away thy heavy hand: Death is the fairest cover for her shame, That may be wish'd for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin Hero?

*Friar.* Have comfort, lady.

*Leon.* Dost thou look up?

*Friar.* Yea; wherefore should she not?

*Leon.* Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny [thing The story that is printed in her <sup>j</sup>blood?—Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes; For did I think thou would'st not quickly die, Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames, Myself would, on the <sup>k</sup>hazard of reproaches, Strike at thy life. Grief'd I, I had but one? Chid I for that at frugal nature's <sup>l</sup>frown?

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;

Who <sup>m</sup>smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,

I might have said, "No part of it is mine,

This shame derives itself from unknown loins?"

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,

That I myself was to myself not mine,

Valuing of her; why, she—O! she is fallen

Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,

<sup>a</sup> A quotation from the "Accidence."—<sup>b</sup> Lascivious.—<sup>c</sup> Licentious.—<sup>d</sup> "So wide," i. e., so remotely from the business in hand.—<sup>e</sup> Prostitute.—<sup>f</sup> Natural.

<sup>g</sup> Licentious.—<sup>h</sup> Attractive.—i. e., which her blushes discovered to be true.—<sup>k</sup> Soiled.

And salt too little, which may season give  
To her <sup>1</sup> soul-tainted flesh!

*Bene.* Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,  
I know not what to say.

*Beat.* O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

*Beat.* No, truly, not; although, until last night,  
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow. [made,

*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd? O, that is stronger  
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!

Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,  
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,  
Wash'd it with tears? Hence! from her; let her die.

*Friar.* Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,  
And given way unto this <sup>2</sup> cross of fortune,  
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions  
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,  
In angel whiteness, beat away those blushes;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,  
To burn the errors that these princes hold  
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool;  
Trust not my reading, nor my <sup>3</sup> observation,  
Which with experimental seal doth warrant  
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,  
My <sup>4</sup> reverend calling, nor divinity,  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
Under some <sup>5</sup> blighting error.

*Leon.* Friar, it cannot be.

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,  
Is, that she will not add to her damnation  
A sin of perjury: she not denies it.  
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse  
That which appears in proper nakedness?

*Friar.* Lady, what man is he you accus'd of?

*Hero.* They know, that do accuse me: I know none.

If I know more of any man alive,  
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,  
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O, my father!  
Prove you that any man with me convers'd  
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight  
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,  
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death. [princes.

*Friar.* There is some strange <sup>a</sup> misprision in the

*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent of honor;  
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,  
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,  
Whose spirits toil in <sup>b</sup> fraud and villainies.

*Leon.* I know not. If they speak but truth of her,  
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her honor,  
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,  
Nor age so eat up my invention,  
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,  
Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,  
But they shall find, awak'd in such a <sup>c</sup> cause,  
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,  
Ability in means, and choice of friends,  
To quit me of them thoroughly.

*Friar.* Pause a while,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.  
Your daughter, here, the princes left for dead;  
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,  
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:  
Maintain a mourning <sup>b</sup> ostentation;  
And on your family's old monument  
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites  
That appertain unto a burial. [do?

*Leon.* What shall become of this? What will this

*Friar.* Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf

<sup>a</sup> Misconception.—<sup>b</sup> Show; appearance.

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:  
But not for that dream I on this strange course,  
But on this travail look for greater birth.

She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,  
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd  
Of every hearer; for it so falls out,  
That what we have we prize not to the worth,  
Whiles we enjoy it, but being <sup>8</sup> lost and lack'd,  
Why, then we <sup>c</sup> rack the value; then we find  
The virtue, that possession would not show us,  
Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio:  
When he shall hear she died <sup>d</sup> upon his words,  
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination,  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
More moving, delicate, and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,  
(If ever love had interest in his <sup>e</sup> liver)  
And wish he had not so accus'd her;  
No, though he thought his accusation true.  
Let this be so, and doubt not but success  
Will fashion the event in better shape  
Than I can lay it down in <sup>f</sup> likelihood.  
But if all aim but this be level'd false,  
The supposition of the lady's death  
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:  
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her  
As best befits her wounded reputation,  
In some reclusive and religious life,  
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

*Bene.* Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:  
And though you know, my <sup>6</sup> inwardness and love  
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,  
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this  
As secretly and justly, as your soul  
Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,  
The smallest twine may lead me.

*Friar.* 'Tis well consented: presently away,  
For to strange sores strangely they strain the  
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day, [cure.—  
Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience, and  
endure. [Exit Friar, Hero, and Leonato.

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason; I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is  
wounded.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserve of me  
that would right her!

*Bene.* Is there any way to show such friendship?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well as you.  
Is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not. It  
were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so  
well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not:  
I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry  
for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it, that you love me; and I  
will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

<sup>8</sup> "Rack," i. e., raise to the utmost.—<sup>d</sup> "Upon," i. e., by;  
upon the occasion of.—<sup>e</sup> The liver was anciently supposed to  
be the seat of love.—<sup>f</sup> i. e., then I can make it appear proba-  
ble,—<sup>g</sup> intimacy.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word?  
*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest, I love thee.  
*Beat.* Why then, God forgive me!  
*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice?  
*Beat.* You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest, I loved you.  
*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.  
*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.  
*Bene.* Come, bid me do any thing for thee.  
*Beat.* Kill Claudio.  
*Bene.* Ha! not for the wide world.  
*Beat.* You kill me to deny it. Farewell.  
*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.  
*Beat.* I am <sup>a</sup> gone, though I am here:—there is no love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.  
*Bene.* Beatrice,—  
*Beat.* In faith, I will go.  
*Bene.* We'll be friends first.  
*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.  
*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy?  
*Beat.* Is he not approved in the <sup>b</sup> height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in <sup>c</sup> hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.  
*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice—  
*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying.  
*Bene.* Nay, but Beatrice—  
*Beat.* Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.  
*Bene.* Beat—  
*Beat.* Princes, and <sup>d</sup> counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count <sup>e</sup> confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into <sup>f</sup> courtesy, valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and <sup>g</sup> trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.  
*Bene.* Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.  
*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.  
*Bene.* Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?  
*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.  
*Bene.* Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

*Dogb.* Is our whole dissembly appeared?  
*Verg.* O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton.  
*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?

*Dogb.* Marry, that am I and my partner.  
*Verg.* Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to <sup>g</sup> examine.

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dogb.* Pray write down Borachio.—Yours, sirrah!

*Con.* I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

*Dogb.* Write down master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

*Con.* Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

*Dogb.* Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

*Con.* Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*Dogb.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah: a word in your ear, sir: I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

*Dogb.* Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

*Sexton.* Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, that's the <sup>b</sup> estest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

*Dogb.* Write down—prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

*Bora.* Master constable,—

*Dogb.* Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Sexton.* What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

*Dogb.* Flat burglary as ever was committed.

*Verg.* Yea, by the mass, that it is.

*Sexton.* What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*Dogb.* O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

*Sexton.* What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

*Sexton.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before, and show him their examination. [Exit.]

*Dogb.* Come, let them be opinioned.

*Verg.* Let them be <sup>2</sup> bound.

<sup>3</sup> *Bora.* Hands off, coxcomb!

*Dogb.* God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

<sup>a</sup> "I am gone," i. e., my heart is gone from you.—<sup>b</sup> "Approved in the height," i. e., proved in the highest degree.—<sup>c</sup> "Bear her in hand," i. e., delude her with false hopes.—<sup>d</sup> "Counts; lords."—<sup>e</sup> "Count confect," i. e., a sugar-candy count.—<sup>f</sup> Nice.

<sup>g</sup> "The exhibition to examine," is a blunder for "the examination to exhibit."—<sup>h</sup> Quickest.

*Con.* Away! you are an ass; you are an ass.

*Dogb.* Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O, that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had <sup>1</sup>leases; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Before LEONATO'S House.

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine: Bring me a father that so lov'd his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak <sup>2</sup>to me of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let it answer every strain for strain; As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard; <sup>3</sup>Call sorrow joy; cry hem, when he should groan; Patch grief with powders; make misfortune drunk With <sup>4</sup>candle-wasters; bring him <sup>5</sup>you to me, And I of him will gather patience. But there is no such man; for, brother, men Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptual medicine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ache with air, and agony with words. No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow, But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency, To be so moral when he shall endure The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel: My griefs cry louder than <sup>6</sup>advertisement.

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing differ.

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood; For there was never yet philosopher, That could endure the tooth-ache patiently. However they have writ the style of gods, And made a <sup>7</sup>push at chance and sufficiency.

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself; Make those that do offend you suffer too. [*so.*]

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do My soul doth tell me Hero is belied, And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince, And all of them, that thus dishonor her.

*Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*

*Ant.* Here comes the prince, and Claudio hastily.

<sup>a</sup> Midnight revellers.—<sup>b</sup> i. e., than admonition; than moral instruction.—<sup>c</sup> "Made a push at," i. e., contended against.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, good <sup>d</sup>den.

*Claudio.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords,—

*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord.—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one. [*man.*]

*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old *Ant.* If he could right himself with quarrelling, Some of us would lie low.

*Claudio.* Who wrongs him?

*Leon.* Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou, dissembler, thou.—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I fear thee not.

*Claudio.* Marry, <sup>e</sup>bescrew my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear.

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

*Leon.* Tush, tush, man! never flier and jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;

As, under privilege of age, to brag

What I have done being young, or what would do,

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,

Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,

And with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child:

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors,

O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,

Save this of her's, framed by thy villainy.

*Claudio.* My villainy?

*Leon.* Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

*D. Pedro.* You say not right, old man.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,

Despite his nice fence, and his active <sup>f</sup>practice,

His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

*Claudio.* Away! I will not have to do with you.

*Leon.* Canst thou so <sup>g</sup>daff me? Thou hast kill'd my

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man. [*child:*]

*Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first:—

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.— [*me.*]

Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your <sup>h</sup>foining fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

*Leon.* Brother—

[*niece;*]

*Ant.* Content yourself. God knows, I lov'd my

And she is dead: slander'd to death by villains,

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

*Leon.*

Brother Antony—

*Ant.* Hold you content. What, man! I know them; yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:

<sup>i</sup>Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,

That lie, and <sup>k</sup>cog, and flout, deprave and slander,

Go antickly, and show <sup>l</sup>an outward hideousness,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,

And this is all!

*Leon.* But, brother Antony—

*Ant.*

Come, 'tis no matter:

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this. [*patience.*]

*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not <sup>m</sup>wake your My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;

<sup>d</sup> Good day.—<sup>e</sup> Ill betide.—<sup>f</sup> "Active practice," i. e., skill in fencing.—<sup>g</sup> "Duff me," i. e., put me off.—<sup>h</sup> Thrusting.—<sup>i</sup> Shuffling.—<sup>k</sup> Flatter.—<sup>l</sup> "Wake," i. e., rouse; stir up; convert your patience into anger by longer tarrying.

But, on my honor, she was charg'd with nothing  
But what was true, and very full of proof.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord!—

*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.  
*Leon.* No?

Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.—

*Ant.* And shall, or some of us will smart for it.  
[*Exeunt* LEONATO and ANTONIO.]

*Enter* BENEDICK.

*D. Pedro.* See, see! here comes the man we went to seek.

*Claud.* Now, signior, what news?

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valor. I came to seek you both.

*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

*D. Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the <sup>a</sup>minstrels; draw to <sup>b</sup>pleasure us.

*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry?

*Claud.* What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me.—I pray you, choose another subject.

*Claud.* Nay then, give him another staff: this last was broke <sup>c</sup>cross.

*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his <sup>d</sup>girdle.

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* God bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* You are a villain.—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*D. Pedro.* What, a feast? a feast?

*Claud.* I faith, I thank him; he hath <sup>e</sup>bid me to a calf's-head and <sup>f</sup>capers, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well: it goes easily.

*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," said she, "a fine little one:" "No," said I, "a great wit:" "Right," says she, "a great gross one:" "Nay," said I, "a good wit:" "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody:" "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise:" "Certain," said she, "a wise <sup>g</sup>gen-

tleman:" "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues:" "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning: there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

*Claud.* For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

*Claud.* All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man!"

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humor: you break jests as braggers do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

[*Exit* BENEDICK.]

*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

*D. Pedro.* And hath challenged thee?

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

*D. Pedro.* But, soft you; let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be <sup>h</sup>sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?

*Enter* DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

*Dogb.* Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

*D. Pedro.* How now! two of my brother's men bound? Borachio, one?

*Claud.* Hearken after their offence, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

*D. Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done? thirdly, I ask thee, what's their offence? sixth and lastly, why they are committed? and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

*Claud.* Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well <sup>i</sup>suit'd.

*D. Pedro.* Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

*Bora.* Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me.

<sup>a</sup> "Draw, as we do the minstrels," i. e., as we bid the minstrels draw the bows of their fiddles.—<sup>b</sup> Please.—<sup>c</sup> The allusion is to *tilting*.—<sup>d</sup> Among wrestlers, to turn the girdle, so as to bring the buckle of it behind, was considered a challenge.—<sup>e</sup> Invited.—<sup>f</sup> The woodcock was supposed to have no brains, and was therefore easily caught in a trap; the allusion is to the plot against Benedick.—<sup>g</sup> "Wise gentleman" is used ironically, as we say a *wise-acre*.

<sup>h</sup> "Pluck up, my heart, and be sad," i. e., rouse thee, my heart, and be serious.—<sup>i</sup> "Well suited," i. e., put into many different dresses.

I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother, <sup>a</sup>incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. [your blood?]

*D. Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

*D. Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on to this?

*Bora.* Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it. [cry.—]

*D. Pedro.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treach- And fled he is upon this villainy.

*Claud.* Sweet Hero! now thine image doth appear In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

*Dogb.* Come; bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter. And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes master signior Leonato and the sexton too.

*Re-enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, and the Sexton.*

*Leon.* Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes, That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

*Bora.* If you would know your wronger, look on me. [kill'd]

*Leon.* Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast Mine innocent child?

*Bora.* Yea, even I alone.

*Leon.* No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself: Here stand a pair of honorable men, A third is fled, that had a hand in it.— I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death: Record it with your high and worthy deeds. 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;

<sup>b</sup>Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not, But in mistaking.

*D. Pedro.* By my soul, nor I; And yet, to satisfy this good old man, I would bend under any heavy weight That he'll enjoin me to.

*Leon.* I cannot bid you <sup>1</sup>cause my daughter live; That were impossible; but, I pray you both, <sup>c</sup>Possess the people in Messina, here, How innocent she died: and, if your love Can labor aught in sad invention, Hang her an epitaph upon her <sup>d</sup>tomb, And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night.— To-morrow morning come you to my house, And since you could not be my son-in-law, Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter, Almost the copy of my child that's dead, And she alone is heir to both of us: Give her the right you should have given her cousin, And so dies my revenge.

*Claud.* O noble sir! Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.

I do embrace your offer, and dispose For henceforth of poor Claudio.

*Leon.* To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming: To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man Shall face to face be brought to Margaret, Who, I believe, was <sup>e</sup>paet in all this wrong, Hir'd to it by your brother.

*Bora.* No, by my soul, she was not; Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me; But always hath been just and virtuous, In any thing that I do know by her.

*Dogb.* Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

*Dogb.* Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dogb.* God save the <sup>f</sup>foundation!

*Leon.* Go: I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

*Dogb.* I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well: God restore you to health. I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbor.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*]

*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

*D. Pedro.* We will not fail.

*Claud.* To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

*Leon.* Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret, How her acquaintance grew with this <sup>g</sup>lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—LEONATO'S Garden.

*Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.*

*Bene.* Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

*Marg.* Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

*Marg.* To have no man come over me? why shall I always keep below stairs?

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

*Marg.* And you's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the <sup>h</sup>bucklers.

*Marg.* Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

*Bene.* If you use them, Margaret, you must put

<sup>a</sup>Incited.—<sup>b</sup>"Impose me to," i.e., inflict upon me.—<sup>c</sup>Accusant; inform.—<sup>d</sup>It was anciently the custom to attach a written inscription, generally in praise of the deceased, to the tombs of celebrated persons.

<sup>e</sup>"Paet," i.e., a party to the *paet*; an accomplice.—<sup>f</sup>"God save the foundation" a phrase used by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses.—<sup>g</sup>Knaveish.—<sup>h</sup>"I give thee the bucklers," i.e., I yield.

in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit MARGARET.*]

*Bene.* And therefore will come.

*The god of love, [Singing.]  
That sits above,  
And knows me, and knows me,  
How pitiful I deserve,—*

I mean, in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over, as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to "lady" but "baby," an innocent rhyme; for "scorn," "horn," a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool," a babbling rhyme—very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

*Enter BEATRICE.*

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee?

*Beat.* Yea, signior; and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O! stay but till then.

*Beat.* "Then" is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* Only four words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

*Beat.* Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

*Bene.* Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

*Beat.* For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

*Bene.* Suffer love! a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

*Beat.* It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbors. If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

*Bene.* <sup>a</sup>Question:—why an hour in clamor, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praise—

ing myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

*Enter URSULA.*

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your uncle. Your der's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, signior?

*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—The Inside of a Church.

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers.*

*Claud.* Is this the monument of Leonato?

*Atten.* It is, my lord.

*Claud.* [*Reads.*]

#### EPITAPH.

*Done to death by slanderous tongues  
Was the Hero that here lies:  
Death, in 'gurdon of her wrongs,  
Gives her fame which never dies.  
So the life, that died with shame,  
Lives in death with glorious fame.  
Hang thou there upon the tomb,  
Praising her when I am dumb.—*

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

#### SONG.

*Pardon, goddess of the night,  
Those that slew thy virgin<sup>1</sup> bright;  
For the which, with songs of woe,  
Round about her tomb<sup>2</sup> we go.  
Midnight, assist our moan;  
Help us to sigh and groan,  
Heavily, heavily:  
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,  
Till death be uttered,  
Heavily, heavily.*

*Claud.* Now, unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite. [*Out.*]

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, masters: put your torches

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle  
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about [*day,*  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us to: fare you well.

*Claud.* Good morrow, masters: each<sup>3</sup> his way can tell. [*Exeunt Torch-bearers.*]

*D. Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other  
And then to Leonato's we will go. [*1*weed;

*Claud.* And Hymen now with luckier issue<sup>6</sup> speed.  
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

*Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, and HERO.*

*Friar.* Did I not tell you she was innocent?

*Leon.* So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her  
Upon the error that you heard debated:  
But Margaret was in some fault for this,

<sup>a</sup> "Festival terms," i. e., holiday phrase.—<sup>b</sup> "Undergoes my challenge," i. e., is under challenge.—<sup>c</sup> i. e., when men were good neighbors, and not envious, but each gave the other his due.—<sup>d</sup> "Question," i. e., that is the question.

<sup>e</sup> "Old coil," i. e., great confusion.—<sup>f</sup> Recompense.

Although against her will, as it appears  
In the true course of all the question.

*Ant.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd  
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,

And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd.

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me.—You know your office, brother;

You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

*Ant.* Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

*Bene.* Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

*Friar.* To do what, signior?

*Bene.* To bind me, or undo me; one of them.—  
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,

Your niece regards me with an eye of favor.

*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

*Bene.* And I do with an eye of love requite her.

*Leon.* The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,  
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?

*Bene.* Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the state of honorable marriage:—

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.

*Friar.* And my help.

Here come the prince, and Claudio.

*Enter DON PEDRO AND CLAUDIO, with Attendants.*

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow to this fair assembly.

*Leon.* Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio.  
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd [dio:  
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

*Claud.* I'll hold my mind were she an Ethiopian.

*Leon.* Call her forth, brother: here's the friar  
ready. [*Exit ANTONIO.*]

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's  
That you have such a February face, [the matter,  
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

*Claud.* I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.—

Tush! fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

*Bene.* Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;

And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat,

Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.*

*Claud.* For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.  
Which is the lady I must seize upon?

*Leon.* This same is she, and I do give you her.

*Claud.* Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let me see  
your face.

*Leon.* No, that you shall not, till you take her hand  
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

*Claud.* Give me your hand before this holy friar:  
I am your husband, if you like of me.

*Hero.* And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

*Claud.* Another Hero?

*Hero.* Nothing certainer.

One Hero died<sup>1</sup> believ'd; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

*D. Pedro.* The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

*Leon.* She died, my lord, but whiles her slander

*Friar.* All this amazement can I qualify; [liv'd.

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

*Bene.* Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

*Beat.* I answer to that name. [*Unmasking.*] What

*Bene.* Do not you love me? [is your will?

*Beat.* <sup>2</sup>Why, no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and  
Claudio,

Have been deceived, for they swore you did.

*Beat.* Do not you love me?

*Bene.* <sup>3</sup>Troth, no more than reason.

*Beat.* Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,  
Are most deceived; for they <sup>4</sup>swore, you did. [me.

*Bene.* They swore that you were almost sick for

*Beat.* They swore that you were well-nigh dead  
for me.

*Bene.* <sup>6</sup>It is no matter.—Then, you do not love me?

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

*Leon.* Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentle-  
man.

*Claud.* And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;  
For here's a paper, written in his hand,  
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

*Hero.* And here's another,

Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick.

*Bene.* A miracle! here's our own hands against  
our hearts.—Come, I will have thee; but, by this  
light, I take thee for pity.

*Beat.* I would not deny you;—but, by this good  
day, I yield upon great persuasion, and, partly, to  
save your life, for I was told you were in a consump-  
tion.

*Bene.* Peace! I will stop your mouth.

*D. Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick, the married  
man?

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-  
crackers cannot flout me out of my humor. Dost  
thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No:  
if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear  
nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do  
purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any pur-  
pose that the world can say against it; and therefore  
never flout at me for what I have said against it, for  
man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—  
For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten  
thee; but, in <sup>3</sup>that thou art like to be my kinsman,  
live unbruised, and love my cousin.

*Claud.* I had well hoped, thou wouldest have de-  
nied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out  
of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer;  
which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do  
not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends.—Let's have a  
dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our  
own hearts, and our wives' heels.

*Leon.* We'll have dancing afterward.

*Bene.* First, of my word; therefore, play, music!  
—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a  
wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped  
with horn.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,  
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

*Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll de-  
vise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up,  
pipers. [*Dance<sup>6</sup> of all the Actors.*]

<sup>6</sup> Because.



# LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.



ACT III.—Scene 1.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.  
 BIRON, }  
 LONGAVILLE, } Lords, attending on the King.  
 DUMAINE, }  
 BOYET, } Lords, attending on the Princess  
 MERCADE, } of France.  
 DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, <sup>1</sup>a Spaniard.  
 SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.  
 HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaster.  
 DULL, a Constable.

COSTARD, a Clown.  
 MOTH, Page to Armado.  
 A Forester.

PRINCESS of France.  
 ROSALINE, }  
 MARIA, } Ladies, attending on the Princess.  
 KATHARINE, }  
 JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Officers and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE, Navarre.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.*

*King.* Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
 Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
 And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
 When, spite of cormorant devouring time,  
 Th' endeavor of this present breath may buy  
 That honor, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,  
 And make us heirs of all eternity.  
 Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,  
 That war against your own affections,  
 And the huge army of the world's desires,—  
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.  
 Navarre shall be the wonder of the world:  
 Our court shall be a little Academe,  
 Still and contemplative in living art.  
 You three, Biron, Dumaine, and Longaville,  
 Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,  
 My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes, [*it*].  
 That are recorded in this schedule here: <sup>2</sup>[*Showing*

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names,  
 That his own hand may strike his honor down,  
 That violates the smallest branch herein.  
 If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
 Subscribe to your deep <sup>3</sup>oaths, and keep them too.

*Long.* I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast.  
 Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits  
 Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified.  
 The grosser manner of <sup>4</sup>this world's delights  
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:  
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,  
 With all these living in philosophy.

*Biron.* I can but say their protestation over;  
 So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
 That is, to live and study here three years.  
 But there are other strict observances;  
 As, not to see a woman in that term,  
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:  
 And, one day in a week to touch no food,  
 And but one meal on every day beside,  
 The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:  
 And then, to sleep but three hours in the night, <sup>1</sup>

And not be seen to wink of all the day,  
When I was wont to think no harm all night,  
And make a dark night, too, of half the day,  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.  
O! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,  
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

*King.* Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

*Biron.* Let me say no, my liege, an if you please.  
I only swore to study with your grace,  
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

*Long.* You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

*Biron.* By yea, and nay, sir, then I swore in *[know]*.  
What is the end of study, let me know?

*King.* Why, that to know which else we should not  
*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from  
common sense?

*King.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

*Biron.* Come on, then: I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know;  
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid;

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be <sup>1</sup>this, and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know.

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight. *[vain]*

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain; but that most  
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:  
As painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while  
Doth <sup>2</sup>falsely blind the eyesight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile.

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your <sup>3</sup>eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Too much to know is to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name. *[ing!]*

*King.* How well he's read, to reason against read-

*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the  
weeding. *[breeding.]*

*Biron.* The spring is near, when green geese are a  
*Dum.* How follows that?

*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Biron.* Something, then, in rhyme.

*King.* Biron is like an envious <sup>4</sup>sneaping frost,

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

*Biron.* Well, say I am: why should proud summer  
boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled <sup>5</sup>shows;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, <sup>2</sup>by study now it is too late,  
Climb o'er the <sup>3</sup>house-top to unlock the gate.

*King.* Well, set you out: go home, Biron, adieu!

*Biron.* No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay  
with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep <sup>4</sup>to what I swore,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper: let me read the same;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from  
shame!

*Biron.* *[Reads.]* Item, "That no woman shall  
come within a mile of my court."—Hath this been  
proclaim'd?

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Biron.* Let's see the penalty. *[Reads.]* "On  
pain of losing her tongue." Who devis'd this pen-  
alty?

*Long.* Marry, that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Biron.* A dangerous law against <sup>6</sup>garrulity!

*[Reads.]* Item, "If any man be seen to talk with  
a woman within the term of three years, he shall  
endure such public shame as the rest of the court  
can possibly devise."

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—

About surrender up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father:

Therefore, this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admired princess <sup>6</sup>rather.

*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite

*Biron.* So study evermore is overshoot: *[forgot.]*

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should;

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

*King.* We must of force dispense with this decree:

She must <sup>6</sup>lie here on mere necessity.

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space;

For every man with his <sup>7</sup>affects is born,

Not by night master'd, but by special grace.

If I break faith, this word shall <sup>7</sup>plead for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name; *[Subscribes.]*

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,

Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

<sup>8</sup>Suggestions are to others, as to me;

But, I believe, although I seem so loath,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no <sup>8</sup>quick recreation granted?

*King.* Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is

With a refined traveller of Spain; *[haunted]*

A man in all the <sup>9</sup>world-new fashions flaunted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:

One, whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;

A man of <sup>10</sup>complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:

This child of fancy, that Armado <sup>11</sup>hight,

For interim to our studies, shall relate

In high-born words the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I,

<sup>a</sup> Dishonestly; treacherously.—<sup>b</sup> The sense here is, that a man may read himself blind by too close study.—<sup>c</sup> Nipping.  
—<sup>d</sup> May-games.

<sup>e</sup> Reside.—<sup>f</sup> Affections; passions.—<sup>g</sup> Temptations.—<sup>h</sup> Live-ly; sprightly.—<sup>i</sup> Accomplishments.—<sup>k</sup> "Armado hight," i. e. is called Armado.

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,  
And I will use him for my <sup>2</sup>minstrelsy.

*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious <sup>b</sup>wight,  
A man of <sup>c</sup>fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

*Long.* Costard, the swain, and he shall be our sport;  
And so to study three years is but short.

*Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.*

*Dull.* Which is the duke's own person?

*Biron.* This, fellow. What would'st?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I  
am his grace's <sup>d</sup>tharborough; but I would see his  
own person in flesh and blood.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arm—Arm—commends you. There's  
villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching  
me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God  
for high words.

*Long.* A high hope for a low <sup>1</sup>hearing: God grant  
us patience!

*Biron.* To hear, or forbear hearing?

*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moder-  
ately; or to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us  
cause to <sup>2</sup>chime in in the merriness.

*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Ja-  
quenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with  
the <sup>e</sup>manner.

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, sir; all those  
three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sit-  
ting with her upon the form, and taken following her  
into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and  
form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is  
the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the  
form,—in some form.

*Biron.* For the following, sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction; and God  
defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken  
after the flesh.

*King.* [*Reads.*] "Great deputy, the welkin's vice-  
gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's  
earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—"

*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*King.* "So it is,—"

*Cost.* It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in  
telling true, but so,—

*King.* Peace!

*Cost.* —be to me, and every man that dares not  
fight.

*King.* No words.

*Cost.* —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

*King.* "So it is, besieged with sable-colored mel-  
ancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humor  
to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving  
air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk.  
The time when? About the sixth hour; when  
beasts must graze, birds best peck, and men sit down  
to that nourishment which is called supper. So much  
for the time when. Now for the ground which;  
which, I mean, I walked upon: it is cyleped thy  
park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I  
did encounter that obscene and most preposterous  
event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the

ebon-colored ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest,  
surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where:—it  
standeth north-north-east and by east from the west  
corner of thy <sup>f</sup>curious-knotted garden: there did I  
see that low-spirited swain, that base <sup>g</sup>minnow of  
thy mirth,"

*Cost.* Me.

*King.* "—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,"

*Cost.* Me.

*King.* "—that shallow <sup>3</sup>vessel,"

*Cost.* Still me,

*King.* "—which, as I remember, <sup>h</sup>ight Costard,"

*Cost.* O! me.

*King.* "—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy  
established proclaimed edict and continent canon,  
with—with,—O! with—but with this I <sup>i</sup>passion to  
say wherewith."

*Cost.* With a wench.

*King.* "—with a child of our grandmother Eve,  
a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a  
woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks  
me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of  
punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony  
Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and  
estimation."

*Dull.* Me, an't shall please you: I am Antony  
Dull.

*King.* "For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel  
called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid  
swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and  
shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to  
trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and  
heart burning heat of duty,

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

*Biron.* This is not so well as I looked for, but the  
best that ever I heard.

*King.* Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah,  
what say you to this?

*Cost.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*King.* Did you hear the proclamation?

*Cost.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but lit-  
tle of the marking of it.

*King.* It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to  
be taken with a wench.

*Cost.* I was taken with none, sir: I was taken  
with a damsel.

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

*Cost.* This was no damsel neither, sir: she was a  
virgin.

*King.* It is so varied, too, for it was proclaimed  
virgin.

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken  
with a maid.

*King.* This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, sir.

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you  
shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and  
porridge.

*King.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—  
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.*]

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,  
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

*Dull.* Sirrah, come on.

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I  
was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true  
girl; and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of pros-

<sup>a</sup> "For my minstrelsy," i. e., instead of a minstrel. — <sup>b</sup> Fel-  
low. — <sup>c</sup> Brand-new. — <sup>d</sup> Third borough, a peace-officer. —  
<sup>e</sup> "With the manner," i. e., in the fact.

<sup>f</sup> Curious-figured. — <sup>g</sup> "Base minnow," i. e., contemptible  
object. — <sup>h</sup> "Hight," i. e., is called. — <sup>i</sup> To "passion" is to be  
extremely agitated.

perity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, set thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—ARMADO's House in the Park.

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH, his page.*

*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.* Why? sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear <sup>a</sup>imp.

*Moth.* No, no; O lord! sir, no.

*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender <sup>b</sup>juvenal?

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty, and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt; or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What, that an eel is ingenious?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood.

*Moth.* I am answered, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be crossed.

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary: <sup>c</sup>crosses love not him?

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir.

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning: it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

*Arm.* I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar do call three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here is three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing <sup>d</sup>horse will tell you.

*Arm.* A most fine figure!

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] To prove you a cypher.

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humor of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new

devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter, and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion.

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the color of <sup>e</sup>lovers; but to have a love of that color, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most <sup>f</sup>maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colors.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and <sup>g</sup>poetical!

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth <sup>h</sup>owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the <sup>i</sup>Beggar?

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my <sup>j</sup>digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational <sup>k</sup>hind Costard: she deserves well.

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

*Arm.* Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear, till this company be past.

*Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.*

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week.

<sup>a</sup> Boy.—<sup>b</sup> Youth.—<sup>c</sup> The "crosses" alluded to were pieces of money stamped with a cross.—<sup>d</sup> This allusion is to a celebrated horse, remarkable for his sagacity, belonging to one Banks.

<sup>e</sup> The allusion, probably, is to the *willow*.—<sup>f</sup> Impure.—<sup>g</sup> "Which native she doth owe," i. e., of which she is naturally possessed.—<sup>h</sup> See Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.—<sup>i</sup> Transgression.—<sup>k</sup> Boor.

For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the <sup>a</sup> day-woman. Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

*Jaq.* Man.

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That's <sup>b</sup> hereby.

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face?

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaq.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so farewell.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you.

*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*]

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain: shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave: away!

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

*Moth.* No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Cost.* Nay nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.*]

*Arm.* I do <sup>a</sup> affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love; and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's <sup>b</sup> butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the <sup>c</sup> passado he respects not, the <sup>d</sup> duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valor! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your <sup>e</sup> armiger<sup>1</sup> is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn <sup>f</sup> sonnet-maker. Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

Enter the PRINCESS of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

*Boyet.* Now, madam, summon up your <sup>3</sup> clearest Consider whom the king your father sends, [spirits.

<sup>a</sup> Desir'd woman.—<sup>b</sup> "Hereby," i. e., as it may happen.—<sup>c</sup> Love.—<sup>d</sup> A "butt-shaft" was an arrow for shooting at butts, on which the mark to be shot at was placed.—<sup>e</sup> Thrust.—<sup>f</sup> Duell.—<sup>1</sup> "Armiger," i. e., armor-bearer.

To whom he sends, and what's his embassy: Yourself held precious in the world's esteem, To parley with the sole inheritor Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace, As nature was in making graces dear, When she did starve the general world beside, And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean, Needs not the painted flourish of your praise: Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues. I am less proud to hear you tell my worth, Than you much willing to be counted wise In spending your wit in the praise of mine. But now to task the tasker.—Good Boyet, You are not ignorant, all-telling fame Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow, Till painful study shall out-wear three years, No woman may approach his silent court: Therefore to us seem'th it a needful course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure; and in that behalf, <sup>b</sup> Bold of your worthiness, we single you As our best moving fair solicitor.

Tell him, the daughter of the king of France, On serious business, craving quick despatch, Importunes personal conference with his grace.

Haste, signify so much; while we attend, Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*]

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.— Who are the votaries, my loving lords, That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

<sup>1</sup> Lord. Longaville is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man?

*Mar.* I know him, madam: at a marriage feast, Between lord Perigot and the beauteous heir Of Jacques Falconbridge, solemnized In Normandy, saw I this Longaville. A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd; Well 'fitted in the arts; glorious in arms: Nothing becomes him ill, that he would sell. The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss, If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil, Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will; Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills It should none spare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

*Mar.* They say so most that most his humors know.

*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow. Who are the rest? [*Youth,*]

*Kath.* The young Dumaine, a well-accomplish'd. Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd: Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill, For he hath wit to make an ill shape good, And shape to win grace though he had no wit. I saw him at the duke Alençon's once; And much too little of that good I saw Is my report to his great worthiness.

*Ros.* Another of these students at that time Was there with him: if I have heard a truth, Biron they call him; but a merrier man, Within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal. His eye begets occasion for his wit; For every object that the one doth catch, The other turns to a mirth-moving jest, Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)

<sup>b</sup> Confident.—<sup>1</sup> Qualified.

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished,  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies! are they all in love,  
That every one her own hath garnished  
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

*Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter BOYET.*

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord?

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach;  
And he, and his competitors in oath,  
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,  
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,  
He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,  
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeopled house.  
Here comes Navarre. [*The ladies mask.*]

*Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE, BIRON, and Attendants.*

*King.* Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

*Prin.* Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome then. Conduct me thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn an oath.

*Prin.* Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsown.

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is. [*Else.*]

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,  
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.  
I hear, your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:  
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,  
And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-hold:

To teach a teacher ill besemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper.*]

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may. [*Reads.*]

*Prin.* You will the sooner that I were away,  
For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Biron.* I know you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it, then,  
To ask the question!

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis 'long of you, that spur me with such questions. [*tire.*]

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill

*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

*Biron.* What time o' day?

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask!

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!

*Biron.* And send you many lovers!

*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.

*Biron.* Nay, then will I begone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but the one half of an entire sum,

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say, that he, or we, (as neither have)

Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitain is bound to us,  
Although not valued to the money's worth.

If, then, the king your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitain,

And hold fair friendship with his majesty.

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitain;

Which we much rather had depart withal,

And have the money by our father lent,

Than Aquitain, so gelded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding, 'gainst some reason in my breast,

And go well satisfied to France again.

*Prin.* You do the king my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In so unseemingly to confess receipt

Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

*King.* I do protest, I never heard of it;

And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,

Or yield up Aquitain.

*Prin.* We farrest your word.

Boyet, you can produce acquittances

For such a sum from special officers

Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.

*Boyet.* So please your grace, the packet is not come,

Where that and other specialties are bound:

To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*King.* It shall suffice me: at which interview,

All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,

As honor, without breach of honor, may

Make tender of to thy true worthiness.

You may not come, fair princess, within my gates;

But here without you shall be so receiv'd,

As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,

Though so denied free harbor in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:

To-morrow shall we visit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[*Exeunt King and his train.*]

*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

*Ros.* Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

*Biron.* I would, you heard it groan.

*Ros.* Is the fool sick?

*Biron.* Sick at the heart.

*Ros.* Alack! let it bleed.

*Biron.* Would that do it good?

*Ros.* My physic says, ay.

*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye?

*Ros.* No point, with my knife.

*Biron.* Now, God save thy life.

*Ros.* And yours from long living.

*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Stands back.*]

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that same?

*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

*Long.* I beseech you a word. What is she in the white?

[*Coming forward.*]

<sup>a</sup> Part with.—<sup>c</sup> "Unseemingly," i. e., not seeming; seeming not.—<sup>d</sup> "We arrest your word," i. e., we take you at your word.—<sup>e</sup> "No point," (Fr.) no.

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light. [name.]  
*Long.* Perchance, light in the light. I desire her  
*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.  
*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?  
*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.  
*Long.* God's blessing on your beard!  
*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended.  
*She* is an heir of Falconbridge.  
*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.  
*She* is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir: that may be. [Exit LONG.]  
*Biron.* What's her name, in the cap?

<sup>1</sup>[Coming forward.]

*Boyet.* Katharine, by good hap.  
*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no?  
*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.  
*Biron.* O! you are welcome, sir. Adieu.  
*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.  
 [Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.]  
*Mar.* That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:  
 Not a word with him but a jest.  
*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.  
*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word. [board.]  
*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to  
*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry!  
*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships?  
 No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.  
*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish  
*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me. [the jest?]  
 [Offering to kiss her.]

*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast.  
 My lips are no common, though <sup>a</sup>several they be.  
*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?  
*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.  
*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.

This civil war of wits were much better used  
 On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis abused.

*Boyet.* If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)  
 By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,  
 Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

*Prin.* With what?  
*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle, affected.  
*Prin.* Your reason?

*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviors did make their retire  
 To the court of his eye, peeping <sup>b</sup>thorough desire;  
 His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,  
 Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:  
 His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,  
 Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;  
 All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
 To feel only looking on fairest of fair.  
 Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;  
 Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they  
 were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.  
 His face's own <sup>c</sup>margin did quote such amazes,  
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.  
 I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,  
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

*Prin.* Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—  
*Boyet.* But to speak that in words, which his eye  
 hath disclos'd.

I only have made a mouth of his eye,  
 By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st  
 skilfully. [of him.]

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news  
*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother, for her  
 father is but grim.

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What, then, do you see?

*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me. [Exit.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

<sup>2</sup>Song. See, my love.

*Arm.* Warble, child: make passionate my sense  
 of hearing.

*Moth.* <sup>4</sup>Concolinel!—<sup>3</sup>[Amato bene.] [Singing.]

*Arm.* Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years: take  
 this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him  
<sup>c</sup>festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to  
 my love. [French <sup>f</sup>brawl!]

*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a  
*Arm.* How meanest thou? brawling in French?

*Moth.* No, my complete master; but to jig off a  
 tune at the tongue's end, <sup>e</sup>canary to it with your feet,  
 humor it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note,  
 and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if  
 you swallowed love with singing love; sometime  
 through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smell-  
 ing love; with your hat <sup>h</sup>penthouse-like, o'er the  
 shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your  
 thin belly's doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your  
 hands in your pocket, like a man after the old paint-  
 ing; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip  
 and away. These are <sup>i</sup>complements, these are hum-  
 mors; these betray nice wenches, that would be  
 betrayed without these, and make them men of note,  
 (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Moth.* By my <sup>j</sup>pain of observation.

*Arm.* But O,—

*Moth.* The hobby-horse is forgot.

*Arm.* Callest thou my love <sup>k</sup>hobby-horse?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt,  
 and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you  
 forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy. [will prove.]

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live: and this, by, in, and  
 without, upon the instant: by heart you love her,  
 because your heart cannot come by her; in heart  
 you love her, because your heart is in love with her;  
 and out of heart you love her, being out of heart  
 that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more, and yet  
 nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me  
 a letter.

<sup>a</sup> "Concolinel" is probably the beginning of some Italian song.—<sup>b</sup> Hastily.—<sup>c</sup> "Brawl," from the French *bravie*, was a kind of dance.—<sup>d</sup> "Canary" was a dance accompanied by the castanets.—<sup>e</sup> A "penthouse" is a shed projecting from the main wall.—<sup>f</sup> Accomplishments.—<sup>g</sup> The "hobby-horse" was a character in the old May-games.

<sup>a</sup> A *several* is a piece of land belonging to more than one proprietor, but not common.—<sup>b</sup> Through.—<sup>c</sup> An allusion to the marginal notes contained in books.

*Moth.* A <sup>1</sup> messenger well sympathised : a horse to ho ambassador for an ass.

*Arm.* Ha, ha ! what sayest thou ?

*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited : but I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short. Away !

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious ?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ?

*Moth.* *Minime*, honest master ; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too <sup>a</sup> swift sir, to say so :  
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun ?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric !

He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he :—  
I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal ; voluble and <sup>2</sup> fair of grace !

By thy favor, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face :

<sup>3</sup> Moist-eyed melancholy, valor gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

*Re-enter MOTH with COSTARD.*

*Moth.* A wonder, master ! here's a <sup>b</sup> Costard broken in a shin. [<sup>c</sup> *L'envoy* ;—begin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle : come,—thy

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy* ! no salve in <sup>d</sup> them all, sir : O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain ! no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy* : no <sup>e</sup> salve, sir, but a plantain.

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter ; thy silly thought, my spleen ; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars ! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve ?

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other ? is not *l'envoy* a salve ? [<sup>f</sup> make plain

*Arm.* No, page : it is an epilogue, or discourse, to Some obscure precedence that hath <sup>g</sup> tofore been said, I will example it :

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral : now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by <sup>h</sup> making four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Arm.* Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by <sup>i</sup> making four.

<sup>7</sup> A good *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* Ending in the goose ; would you desire more ?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a <sup>j</sup> bargain, a goose, that's flat.—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—  
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose :  
Let me see, a fat *l'envoy* ; ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin ?

*Moth.* By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.  
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*. [<sup>k</sup> argument in ;

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain : thus came your

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,  
And he ended the market.

*Arm.* But tell me ; how was there a Costard broken in a shin ?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth : I will speak that *l'envoy*.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Arm.* Sirrah Costard, <sup>8</sup> marry, I will enfranchise thee.

*Cost.* O ! marry me to one Frances ?—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfranchising thy person : thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true ; and now you will be my purification, and let me <sup>9</sup> be loose.

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, set thee <sup>10</sup> free from durance ; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : bear this significant <sup>11</sup> [*Giving a letter.*] to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration ; for the best ward of mine honor is rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu. <sup>12</sup> [*Exit.*

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh ! my <sup>13</sup> incony Jew !—

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration ! O ! that's the Latin word for three farthings : three farthings, remuneration.—“ What's the price of this <sup>14</sup> hinkle ? A penny.—No, I'll give you a remuneration !” why, it carries it.—Remuneration !—why, it is a fairer name than French Crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter BIRON.*

*Biron.* O, my good knave Costard ! exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration ?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration ? [*it.*

*Cost.* Marry, sir, half-penny farthing. <sup>15</sup> [*Showing*

*Biron.* O ! why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

*Cost.* I thank your worship. God be wi' you.

*Biron.* O, stay, slave ! I must employ thee :

As thou wilt win my favor, good my knave,  
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir ?

*Biron.* O ! this afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

*Biron.* O ! thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, It is but this.—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
And in her train there is a gentle lady ; [<sup>16</sup> name,  
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her  
And Rosaline they call her : ask for her,  
And to her white hand see thou do commend  
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy <sup>17</sup> guerdon ; go.  
[<sup>18</sup> Gives him money.

*Cost.* Guerdon.—O, sweet guerdon ! better than remuneration ; eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet guerdon !—I will do it, sir, in <sup>19</sup> k print.—Guerdon—remuneration ! [*Exit.*

<sup>a</sup> Quick ; ready.—<sup>b</sup> “ Costard.” i. e., head.—<sup>c</sup> “ *L'envoy*” (Fr.) is the old word for the conclusion of a story or poem. Armado means, “ Conclude what you are saying and begin.”

<sup>d</sup> “ A quibble upon *salve*, an ointment, and *salve*, God save you, farewell, which was a kind of *l'envoy*.—<sup>e</sup> “ To fore been said,” i. e., before been said.—<sup>f</sup> “ To sell any one a bargain, is to proclaim him a fool by his own lips.”

<sup>8</sup> “ Incony,” i. e., artless ; unlearned.—<sup>9</sup> Tape.—<sup>10</sup> Reconnpense ; reward.—<sup>11</sup> “ In print,” i. e., with the utmost nicety,



*Biron.* O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;  
 A very <sup>a</sup> beadle to a humorous sigh;  
 A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,  
 A domineering pedant o'er the boy,  
 Than whom no mortal so <sup>b</sup> magnificent!  
 This <sup>c</sup>whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;  
 This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;  
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
 Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,  
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,  
 Dread prince of <sup>d</sup>plackets, king of cod-pieces,  
 Sole imperator, and great general  
 Of trotting <sup>e</sup>paritors, (O my little heart!)  
 And I to be a corporal of his <sup>f</sup>field  
 And wear his <sup>g</sup>colors like a tumbler's hoop!  
 What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!  
 A woman, that is like a German clock,  
 Still a repairing, ever out of frame,  
 And never going aright; being a watch,  
 But being watch'd that it may still go right?  
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;  
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;  
 A <sup>h</sup>witty wanton with a velvet brow,  
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;  
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,  
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:  
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague  
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:  
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

*Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

*Prin.* Was that the king, that spur'd his horse so Against the steep uprising of the hill? [*Hard*]

*Boyet.* I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

*Prin.* Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind. Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;  
 On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,  
 That we must stand and play the <sup>b</sup>murderer in?

*For.* Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;  
 A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
 And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so. [*No?*]

*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, and again say,  
 O, short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

*For.* Yes, madam, fair.

*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now:  
 Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
 Here, good my <sup>i</sup>glass, take this for telling true.

[*Giving him money.*]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

<sup>a</sup> A beadle was an officer whose business it was to punish petty offenders.—<sup>b</sup> "Magnificent" here means boasting, glorying.—<sup>c</sup> Hoodwinked.—<sup>d</sup> Stomachers.—<sup>e</sup> "Paritors" or apparitors are officers of the spiritual courts who serve citations.—<sup>f</sup> A "corporal of the field" was formerly employed in the business of an aid-de-camp.—<sup>g</sup> It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's colors.—<sup>h</sup> To "play the murderer" refers to the sport of shooting deer with a cross-bow.—<sup>i</sup> The Forester was the princess' glass, because he told her of her complexion.

*Prin.* See, see! my beauty will be saved by merit.  
 O heresy in <sup>2</sup>faith, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—  
 But come, the bow:—now mercy goes to kill,  
 And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:  
 Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;  
 If wounding, then it was to show my skill,  
 That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes:  
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,  
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,  
 We bend to that the working of the heart;  
 As I for praise alone now seek to spill  
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

*Boyet.* Do not <sup>k</sup>curst wives hold that self-sovereign  
 Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be [eighty  
 Lords o'er their lords?]

*Prin.* Only for praise; and praise we may afford  
 To any lady that subdues a lord.

*Enter COSTARD.*

*Prin.* Here comes a member of the commonwealth.  
*Cost.* God <sup>l</sup>dig-you-den all. Pray you, which is the head lady?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest  
 that have no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

*Prin.* The thickest, and the tallest. [*Is truth.*]

*Cost.* The thickest, and the tallest? it is so; truth  
 An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,  
 One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should  
 be fit. [*Here.*]

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest

*Prin.* What's your will, sir? what's your will?

*Cost.* I have a letter, from monsieur Biron to one  
 lady Rosaline. <sup>3</sup>[*Giving it.*]

*Prin.* O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend  
 of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;  
 Break up this <sup>m</sup>capon. <sup>4</sup>[*Handing it to him.*]

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook; it importeth none here:  
 It is writ to Jaquenetta.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

*Boyet.* [*Reads.*] "By heaven, that thou art fair,  
 is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous;  
 truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than  
 fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself,  
 have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most <sup>n</sup>illustrate king Cophetua set eye  
 upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon;  
 and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi,  
 vici*; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and  
 obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame:  
 he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came?  
 the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see?  
 to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he?  
 the beggar; Whom overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory:  
 on whose side? the king's: the captive is enriched:  
 on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial:  
 on whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king,  
 for so stands the comparison; thou the beggar,  
 for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command  
 thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could.  
 Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange  
 for rags? robes; for titles?"

<sup>k</sup> Shrewish.—<sup>l</sup> "Dig-you-den," i. e., give you good even.—

<sup>m</sup> The French word for a capon or chicken, *poulet*, signifies also a love-letter.—<sup>n</sup> Illustrious.

titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

"Thine, in the dearest design of industry,  
"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar  
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;  
Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:  
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?  
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter? [better?]  
What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear

*Boyet.* I am much deceiv'd, but I remember the style. [while.]

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-  
*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a <sup>b</sup>Monarcho, and one that makes sport To the prince, and his book-mates.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, Who gave thee this letter?

*Cost.* I told you; my lord.

*Prin.* To whom shouldst thou give it?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.

*Prin.* From which lord, to which lady?

*Cost.* From my lord Biron, a good master of mine, To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, away.—

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exeunt PRINCESS and Train.*]

*Boyet.* Who is the suitor? who is the <sup>c</sup>suitor?

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.

*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.  
Finely put off! [merry.]

*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns; but if thou Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.  
Finely put on!

*Ros.* Well then, I am the shooter.

*Boyet.* And who is your deer?

*Ros.* If we choose by the horns, yourself: come  
Finely put on, indeed!— [not near.]

*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow. [her now?]

*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower? Have I hit

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

*Ros.* Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,

Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

*Boyet.* An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt ROS. and KATH.*]

*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

[did hit it.]

*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot, for they both

*Boyet.* A mark! O! mark but that mark: a mark,

says my lady. [may be.]

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it

*Mar.* Wide o' the bow <sup>d</sup>hand: i'faith, your hand

is out.

*Cost.* Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

*Boyet.* An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in. [pin.]

*Cost.* Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the *Mar.* Come, come, you talk <sup>e</sup>greasily; your lips grow foul. [lunge her to bowl.]

*Cost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: chal-  
*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!  
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!  
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most <sup>i</sup>incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!  
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!  
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear;

<sup>1</sup> Looking babies in her eyes, his passion to declare.  
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of <sup>2</sup>small  
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit! [wit!]

Sola, sola! [*Shouting within.*]  
[*Exit COSTARD.*]

## SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

*Nath.* Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood; ripe as the <sup>3</sup>pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *celo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

*Nath.* Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a <sup>b</sup>pricket.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*: 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* 'Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!— [look!]  
O, thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; [ink:]

He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk His intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal

<sup>3</sup>not to think, [plants]

Only sensible in the duller parts; and such barren Are set before us, that we thankful should be

<sup>4</sup>Which we, having taste and feeling, are for those parts that do fructify in us more than he:

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool, [a school:]

So, were there a patch set on learning, to <sup>5</sup>set him in But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

*Dull.* You two are book men: can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

<sup>a</sup> "Erewhile," i. e., but just now.—<sup>b</sup> "Monarcho;" the allusion is to a fantastical character of the time, who lived about the court.—<sup>c</sup> "Suitor" and shooter appear to have been pronounced alike in Shakespeare's time.—<sup>d</sup> "Wide o' the bow hand," a term in archery, signifying, a good deal to the left of the mark.

<sup>e</sup> Grossly.—<sup>f</sup> Unlearned.—<sup>g</sup> A species of apple.—<sup>h</sup> A "pricket" was a buck in his second year.

*Hol.* <sup>1</sup> *Doctissimè*, good man Dull; <sup>a</sup> *Dictynna*, good man Dull.

*Dull.* What is Dictynna?

*Nath.* A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

*Hol.* The moon was a month old when Adam was no more; [fivescore.]

And <sup>b</sup> taught not to five weeks, when he came to The allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* 'Tis true indeed: the collusion holds in the exchange.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* And I say the pollution holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside, that 'twas a pricklet that the princess kill'd.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humor the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricklet.

*Nath.* *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

*Hol.* I will something <sup>d</sup> affect the letter, for it argues facility. <sup>2</sup> [*Reads.*]

*The preful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricklet;* [with shooting.]

*Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore The dogs did yell; put I to sore, then <sup>e</sup> sorel jumps from thick;* [sing.]

*Or pricklet sore, or else sorel; the people full a hoot- If sore be sore, then I to sore makes fifty sores; O sore I!* [more I.]

*Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one* *Nath.* A rare talent!

*Dull.* If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent. <sup>3</sup> [*Aside.*]

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol.* *Mhercle!* if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them; but, *vir sapit, qui panca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master <sup>e</sup> person.

*Hol.* Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

*Cost.* Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hog'shead.

*Hol.* Of piercing a hog'shead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

*Jaq.* Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it. [*umbrà.*]

*Hol.* *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old <sup>b</sup> Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—*Venegia, Venegia,*

*Chi non te vede, non te pregia.*

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*U, re, sol, la, mi, fa*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *lege, domine.*

*Nath.* *If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?*

*Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed! Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove; Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.*

*Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes, Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:*

*If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend;*

*All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder: Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire. Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,*

*Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.*

*Celestial, as thou art, O! pardon, love, this wrong. That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!*

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *carret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? <sup>4</sup> Imitating is nothing: so doth the bound his master, the ape his keeper, the <sup>5</sup> trained horse his rider. But damosella, virgin, was this directed to you?

*Jaq.* Ay, sir, from one Monsieur <sup>i</sup> Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: "Your ladyship's, in all desired employment, Biron." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet: deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*]

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colorable <sup>k</sup> colors. But, to return to the verses: did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if before repast it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben vcaulo*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither

<sup>a</sup> Diana.—<sup>b</sup> Reached.—<sup>c</sup> i. e., the exchange of Cain's name for that of Adam.—<sup>d</sup> Affect the letter," i. e., practise alliteration.—<sup>e</sup> A "sorel" is a buck of the third year.—<sup>f</sup> *Talon* was often written "talent" in Shakespeare's time.—<sup>g</sup> "Person" is the word from which parson is derived.—<sup>h</sup> The "good old Mantuan" was Joh. Baptista Mantuanus, from whose "Eclogues" the Latin words in Holofernes' speech are quoted.

<sup>i</sup> Jaquenetta has just before said that the letter was sent to her from Don Armado.—<sup>k</sup> "Colorable colors," i. e., specious appearances.

savoring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, <sup>a</sup>certes, the next most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*To DULL*,] I do invite you too: you shall not say me nay: *paucæ verba*. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III.—Another part of the Same.

*Enter BIRON, with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a <sup>b</sup>pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile? a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me: i'faith, I will not. O! but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her! yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan! [*Gets up into a tree*.]

*Enter the KING, with a paper.*

King. Ay me!

Biron. [*Aside*.] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!—

King. [*Reads*.] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives To those fresh morning drops upon the rose, [not As thine eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote The <sup>1</sup>dew of night that on my cheeks down flows: Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright*

*Through the transparent bosom of the deep, As doth thy face through tears of mine give light; Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:*

*No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;*

*So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.*

*Do but behold the tears that swell in me,*

*And they thy glory through my grief will show:*

*But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep*

*My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.*

*O queen of queens, how far thou dost excel,*

*No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.*

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper. Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?<sup>2</sup>

*Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading? listen, ear.

[*Steps aside*.]

Biron. [*Aside <sup>3</sup>in the tree*.] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn. [*wearing <sup>c</sup>papers*.]

Biron. [*Aside*.] Why, he comes in like a perjure,

King. [*Aside*.] In love, I hope. Sweet fellowship in shame! [*the name*.]

Biron. [*Aside*.] One drunkard loves another of Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [*Aside*.] I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know.

Thou mak'st the <sup>d</sup>triumvir, the corner-cap of society, The shape of love's <sup>d</sup>Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to O sweet Maria, empress of my love! [*move*.] These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*Aside*.] O! rhymes are <sup>e</sup>guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his <sup>f</sup>slop.

Long. This same shall go.— [*He reads the sonnet*.]

*Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,*

*'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,*

*Persuade my heart to this false perjury?*

*Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.*

*A woman I forswore; but I will prove,*

*Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:*

*My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;*

*Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.*

*Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is:*

*Then thou, fair sun, which on earth dost shine,*

*Eh! 'st this vapor-vow; in thee it is:*

*If broken, then, it is no fault of mine.*

*If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,*

*To lose an oath, to win a paradise?*

Biron. [*Aside*.] This is the <sup>g</sup>liver vein, which makes flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us! God amend <sup>4</sup>us! we are much out o' the way.

*Enter DUMAINE, with a paper.*

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Steps aside*.]

Biron. [*Aside*.] All hid, all hid; an old infant Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky, [*play*.]

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sacks to the mill! O heavens! I have my wish: Dumaine transform'd? four <sup>h</sup>woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. [*Aside*.] O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. [*Aside*.] <sup>6</sup>By earth, she is most corporal; there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber<sup>i</sup> quoted.

Biron. [*Aside*.] An amber-color'd raven was well

Dum. As upright as the cedar. [*noted*.]

Biron. [*Aside*.] <sup>6</sup>Stoops, I say:

Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. [*Aside*.] Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O, that I had my wish!

Long. [*Aside*.] And I had mine!

King. [*Aside*.] And I mine too, good lord!

Biron. [*Aside*.] Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. [*Aside*.] A fever in your blood? why, then incision

Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. [*Aside*.] Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

<sup>a</sup> Certainly; in truth.—<sup>b</sup> "Toiling in a pitch," alluding to the dark complexion of Rosaline.—<sup>c</sup> Part of the punishment of a perjurer was to wear on his breast a paper expressing his crime.

<sup>d</sup> "Triumvir," and "the shape of love's Tyburn," allude to the gallows of the time, which was occasionally triangular.—<sup>e</sup> "Guards" were the hems or borders of a garment.—<sup>f</sup> "Stoops" were wide-kneed breeches, in fashion in Shakespeare's time.—<sup>g</sup> In reference to the supposition that the liver was the seat of love.—<sup>h</sup> A woodcock means a foolish fellow, that bird being supposed to have no brains.—<sup>i</sup> i.e., "Her amber hairs have shown real amber to be foul in comparison with them."

**Dum.** *On a day, alack the day!*  
*Love, whose month is ever May,*  
*Spied a blossom, passing fair,*  
*Playing in the wanton air:*  
*Through the velvet leaves the wind,*  
*All unseen, <sup>1</sup>gan passage find;*  
*That the lover, sick to death,*  
*Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.*  
*Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;*  
*Air, would I might triumph so!*  
*But alack! my hand is sworn,*  
*Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:*  
*Vow, alack! for youth unmet,*  
*Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.*  
*Do not call it sin in me,*  
*That I am forsworn for thee;*  
*Thou for whom <sup>2</sup>great Jove would swear*  
*Juno but an Ethiop were;*  
*And deny himself for Jove,*  
*Turning mortal for thy love.*

This will I send, and something else more plain,  
 That shall express my true love's <sup>2</sup>lasting pain.  
 O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,  
 Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,  
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;  
 For none offend, where all alike do dote. [charity,  
*Long.* *[Advancing.]* Dumaine, thy love is far from  
 That in love's grief desir'd society:  
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
 To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

*King.* *[Advancing.]* Come, sir, blush you: as his  
 your case is such;  
 You chide at him, offending twice as much:  
 You do not love Maria; Longaville  
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile,  
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart  
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.  
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush,  
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.  
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion,  
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:  
 Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;  
 One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:  
 You would for paradise break faith and troth;

[*To Long.*

And Jove for your love would infringe an oath.

[*To DUMAINE.*

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear  
 Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?  
 How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!  
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!  
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
 I would not have him know so much by me.

*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—

[*Coming down from the tree.*

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me.  
 Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reprove  
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?  
 Your eyes do make no <sup>a</sup>coaches; in your tears  
 There is no certain princess that appears:  
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing:  
 Tush! none but minstrels like of sonnetting.  
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,  
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?  
 You found his mote; the king your mote did see;  
 But I a beam do find in each of three.  
 O! what a scene of foolery have I seen,  
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of <sup>b</sup>teen!  
 O me! with what strict patience have I sat,  
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to a passage in the king's sonnet.—<sup>b</sup> Grief.

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,  
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,  
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!  
 Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good Dumaine:  
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?  
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:—  
 A caudle, ho!

*King.* Too bitter is thy jest.  
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron.* Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:  
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin  
 To break the vow I am engaged in;  
 I am betray'd, by keeping company  
 With men, like men of strange inconstancy.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?  
 Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time  
 In <sup>d</sup>pruning me? When shall you hear that I  
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,  
 A leg, a limb?— <sup>3</sup>[*Going.*

*King.* Soft! Whither away so fast?  
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

*Biron.* I post from love; good lover, let me go

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God bless the king!

*King.* What, <sup>a</sup>peasant, hast thou there?  
*Cost.* Some certain treason.

*King.* What <sup>e</sup>makes treason here?  
*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

*King.* If it mar nothing neither,  
 The treason and you go in peace away together.

*Jaq.* I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:  
 Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

*King.* Biron, read it over. [*BIRON reads the letter.*  
 Where had'st thou it?

*Jaq.* Of Costard.

*Cost.* Where had'st thou it?

*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

*King.* How now! what is in you? why dost thou  
 tear it?

*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs  
 not fear it. <sup>5</sup>[*Tearing it.*

*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore  
 let's hear it.

*Dum.* It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picking up the pieces.*

*Biron.* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! [*To Cos-*  
 You were born to do me shame.— [*TARD.*  
 Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

*King.* What?

*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to  
 make up the mess.

He, he, and you, and you my liege, and I,  
 Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O! dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.  
*Dum.* Now the number is even.

*Biron.* True, true; we are four.—

Will these turtles be gone?

*King.* Hence, sirs; away!

*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors  
 stay. [*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.*

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O! let us embrace.  
 As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

Young blood doth <sup>6</sup>yet obey an old decree:

We cannot cross the cause why we were born;  
 Therefore, of all <sup>f</sup>hands must we be forsworn.

<sup>e</sup> Cynic.—<sup>d</sup> A bird is said to be *pruning* himself when he  
 picks and sleeks his feathers.—<sup>f</sup> "What makes," i. e., what  
 does treason here?—<sup>f</sup> "Of all hands," i. e., at any rate; at  
 all events.

*King.* What, did these rent lines show some love of thine? [*Only Rosaline,*  
*Biron.* Did they? quoth you. Who sees the heavy-That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
 At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
 Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,  
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?  
 What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye  
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
 That is not blinded by her majesty?  
*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?  
 My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,  
 She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.  
*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I <sup>a</sup>Biron.  
 O! but for my love, day would turn to night.  
 Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty  
 Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;  
 Where several worthies make one dignity,  
 Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.  
 Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—  
 Fic, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not:  
 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;  
 She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.  
 A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,  
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:  
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.  
 O! 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!  
*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.  
*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O wood divine!  
 A wife of such wood were felicity.  
 O! who can give an oath? where is a book?  
 That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,  
 If that she learn not of her eye to look:  
 No face is fair, that is not full so black.  
*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,  
 The hue of dungeons, and the <sup>1</sup>shade of night;  
 And beauty's <sup>2</sup>best becomes the heavens well.  
*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of  
 O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd, [*light.*  
 It mourns, that painting, and usurping <sup>3</sup>hair,  
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect;  
 And therefore is she born to make black fair.  
 Her favor turns the fashion of <sup>3</sup>these days;  
 For native blood is counted painting now,  
 And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,  
 Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.  
*Dum.* To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.  
*Long.* And since her time are colliers counted  
 bright. [*crack.*  
*King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion  
*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.  
*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,  
 For fear their colors should be wash'd away.  
*King.* 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you  
 I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day. [*plain,*  
*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.  
*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as she.  
*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.  
*Long.* Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face  
 see.  
*Biron.* O! if the streets were paved with thine eyes,  
 Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.  
*Dum.* O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies  
 The street should see, as she walk'd over head.  
*King.* But what of this? Are we not all in love?  
*Biron.* O! nothing so sure; and thereby all for-  
 sworn. [*prove*  
*King.* Then leave this chat: and, good Biron, now  
 Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

*Dum.* Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.  
*Long.* O! some authority how to proceed;  
 Some tricks, some <sup>c</sup>quillies, how to cheat the devil.  
*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.  
*Biron.* O! 'tis more than need.—  
 Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.  
 Consider, what you first did swear unto;—  
 To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;  
 Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.  
 Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,  
 And abstinence engenders maladies.  
 And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,  
 In that each of you hath forsworn his book,  
 Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?  
 For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,  
 Have found the ground of study's excellence,  
 Without the beauty of a woman's face?  
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
 They are the ground, the books, the Academes,  
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
 Why, universal plodding prisons up  
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
 As motion, and long-during action, tires  
 The sinewy vigor of the traveller.  
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,  
 And study, too, the causer of your vow;  
 For where is any author in the world,  
 Teaches such <sup>4</sup>learning as a woman's eye?  
 Learning is but an adjunct to myself,  
 And where we are, our learning likewise is:  
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?  
 O! we have made a vow to study, lords,  
 And in that vow we have forsworn our <sup>4</sup>books;  
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
 In leaden contemplation have found out  
 Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes  
 Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?  
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,  
 And therefore, finding barren practisers,  
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:  
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
 Lives not alone immured in the brain,  
 But with the motion of all elements  
 Courses as swift as thought in every power,  
 And gives to every power a double power,  
 Above their functions and their offices.  
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye;  
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;  
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:  
 Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,  
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:  
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.  
 For valor is not love a Hercules,  
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
 Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,  
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;  
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.  
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;  
 O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
 And plant in tyrants mild <sup>5</sup>humanity.  
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
 They are the books, the arts, the Academes,  
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world,  
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

<sup>a</sup> Here, as throughout the play, the name of *Biron* is accented on the second syllable.—<sup>b</sup> An allusion to the false hair, or *periwigs*, worn by ladies in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>c</sup> Quillies; sophistries.—<sup>d</sup> "Our books," i. e., our true books, the eyes of women, from which we derive most information.

Then, fools you were these women to forswear,  
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,  
Or for love's sake, a word that <sup>a</sup>loves all men,  
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,  
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,  
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,  
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.  
It is religion to be thus forsworn;  
For charity itself fulfils the law,  
And who can sever love from charity?

*King.* Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them,  
lords!

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,  
In conflict that you get the <sup>b</sup>sun of them.

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing: lay these <sup>c</sup>glozes by.  
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

*King.* And win them too: therefore, let us devise  
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron.* First, from the park let us conduct them  
thither;

Then, homeward, every man attack the hand  
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon  
We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;  
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
Fore-tun fair <sup>d</sup>Love, strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away! no time shall be omitted,  
That will be time, and may by us be fitted. [<sup>e</sup>corn;

*Biron.* *Allons! allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no  
And justice always whirls in equal measure:

Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn  
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

*Hol.* *Satis quod sufficit.*

*Nath.* I praise God for you, sir: your <sup>f</sup>reasons at  
dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant  
without scurrility, witty without <sup>h</sup>affection, <sup>i</sup>audacious  
without impudency, learned without <sup>k</sup>opinion,  
and strange without heresy. I did converse this  
*quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who  
is intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de  
Armado.

*Hol.* *Novi hominem tanquam te:* his humor is  
lolly, his discourse preceptory, his tongue <sup>l</sup>filed, his  
eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general  
behavior vain, ridiculous, and <sup>m</sup>thrasonical. He is  
too <sup>n</sup>picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it  
were, too <sup>o</sup>peregrinate, as I may call it.

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*]

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity  
finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such

finatical phantasms, such insociable and <sup>p</sup>point-de-  
vise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to  
speak doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt; det,  
when he should pronounce, debt—d, e, b, t, not  
d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbor  
*vocatur* nebor; neigh abbreviated ne. This is ab-  
hominable, (which he would call abominable,) it in-  
sinuatheth <sup>q</sup>one of *insania: ne intelligis domine?* to  
make frantic, lunatic.

*Nath.* *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

*Hol.* *Bone?*—bone for bone: *Priscian* a little  
scratch'd; 'twill serve.

*Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.*

*Nath.* *Vilesne quis venit?*

*Hol.* *Vide, et gaudeo.*

*Arm.* Chirrah!

[*To Moth.*]

*Hol.* *Quare Chirrah, not sirrah?*

*Arm.* Men of peace, well encounter'd.

*Hol.* Most military sir, salutation.

*Moth.* They have been at a great feast of lan-  
guages, and stolen the scraps.

*Cost.* O! they have lived long on the <sup>r</sup>alms-bas-  
ket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten  
thee for a word: for thou art not so long by the head  
as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swal-  
lowed than a <sup>s</sup>flap-dragon.

*Moth.* Peace! the peal begins.

*Arm.* Monsieur, [*To Hol.*] are you not letter'd?

*Moth.* Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book.—

What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his  
*Hol.* Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added. [*head?*]

*Moth.* Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn.—You  
hear his learning.

*Hol.* *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat  
them; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

*Moth.* The sheep: the other two concludes it;  
o, u.

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterra-  
nean, a sweet touch, a quick <sup>t</sup>venew of wit! snip,  
snap, quick and home: it rejoiceth my intellect;  
true wit!

*Moth.* Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is  
<sup>u</sup>twit-old.

*Hol.* What is the figure? what is the figure?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy  
gig.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I  
will whip about your iufamy *circum circè*. A gig of  
a cuckold's horn!

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou  
shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is  
the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-  
penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion.  
O! an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert  
but my bastard, what a joyful father would'st thou  
make me. Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the  
fingers' ends, as they say.

*Hol.* O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *praambula*: we will be singled  
from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at  
the <sup>v</sup>large house on the top of the mountain?

*Hol.* Or *mons*, the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do, sans question.

<sup>a</sup> "That loves all men," i. e., that is pleasing to all men.—  
<sup>b</sup> In the days of archery it was of consequence to have the  
sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy.  
<sup>c</sup> Insinuations.—<sup>d</sup> "Fair Love" is Venus.—<sup>e</sup> "Sow'd  
cockle reap'd no corn:" a proverb, intimating that, begin-  
ning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but false-  
hood.—<sup>f</sup> i. e., Enough is as good as a feast.—<sup>g</sup> Discourse.—  
<sup>h</sup> Affection.—<sup>i</sup> Spirited; animated; confident.—<sup>k</sup> "Opin-  
ion," i. e., obstinacy from the French *opiniâtreté*.—<sup>l</sup> Pol-  
ished.—<sup>m</sup> Boastful; vainglorious.—<sup>n</sup> "Too picked," i. e., too  
fastidious in his dress.—<sup>o</sup> "Is too peregrinate," i. e., has too  
much of a foreign air or manner.

<sup>p</sup> "Point-de-vise," finical; nice to excess.—<sup>q</sup> "Alms-bas-  
ket," i. e., the refuse.—<sup>r</sup> A "flap-dragon" is a small inflam-  
mable substance which toppers used to swallow, floating on  
their wine.—<sup>s</sup> A "venew," in fencing, was a hit.—<sup>t</sup> "Wit-  
old," i. e., *zeitol*, a tame cuckold; the sense is here equivocal.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

*Hol.* The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable, for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure.

*Arm.* Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure you, my very good friend.—For what is 'inward between us, let it pass.—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other important and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too,—but let that pass;—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honors it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus; this swain, (because of his great limb or joint,) shall pass <sup>1</sup> for Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

*Arm.* Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake;" that is the way to make an offence <sup>c</sup>gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the Worthies?—

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman.

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this <sup>d</sup>fadge not, an antick, I beseech you, <sup>2</sup>to follow.

*Hol.* <sup>e</sup>Via!—Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*Hol.* *Alors!* we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Hol.* Most Dull, honest Dull. To our sport, away!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another part of the Same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

*Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA, <sup>3</sup>with presents.*

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If 'fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

*Prin.* Nothing but this? yes; as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all,

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his god-head <sup>4</sup>wax; For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Kath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy <sup>5</sup>gallows too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him: a' kill'd your sister.

*Kath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died: had she been light, like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might a' been a grandam ere she died; And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, 'mouse, of this light word?

*Kath.* A light condition in a beauty dark.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Kath.* You'll mar the light by taking it in <sup>6</sup>snuff; Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

*Kath.* So do not you, for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.

*Kath.* You weigh me not?—O! that's you care not for me.

*Ros.* Great reason; for, past cure is still past cure.

*Prin.* Well bandied both; a <sup>7</sup>set of wit well play'd. But, Rosaline, you have a favor too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

*Ros.* I would you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as your's, My favor were as great: be witness this. Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron.

The numbers true; and, were the numbring too, I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O! he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

*Prin.* Any thing like?

*Ros.* Much, in the letters, nothing in the praise.

*Prin.* Bouteous as ink: a good conclusion.

*Kath.* Fair as a text <sup>8</sup>in a copy-book. [debtor,

*Ros.* 'Ware <sup>m</sup>pencils! How? let me not die your My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of <sup>n</sup>O's!

*Prin.* A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all <sup>o</sup>shrews! But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Du-maine?

*Kath.* Madam, this glove.

*Prin.* Did he not send you twain?

*Kath.* Yes, madam; and, moreover, Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy, Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

<sup>a</sup> Confidential.—<sup>b</sup> Beard.—<sup>c</sup> Acceptable.—<sup>d</sup> "Fadge not," i. e., succeed not; suit not.—<sup>e</sup> "Via!" i. e., "Courage! come on!" (an Italian exclamation).

<sup>1</sup> Presents.—<sup>2</sup> Grow.—<sup>3</sup> "Gallows," i. e., a wretch that deserves the gallows.—<sup>4</sup> "Mouse" was formerly a term of endearment.—<sup>5</sup> "In snuff," i. e., in anger; there is also an allusion to the snuff of a candle.—<sup>6</sup> "Set," i. e., game.—<sup>7</sup> "Ware pencils!" i. e., Beware of drawing likenesses!—<sup>8</sup> "So full of O's!" i. e., so pitted with the small-pox.—<sup>9</sup> Shrews.



*Mar.* This, and these pearls to me sent Longaville:  
The letter is too long by half a mile.

*Prin.* I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart,  
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

*Prin.* We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.  
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O! that I knew he were but in by the <sup>a</sup>week!  
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,  
And wait the season, and observe the times,  
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,  
And shape his service wholly to my behests,  
And make him proud to make me proud that <sup>b</sup>jest!  
So <sup>1</sup>potently would I o'ersway his state,  
That he should be my fool, and I his fate. [catch'd,

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are  
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,  
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,  
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excess,  
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,  
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,  
To prove by wit worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Boyet.* O! I am stabbl'd with laughter. Where's

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet? [her grace?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare!

Arm, wenches, arm! <sup>2</sup>encounterers mounted are  
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd,  
Armed in arguments: you'll be surpris'd.

Must your wits; stand in your own defence,  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*Prin.* Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they,  
That charge <sup>3</sup>the breach against us? say, scout, say.

*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore,  
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,  
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold <sup>4</sup>address  
The king and his companions: warily  
I stole into a neighbor thicket by,  
And overheard what you shall overhear;

That by and by disguis'd they will be here.

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy:

Action, and accent, did they teach him there;

"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"

And ever and anon they made a doubt

Presence majestical would put him out;

"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;

Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."

The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;

I should have feared her, had she been a devil."

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.

One rubb'd his elbow thus, and <sup>5</sup>fleer'd and swore

A better speech was never spoke before:

Another, with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd <sup>6</sup>"Via! we will do't, come what will come:"

The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;"

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zealous laughter, so profound,

That in this <sup>7</sup>spleen ridiculous appears,

To check their folly, passion's <sup>8</sup>sudden tears.

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us?

*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,—  
Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,  
Their purpose is, to <sup>9</sup>parle, to court, and dance;  
And every one his <sup>5</sup>love-suit will advance  
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know  
By favors several which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;  
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,  
And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—  
Hold, Rosaline; this favor thou shalt wear,  
And then the king will court thee for his dear:  
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,  
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—  
And change you favors, too; so shall your loves  
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these <sup>10</sup>removes.

*Ros.* Come on then: wear the favors most in sight

*Kath.* But in this changing what is your intent?

*Prin.* The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:

They do it but in mockery, merriment;  
And mock for mock is only my intent.

Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,

Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

*Prin.* No; to the death, we will not move a foot:

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;

But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's  
And quite divorce his memory from his part. [heart,

*Prin.* Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,

The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;

So shall we stay, mocking intended game;

And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[Trumpets sound within.

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds: be mask'd, the mask-  
ers come. [The ladies mask.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE,  
in Russian habits, and masked; Moth, Musicians,  
and Attendants.

*Moth.* "All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!"

*Biron.* Beauties no richer than rich 'taffata.

*Moth.* "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[The ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views!"

*Biron.* "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."

*Moth.* "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—"

*Boyet.* True: "out," indeed. [safe

*Moth.* "Out of your favors, heavenly spirits, vouch-  
Not to behold!"—

*Biron.* "Once to behold," rogue.

*Moth.* "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,  
—with your sun-beamed eyes!"—

*Boyet.* They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes. [out.

*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings me

*Biron.* Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

*Ros.* What would these strangers? know their  
minds, Boyet.

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will

That some plain man recount their purposes.

Know what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the princess?

*Biron.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they?

<sup>a</sup> "By the week," i. e., for a certainty.—<sup>b</sup> i. e., Make him proud to flatter me, who mock at his flatteries.—<sup>c</sup> Ready; prepared.—<sup>d</sup> Grinned.—<sup>e</sup> "Via!" i. e., Come on!—<sup>f</sup> This spleen ridiculous," i. e., this ridiculous fit of laughter.

<sup>9</sup> "To parle," i. e., to converse; to talk.—<sup>10</sup> Exchanges.—<sup>11</sup> i. e., the taffata masks they wore.

*Boyet.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

*Boyet.* She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

*King.* Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,  
To tread a measure with her on this grass. [mile,

*Boyet.* They say, that they have measur'd many a  
To tread a <sup>a</sup>measure with you on this grass.

*Ros.* It is not so: ask them how many inches  
Is in one mile? if they have measur'd many,  
The measure then of one is easily told.

*Boyet.* If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,  
And many miles, the princess bids you tell,  
How many inches do fill up one mile.

*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

*Boyet.* She hears herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps,

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you:  
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it still without account.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine  
(Those clouds removed) upon our watery <sup>b</sup>eyne.

*Ros.* O, vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;  
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

*King.* Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one  
change.

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

*Ros.* Play, music, then! nay, you must do it soon.

[*Music plays.*]

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

*King.* Will you not dance? How come you thus  
estranged? [changed.

*Ros.* You took the moon at full, but now she's

*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays: vouchsafe some motion to it.

*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

*King.* But your legs should do it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by  
chance,

We'll not be nice. Take hands:—we will not dance.

*King.* Why take we hands then?

*Ros.* Only to part friends.—

Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

*King.* More measure of this measure: be not nice.

*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*King.* Prize you yourselves? What buys your

*Ros.* Your absence only. [company?

*King.* That can never be.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu.

Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In private then.

*King.* I am best pleas'd with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word  
with thee.

*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar: there are three.

*Biron.* Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice)  
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice!

There's half a dozen sweets.

*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu.

Since you can <sup>c</sup>og, I'll play no more with you.

*Biron.* One word in secret.

*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.

*Biron.* Thou griev'st my gall.

*Prin.* Gall? bitter.

*Biron.* Therefore meet. [*They converse apart.*]

*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

*Mar.* Name it.

*Dum.* Fair lady,—

*Mar.* Say you so? Fair lord.—

Take that for your fair lady.

*Dum.*

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Kath.* What, was your visor made without a tongue?

*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

*Kath.* O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,  
And would afford my speechless visor half. [calf?

*Kath.* <sup>d</sup>Veal, quoth the Dutchman.—Is not veal a

*Long.* A calf, fair lady?

*Kath.*

No, a fair lord calf.

*Long.* Let's part the word.

*Kath.*

No; I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it: it may prove an ox. [mocks.

*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

*Kath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.

*Kath.* Bleat softly then: the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense, so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,  
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter

things. [break off.

*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids: break off,

*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

*King.* Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple  
wits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, Music, and Attendants.*]

*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths

puff'd out, [fat.

*Ros.* <sup>e</sup>Well-liking wits they have: gross, gross; fat,

*Prin.* O, poverty in wit, <sup>f</sup>kill'd by pure flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night,

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

*Ros.* O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*Prin.* Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

*Mar.* Dumaine was at my service, and his sword:

No <sup>g</sup>point, quoth I: my servant straight was mute.

*Kath.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;

And trow you, what he call'd me?

*Prin.*

Qualm, perhaps.

*Kath.* Yes, in good faith.

*Prin.*

Go, sickness as thou art! [caps.

*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain <sup>h</sup>statute-  
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

*Prin.* And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

*Kath.* And Longaville was for my service born.

*Mar.* Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes: for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

*Prin.* Will they return?

<sup>a</sup> Well.—<sup>e</sup> Well-conditioned; fat.—<sup>f</sup> A quibble on the  
French adverb of negation: see Act ii. Scene 1.—<sup>g</sup> An allu-  
sion to a statute of Elizabeth, enjoining upon all but the no-  
bility, and some others, to wear woollen caps of English  
manufacture on Sundays and holidays, for the benefit of  
cap-makers.

<sup>a</sup> A slow and solemn dance.—<sup>b</sup> Eyes.—<sup>c</sup> Cheat; lie.

*Boyct.* They will, they will, God knows ;  
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :  
Therefore, change <sup>a</sup> favors ; and, when they repair,  
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air. [stood.]

*Prin.* How blow ! how blow ? speak to be under-

*Boyct.* Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud :  
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels veiling <sup>b</sup> clouds, or roses blown.

*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,  
Let's mock them still, as well, known, as disguis'd.  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in <sup>c</sup> shapeless gear ;  
And wonder, what they were, and to what end  
Their shallow shows, and prologue viley penn'd,  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our tent to us.

*Boyct.* Ladies, withdraw : the gallants are at hand.

*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as rocs run over land.

[*Exit PRINCESS, ROS. KATH. and MARIA.*]

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE,*  
*in their proper habits.*

*King.* Fair sir, God save you ! Where is the princess ?

*Boyct.* Gone to her tent : please it your majesty,  
Command me any service to her thither !

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boyct.* I will ; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Biron.* This fellow peeks up wit, as pigeons peas.  
And utters it again when God doth please.

He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares  
At wakes, and <sup>d</sup>wassails, meetings, markets, fairs ;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve :  
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.

A<sup>1</sup> can carve too, and lisp : why, this is he,  
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy :

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,  
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honorable terms : nay, he can sing  
A <sup>e</sup> mean most meanly ; and, in ushering,

Mend him who can : the ladies call him, sweet ;  
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.

This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
To show his teeth as white as whales' bone ;

And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyct.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,  
That put Armado's page out of his part !

*Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET ; ROSALINE,*  
*MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.*

*Biron.* See where <sup>f</sup>he comes !—Behavior, what  
wert thou,

Till this man show'd thee ? and what art thou now ?

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day !

*Prin.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better : I will give you leave.

*King.* We come to visit you, and purpose now  
To lead you to our court : vouchsafe it, then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me, and so hold you  
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men. [vow :

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke ;  
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

*Prin.* You nick-name virtue ; vice you should have  
spoke,

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honor, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest ;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O ! you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited ; much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord ; it is not so, I swear :

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam ! Russians ?

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord ;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

*Ros.* Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord :

My lady (to the manner of <sup>2</sup> these <sup>3</sup> days)

In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish : when we greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light : your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich, for in my

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty. [eye,—

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* O ! I am yours, and all that I possess.

*Ros.* All the fool mine ?

*Biron.*

I cannot give you less.

*Ros.* Which of the visors was it, that you wore ?

*Biron.* Where ? when ? what visor ? why demand  
you this ?

*Ros.* There, then, that visor ; that superfluous case,  
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

*King.* We are descried : they'll mock us now  
downright.

*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord ? Why looks your high-  
ness sad ? [look you pale ?—

*Ros.* Help ! hold his brows ! he'll swoon. Why  
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy. [jury.

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for per-  
Can any face of brass hold longer out !—

Here stand I, lady ; dart thy skill at me ;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O ! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue ;

Nor never come in visor to my <sup>h</sup> friend ;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song ;

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

<sup>i</sup> Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedanticall : these summer flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them ; and I here protest, [knows]

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God

<sup>a</sup> Features ; countenances.—<sup>b</sup> "Veiling clouds," i. e., caus-  
ing the clouds, which obscure their brightness, to sink be-  
fore them.—<sup>c</sup> Uncouth.—<sup>d</sup> Carousals ; drinking-bouts.—<sup>e</sup> The  
tenor in music.—<sup>f</sup> "Whales bone," the Saxon genitive case.  
This bone was the tooth of the horse-whale, or walrus.

<sup>g</sup> "To the manner of these days," i. e., after the fashion  
of these times.—<sup>h</sup> Mistress.—<sup>i</sup> A metaphor from the pile of  
velvet.

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In "russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :  
And, to begin,—wench, so God help me, la !  
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

*Ros.* Sans <sup>b</sup> SANS, I pray you.

*Biron.*

Yet I have a trick  
Of the old rage :—bear with me, I am sick ;  
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft ! let us see :—  
Write " Lord have mercy on 'us" on those three ;  
They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;  
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :  
These lords are visited ; you are not free,  
For the lord's tokens on you do I see.

*Prin.* No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

*Biron.* Our states are forfeit : seek not to undo us.

*Ros.* It is not so ; for how can this be true,  
That you stand forfeit, being those that <sup>d</sup> sue ?

*Biron.* Peace ! for I will not have to do with you.

*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

*Biron.* Speak for yourselves : my wit is at an end.

*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans-  
Some fair excuse. [gression

*Prin.* The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd ?

*King.* Madam, I was.

*Prin.* And were you well advis'd ?

*King.* I was, fair madam.

*Prin.* When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear ? [her.

*King.* That more than all the world I did respect

*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject

*King.* Upon mine honor, no. [her.

*Prin.* Peace ! peace ! forbear :

Your oath once broke, you " force not to forswear.

*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

*Prin.* I will ; and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

*Ros.* Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-sight, and did value me

Above this world ; adding thereto, moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

*Prin.* God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord

Most honorably doth uphold his word. [truth,

*King.* What mean you, madam ? by my life, my

I never swore this lady such an oath.

*Ros.* By heaven, you did ; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this : but take it, sir, again.

*King.* My faith, and this, the princess I did give :

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

*Prin.* Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear ;

And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—

What ! will you have me, or your pearl again ?

*Biron.* Neither of either ; I remit both twain.—

I see the trick on't :—here was a " consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas comedy. [i'zany,

Some " carry-tale, some " please-man, some slight

Some " mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some

Dick,

That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,

Told our intents before ; which once diselos'd,

The ladies did change favors, and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn—in will, and " error.

Much upon this it is :—and might not you [ To Boyet.

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue ?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the " squire,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?

You put our page out : go, you are " allow'd ;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

You leer upon me, do you ? there's an eye,

Wounds like a leaden sword.

*Boyet.*

Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run. [done.

*Biron.* Lo ! he is tilting straight. Peace ! I have

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit ! thou partest a fair fray.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three ?

*Cost.* No, sir ; but it is vara fine,

For every one pursents three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine.

*Cost.* Not so, sir ; under correction, sir, I hope, it  
is not so. [know what we know :

You cannot " beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir ; we  
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

*Biron.* Is not nine.

*Cost.* Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil  
it doth amount.

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*Cost.* O Lord ! sir, it were pity you should get  
your living by reckoning, sir.

*Biron.* How much is it ?

*Cost.* O Lord ! sir, the parties themselves, the  
actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount : for  
mine own part, I am, as they say, but to " pursent  
one man,—e'en one poor man—Pompion the great,  
sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the Worthies ?

*Cost.* It pleased them, to think me worthy of  
Pompion the great : for mine own part, I know not  
the degree of the Worthly, but I am to stand for him.

*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, sir : we will take  
some care. [Exit COSTARD.

*King.* Biron, they will shame us ; let them not  
approach. [policy

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord ; and 'tis some  
To have one show worse than the king's and his

*King.* I say, they shall not come. [company.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now.

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how :

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Die in the zeal of them which it presents,

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth ;

When great things laboring perish in their birth.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expense of  
thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of  
words. [ARMADO converses with the KING, and

delivers a paper to him.

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God ?

*Biron.* Why ask you ?

*Prin.* A' speaks not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey mon-  
arch ; for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding  
fantastical ; too, too vain ; too, too vain : but we will

\* Rustic.—<sup>b</sup> " Sans sans," i. e., without French words.—  
" Lord have mercy on us,"—the inscription on the doors  
of houses visited with the plague.—<sup>d</sup> That is, how can those  
be liable to forfeiture that begin the process ? The quibble  
lies in the ambiguity of the word *sue*, which signifies to *pro-  
ceed at law*, and to *petition*.—<sup>e</sup> Hesitate.—<sup>f</sup> " A consent," i. e.,  
an agreement, a conspiracy.—<sup>g</sup> Tale-bearer.—<sup>h</sup> Officious fel-  
low ; pickthank.—<sup>i</sup> Buffoon.—<sup>k</sup> Tale-bearer.

<sup>1</sup> First in *will*, and afterwards in *error*.—" Square ; rule.—  
" You are allow'd," i. e., you are an *allowed*, a *licensed*  
fool, and may say what you like.—<sup>a</sup> " You cannot beg us,"  
i. e., we are no fools.

put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!

[*Exit ARMADO.*]

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabeus. And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other.

*Biron.* There is five in the first show. [five.]

*King.* You are deceived; 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate throw at *novum*, and the whole world again Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes again.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompey.*

*Cost.* "I Pompey am,—"

*Boyet.* "You lie, you are not he.

*Cost.* "I Pompey am,—"

*Boyet.* With <sup>b</sup>libbard's head on knee.

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

*Cost.* "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—"

*Dum.* The great. [great;]

*Cost.* It is great, sir;—"Pompey surnam'd the That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat: [chance,

And travelling along this coast I here am come by And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France." [had done.]

If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I *Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in, "great."

*Biron.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

*Enter Sir NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.*

*Nath.* "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander; [might;]

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander."

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too 'right. [smelling knight.]

*Biron.* Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd.—Proceed, good Alexander. [commander;]"—

*Nath.* "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's

*Boyet.* Most true; 'tis right: you were so, Alisander.

*Biron.* Pompey the great,—

*Cost.* Your servant, and Costard. [sander.]

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away Ali-

*Cost.* O! sir, [To NATH.] you have overthrow

Alisander the conqueror. You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a <sup>d</sup>close-stool, will be given to

"Ajax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak? run away for shame, Alisander.

[NATH. retires.] There, an't shall please you: a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbor, faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas!

<sup>a</sup> "Abate throw at *novum*." *Novum* was a game at dice, of which nine and five were the principal throws. *Biron* therefore says, *abate a throw*, that is, leave out the *nine*, and the word cannot pick out five such knights.—<sup>b</sup> "Libbard's," i. e., leopard's: an allusion to the old heroic habits, which usually had a leopard's or lion's head on the knee and shoulders.—<sup>c</sup> The head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders.—<sup>d</sup> An allusion to the arms of Alexander, as given in the history of the Nine Worthies.—<sup>e</sup> A quibble founded on the resemblance in pronunciation of *Ajax* to a *jakes*.

you see, how 'tis;—a little *o'erparted*.—But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort. [TARD.]

<sup>2</sup> *King.* Stand aside, good Pompey. [*Exit COS- Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas, and MOTH armed, for Hercules.*]

*Hol.* "Great Hercules is presented by this imp, Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, [canis;] Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*.

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority, Ergo, I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Exit MOTH.*]

*Hol.* "Judas I am,—"

*Dum.* A Judas!

*Hol.* Not Iscariot, sir.—

"Judas I am, yclep'd Maccabeus."

*Dum.* Judas Maccabeus clipt is plain Judas.

*Biron.* A kissing traitor.—How art thou prov'd

*Hol.* "Judas I am,—" [Judas?]

*Dum.* The more shame for you, Judas.

*Hol.* What mean you, sir?

*Boyet.* To make Judas hang himself.

*Hol.* Begin, sir: you are my elder.

*Biron.* Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

*Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Biron.* Because thou hast no face.

*Hol.* What is this?

*Boyet.* A *c*itern head.

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Biron.* A death's face in a ring.

*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

*Boyet.* The pommel of Caesar's faulchion.

*Dum.* The carv'd-bone face on a <sup>b</sup>flask.

*Biron.* St. George's half-check in a 'brooch.

*Dum.* Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.

*Biron.* False: we have given thee faces.

*Hol.* But you have out-fac'd them all.

*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Biron.* For the ass to the Jude? give it him:—

Jud-as, away.

*Hol.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boyet.* A light for monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [baited!]

*Prin.* Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he been

*Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

*Dum.* Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

*King.* Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

*Boyet.* But is this Hector?

*King.* I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

*Long.* His leg is too big for Hector's.

*Dum.* More calf, certain.

*Boyet.* No; he is best indued in the small.

*Biron.* This cannot be Hector.

*Dum.* He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

*Arm.* "The armipotent Mars, of <sup>k</sup>lances the al-Gave Hector a gift,—" [mighty,

"A little *o'erparted*," i. e., his part is a little too much for him.—<sup>1</sup> The *citern* was a kind of harp or guitar, which had usually a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and finger-board.—<sup>2</sup> "Flask" here means a soldier's powder-horn.—<sup>3</sup> A *brooch* was an ornamental clasp for fastening hat-bands, girdles, mantles, etc.: a *brooch of lead*, because of his pale complexion, his *lead*en hue.—<sup>4</sup> Lanco-men,

*Dum.* A 'gift nutmeg.

*Biron.* A lemon.

*Long.* Stuck with cloves.

*Dum.* No, cloven.

*Arm.* Peace!

"The almighty Mars, of lances the almighty,  
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Iliou;  
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,  
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.  
I am that flower,—"

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten: sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man.—But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.<sup>2</sup>

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

*Boyct.* Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Arm.* "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—

<sup>3</sup> *Re-enter COSTARD, in haste, unarmed.*

*Cost.* The party is gone: fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What meanest thou?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamelize me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey!

*Boyct.* Renowned Pompey!

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is moved.—More Ates, more

<sup>a</sup> Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed Worthies!

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey!

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go <sup>c</sup> woolward for penance.

*Boyct.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore

none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favor.

*Enter Monsieur MERCADE, a Messenger.*

*Mer.* God save you, madam.

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercade,

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life!

*Mer.* Even so: my tale is told.

*Biron.* Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

*King.* How fares your majesty?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords, For all your fair endeavors; and entreat, Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide, The <sup>d</sup> liberal opposition of our spirits: If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord! A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue. Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme <sup>e</sup> parting time expressly forms All causes to the purpose of his speed; And often, at his very <sup>e</sup> loose, decides That which long process could not arbitrate: And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling courtesy of love The holy suit which faith it would <sup>f</sup> convince: Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow jumble it From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost Is not by much so wholesome, profitable, As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not: my griefs are <sup>g</sup> dull.

*Biron.* Honest plain words best pierce the ear of And by these badges understand the king. [Griefs; For your fair sakes have we neglected time, Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies, Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humors Even to the opposed end of our intents; And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,— As love is full of unbefitting <sup>h</sup> strangeness; All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain; Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye, Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms, Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll To every varied object in his glance: Which party-coated presence of loose love Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes, Have misbecome our oaths and gravities, Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults, <sup>i</sup> Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies, Our love being yours, the error that love makes Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false, By being once false for ever to be true To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you: And even that falsehood, in itself <sup>j</sup> so base, Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters full of love; Your favors, the ambassadors of love;

<sup>a</sup> "More Ates," i. e., more instigation: Ate was the goddess of Discord.—<sup>b</sup> "Northern man," i. e., a clown.—<sup>c</sup> "Woolward," i. e., so as to leave the woollen clothes next the skin.

<sup>d</sup> "Liberal," i. e., excessively free.—<sup>e</sup> Loose is a term in archery, signifying the act of discharging an arrow.—<sup>f</sup> "It would convince," i. e., it would succeed in obtaining.—<sup>g</sup> Tempted.

And, in our maiden council, rated them  
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,  
As <sup>a</sup> bombast, and as lining to the time.  
But more devout than this, in our respects  
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves  
In their own fashion, like a merriment. [Jest.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more than  
*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not <sup>b</sup> quote them so.

*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,  
Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short  
To make a world-without-end bargain in.  
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,  
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this.—  
If for my love (as there is no such cause)  
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:  
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed  
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;  
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs  
Have brought about their annual reckoning.  
If this austere insociable life  
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;  
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin <sup>c</sup> weeds,  
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial, and last love;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge me, <sup>1</sup> challenge by these deserts,  
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,  
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut  
My woful self up in a mourning house,  
Raining the tears of lamentation,  
For the remembrance of my father's death.  
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,  
Neither entitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,  
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,  
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye.

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

*Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?

*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank:  
You are attaint with faults and perjury;  
Therefore, if you my favor mean to get,  
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,  
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

*Dum.* But what to me, my love? but what to me?

*Kath.* A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;  
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O! shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

*Kath.* Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day  
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:  
Come when the king doth to my lady come,  
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Kath.* Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

*Long.* What says Maria?

*Mer.* At the twelvemonth's end,  
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*Long.* I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

*Mar.* The liker you: few taller are so young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady? mistress look on me:  
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,  
What humble suit attends thy answer there;  
Impose some service on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft <sup>2</sup> had I heard of you, my lord Biron,  
Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;  
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,  
Which you on all estates will <sup>3</sup> exercise,

That lie within the mercy of your wit:

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,  
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,  
Without the which I am not to be won,  
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,  
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse  
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,  
With all the <sup>4</sup> fierce endeavor of your wit,  
To enforce the pained impatient to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death?  
It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,  
Deaf'd with the clamors of their own <sup>4</sup> dire groans,  
Will hear your idle scorns, continue <sup>5</sup> them,  
And I will have you, and that fault withal;  
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,  
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

*Prin.* Ay, sweet, my lord; and so I take my leave.

[To the King.

*King.* No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy  
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,  
And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

*Arm.* Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me.—

*Prin.* Was not that Hector?

*Dum.* The worthy knight of Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave.  
I am a votary: I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold  
the plough for her sweet love three years. But,  
most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue  
that the two learned men have compiled in praise  
of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed  
in the end of our show.

*King.* Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD,  
and others.

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring;  
the one maintained by the owl, the other by the  
cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;  
Cuckoo,  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear!  
Unpleasing to a married ear.*

II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,*

<sup>a</sup> Bombast originally signified a soft loose stuff, used to swell garments.—<sup>b</sup> Reckon; regard.—<sup>c</sup> Clothing.

<sup>d</sup> Vehement.

*The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;  
Cuckoo,  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear!  
Unpleasing to a married ear.*

## III.

**Winter.** *When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who,  
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

## IV.

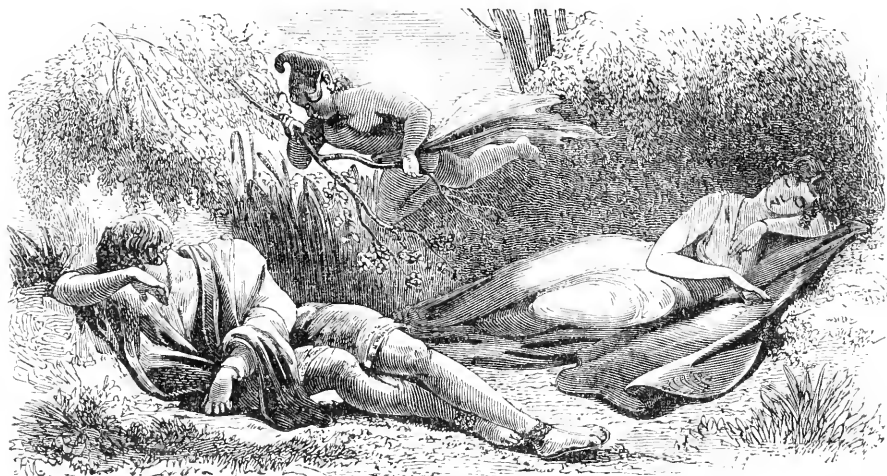
*When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
When roasted <sup>a</sup>crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who,  
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth <sup>b</sup>keel the pot.*

**Arm.** The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way: we, this way.  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> Crab-apples.—<sup>b</sup> To keel the pot is to skim it.



# MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.



ACT II.—Scene 3.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.  
 EGEUS, Father to Hermia.  
 LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.  
 DEMETRIUS, }  
 PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.  
 QUINCE, a Carpenter.  
 SNUG, a Joiner.  
 BOTTOM, a Weaver.  
 FLUTE, a Bellows-mender.  
 SNOUT, a Tinker.  
 STARVELING, a Tailor.  
 HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons.<sup>1</sup>  
 HERMIA,<sup>2</sup> in love with Lysander.  
 HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.  
 TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.  
 PUCK, or Robin-Goodfellow.<sup>3</sup>  
 PEAS-BLOSSOM, }  
 COBWEB, } Fairies.  
 MOTHP, }  
 MUSTARD-SEED, }  
 PYRAMUS, }  
 THISBE, } Characters in the Interlude.<sup>4</sup>  
 WALL, }  
 MOONSHINE, }  
 LION, }

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.  
 Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE; Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in the Palace of THESEUS.

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.*

*The.* Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
 Draws on apace: four happy days bring in  
 Another moon; but, oh, methinks, how slow  
 This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,  
 Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
 Long withering out a young man's revenue. [Nights;

*Hip.* Four days will quickly steep themselves in  
 Four nights will quickly dream away the time;  
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow  
 New bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
 Of our solemnities.

*The.* Go, Philostrate,  
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;  
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:  
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals,  
 The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,  
 And won thy love doing thee injuries;  
 But I will wed thee in another key,  
 With pomp, with a triumph, and with revelry.

*Enter EGEUS, with his daughter HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.*

*Ege.* Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!  
*The.* Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

*Ege.* Full of vexation come I; with complaint

<sup>a</sup> A triumph was a public show.

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—  
Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.—  
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,  
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,  
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:  
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,  
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;  
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, <sup>a</sup>gawds, conceits,  
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats (messengers  
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth,)—  
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;  
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn <sup>1</sup>hardness.—And, my gracious duke,  
Be it so, she will not here, before your grace,  
Consent to marry with Demetrius,  
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,  
As she is mine, I may dispose of her,  
Which shall be either to this gentleman,  
Or to her death, according to our law  
Immediately provided in that case.

*The.* What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.  
To you your father should be as a god;  
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one  
To whom you are but as a form in wax,  
By him imprinted, and within his power  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

*Her.* So is Lysander.

*The.* In himself he is;  
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would, my father look'd but with my eyes!

*The.* Rather, your eyes must with his judgment

*Her.* I do entreat your grace to pardon me. [look.  
I know not by what power I am made bold,  
Nor how it may concern my modesty,  
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;  
But I beseech your grace, that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

*The.* Either to die the death, or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.  
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;  
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,  
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,  
You can endure the livery of a nun,  
For <sup>b</sup>aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.  
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,  
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;  
But <sup>c</sup>earthly happier is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,  
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,  
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up  
Unto his lordship, <sup>2</sup>to whose unwish'd yoke  
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

*The.* Take time to pause: and by the next new  
moon,

The sealing-day betwixt my love and me  
For everlasting bond of fellowship,  
Upon that day either prepare to die  
For disobedience to your father's will,  
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;  
Or on Diana's altar to protest,  
For <sup>b</sup>aye, austerly and single life.

*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysander, yield  
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

*Lys.* You have her father's love, Demetrius;  
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

*Ege.* Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,  
And what is mine my love shall render him;  
And she is mine, and all my right of her  
I do estate unto Demetrius.

*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;  
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
(If not with vantage,) as Demetrius';  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
I am below'd of beauteous Hermia.  
Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this <sup>d</sup>spotted and inconstant man.

*The.* I must confess, that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;  
But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;  
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me,  
I have some private schooling for you both.—  
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
To fit your fancies to your father's will,  
Or else the law of Athens yields you up  
(Which by no means we may extenuate)  
To death, or to a vow of single life.—  
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?—  
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:  
I must employ you in some business  
Against our nuptial, and confer with you  
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

*Ege.* With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, DEMETRIUS, and LYSANDER.*]

*Lys.* How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?  
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

*Her.* Belike, for want of rain, which I could well  
<sup>e</sup>betwixt them from the tempest of mine eyes.

*Lys.* Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth;  
But, either it was different in blood,—

*Her.* O cross! too high to be enthralld to low!

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;—

*Her.* O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of <sup>3</sup>men;—

*Her.* O hell! to choose love by another's eyes!

*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say,—behold!  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Her.* If, then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,  
It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then, let us teach our trial, patience,  
Because it is a customary cross,  
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,  
Wishes, and tears, poor <sup>b</sup>fancy's followers. [mia.]

*Lys.* A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Her-  
I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:  
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;  
And she respects me as her only son.

<sup>a</sup> "Gawds," i. e., baubles; toys; trifles. —<sup>b</sup> "For aye," i. e., for ever. —<sup>c</sup> "Earthly happier," i. e., happier in an earthly sense.

<sup>d</sup> Wicked. —<sup>e</sup> Bestow. —<sup>f</sup> Momentary. —<sup>g</sup> Blackened. —<sup>h</sup> Fancy here is love.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,  
And in the wood, a league without the town,  
(Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
To do observance to a morn of May)  
There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good Lysander!  
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,  
By his best arrow with the golden head,  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,  
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;  
By all the vows that ever men have broke;  
In number more than ever women spoke;  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*Lys.* Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

*Enter HELENA.*

*Her.* God speed fair Helena! Whither away?  
*Hel.* Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.  
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!  
Your eyes are lodestars, and your tongue's sweet air  
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.  
Sickness is catching; O, were favor so!  
Your words I'd catch, fair Hermia; ere I go,  
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,  
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.  
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,  
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.  
O! teach me how you look, and with what art  
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.  
*Hel.* O, that your frowns would teach my smiles  
such skill!

*Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me love.  
*Hel.* O, that my prayers could such affection move!  
*Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.  
*Hel.* The more I love, the more he hateth me.  
*Her.* His fault, fair Helena, is none of mine.  
*Hel.* None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

*Her.* Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;  
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—  
Before the time I did Lysander see,  
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:  
O then, what graces in my love must dwell,  
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell!

*Lys.* Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.  
To-morrow night when Phoebe doth behold  
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,  
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal),  
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,  
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;  
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,  
To seek new friends and stranger companies.  
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,  
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—  
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight  
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit HERM.*]

*Lys.* I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:  
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit Lys.*]

*Hel.* How happy some, o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know;  
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities.  
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity.  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:  
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:  
And therefore is love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.  
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
So the boy love is perjur'd every where;  
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye,  
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;  
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;  
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,  
Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is dear recompence:  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in a Cottage.

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.*

*Quin.* Is all our company here?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the script.

*Quin.* Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess on his wedding-day at night.

*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors, and so go on to appoint.

*Quin.* Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

*Quin.* Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

*Bot.* What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move stones: I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—yet my chief humor is for a tyrant: I could play Hercules rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks,

"And shivering shocks,

"Shall break the locks

"Of prison-gates:

"And Phibbus' car

"Shall shine from far,

"And make and mar

"The foolish fates."

\* "Your fair," i. e., your fairness; your beauty.—The *lode-star* is the *polar star*.—<sup>c</sup> Countenance; feature.—<sup>d</sup> Transformed; changed.

<sup>e</sup> Sport.—<sup>f</sup> Eyes.—<sup>g</sup> "Script," i. e., *script*, a written paper.—<sup>h</sup> Gallantly.—<sup>i</sup> Hercules.

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.  
—This is Ereles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

*Quin.* Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

*Flu.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You must take Thisby on you.

*Flu.* What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

*Quin.* It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

*Flu.* Nay, faith, let me not play a woman: I have a beard coming.

*Quin.* That's all one. You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

*Bot.* An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice:—"Thisby, Thisby—Ah, Pyramus, my 'lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

*Quin.* No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

*Bot.* Well, proceed.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, the tailor.

*Star.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

*Snout.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father.—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part;—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

*Snug.* Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again: let him roar again."

*Quin.* An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us, every mother's son.

*Bot.* I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us, but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove: I will roar you 'an 'twere any nightingale.

*Quin.* You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day, a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it in either your straw-color beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light: there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of<sup>b</sup> properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

*Bot.* We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously.

*Quin.* Take pains; be perfect; adieu. At the duke's oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough, hold, or cut<sup>c</sup> bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> As if.—<sup>b</sup> Stage properties.—<sup>c</sup> "Hold, or cut bow-strings," i. e., be punctual, at all events, come what will.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

*Enter a Fairy and Puck<sup>2</sup> at opposite doors.*

*Puck.* How now, spirit! whither wander you?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her<sup>d</sup> orbs upon the green:

The cowslips<sup>3</sup> all her pensioners be;

In their gold<sup>4</sup> cups spots you see.

Those be rubies, fairy favors,

In those freckles live their savors:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou<sup>5</sup> 'lob of spirits: I'll be gone.

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night.

Take heed, the queen come not within his sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king:

She never had so sweet a changeling;

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;

But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:

And now they never meet in grove, or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled star-light<sup>6</sup> 'sheen,

But they do<sup>7</sup> square; that all their elves, for fear,

Creeep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,

Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,

That frights the maidens of the villagery;

Skims milk, and sometimes labors in the<sup>8</sup> quern,

And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;

And sometimes makes the drink to bear no<sup>9</sup> 'barm;

Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm!

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,

You do their work, and they shall have good luck.

Are not you he?

*Puck.* <sup>5</sup>Fairy, thou speak'st aright;

I am that merry wanderer of the night.

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,

When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,

Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:

And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

In very likeness of a roasted<sup>10</sup> crab;

And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,

And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.

The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,

Sometimes for three-foot stool mistaketh me;

Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,

And "tailor!" cries, and falls into a cough;

And then the whole quire hold their hips, and laugh,

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.—

But room, Fairy: here comes Oberon. [*gone!*]

*Fai.* And here my mistress.—Would that he were

*Enter OBERON, from one side, with his train, and*

*TITANIA, from the other, with hers.*

*Obe.* Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

*Tita.* What, jealous Oberon! <sup>6</sup>Fairies, skip hence:

<sup>4</sup> Fairy-rings.—<sup>5</sup> Lubber; clown.—<sup>6</sup> Shining.—<sup>7</sup> Quarrel.—<sup>8</sup> Hand-mill.—<sup>9</sup> Yeast.—<sup>10</sup> Wild apple.

I have forsworn his bed and company.

*Obc.* Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

*Tita.* Then, I must be thy lady; but I know  
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,  
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest steep of India,  
But that, forsooth, the bounding Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come  
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

*Obc.* How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,  
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,  
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?  
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night  
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?  
And make him with fair *Æglé* break his faith,  
With Ariadne, and Antiope?

*Tita.* These are the forgeries of jealousy:  
And never, since the middle summer's <sup>a</sup> spring,  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beached margin of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fog; which falling in the land,  
Have every <sup>b</sup> pelted river made so proud,  
That they have overborne their <sup>c</sup> continents:  
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn  
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock:  
The nine men's <sup>d</sup> morris is fill'd up with mud;  
And the quaint mazes on the wanton green,  
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.  
The human mortals want their winter here:  
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;  
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound:  
And thorough this distemperature, wt see  
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;  
And on old <sup>e</sup> Hyem's chin, and icy crown,  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,  
The childing autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,  
By their <sup>f</sup> increase, now knows not which is which.  
And this same progeny of evils comes  
From our debate, from our dissension:  
We are their parents and original.

*Obc.* Do you amend it then; it lies in you.  
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?  
I do but beg a little changing boy,  
To be my <sup>g</sup> henchman.

*Tita.* Set your <sup>h</sup> art at rest:  
<sup>i</sup> Thy fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a votaress of my order:  
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
Full often bath she gossip'd by my side,  
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;  
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,  
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind;

Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait  
Following, (her womb, then <sup>j</sup> ripe with my young  
Would imitate, and sail upon the land, [squire]  
To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;  
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,  
And for her sake I will not part with him.

*Obc.* How long within this wood intend you stay?

*Tita.* Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.  
If you will patiently dance in our round,  
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;  
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

*Obc.* Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

*Tita.* Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away!  
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit* TITANIA, with her train.

*Obc.* Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this  
Till I torment thee for this injury.— [grove,  
My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

*Puck.* I remember.

*Obc.* That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took  
At a fair <sup>k</sup> vestal throned by the west,  
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,  
And the imperial votaress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, <sup>l</sup> fancy-free.  
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,  
And maidens call it <sup>m</sup> love-in-idleness.  
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:  
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that <sup>n</sup> is seen.  
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,  
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

*Puck.* <sup>o</sup> I'd put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes. [*Exit* PUCK.

*Obc.* Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:  
The next thing then she waking looks upon,  
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;  
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,  
(As I can take it with another herb)  
I'll make her render up her page to me.  
But who comes here? I am invisible,  
And I will over-hear their conference. [*Retiring.*

*Enter* DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.  
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,  
And here am I, and <sup>p</sup> wood within this wood,  
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.  
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

<sup>a</sup> Beginning.—<sup>b</sup> Paltry.—<sup>c</sup> "Their continents," i. e., the banks which contain them.—<sup>d</sup> "The nine men's morris" was a rural game played upon the ground.—<sup>e</sup> Winter's.—<sup>f</sup> Produce; fruits.—<sup>g</sup> Page.

<sup>j</sup> A compliment to Queen Elizabeth was here intended.—  
<sup>k</sup> Exempt from the power of love.—<sup>l</sup> The tricolored violet.—  
<sup>m</sup> Mad; raving.

*Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;  
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you.

*Dem.* Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?  
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

*Hel.* And even for that do I love you the more.  
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:  
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What worse place can I beg in your love,  
(And yet a place of high respect with me,) Than to be used as you use your dog?

*Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,  
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

*Hel.* And I am sick when I look not on you.

*Dem.* You do impeach your modesty too much,  
To leave the city, and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not;  
To trust the opportunity of night,  
And the ill counsel of a desert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

*Hel.* Your virtue is my privilege for that.  
It is not night, when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night;  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,  
For you, in my respect, are all the world.  
Then how can it be said, I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me?

*Dem.* I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,  
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase:  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed!  
When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.

*Dem.* I will not stay thy questions: let me go;  
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

*Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.  
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,  
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*]

*Obe.* Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,  
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

*Re-enter PUCK.*

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.

*Obe.*

I pray thee, give it me.  
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where 'ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:  
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,  
Lull'd in these bowers with dances and delight;  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:  
A sweet Athenian lady is in love

With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;  
But do it, when the next thing he espies  
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man  
By the Athenian garments he hath on.  
Effect it with some care, that he may prove  
More fond on her, than she upon her love.  
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.  
*Puck.* Fear not, my lord: your servant shall do so.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Another Part of the Wood.

*Enter TITANIA, with her train.*

*Tita.* Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:  
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;  
Some war with 'rear-mice for their leathern wings,  
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back  
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders  
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

### FAIRIES' SONG.

*I Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,  
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,  
<sup>b</sup> Newts, and <sup>b</sup> blind-worms, do no wrong;  
Come not near our fairy queen:

### CHORUS.

*Philomel, with melody,  
Sing <sup>2</sup> now your sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.*

### II.

*2 Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

### CHORUS.

*Philomel, with melody, &c.*

*2 Fai.* Hence, away! now all is well.  
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.*]

*Enter OBERON.*

*Obe.* What thou seest, when thou dost wake,  
<sup>3</sup> [Anointing TITANIA'S eye-lids.]

Do it for thy true love take;  
Love, and languish for his sake:  
Be it <sup>k</sup> ounce, or cat, or bear,  
<sup>l</sup> Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.  
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.*

*Lys.* Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;  
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:  
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.  
*Her.* Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.  
*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both:  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

\* "Impeach," i. e., bring in question.—<sup>b</sup> "Upon," i. e., by.  
—The "ox-lip" is the greater crowslip.—<sup>d</sup> Vigorous.

\*The roundel was a kind of circular dance.—<sup>f</sup> Bats.—  
<sup>g</sup> Sports.—<sup>h</sup> Efts.—<sup>i</sup> Slow-worms.—<sup>k</sup> Tiger; tiger-cat.—  
<sup>l</sup> Leopard.

*Her.* Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear, Lie further off yet: do not lie so near.

*Lys.* O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence; Love takes the meaning in love's confidence.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,

So that but one heart we can make of it:

Two bosoms interchain'd with an oath;

So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.

Then, by your side no bed-room me deny,

For, lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lie.

*Her.* Lysander riddles very prettily.

Now much <sup>a</sup> beshrew my manners and my pride,

If *Hermia* meant to say Lysander lied.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy

Lie further off; in human modesty

Such separation as may well be said

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,

So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.

Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;

And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

*Her.* With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*]

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Through the forest have I gone,

But Athenian found I none,

On whose eyes I might approve

This flower's force in stirring love.

Night and silence! who is here?

Weeds of Athens he doth wear:

This is he, my master said,

Despised the Athenian maid;

And here the maiden, sleeping sound

On the dank and dirty ground.

Pretty soul! she durst not lie

Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw

All the power this charm doth <sup>b</sup>owe.

<sup>c</sup> [*Anointing his eyes.*]

When thou wak'st, let love forbid

Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.

So awake when I am gone,

For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*]

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.*

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

*Dem.* I charge thee, hence; and do not haunt me thus.

*Hel.* O! wilt thou <sup>c</sup> darkling leave me? do not so.

*Dem.* Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.

[*Exit DEMETRIUS.*]

*Hel.* O! I am out of breath in this fond chase.

The more my prayer, the lesser is my <sup>d</sup> grace.

Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoe'er she lies,

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than her's.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,

For beasts that meet me, run away for fear;

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with *Hermia*'s spher<sup>e</sup> <sup>e</sup> *eyne*?—

But who is here?—Lysander on the ground?

Dead, or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.—

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

*Lys.* And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake. [*Waking.*]

Transparent *Helena*! Nature here shows art,  
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

*Hel.* Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.

What though he love your *Hermia*? Lord! what  
though?

Yet *Hermia* still loves you: then, be content.

*Lys.* Content with *Hermia*? No: I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love.

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd,

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season;

So I, being young, till now 'ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook

Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong; good sooth, you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,

Should, of another, therefore, be abus'd! [*Exit.*]

*Lys.* She sees not *Hermia*.—*Hermia*, sleep thou

And never may'st thou come Lysander near; [there;

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive;

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,

Of all be hated, but the most of me;

And all my powers address <sup>2</sup> their love and might,

To honor *Helen*, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*]

*Her.* <sup>4</sup> Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,  
<sup>5</sup> [*Waking.*]

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.

Ah, me, for pity!—what a dream was here!

Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—

Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?

Alack! where are you? speak, as if you hear;

Speak, of all <sup>3</sup> loves! I swoon almost with fear.

No?—then I will perceive you are not nigh:

Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. <sup>6</sup> *TITANIA* lying asleep.

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.*

*Bot.* Are we all met?

*Quin.* Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

*Bot.* Peter Quince,—

*Quin.* What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

<sup>a</sup> "Much beshrew," i. e., ill befall. — <sup>b</sup> Possess. — <sup>c</sup> "Darkling," i. e., in the dark. — <sup>d</sup> Acceptableness; favor. — <sup>e</sup> Eyes.

<sup>f</sup> "Ripe not," i. e., was not ripe. — <sup>g</sup> "Of all loves," i. e., by all that is dear.

*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of "Pyramus and Thisby," that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

*Snout.* <sup>a</sup> By'r'lakin, a <sup>b</sup> parlous fear.

*Star.* I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and <sup>c</sup> six.

*Bot.* No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more <sup>d</sup> fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

*Snout.* Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect:—"Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are;" and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug*, the joiner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

*Snug.* Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby (says the story,) did talk through the chink of a wall.

*Snug.* You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

*Bot.* Some man or other must <sup>e</sup> present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some <sup>f</sup> lime, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: <sup>2</sup> and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that <sup>g</sup> brake; and so every one according to his cue.

*Enter Puck behind.*

*Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have we swag-gering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

*Pyr.* "Thisby, the flowers <sup>3</sup> have odious savors sweet,"—

*Quin.* Odors, odors.

*Pyr.*—"odors savors sweet:

So bath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear.—

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear." [*Exit.*

*Puck.* A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here. [*Exit.*

*This.* Must I speak now?

*Quin.* Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

*This.* "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier, Most briske <sup>4</sup> juvenile, and <sup>5</sup> like most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire, I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

*Quin.* Ninus' tomb, man. Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, <sup>6</sup> cues and all.—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

*Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head <sup>4</sup> on.*

*This.* O!—"As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."

*Pyr.* "If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine."—

*Quin.* O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[*Exeunt Clowns, <sup>6</sup> in confusion.*

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round, Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn, Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*  
*Bot.* Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

*Re-enter SNOOT.*

*Snout.* O Bottom! thou art changed: what do I see on thee? [*Exit <sup>7</sup> frightened.*

*Bot.* What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own, do you?

*Re-enter QUINCE.*

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit <sup>7</sup> frightened.*

*Bot.* I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

*The <sup>8</sup> oosel-cock, so black of hue,*

*With orange-tawny bill,*

*The <sup>9</sup> throstle with his note so true,*

*The wren with little quill.*

*Tita.* What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

*Bot.* *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*  
*The plain-song cuckoo gray,*

*Whose note full many a man doth mark,*  
*And dares not answer, nay;*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a

<sup>a</sup> By our lady.—<sup>b</sup> Alarming; amazing.—<sup>c</sup> Verses of eight and six syllables.—<sup>d</sup> Terrible.—<sup>e</sup> Represent.—<sup>f</sup> Thicket.

<sup>8</sup> Young man.—<sup>9</sup> Likewise.—<sup>1</sup> The cues are the last words of the preceding speech.—<sup>2</sup> Blackbird.—<sup>3</sup> Thrush.



bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :  
Mine ear is much enamor'd of thy note,  
So is mine eye entrall'd to thy shape ;  
And thy fair virtues force, perforce, doth move me,  
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that : and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can "gleek upon occasion.

*Tita.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so, neither ; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Tita.* Out of this wood do not desire to go :  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit of no common rate ;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state,  
And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—  
Peas-blossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-seed !

*Enter four Fairies.*

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* Where shall we go ?

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman :  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;  
Feed him with apricocks, and <sup>b</sup>dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.  
<sup>c</sup>Their honey bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,  
To have my love to bed, and to arise ;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes.  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal !

2 *Fai.* Hail !

3 *Fai.* Hail !

4 *Fai.* Hail !

*Bot.* I cry you worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire <sup>2</sup> of you more acquaintance, good master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman ?

*Peas.* Peas-blossom.

*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to mistress <sup>c</sup>Squash, your mother, and to master Peasod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire <sup>3</sup> of you more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir ?

*Mus.* Mustard-seed.

*Bot.* Good master Mustard-seed, I know your <sup>d</sup>patience well : that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire <sup>4</sup> of you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

\* Joke; jest.—<sup>b</sup> Apricocks and raspberries.—<sup>c</sup> A *squash* meant formerly an unripe peaseod.—<sup>d</sup> "Your patience" is spoken here ironically; as the opinion was formerly prevalent, that *mustard* excited *choler*.

*Tita.* Come, wait upon him : lead him to my bower. The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
Lamenting some enforced chastity.  
Tie up my lover's tongue, <sup>2</sup>and bring him silently.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Wood.

*Enter OBERON.*

*Obe.* I wonder, if Titania be awak'd ;  
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must dote on in extremity.

*Enter PUCK.*

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit ?  
What <sup>a</sup>night-rule now about this haunted grove ?

*Puck.* My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of <sup>f</sup>patches, rude <sup>g</sup>mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play,  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that <sup>b</sup>barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,  
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,  
When I did him at this advantage take ;  
An ass's <sup>i</sup>nowl I fixed on his head :  
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,  
And forth my <sup>k</sup>mimic comes. When they him spy,  
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
Or russet-pated <sup>l</sup>choughs, many in <sup>m</sup>sort,  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;  
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,  
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls :  
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.  
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong,  
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch,  
Some, sleeves, some, hats, from yielders all things  
I led them on in this distracted fear, [catch.  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there ;  
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)  
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.  
*Obe.* This falls out better than I could devise.  
But hast thou yet <sup>n</sup>latch'd the Athenian's eyes  
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?  
*Puck.* I took him sleeping, (that is finish'd too)  
And the Athenian woman by his side,  
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.*

*Obe.* Stand close : this is the same Athenian.

*Puck.* This is the woman ; but not this the man.  
[<sup>o</sup> *They stand apart.*]

*Dem.* O ! why rebuke you him that loves you so ?  
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe. [worse,  
*Her.* Now, I but chide ; but I should use thee  
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.  
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,  
And kill me too.  
The sun was not so true unto the day,  
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away  
From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon,  
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon  
May through the centre creep, and so displease

\* Revelry.—<sup>f</sup> Fools ; simpletons.—<sup>g</sup> Mechanics.—<sup>h</sup> "Barren sort," i. e., dull, clownish company.—<sup>i</sup> Sconce ; head.—<sup>k</sup> Actor.—<sup>l</sup> Dawe.—<sup>m</sup> Company.—<sup>n</sup> "Latch'd," i. e., licked or smeared over.

Her brother's noon-tide with th' Antipodes.

It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;  
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

*Dem.* So should the murder'd look, and so should I,  
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;  
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,  
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

*Her.* What's this to my Lysander? where is he?  
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

*Dem.* I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

*Her.* Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O! once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake;

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave 'a touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

*Dem.* You spend your passion<sup>1</sup> in a<sup>b</sup> mispris'd<sup>c</sup> flood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

*Dem.* And, if I could, what should I get therefore?

*Her.* A privilege, never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so;

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*]

*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*]

*Obe.* What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken

quite, <sup>2</sup> [*Coming forward.*]

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

Of thy 'misprision must perforce ensue

Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules; that one man holding

truth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

*Obe.* About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find:

All 'a fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here:

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

*Puck.* I go, I go; look how I go;

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*]

*Obe.* Flower of this purple die,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye. <sup>3</sup> [*Anointing his eyes.*]

When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky,—

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy band,

Helena is here at hand,

And the youth mistook by me,

Pleading for a lover's fee,

Shall we their fond pageant see?

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

*Obe.* Stand aside: the noise they make

Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two at once woo one;

That must needs be sport alone;

And those things do best please me,

That befall preposterously. <sup>4</sup> [*They stand apart.*]

\* Trick.—<sup>b</sup> Mistaken.—<sup>c</sup> Mistake.—<sup>d</sup> Love-sick.

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.*

*Lys.* Why should you think that I should woo in  
Scorn and derision never come in tears: [scorn?  
Look, when I vow I weep, and vows so born,  
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,

Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O, devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

Weight oath with oath, and you will nothing

weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

*Lys.* I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

*Hel.* Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

*Lys.* Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

*Dem.* O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

[*Awaking.*]

To what, my love, shall I compare thine 'eyne?

Crystal is muddy. O! how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss

This 'impress of pure white, this seal of bliss!

*Hel.* O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me, for your merriment:

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in 'souls to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia,

And now both rivals, to mock Helena.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! none of noble sort

Would so offend a virgin, and extort

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so,

For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:

And here, with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

And yours 'in Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

*Hel.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

*Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia: I will none:

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,

And now to Helen is it home return'd,

There to remain.

*Lys.* Helen, it is not so.

*Dem.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,

Lest to thy peril thou 'a by it dearest.—

Look, where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

*Enter HERMIA.*

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function

The ear more quick of apprehension makes; [takes,

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

It pays the hearing double recompense.

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so? [go?

*Lys.* Why should he stay, whom love doth press to

*Her.* What love could press Lysander from my side?

*Lys.* Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,

\* Eyes.—<sup>a</sup> "Join in souls," i. e., join heartily.—<sup>b</sup> Degree;

quality.—<sup>c</sup> "A by it dearest," i. e., rue it; pay dearly for it.

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night  
Than all you fiery <sup>a</sup>aces and eyes of light.  
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

*Her.* You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

*Hel.* Lo! she is one of this confederacy.

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,  
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd  
To bait me with this foul derision?  
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us,—O! is all forgot?  
All school-day's friendship, <sup>1</sup> childhood's innocence?  
We, Hermia, like two <sup>b</sup>artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition;  
Two <sup>2</sup>loving berries moulded on one stem,  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.  
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

*Her.* I am amazed at your passionate words.  
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

*Hel.* Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face,  
And made your other love, Demetrius,  
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)  
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,  
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this  
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander  
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
And tender me, forsooth, affection,  
But by your setting on, by your consent?  
What though I be not so in grace as you,  
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,  
But miserable most to love unlov'd,  
This you should pity, rather than despise.

*Her.* I understand not what you mean by this.

*Hel.* Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,  
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;  
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:  
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.  
If you <sup>3</sup>had any pity, grace, or manners,  
You would not make me such an <sup>c</sup>argument.  
But, fire ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault,  
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

*Lys.* Stay, gentle Helena: hear my excuse:  
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

*Hel.* O excellent!

*Her.* Sweet, do not scorn her so.

*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

*Lys.* Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:  
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak  
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do: [prayers.—  
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,  
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

*Dem.* I say, I love thee more than he can do.

*Lys.* If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

*Dem.* Quick, come,—

[him.

*Her.* Lysander, whereto tends all this? <sup>4</sup>[*Holding*

*Lys.* Away, you Ethiop!

*Dem.*

<sup>5</sup>No, no, he'll—

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;  
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

*Lys.* Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let  
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent. [loose,

*Her.* Why are you grown so rude? what change  
Sweet love? [is this,

*Lys.* Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, cut!

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

*Her.* Do you not jest?

*Hel.*

Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

*Lys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

*Dem.* I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,  
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

*Lys.* What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her  
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. [dead?

*Her.* What! can you do me greater harm than hate?  
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what <sup>6</sup>means my love?  
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?  
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile. [me:

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night you left  
Why, then you left me (O, the gods forbid!)  
In earnest, shall I say?

*Lys.*

Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt;

Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

*Her.* O me!—you juggler! you <sup>a</sup>canker-blossom!  
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,  
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

*Hel.*

Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

*Her.* Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare

Between our statues: she hath urg'd her height,

And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—

And are you grown so high in his esteem,

Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me: I was never <sup>c</sup>curst;

I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

I am a right maid for my cowardice;

Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,

Because she is something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

*Her.*

Lower! hark, again.

*Hel.* Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

I told him of your stealth unto this wood.

He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him;

But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back,

And follow you no farther. Let me go:

You see how simple and how <sup>f</sup>fond I am.

*Her.* Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?

*Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

<sup>a</sup> Circles.—<sup>b</sup> Artful; ingenious.—<sup>c</sup> "Such an argument,"  
i. e., such a subject of light merriment.

<sup>d</sup> Canker-worm.—<sup>e</sup> Shrewish; mischievous.—<sup>f</sup> Foolish.

*Her.* What, with Lysander?

*Hel.*

With Demetrius.

*Lys.* Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.  
*Dem.* No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

*Hel.* O! when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd. She was a vixen when she went to school; And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

*Her.* Little again? nothing but low and little?—Why will you suffer her to flout me thus? Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you dwarf;  
You minimus, of hindering <sup>a</sup> knot-grass made;  
You bead, you acorn.

*Dem.* You are too officious  
In her behalf that scorns your services.  
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;  
Take not her part, for if thou dost <sup>b</sup> intend  
Never so little show of love to her,  
Thou shalt <sup>c</sup> aby it.

*Lys.* Now she holds me not;  
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,  
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

*Dem.* Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.  
[*Exit* *Lys.* and *Dem.*]

*Her.* You, mistress, all this coil is <sup>d</sup> 'long of you.  
Nay, go not back.

*Hel.* I will not trust you, I,  
Nor longer stay in your curst company.  
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;  
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*]

*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*]  
*Obe.* This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,  
<sup>1</sup> [Com'g forward.]

Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.  
Did not you tell me I should know the man  
By the Athenian garments he had on?  
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,  
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;  
And so far am I glad it so did <sup>e</sup> sort,  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

*Obe.* Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;  
And lead these testy rivals so astray,  
As one come not within another's way.  
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;  
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;  
And from each other look thou lead them thus,  
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep,  
With leaden legs and batty wings, doth creep:  
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error with his might,  
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.  
When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;  
And back to Athens shall the lovers 'wend,  
With league, whose date till death shall never end.  
While I in this affair do thee employ,  
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;  
And then I will her charmed eye release  
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,  
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,

Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,  
That in cross-ways and floods have <sup>f</sup> burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone;  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,  
They wilfully themselves exile from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

*Obe.* But we are spirits of another sort.  
I with the morning's <sup>g</sup> love have oft made sport;  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.  
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay: [*RON.*]  
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit* *OBE.*]

*Puck.* Up and down, up and down;  
I will lead them up and down:  
I am fear'd in field and town;  
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

*Enter* *LYSANDER.*

*Lys.* Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak  
thou now. [thou?]

*Puck.* Here, villain! drawn and ready. Where art  
*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.

*Puck.* Follow me then  
To plainer ground. [*Exit* *Lys.* as following the voice.]

*Enter* *DEMETRIUS.*

*Dem.* Lysander! speak again.  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled? [head?]  
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy

*Puck.* Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,  
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou  
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd, [child:  
That draws a sword on thee.

*Dem.* Yea; art thou there?

*Puck.* Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.  
[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* *LYSANDER.*

*Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on:  
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:  
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here wilt rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*]

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*]

*Re-enter* *PUCK* and *DEMETRIUS.*

*Puck.* Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

*Dem.* Abide me if thou dar'st; for well I wot,  
Thou run'st before me, shifting every place,  
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.  
Where art thou now?

*Puck.* Come hither: I am here.

*Dem.* Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt  
If ever I thy face by day-light see: [<sup>i</sup> by this dear,  
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me  
To measure out my length on this cold bed.  
By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

*Enter* *HELENA.*

*Hel.* O weary night! O, long and tedious night!  
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east,  
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,  
From these that my poor company detest.

<sup>a</sup> Knot-grass was anciently believed to hinder the growth of children.—<sup>b</sup> Pretend.—<sup>c</sup> Aby it, i. e., rue it.—<sup>d</sup> Long of you, i. e., on your account.—<sup>e</sup> Chance; fall out.—<sup>f</sup> Go.

<sup>g</sup> The ghosts of self-murderers, who were buried in cross-roads, and those who perished by drowning (according to the opinion of the ancients), were condemned to wander for a hundred years.—<sup>h</sup> Cephalus, the mighty hunter, was here probably meant.—<sup>i</sup> By this dear, i. e., rue this dearly.

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*]

*Puck.* Yet but three? Come one more;  
Two of both kinds make up four.  
Here she comes, curst and sad.  
Cupid is a knavish lad,  
Thus to make poor females mad.

*Enter HERMIA.*

*Hcr.* Never so weary, never so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers:  
I can no farther crawl, no farther go;  
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.  
Here will I rest me till the break of day.  
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[*They sleep.*]

*Puck.* On the ground sleep sound:

I'll apply to your eye,  
Gentle lover, remedy.

<sup>2</sup>[*Anointing LYSANDER'S eyes.*]

When thou wak'st, <sup>3</sup>see thou tak'st  
True delight in the sight  
Of thy former lady's eye:  
And the country proverb known,  
That every man should take his own,  
In your waking shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jill;  
Nought shall go ill;  
The man shall have his mare again,  
And all shall be well.

[*Exit PUCK.*—*DEM. HEL. &c. sleep.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; Fairies attending:*  
*OBERON behind unseen.*

*Tita.* Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do <sup>a</sup>coy,  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

*Bot.* Where's Peas-blossom?

*Peas.* Ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's  
monsieur Cobweb?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Bot.* Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your  
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped  
humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mon-  
sieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself  
too much in the action, monsieur; and, good mon-  
sieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I would  
be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag,  
signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

*Must.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give me your <sup>b</sup>neif, monsieur Mustard-seed.  
Pray you, leave your courtesies, good monsieur.

*Must.* What's your will?

*Bot.* Nothing, good monsieur, but to help <sup>c</sup>cavale-  
ry Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,  
monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy  
about the face, and I am such a tender ass, if my  
hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

*Tita.* What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet  
love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in music: let's  
have the tongs and the bones.

*Tita.* Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

*Bot.* Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch  
your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great de-  
sire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath  
no fellow.

*Tita.* I have a venturous fairy that shall seek  
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful or two of dried  
peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir  
me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.  
Fairies, be gone, and be <sup>a</sup>a while away.  
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,  
Gently entwist: the female ivy so  
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.  
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*]

*Enter PUCK.*

*OB.* [*Advancing.*] Welcome, good Robin. Seest  
thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity;  
For meeting her of late behind the wood,  
Seeking sweet savors for this hateful fool,  
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;  
For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds  
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,  
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,  
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.  
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,  
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,  
I then did ask of her her changeling child,  
Which straight she gave me; and her fairy sent  
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.  
And now I have the boy, I will undo  
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:  
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp  
From off the head of this Athenian swain,  
That he, awaking when the <sup>d</sup>other do,  
May all to Athens back again repair,  
And think no more of this night's accidents,  
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be; <sup>e</sup>[*Anointing her*  
See, as thou wast wont to see:  
Dian's <sup>f</sup>bud o'er Cupid's flower  
[*eyes.*]

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen.  
*Tita.* My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought, I was enamor'd of an ass.  
*Ob.* There lies your love.

*Tita.* How came these things to pass?  
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

*Ob.* Silence, a while—Robin, take off this head.—  
Titania, music call; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

*Tita.* Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.

*Puck.* Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own  
fool's eyes peep. [with me,

*Ob.* Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands  
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,  
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly  
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
And bless it to all fair posterity.  
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*Puck.* Fairy king, attend, and mark:  
I do hear the morning lark.

*Ob.* Then, my queen, in silence 'sad,  
Trip we after the night's shade;

<sup>a</sup>To "coy" is to stroke or soothe with the hand.—*b*Fist.  
—*c*Cavalero.

<sup>d</sup>Others.—*e*The bud of the *Agnus Castus*, or *chaste tree*.—  
—*f*"Sad," i.e., grave; serious.

We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wandering moon.

*Tita.* Come, my lord; and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night,  
That I sleeping here was found

With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*  
[*Horns sound within.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.*

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the forester;  
For now our observation is perform'd:  
And since we have the yaward of the day,  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—  
Uncouple in the western valley: let them go!—  
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—  
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
Crook-kneed, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: [these?  
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft! what nymphs are

*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;  
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;  
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:  
I wonder of their being here together.

*The.* No doubt, they rose up early, to observe  
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,  
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—  
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day  
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

*Ege.* It is, my lord. [*horns.*

*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their  
[*Horns, and shouts within.* DEMETRIUS, LY-  
SANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and  
start up.

*The.* Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is  
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? [past;

*Lys.* Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel.*

*The.* I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies:  
How comes this gentle concord in the world,  
That hatred is so far from jealousy,  
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,  
I cannot truly say how I came here;  
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—  
And now I do bethink me, so it is)  
I came with Hermia hither: our intent  
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be  
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

*Ege.* Enough, enough! my lord, you have enough.  
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.  
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,  
Thereby to have defeated you and me;  
You, of your wife, and me, of my consent,

Of my consent that she should be your wife.

*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,  
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;  
And I in fury hither follow'd them,  
Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,  
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,  
Melted as the snow, seems to me now  
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,  
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;  
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,  
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,  
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,  
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:  
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food;  
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,  
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,  
And will for evermore be true to it.

*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.  
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—  
Egeus, I will overbear your will,  
For in the temple, by and by with us,  
These couples shall eternally be knit.  
And, for the morning now is something worn,  
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.  
Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,  
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—  
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.*

*Dem.* These things seem small, and undistinguish-  
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. [able,

*Her.* Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,  
When every thing seems double.

*Hel.* So methinks:  
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,  
Mine own, and not mine own.

*Dem.* Are you sure  
That we are awake? It seems to me  
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think  
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

*Her.* Yea; and my father.

*Hel.* And Hippolyta.

*Lys.* And he did bid us follow to the temple.

*Dem.* Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him;  
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

*Bot.* [Waking.] When my cue comes, call me,  
and I will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyra-  
mus." —Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the  
bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling!  
God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep.  
I have had a most rare vision. I have had a  
dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it  
was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound  
this dream. Methought I was—there is no man  
can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I  
had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer  
to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath  
not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand  
is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his  
heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Pe-  
ter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall  
be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bot-  
tom, and I will sing it in the latter end of the play,  
before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more  
gracious, I shall sing it at Thisby's death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in QUINCE's House.

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.*

*Quin.* Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he  
come home yet?

<sup>a</sup> "Observation," i. e., the observance, the honors due to the morning of May.—<sup>b</sup> Forepart.—<sup>c</sup> By chiding is here meant the cry of hounds.—<sup>d</sup> The flew are the chaps of a hound.—<sup>e</sup> Sanded means of a sandy color.

<sup>f</sup> "Fancy" here means affection, love.—<sup>g</sup> Toy.

*Star.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

*Flu.* If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

*Quin.* It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

*Flu.* No; he hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

*Quin.* Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

*Flu.* You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

*Enter SNUG.*

*Snug.* Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

*Flu.* O, sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing.

*Enter BOTTOM.*

*Bot.* Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

*Quin.* Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what, for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

*Quin.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

*Bot.* Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps: meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case let Thisby have clean linen, and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. An Apartment in the Palace of THESEUS.

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Hip.* 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

*The.* More strange than true: I never may believe These antic fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact: One sees more devils than vast hell can hold; That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to And, as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation, and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination, That, if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy; Or in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

*Hip.* But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigur'd so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images, And grows to something of great constancy, But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

*Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.*

Joy, gentle friends; joy, and fresh days of love, Accompany your hearts!

*Lys.* More than to us Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

*The.* Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours, Between our after-supper, and bed-time? Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play, To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Philostrate.

*Philostr.* Here, mighty Theseus.

*The.* Say, what 'abridgment have you for this evening?

What mask? what music? How shall we beguile The lazy time, if not with some delight? [ripe;

*Philostr.* There is a brief how many sports are Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*]

*The.* [*Reads.*] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp." We'll none of that: that have I told my love, In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals, Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

That is an old device; and it was play'd When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

That is some satire, keen, and critical, Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus, And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief! That is, hot ice, and wondrous seething snow, How shall we find the concord of this discord?

*Philostr.* A play<sup>2</sup> this is, my lord, some ten words Which is as brief as I have known a play; [long,

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long, Which makes it tedious; for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted: And tragical, my noble lord, it is,

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself. Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears The passion of loud laughter never shed.

*The.* What are they, that do play it? [here,

*Philostr.* Hard-handed men, that work in Athens Which never labor'd in their minds till now;

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories With this same play, against your nuptial.

<sup>a</sup> "Compact," i. e., composed; made up.

<sup>b</sup> Consistency; stability. — <sup>c</sup> "Abridgment," i. e., pastime; something to abridge the time. — <sup>d</sup> Short account. — <sup>e</sup> Unexercised; unpractised.

*The.* And we will hear it.

*Philost.*

No, my noble lord;

It is not for you: I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,  
Unless you can find sport in their intents,  
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,  
To do you service.

*The.*

I will hear that play:

For never any thing can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,  
And duty in his service perishing. [*Thinking.*]

*The.* Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such

*Hip.* He says they can do nothing in this kind.

*The.* The kinder we, to give them thanks for  
nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:

And what poor duty cannot do,  
Noble respect takes it in "might, not merit.  
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,  
Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,  
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,  
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,  
In least speak most, to my capacity.

*Enter PHILOSTRATE.*

*Philost.* So please your grace, the prologue is <sup>b</sup>ad-  
drest.

*The.* Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

*Enter the PROLOGUE.*

*Pro.* "If we offend, it is with our good will.  
That you should think, we come not to offend,  
But with good-will. To show our simple skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end.  
Consider then, we come but in despite."

We do not come as minding to content you,  
Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you,  
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,  
You shall know all, that you are like to know."

*The.* This fellow doth not stand upon <sup>1</sup>his points.

*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt;  
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it  
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed, he hath played on this prologue,  
like a child on a <sup>c</sup>recorder; a sound, but not in  
<sup>d</sup>government.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain,  
Nothing impair'd, but all disorder'd.  
Who is next?

*Enter <sup>2</sup>the PRESENTER, PYRAMUS, and THISBE,  
Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.*

<sup>3</sup>*Pres.* "Gentles, perchance you wonder at this  
show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.  
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present  
Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder;

And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth moonshine; for, if you will know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grishly beast, which lion <sup>e</sup>high by name,

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright:

And, as she fled, her mantle she did <sup>f</sup>fall,

Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.

Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his <sup>4</sup>gentle Thisby's mantle slain:

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,

At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt <sup>5</sup>PRES., THISBE, Lion, and Moonshine.*]

*The.* I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

*Dem.* No wonder, my lord:

One lion may, when many asses do.

*Wall.* "In this same interlude, it doth befall,

That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;

And such a wall, as I would have you think,

That had in it a <sup>6</sup>cranny, hole, or chink,

Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,

Did whisper often very secretly.

This lime, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show

That I am that same wall: the truth is so;

And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

*The.* Would you desire lime and hair to speak  
better?

*Dem.* It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard  
discourse, my lord.

*The.* Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

*Enter PYRAMUS.*

*Pyr.* "O, grim-look'd night! O, night with hue  
so black!

O night, which ever art, when day is not!

O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.—

And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall!

That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;

Thou wall, O wall! O sweet, and lovely wall!

Show me thy chink to blink through with mine

<sup>7</sup>*cyne.* [*Wall holds up his fingers.*]

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss;

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

*The.* The wall, methinks, being sensible, should  
curse again.

*Pyr.* No, in truth, sir, he should not.—"Deceiv-  
ing me," is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and  
I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it  
will fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

*Enter THISBE.*

*This.* "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,  
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

*Pyr.* "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,

To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby!"

*This.* "My love! thou art my love, I think."

*Pyr.* "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;  
And like <sup>8</sup>Limander am I trusty still."

*This.* "And I like <sup>1</sup>Helen, till the fates me kill."

<sup>a</sup> "In might," i. e., according to the *might* or ability of the performers.—<sup>b</sup> Ready.—<sup>c</sup> Flageolet.—<sup>d</sup> "Not in government," i. e., not regularly.

<sup>e</sup> Is called.—<sup>f</sup> Let fall.—<sup>g</sup> Eyes.—<sup>h</sup> Leander.—<sup>i</sup> Hero.



*Pyr.* "Not Shafalus to <sup>a</sup>Procrus was so true."

*This.* "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

*Pyr.* "O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

*This.* "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

*Pyr.* "Wilt thou at <sup>b</sup>Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?" [lay.]

*This.* "'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without de-

*Wall.* "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so; And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, PYRAMUS, and THISBE.*]

*The.* Now is the <sup>1</sup>wall down between the two neighbors.

*Dem.* No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

*Hip.* This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

*The.* The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

*Hip.* It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

*The.* If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.—Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

*Enter Lion and Moonshine.*

*Lion.* "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor, May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here, When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am A <sup>2</sup>lion's fell, nor else no lion's dam:

For, if I should as lion come in strife Into this place, 'twere pity on <sup>3</sup>your life."

*The.* A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

*Dem.* The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

*Lys.* This lion is a very fox for his valor.

*The.* True; and a goose for his discretion.

*Dem.* Not so, my lord; for his valor cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

*The.* His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valor, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

*Moon.* "This lantern doth the horned moon present;"

*Dem.* He should have worn the horns on his head.

*The.* He is <sup>4</sup>not crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

*Moon.* "This lantern doth the horned moon pre-Myself the man i'the moon do seem to be." [sent;

*The.* This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man i'the moon?

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in <sup>c</sup>snuff.

*Hip.* I am weary of this moon: would, he would change!

*The.* It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

*Lys.* Proceed, moon.

*Moon.* All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

*Dem.* Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

*Enter THISBE.*

*This.* "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

*Lion.* "Oh—." [The Lion roars.—THISBE runs off.]

*Dem.* Well roared, lion.

*The.* Well run, Thisbe.

*Hip.* Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. [The Lion tears THISBE's mantle,

*The.* Well <sup>d</sup>moused, lion. [and exit.]

*Dem.* And then came Pyramus.

*Lys.* And so the lion vanished.

*Enter PYRAMUS.*

*Pyr.* "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

I trust to take of truest Thisby sight. [The.

But stay;—O spite! <sup>5</sup>[Seeing THISBE's mantle,

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What! stain'd with blood?

Approach, ye furies fell!

O fates! come, come;

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

*The.* This passion <sup>6</sup>on the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

*Hip.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

*Pyr.* "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame, Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear?

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus:

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:—

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus! <sup>7</sup>[Stabs himself.]

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light!

Moon, take thy flight! <sup>8</sup>[Exit Moonshine.]

Now die, die, die, die, die." [Dies.]

*Dem.* No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

*Lys.* Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

*The.* With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and yet prove an ass.

*Hip.* How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

*The.* She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

*Enter THISBE.*

*Hip.* Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

*Dem.* A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

*Lys.* She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

*Dem.* And thus she moans, *videlicet*.—

*This.* "Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus! arise:

<sup>a</sup> Cephalus to Procris.—<sup>b</sup> Ninus.—<sup>c</sup> A quibble. "In snuff" signifies also in anger.

<sup>d</sup> "Moused," i. e., torn, as a cat tears a mouse.

Speak, speak ! Quite dumb ?  
Dead, dead ? A tomb  
Must cover thy sweet eyes.  
    <sup>1</sup> This lily lip,  
    This cherry tip,  
These yellow cowslip cheeks,  
Are gone, are gone.  
Lovers, make moan :

His eyes were green as leeks.  
O ! sisters three,  
Come, come to me,  
With hands as pale as milk ;  
Lay them in gore,  
Since you have shore  
With shears his thread of silk.  
Tongue, not a word :—  
Come, trusty sword ;  
Come, blade, my breast imbrue :  
And farewell, friends.—  
Thus Thisby ends :

Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[Dies.

*The.* Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

*Dem.* Ay, and wall too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a <sup>3</sup> Bergomask dance between two of our company ?

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse, for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy ; and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone. [A dance.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.—  
Lovers, to bed : 'tis almost fairy time.  
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,  
As much as this night have overwatch'd.  
This palpable gross play hath well beguill'd  
The heavy <sup>5</sup> gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—  
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,  
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Puck,* <sup>2</sup> with a broom on his shoulder.

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon ;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task <sup>6</sup> fordone.  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,  
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,  
In remembrance of a shroud.  
Now it is the time of night,  
That the graves, all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide :

And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Hecate's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,  
Now are frolic ; not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :  
I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with all their train.*

*Obc.* Through the house give glimmering light,  
By the dead and drowsy fire ;  
Every elf, and fairy sprite,  
Hop as light as bird on brier ;  
And this ditty after me  
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

*Tita.* First, rehearse your song by rote,  
To each word a warbling note :  
Hand in hand with fairy grace  
Will we sing, and bless this place.

## THE SONG.

<sup>3</sup> Now, until the break of day,  
Through this house each fairy stray.  
To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be ;  
And the issue there create  
Ever shall be fortunate.  
So shall all the couples three  
Ever true in loving be ;  
And the blots of nature's hand  
Shall not in their issue stand :  
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
Nor mark <sup>4</sup> prodigious, such as are  
Despised in nativity,  
Shall upon their children be,  
With this field-dew consecrate,  
Every fairy take his <sup>5</sup> gait,  
And each several chamber bless,  
Through this palace with sweet peace ;  
Ever shall 't safely rest,  
And the owner of it blest.  
Trip away ; make no stay ;  
Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and train.

*Puck.* If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended,  
That you have but slumber'd here,  
While these visions did appear ;  
And this weak and idle theme,  
No more yielding but a dream,  
Gentles, do not reprehend :  
If you pardon, we will mend.  
And, as I'm an honest Puck,  
If we have unearned luck  
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,  
We will make amends ere long,  
Else the Puck a liar call :  
So, good night unto you all.  
Give me your <sup>6</sup> hands, if we be friends,  
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit.

\* A rustic dance, named from the people of *Bergomasco*, in the state of Venice.—<sup>2</sup> Passage ; progress.—<sup>3</sup> Overcome.

<sup>4</sup> Portentous.—<sup>5</sup> Way ; course.—<sup>6</sup> "The serpent's tongue," i. e., hisses.—<sup>7</sup> "Give me your hands," i. e., clap your hands ; applaud.

# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.



ACT II.—Scene 2.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.  
 Prince of Morocco, } Suitors to Portia.  
 Prince of Arragon, }  
 ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice :  
 BASSANIO, his Friend.  
 GRATIANO, } Friends to Antonio and  
 SALARINO, } Bassanio.  
 SALARINO, }  
 LORENZO, in love with Jessica  
 SHYLOCK, a Jew :  
 TUBAL, a Jew, his Friend.  
 LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a Clown.

OLD GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.  
 SALERIO, a Messenger.  
 LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.  
 BALTHAZAR, } Servants to Portia.  
 STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich Heiress.  
 NERISSA, her Waiting-woman.  
 JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of  
 Justice, Jailers, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE; partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

*Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALARINO.*

*Ant.* In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.  
 It wearies me : you say, it wearies you ;  
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
 What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
 I am to learn :

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
 That I have much ado to know myself.

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean,  
 There, where your <sup>a</sup>argosies with portly sail,  
 Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,  
 Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,  
 Do <sup>b</sup>overpeer the petty traffickers,  
 That curt<sup>c</sup>sy to them, do them reverence,  
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Salan.* Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,  
 The better part of my affections would  
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
 Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,  
 Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads ;  
 And every object that might make me fear  
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,  
 Would make me sad.

*Salar.* My wind, cooling my broth,  
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
 But I should think of shallows and of flats,  
 And see my wealthy <sup>c</sup>Andrew dock'd in sand,  
<sup>d</sup>Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,  
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,  
 And see the holy edifice of stone,  
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,  
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,

<sup>a</sup> *Argosies* are large ships either for merchandise or war.  
<sup>b</sup> Overlook.

<sup>c</sup> "Andrew" is the ship's name.—<sup>d</sup> Lowering.

Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,  
And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,  
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?  
But, tell not me: I know, Antonio  
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

*Ant.* Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,  
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
Upon the fortune of this present year:  
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

*Salan.* Why, then you are in love.

*Ant.* Fie, fie!

*Salan.* Not in love neither? Then let's say, you  
are sad,

Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy  
For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,  
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,  
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;  
And other of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.*

*Salan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kins-  
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well: [man,  
We leave you now with better company. [merry,

*Salan.* I would have stay'd till I had made you  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you,  
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Salan.* Good morrow, my good lords. [Say, when?

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?  
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

*Salan.* We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exit SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Lor.* My lord Bassanio, since you have found An-  
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time, [tonio,  
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, signior Antonio;  
You have too much respect upon the world:  
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.  
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;  
A stage, where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the fool:

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—  
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—

There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond,  
And do a wilful<sup>a</sup> stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;  
As who should say, "I am sir Oracle,  
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"  
O! my Antonio, I do know of these,  
That therefore only are reputed wise,  
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure, [ears,  
If they should speak, 'twould almost damn those  
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

<sup>a</sup> "Wilful stillness," i. e., obstinate silence.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:

But fish not, with this melancholy bait,

For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—

Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well, awhile:

I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,

For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,  
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this<sup>b</sup> gear.

*Gra.* Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only com-  
mendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exit GRATIANO and LORENZO.*

*Ant.* <sup>2</sup>It is that:—any thing now.

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,  
more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are  
as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff:  
you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when  
you have them, they are not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well; tell me now, what lady is the same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,

That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,

By a something showing a more swelling<sup>c</sup> port

Than my faint means would grant continuance:

Nor do I now make mean to be abridg'd

From such a noble rate; but my chief care

Is to come fairly off from the great debts,

Wherein my time, something too prodigal,

Hath left me<sup>d</sup> gaged. To you, Antonio,

I owe the most, in money, and in love;

And from your love I have a warranty

To unburthen all my plots and purposes,

How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;

And if it stand, as you yourself still do,

Within the eye of honor, be assur'd,

My purse, my person, my extremest means,

Lie all unlock'd to your occasions. [shaft,

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight

The self-same way with more advised watch,

To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,

I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,

Because what follows is pure innocence.

I owe you much, and, like a<sup>3</sup> wasteful youth,

That which I owe is lost; but if you please

To shoot another arrow that self way

Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,

As I will watch the aim, or to find both,

Or bring your latter hazard back again,

And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well, and herein spend but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;

And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,

In making question of my uttermost,

Than if you had made waste of all I have:

Then, do but say to me what I should do,

That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And I am<sup>e</sup> prest unto it: therefore, speak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left,

And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,

Of wondrous virtues: <sup>f</sup>sometimes from her eyes

I did receive fair speechless messages.

Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued

To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.

<sup>b</sup> "Gear," i. e., matter; subject; business.—<sup>c</sup> State; equipage.—<sup>d</sup> Pledged.—<sup>e</sup> "Prest," i. e., ready (from the French *pret*, anciently *preste*).—<sup>f</sup> Formerly.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;  
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,  
And many Jasons come in quest of her.  
O, my Antonio! had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;  
Neither have I money, nor commodity  
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;  
Try what my credit can in Venice do:  
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,  
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
Where money is, and I no question make,  
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA'S House.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And, yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner <sup>a</sup>by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounced.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well followed.

*Por.* If I do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

*Por.* Ay, that's a <sup>b</sup>colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great <sup>a</sup>approbation of his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

*Ner.* Then, is there the <sup>c</sup>county Palatine.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears

merry tales, and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmanly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord, monsieur le Bon?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a <sup>d</sup>throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you, then, to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

*Por.* You know, I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a "proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is <sup>e</sup>suit'd! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior every where.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

*Por.* That he hath a neighborly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

*Por.* Very viciely in the morning, when he is sober, and most viciely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is indeed, to return to their <sup>2</sup>homes, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sillylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquiss of Montferrat?

*Por.* Yes, yes; it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

*Ner.* True, madam: he, of all the men that ever

<sup>a</sup> "Comes sooner by," i. e., *sooner acquires*.—<sup>b</sup> "Colt," i. e., a heady, gay youngster.—<sup>c</sup> Count.

<sup>d</sup> Thrush.—<sup>e</sup> Handsome.—<sup>f</sup> "How oddly he is suited!" i. e., how oddly the articles of his dress are matched.

my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now? what news?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart, as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the <sup>a</sup>condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. A public Place.

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—well.

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months,—well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound,—well.

*Bass.* May you <sup>b</sup>steed me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* Ho! no, no, no, no:—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies: I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad; but ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, <sup>1</sup>land-thieves, and water-thieves; I mean, pirates: and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient: three thousand ducats.—I think, I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Bass.* This is signior Antonio.

[*looks!*]

*Shy.* [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he! I hate him for he is a Christian; But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of <sup>c</sup>usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the <sup>d</sup>hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him!

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store, And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats. What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me. But soft! how many months Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[*To ANTONIO.*]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, By taking, nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the ripe <sup>e</sup>wants of my friend I'll break a custom. <sup>2</sup>Are you yet <sup>f</sup>possess'd, How much he would?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats?

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot:—three months; you told me so. Well then, your bond; and let me see.—But hear you: Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep, This Jacob from our holy Abraham was (As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,) The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

*Ant.* And what of him? did he take interest?

*Shy.* No, not take interest; not, as you would say, Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd, That all the <sup>g</sup>eanlings which were streak'd, and pied, Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,

In end of autumn turn'd to the rams;

And when the work of generation was

Between these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,

And, in the doing of the deed of <sup>h</sup>kind,

He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,

Who, then conceiving, did in caning time

<sup>i</sup>Fall party-color'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,

But sway'd, and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.

Was this <sup>j</sup>inferred to make interest good?

Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

*Shy.* I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast.—

But note me, signior.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,

A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O, what a goodly outside <sup>k</sup>falsehood had! [*sum.*]

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats;—'tis a good round

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,

'On the Rialto, you have rated me

About my monies, and my <sup>l</sup>usances:

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

For surffiance is the badge of all our tribe.

You call'd me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.

<sup>a</sup> Nature; disposition.—<sup>b</sup> Assist; help.—<sup>c</sup> Usury; interest.  
—<sup>d</sup> 'Upon the hip,' i. e., at disadvantage (a wrestler's term).

<sup>e</sup> "Ripe wants," i. e., urgent wants, that admit of no delay.  
—<sup>f</sup> Inferred.—<sup>g</sup> "Eaulings," i. e., lambs just dropped or  
yearned.—<sup>h</sup> Nature.—<sup>i</sup> Bear; bring forth.—<sup>k</sup> Knavery; treach-  
ery.—<sup>l</sup> Usury; interest.

Well then, it now appears, you need my help :  
Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,  
"Shylock, we would have monies :"<sup>a</sup> you say so ;  
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur  
Over your threshold : monies is your suit.  
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,  
"Hath a dog money ? Is it possible,  
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?" or  
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
Say this :—

"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;  
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time  
You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies  
I'll lend you thus much monies ?"

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy <sup>1</sup> friend ; for when did friendship take  
A <sup>a</sup> breed for barren metal of his friend ?  
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;  
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face  
Exact the penalty.

*Shy.* Why, look you, how you storm !  
I would be friends with you, and have your love,  
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,  
Supply your present wants, and take no doit  
Of usance for my monies,  
And you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

*Ant.* This were kindness.

*Shy.* This kindness will I show.  
Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum or sums as are  
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content, in faith : I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say there is much kindness in thee, Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me :  
I'll rather <sup>b</sup> dwell in my necessity.

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Shy.* O, father Abraham ! what these Christians are,  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others !—Pray you, tell me this ;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beeves, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favor I extend this friendship :  
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;  
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and pursue the ducats straight ;  
See to my house, left in the <sup>c</sup> fearful guard  
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently  
I will be with you. [Exit.]

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.  
The Hebrew will turn Christian : he grows kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

*Ant.* Come on : in this there can be no dismay,  
My ships come home a month before the day.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA'S House.

*Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his followers ; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her train. <sup>2</sup> Flourish Cornets.*

*Mor.* <sup>d</sup> Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the <sup>3</sup> burning sun,  
To whom I am a neighbor, and near bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
And let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is <sup>e</sup> reddest, his, or mine.  
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath <sup>f</sup> fear'd the valiant : by my love, I swear,  
The best regarded virgins of our clime  
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes :  
Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing ;  
But, if my father had not scanted me,  
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself  
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,  
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,  
As any comer I have look'd on yet,  
For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you :  
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—  
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,  
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—  
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,  
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while !  
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,  
Which is the better man ? the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :  
So is Alcides beaten by his page ;  
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Miss that which which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance ;  
And either not attempt to choose at all,  
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage : therefore, be <sup>g</sup> advis'd.

*Mor.* Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple : after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then, [Cornets.  
To make me blest, or curs'd 'st among men !  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street.

*Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.*

*Laun.* Certainly, my conscience will serve me to  
run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine

<sup>a</sup> "Breed," i.e., interest ; money *bred* from the principal.  
—<sup>b</sup> Continue.—<sup>c</sup> "Fearful guard," i.e., a guard that is not to  
be trusted ; one that causes fear.

<sup>d</sup> Dislike.—<sup>e</sup> Red blood is a traditionary sign of courage.—  
<sup>f</sup> Terrified.—<sup>g</sup> "Be advis'd" i.e., be considerate ; be not rash.

elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away!" My conscience says,— "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most contagious fiend bids me pack; "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "fore the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,— "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend; "budge not," says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run. <sup>2</sup>[*Going out in haste.*]

*Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens! this is my true begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's <sup>a</sup>sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?— [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. — [*To him.*] Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot. Talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning), is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?— [*To him.*] Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman. But, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord! worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my <sup>b</sup>fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. <sup>3</sup>[*Rising.*] It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my <sup>c</sup>rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service: you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and Followers.*

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered: put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. <sup>d</sup>Gramercy. Would'st thou aught with me!

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir,—as my father shall specify.

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify.

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence), are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall <sup>e</sup>fructify unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your lordship shall know by this honest old

<sup>b</sup> "Fill-horse," i. e., thill-horse; shaft-horse.—<sup>c</sup> "Set up my rest," i. e., determined.—<sup>d</sup> "Gramercy," contracted from *grant me mercy*.

<sup>a</sup> Saints.



man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both.—What would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well: thou hast obtain'd thy suit.

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,  
And hath prefer'd thee; if it be preferment,  
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough. [son.—

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with thy Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out.—Give him a livery [To his followers. More <sup>a</sup> guarded than his fellows': see it done.

*Laun.* Father, in.—I cannot get a service,—no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [Looking on his palm;] if any man in Italy have a fairer <sup>b</sup> table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune.—Go to; here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas! fifteen wives is nothing: eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed: here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this <sup>c</sup> gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and Old GOBBO.*

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this. These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavors shall be done herein.

[*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit LEONARDO.*

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio!

*Bass.* Gratiano.

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me. I must go with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why, then you must; but hear thee, Gratiano. Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—Parts, that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But where thou art not known, why, there they show Something too <sup>d</sup> liberal.—Pray thee, take pain To ally with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behavior, I be misconstrued in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen; Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad <sup>e</sup> ostent To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gage me By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity. I would entreat you rather to put on

Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment. But fare you well, I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest; But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in SHYLOCK'S House.

[*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

*Jes.* I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so: Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness. But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee. And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest; Give him this letter: do it secretly, And so farewell. I would not have my father See me in talk with thee.

*Laun.* Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived: but, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot.—Alack, what heinous sin is it in me, To be ashamed to be my father's child! But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo! If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife, Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

[*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-time, Disguise us at my lodging, and return All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

*Salan.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be 'quaintly order'd, And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours To furnish us.—

[*Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break <sup>f</sup> up this, it shall seem to signify. [*Giving a letter.*

*Lor.* I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this.—Tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her!—speak it privately;

Go.—Gentlemen, [*Exit LAUNCELOT.* Will you prepare you for this masque to-night? I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Salan.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me, and Gratiano, At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt SALAR. and SALAN.*

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,

<sup>a</sup> Ornamented.—<sup>b</sup> The "table" is a fortune-teller's term for the palm of the hand.—<sup>c</sup> Business.—<sup>d</sup> Gross.—<sup>e</sup> "Sad ostent," i. e., grave show, behavior, demeanor.

<sup>f</sup> Ingeniously; tastefully.—<sup>g</sup> "Break up," i. e., break open; unseal.

How I shall take her from her father's house;  
 What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;  
 What page's suit she hath in readiness.  
 If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
 It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;  
 And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
 Unless she do it under this excuse,  
 That she is issue to a faithless Jew.  
 Come, go with me: peruse this, as thou goest.  
 Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. Before SHYLOCK'S House.

*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,  
 The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.—  
 What, Jessica!—Thou shalt not gormandize,  
 As thou hast done with me!—What, Jessica!—  
 And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.—  
 Why, Jessica, I say!

*Laun.* Why, Jessica!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.  
*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me, that I  
 could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

*Jes.* Call you? What is your will?

*Shy.* I am <sup>a</sup>bid forth to supper, Jessica:  
 There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?  
 I am not bid for love; they flatter me:  
 But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
 The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,  
 Look to my house!—I am right loath to go.  
 There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
 For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go: my young master  
 doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conspired together:—I will  
 not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then  
 it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding  
 on black <sup>b</sup>Monday last, at six o'clock i'the morning,  
 falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four  
 year in the afternoon. [*Jessica:*]

*Shy.* What! are there masques?—Hear you me,  
 Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
 And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,  
 Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
 Nor thrust your head into the public street  
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,  
 But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:  
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
 My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,  
 I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;  
 But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah:  
 Say, I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out at  
 window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit LAUN.*]

*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring? ha!

*Jes.* His words were, farewell, mistress; nothing  
 else.

*Shy.* The <sup>c</sup>patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,  
 Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
 More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;  
 Therefore I part with him, and part with him  
 To one that I would have him help to waste  
 His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in:  
 Perhaps I will return immediately.  
 Do, as I bid you; shut doors after you:

<sup>1</sup> Safe bind, safe find,  
 A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*]  
*Jes.* Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,  
 I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same.

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo  
 Desir'd us to make stand.

*Salar.*

His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
 For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
 To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont  
 To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,  
 With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
 Where is the horse that doth untread again  
 His tedious measures, with the unbated fire  
 That he did pace them first? All things that are,  
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
 How like a younker, or a prodigal,  
 The <sup>d</sup>scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
 How like a prodigal doth she return,  
 With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this here-  
 after.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;  
 Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:  
 When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
 I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;  
 Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's within?

*Enter JESSICA above, <sup>2</sup>as a boy.*

*Jes.* Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,  
 Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,  
 For whom love I so much? And now who knows,  
 But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? [*thou art.*]

*Lor.* Heaven, and thy thoughts are witness that

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket: it is worth the pains.  
 I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
 For I am much asham'd of my exchange;  
 But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
 The pretty follies that themselves commit;  
 For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
 To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Jes.* What! must I hold a candle to my shames?  
 They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.  
 Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,  
 And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.*

So are you, sweet,

Even in the <sup>3</sup>garnish of a lovely boy.

But come at once;

For the close night doth play the run-away,  
 And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
 With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit, from above.*]

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;  
 For she is wise, if I can judge of her,  
 And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,  
 And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;

<sup>a</sup> Invited.—<sup>b</sup> "Black Monday" is Easter Monday.—<sup>c</sup> Fool;  
 simpleton.

<sup>d</sup> "Scarfed," i. e., decorated with flags, or scarfs.

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA, <sup>1</sup> to them below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

*[Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.]*

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio?

*Ant.* Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?  
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.  
No masque to-night: the wind is come about,  
Bassanio presently will go aboard:  
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't: I desire no more delight,  
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—Belmont. An Apartment in  
PORTIA'S HOUSE.

*Enter PORTIA with the Prince of Morocco, and both  
their trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
The several caskets to this noble prince.—  
<sup>2</sup>*[Curtains drawn aside.]*

Now make your choice.

*Mor.* The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;—  
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."  
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—  
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves."  
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—  
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."  
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince:  
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,  
I will survey th' inscriptions back again:  
What says this leaden casket?

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."  
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?  
This casket threatens: men, that hazard all,  
Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;  
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."  
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,  
And weigh thy value with an even hand.

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,  
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve?—Why, that's the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these in love I do deserve <sup>3</sup>her.

What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

Who's the lady; all the world desires her:

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,

For princes to come view fair Portia:

The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,

As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,

To think so base a thought: it were too gross

To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.

Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,

Being ten times <sup>b</sup>undervalued to tried gold?

O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem

Was set in worse than gold. They have in England

A coin, that bears the figure of an angel

Stamped in gold, but that's <sup>c</sup>insculp'd upon;

But here an angel in a golden bed

Lies all within.—Deliver me the key:

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

*Por.* There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,

Then I am yours. *[He <sup>d</sup>opens the golden casket.]*

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here?

A carrion death, within whose empty eye

There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

"All that glisters is not gold;

Often have you heard that told:

Many a man his life hath sold,

But my outside to behold:

Gilded tombs do worms infold.

Had you been as wise as bold,

Young in limbs, in judgment old,

Your <sup>e</sup>answer had not been insculp'd:

Fare you well; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed, and labor lost:

Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—

Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart

To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. *[Exit.]*

*Por.* A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains: go.

<sup>5</sup>*[Curtains drawn.]*  
Let all of his <sup>e</sup>complexion choose me so. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street.

*Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Salar.* Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail:

With him is Gratiano gone along;

And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.

*Salan.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,  
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under sail:

But there the duke was given to understand,

That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.

Besides, Antonio certified the duke,

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*Salan.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!

Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!

<sup>6</sup>And jewels too! two rich and precious stones,

Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Salan.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,

Or he shall pay for this.

*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd.

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part

The French and English, there miscarried

A vessel of our country, richly freight.

I thought upon Antonio when he told me,

And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

<sup>a</sup> Enclose.—<sup>b</sup> Undervalued to, i. e., undervalued if compared with.—<sup>c</sup> Engraven.—<sup>d</sup> "Your answer," i. e., the answer you have got, namely, "Fare you well."—<sup>e</sup> Disposition; character.—<sup>f</sup> Conversed.

*Salan.* You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;  
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.  
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.

Bassanio told him, he would make some speed

Of his return: he answer'd—"Do not so;

"Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,

But stay the very riping of the time:

And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your mind of love.

Be merry; and 'apply your chiefest thoughts

To courtship, and such fair <sup>b</sup>ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there."

And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible

He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

*Salan.* I think, he only loves the world for him.

I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,

And quicken his embraced <sup>c</sup>heaviness

With some delight or other.

*Salar.* Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Belmont. An Apartment in  
PORTIA'S House.

*Enter NERISSA, with a Servitor.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtains  
straight.

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Enter the PRINCE of ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their  
trains.* <sup>2</sup> *Flourish cornets.* <sup>3</sup> *Curtains withdrawn.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,

Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;

But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,

You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:

First, never to unfold to any one

Which casket 'twas I chose: next, if I fail

Of the right casket, never in my life

To woo a maid in way of marriage: lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,

Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear,  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I <sup>d</sup>address'd me. Fortune now

To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:"

You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

What many men desire:—that many may be meant

"By the fool multitude, that choose by show,

Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;

Which 'prize not th' interior, but, like the martlet,

Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,

Even in the 'force and road of casuality.

I will not choose what many men desire,

Because I will not <sup>e</sup>jump with common spirits,

And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"

And well said too; for who shall go about

To cozen fortune, and be honorable,

Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity.

O! that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly; and that clear honor

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover, that stand bare;

How many be commanded, that command:

How much low peasantry would then be glean'd

From the true seed of honor; and how much honor

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,

To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

I will assume desert:—give me a key for this,

And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

<sup>5</sup> [*He opens the silver casket.*]

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find  
there.

*Ar.* What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,

Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!

"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he de-

serves."

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,

And of opposed natures.

*Ar.*

What is here?

"The fire seven times tried this:

Seven times tried that judgment is,

That did never choose amiss.

Some there be that shadows kiss;

Such have but a shadow's bliss.

There be fools alive, I <sup>b</sup>wis,

Silver'd o'er; and so was this.

Take what wife you will to bed,

I will ever be your head:

So begone: you are sped."

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.—

Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,

Patience to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt ARRAGON, and train.*]

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy:

Hanging and wiving <sup>6</sup>go by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

<sup>7</sup> [*Curtains drawn.*]

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is my lady?

*Por.* Here; what would my lord?

*Mess.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord,

From whom he bringeth sensible <sup>k</sup>regreets;

To wit, (besides commends, and courteous breath,) <sup>l</sup>

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen

So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in April never came so sweet,

To show how costly summer was at hand,

As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard,

Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,

Thou spend'st such <sup>h</sup>high-day wit in praising him.—

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see

<sup>8</sup>Cupid's quick post, that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* To "slubber" is to do a thing carelessly.—<sup>b</sup> Shows; tokens.—<sup>c</sup> Embraced heaviness, i. e., the heaviness he is fond of, or indulges.—<sup>d</sup> Prepared.—<sup>e</sup> By and of were anciently used indifferently.—<sup>f</sup> Power.—<sup>g</sup> Agree.

<sup>h</sup> Know.—<sup>i</sup> Ruth; misfortune.—<sup>k</sup> Salutations.—<sup>l</sup> Holiday.

## ACT III

## SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

*Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.**Salan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip, report, be an honest woman of her word.*Salan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever a knapped ginger, or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—*Salar.* Come, the full stop.*Salan.* Ha!—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses.*Salan.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.*Salar.* That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.*Salan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fleg'd; and then, it is the <sup>b</sup> complexion of them all to leave the dam.*Shy.* She is damned for it.*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!<sup>1</sup>*Salar.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that <sup>2</sup> was wont to come so <sup>c</sup> smug upon the mart.—Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?*Shy.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same

means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.**Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.*Salar.* We have been up and down to seek him.*Salan.* Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt SALAN., SALAR., and Servant.*]*Enter TUBAL.**Shy.* How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.*Shy.* Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so;—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why <sup>3</sup> then—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?*Tub.*—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.*Shy.* I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news! ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting? fourscore ducats!*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.*Shy.* I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my <sup>d</sup> torquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer: bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our<sup>a</sup> Snapped; broke. — <sup>b</sup> Nature; disposition. — <sup>c</sup> "Smug," i. e., nice; neat in dress.<sup>d</sup> Turkois, a much-esteemed gem.

synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Belmont. An Apartment in PORTIA'S House.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and their Attendants.<sup>1</sup>

Por. I pray you tarry: pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore, forbear a while. There's something tells me, (but it is not love,) I would not lose you, and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality. But lest you should not understand me well, And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you, How to choose right, but then I am forsworn: So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have a o'erlook'd me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,— Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours! O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I. I speak too long; but 'tis to pause the time, To eke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose; For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust, Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love. There may as well be amity and life 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack, Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love, Had been the very sum of my confession. O, happy torment, when my torturer Doth teach me answers for deliverance! But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

<sup>2</sup>[Curtains drawn aside.]

Por. Away then. I am lock'd in one of them: If you do love me, you will find me out.— Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.— Let music sound, while he doth make his choice; Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end, Fading in music: that the comparison May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream, And watery death-bed for him. He may win, And what is music then? then music is Even as the flourish when true subjects bow To a new-crowned monarch: such it is, As are those dulcet sounds in break of day, That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear, And summon him to marriage. Now he goes, With no less presence, but with much more love, Than young Alcides, when he did redeem The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice, The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules! Live thou, I live:—with much, much more dismay I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song, 'the whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.<sup>3</sup>

Tell me, where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?  
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least them: The world is still deceiv'd with ornament. [selves:] In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt, But, being season'd with a gracious voice, Obscures the show of evil? In religion, What damned error, but some sober brow Will bless it, and approve it with a text, Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? There is no vice so simple, but assumes Some mark of virtue on his outward parts. How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars, Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk; And these assume but valor's excrement, To render them redoubt'd. Look on beauty, And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight; Which therein works a miracle in nature, Making them lightest that wear most of it: So are those crisped snaky golden locks, Which make such wanton gambols with the wind, Upon supposed fairness, often known To be the dowry of a second head, The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre. Thus ornament is but the guiling shore To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf Veiling an Indian: beauty, in a word, The seeming truth which cunning times put on To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold, Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee. Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead, Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught, Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence, And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air, As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair, And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy. O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy; In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess: I feel too much thy blessing; make it less, For fear I surfeit! [casket.]

Bass. What find I here? [He opens the leaden Fair Portia's counterfeited. What demi-god Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes? Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips, Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs, The painter plays the spider, and hath woven A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men, Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes!— How could he see to do them? having made one,

<sup>1</sup> To be overlooked was a term for being bewitched by an evil eye.—<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the opinion that the swan utters a plaintive musical note at the approach of death.—<sup>3</sup> "Presence," i. e., dignity of mien.

<sup>4</sup> Love.—<sup>5</sup> Pleasing; winning.—<sup>6</sup> Confirm; justify.—<sup>7</sup> "Valor's excrement," i. e., the beard of Hercules.—<sup>8</sup> Curled.—<sup>9</sup> Likeness; resemblance.

Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself <sup>1</sup> unfinished: yet look, how far  
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,  
The continent and summary of my fortune.

"You that choose not by the view,

Chance as fair, and choose as true!

Since this fortune falls to you,

Be content, and seek no new.

If you be well pleas'd with this,

And hold your fortune for your bliss,

Turn you where your lady is,

And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave;  
I come by note, to give, and to receive. [*Kissing her.*]

Like one of two contending in a prize,

That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,

Hearing applause, and universal shout,

Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt

Whether those peals of praise be his or no;

So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,

As doubtful whether what I see be true,

Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,

Such as I am: though, for myself alone

I would not be ambitious in my wish,

To wish myself much better; yet for you

I would be trebled twenty times myself; [*rich,*

A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more

That only to stand high in your account,

I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,

Exceed account; but the full sum of me

Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,

Is an unlesson'd girl, unschoold'd, unpractis'd:

Happy in this, she is not yet so old

But she may learn; happier than this,

She is not bred so dull but she can learn;

<sup>2</sup> Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit

Commits itself to yours to be directed,

As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours

Is now converted: but now I was the lord

Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,

Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,

This house, these servants, and this same myself,

Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring,

Which when you part from, lose, or give away,

Let it presage the ruin of your love,

And be my vantage to exclaim on you. <sup>3</sup> [*Giving it.*]

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words:

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;

And there is such confusion in my powers,

As after some oration, fairly spoke

By a beloved prince, there doth appear

Among the buzzing pleased multitude;

Where every something, being blent together,

Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,

Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:

O! then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,

That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,

To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord, and lady!

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,

I wish you all the joy that you can wish,

For, I am sure, you can wish none from me;

And, when your honors mean to solemnize

The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,

Even at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou can'st get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship, you have got me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:

You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;  
You lov'd, I lov'd; for <sup>a</sup> intermission  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;  
For wooing here, until I sweat again,  
And swearing, till my very <sup>t</sup> tongue was dry  
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,  
I got a promise of this fair one here,  
To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Achiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

*Gra.* Yes, 'faith, my lord. [*marriage.*]

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honor'd in your

*Gra.* We'll play with them the first boy for a thou-

*Ner.* What, and stake down? [*sand ducats.*]

*Gra.* No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and  
stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?

What! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.*

*Bass.* Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither,

If that the youth of my new interest here

Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave

I bid my <sup>b</sup> very friends and countrymen,

Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord:

They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honor.—For my part, my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here,

But meeting with Salerio by the way,

He did entreat me, past all saying nay,

To come with him along.

*Sal.* I did, my lord,

And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio

Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

*Bass.* Ere I ope this letter,

I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

*Sal.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;

Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there

Will show you his estate. [*BASSANIO reads.*]

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer you stranger; bid her welcome.

Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?

I know, he will be glad of our success;

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece. [*lost!*]

*Sal.* I would you had won the fleece that he hath

*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in you same

That steal the color from Bassanio's cheek: [*paper,*

Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world

Could turn so much the constitution

Of any <sup>c</sup> constant man. What, worse and worse?—

With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,

And I must freely have the half of any thing

That this same paper brings you.

*Bass.* O sweet Portia!

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,

I freely told you, all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman:

And then I told you true, and yet, dear lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see

How much I was a braggart. When I told you

My state was nothing, I should then have told you,

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,

I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,

Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;

<sup>a</sup> Delay.—<sup>b</sup> True; real.—<sup>c</sup> Steadfast; grave.

The paper as the body of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound,  
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?  
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?  
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?  
And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch  
Of merchant-marring rocks?

*Sal.* Not one, my lord.  
Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it. Never did I know  
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
So keen and greedy to confound a man.  
He plies the duke at morning, and at night,  
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,  
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,  
The duke himself, and the <sup>a</sup>magnificoes  
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,  
But none can drive him from the envious plea  
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him I have heard him swear  
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,  
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,  
Than twenty times the value of the sum  
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,  
If law, authority, and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?  
*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
The best condition'd and <sup>1</sup>unwearied<sup>st</sup> spirit  
In doing courtesies; and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honor more appears,  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew?

*Bass.* For me, three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What! no more?  
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:  
Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a hair through <sup>2</sup>my Bassanio's fault.  
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,  
And then away to Venice to your friend;  
For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:  
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.  
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,  
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!  
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.  
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry <sup>b</sup>cheer;  
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—  
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* [*Reads.*] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have  
all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is  
very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since  
in paying it is impossible I should live, all debts  
are cleared between you and I, if I might but see  
you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure;  
if your love do not persuade you to come, let  
not my letter."

*Por.* O love! despatch all business, and begone.

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,  
I will make haste; but till I come again,  
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,  
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—Venice. A Street.

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and Jailor.*

*Shy.* Jailor, look to him: tell not me of mercy.—  
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.—

Jailor, look to him.

*Ant.*

Hear me yet, good Shylock.  
*Shy.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:  
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.  
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,  
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.  
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,  
Thou naughty jailor, that thou art so fond  
To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:  
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.  
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;  
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

*Salan.* It is the most impenetrable cur,  
That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone:  
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.  
He seeks my life; his reason well I know.  
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me;  
Therefore he hates me.

*Salan.* I am sure, the duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law;  
For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice, if it be denied,  
Will much impeach the justice of the state;  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:  
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—  
Well, jailor, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.

*Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.*

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
You have a noble and a true conceit  
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
But, if you knew to whom you show this honor,  
How true a gentleman you send relief,  
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,  
I know, you would be prouder of the work,  
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now: for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of linaments, of manners, and of spirit;  
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,  
Being the bosom lover of my lord,  
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,  
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,  
In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
From out the state of hellish cruelty!  
This comes too near the praising of myself,  
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—  
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
The husbandry and manage of my house,  
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,  
I have toward heaven breath'd a <sup>3</sup>sacred vow

<sup>a</sup> Grantees.—<sup>b</sup> Countenance; look.

<sup>c</sup> Foolish.



To live in prayer and contemplation,  
Only attended by Nerissa here,  
Until her husband and my lord's return.  
There is a monastery two miles off,  
And there we will abide. I do desire you  
Not to deny this imposition,  
The which my love, and some necessity,  
Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart:  
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.  
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!  
*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.  
*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well-pleas'd  
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—  
[*Exit* JESSICA and LORENZO.]

Now, Balthazar,  
As I have ever found thee honest, true,  
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,  
And use thou all the endeavor of a man,  
In speed to Padua: see thou render this  
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;  
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,  
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd <sup>a</sup>speed  
Unto the Tranquet, to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed.  
[*Exit.*]  
*Por.* Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand,  
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands,  
Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they see us?  
*Por.* They shall, Nerissa: but in such a habit,  
That they shall think we are accomplished  
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accoutred like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;  
And speak between the change of man and boy,  
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,  
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,  
How honorable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;  
I could not do <sup>b</sup>withal:—then, I'll repent,  
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school  
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
Which I will practise.

*Ner.* Why, shall we turn to men?  
*Por.* Fie! what a question's that,  
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter.  
But come: I'll tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. A Garden.

*Enter* LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

*Laun.* Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the  
father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I  
promise you, I fear <sup>c</sup>you. I was always plain with  
you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter:

<sup>a</sup> "With imagin'd speed," i. e., with the greatest speed imaginable.—<sup>b</sup> "I could not do withal," i. e., I could not help it.—<sup>c</sup> "I fear you," i. e., I fear for you.

therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you  
are damned. There is but one hope in it that can  
do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard  
hope neither.

*Jes.* And what hope is that, I pray thee?

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that your  
father got you not; that you are not the Jew's  
daughter.

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so  
the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by  
father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your  
father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well,  
you are gone both ways.

*Jes.* I shall be saved by my husband; he hath  
made me a Christian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he: we were  
Christians <sup>d</sup>enow before; e'en as many as could well  
live one by another. This making of Christians will  
raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-  
eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals  
for money.

*Enter* LORENZO.

*Jes.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say:  
here he comes.

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot,  
if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jes.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot  
and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no  
mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's  
daughter; and he says, you are no good member of  
the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Chris-  
tians you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the common-  
wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's  
belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

*Laun.* It is much, that the Moor should be more  
than reason; but if she be less than an honest wo-  
man, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the word! I  
think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into  
silence, and discourse grow commendable in none  
only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare  
for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you!  
then, bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done too, sir; only, cover is the  
word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, sir?

*Laun.* Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion? Will  
thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an in-  
stant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his  
plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover  
the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to  
dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for  
the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in  
to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humors and conceits  
shall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.]

*Lor.* O, dear discretion, how his words are <sup>e</sup>suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words; and I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word  
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?  
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;  
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

*Jes.* Past all expressing. It is very meet,

<sup>d</sup> "Enow" is the old plural of *enough*.—<sup>e</sup> "Suited," i. e., arranged; fitted to each other.

The lord Bassanio live an upright life,  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;  
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then,  
In reason he should never come to heaven.  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something else  
Fawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.

*Lor.* I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table talk;  
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things  
I shall digest it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

*Enter the Duke; the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALARIO, and others.*

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer  
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard,  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his <sup>a</sup>envy's reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
To suffer with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Salan.* He's ready at the door. He comes, my lord.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our  
face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,  
Thou'lt show thy mercy and <sup>b</sup>remorse, more strange  
Than is thy strange <sup>c</sup>apparent cruelty;  
And <sup>d</sup>where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,  
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back,  
Enow to press a royal merchant down,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd  
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew. [*pose;*]

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I pur-  
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that:  
But, say, it is my <sup>e</sup>humor: is it answer'd?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?  
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;  
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;  
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,  
Cannot contain their urine for affection:  
Masters of passion sway it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer:  
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
Why he, a <sup>f</sup>bollen <sup>g</sup>bag-pipe; but of force  
Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
As to offend, himself being offended,  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What! would'st thou have a serpent sting thee  
twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you <sup>h</sup>question with the Jew.  
You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
Or e'en as well use question with the wolf,  
<sup>i</sup>When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;  
You may as well do any thing most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)  
His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech you,  
Make no more offers, use no farther means,  
But with all brief and plain conveniency,  
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them: I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering  
none? [*wrong?*]

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no  
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,  
Let them be free; marry them to your heirs?  
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,  
The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you:  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.  
If you deny me, fie upon your law!  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.  
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day.

*Salar.* My lord, here stays without

<sup>a</sup> Envy, in this place, means malice, hatred. — <sup>b</sup> Pity. —  
<sup>c</sup> Seeming. — <sup>d</sup> Whereas.

<sup>e</sup> Fancy. — <sup>f</sup> "Bollen," i.e., swollen. — <sup>g</sup> Reason; debate.

A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters: call the messenger.

*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio! What man, courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted venter of the flock,  
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.  
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

*Ner.* From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?  
1[*Presenting a letter.*

*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,  
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp <sup>a</sup>envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,  
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!  
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit  
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,  
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.  
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
To careless ruin.—I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend  
A young and learned doctor to our court.—  
Where is he?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,  
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart:—some three or four of  
you,

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—  
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] "Your grace shall understand, that  
at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in  
the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation  
was with me a young doctor of Rome; his  
name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the  
cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio,  
the merchant: we turned o'er many books together;  
he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd  
with his own learning, the greatness whereof  
I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my  
importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my  
stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no  
impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation,  
for I never knew so young a body with so old a  
head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance,  
whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he  
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—[*writes:*

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

*Por.* I am informed thoroughly of the cause.—

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.*

Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot <sup>b</sup>impugn you, as you do proceed.—

You stand within his <sup>c</sup>danger, do you not?

[*To ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.*

Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.*

Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown:

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway:

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself,

And earthly power doth then show likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—

That in the course of justice none of us

Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,

To mitigate the justice of thy plea,

Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head. I crave the law;  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;

Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth: and, I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:

To do a great right, do a little wrong,

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be. There is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a precedent,

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—

O, wise young judge, how I do honor thee!

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is.  
3[*Showing it.*

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit,

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful;

Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond.

<sup>a</sup> Malice; hatred.

<sup>b</sup> Oppose; controvert. — <sup>c</sup> "Within his danger," i. e.,  
within his power.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenor.—  
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law; your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.  
*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.  
*Por.* Why then, thus it is:—  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.  
*Shy.* O, noble judge! O, excellent young man!  
*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law,  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.  
*Shy.* 'Tis very true. O, wise and upright judge!  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!  
*Por.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.  
*Shy.* Ay, his breast;  
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—  
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.  
*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here to weigh  
The flesh?  
*Shy.* I have them ready, <sup>1</sup>[*Producing scales.*]  
*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your  
charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.  
*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?  
*Por.* It is not so express'd; but what of that?  
'Twere good you do so much for charity.  
*Shy.* I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.  
*Por.* You, merchant, have you any thing to say?  
*Ant.* But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—  
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well.  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,  
For herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use  
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such misery doth she cut me off.  
Commend me to your honorable wife:  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;  
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,  
Whether Bassanio had not once a <sup>2</sup>lover.  
Repent not that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt;  
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.  
*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,  
Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,  
Here to this devil, to deliver you. [*that,*]  
*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for  
If she were by to hear you make the offer.  
*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:  
I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this curriish Jew.  
*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.  
*Shy.* These be the Christian husbands! I have a  
daughter;  
Would any of the stock of Barabbas  
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!  
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.  
*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.  
*Shy.* Most rightful judge!  
*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:

The law allows it, and the court awards it.  
*Shy.* Most learned judge!—A sentence! come,  
prepare! <sup>3</sup>[*Showing the scales again.*]  
*Por.* Tarry a little: there is something else.—  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice. [*judge!*]  
*Gra.* O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned  
*Shy.* Is that the law?  
*Por.* Thyself shalt see the act;  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.  
*Gra.* O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned  
judge!  
*Shy.* I take <sup>4</sup>his offer then: pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.  
*Bass.* Here is the money.  
*Por.* Soft!  
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste:—  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.  
*Gra.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!  
*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.  
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more,  
Or less, than a just pound,—be it so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the <sup>5</sup>balance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.  
*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.  
*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.  
*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.  
*Bass.* I have it ready for thee: here it is.  
*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court:  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.  
*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.  
*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal?  
*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.  
*Shy.* Why then the devil give him good of it.  
I'll stay no longer question.  
*Por.* Tarry, Jew:  
The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,  
If it be prov'd against an alien,  
That by direct, or indirect attempts,  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,  
Shall seize one half his goods: the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;  
For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
That, indirectly, and directly too,  
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life  
Of the defendant, and thou hast incur'd  
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.  
*Gra.* Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang  
thyself:  
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.  
*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,  
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke, and all the court,  
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,  
I am content, so he will let me have  
The other half in use, to render it,  
Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more,—that, for this favor,  
He presently become a Christian;  
The other, that he do record a gift,  
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,  
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this, or else I do recant  
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence.  
I am not well. Send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening thou shalt have two godfathers:  
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,  
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.  
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE, MAGNIFICOS, and train.*]

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid, that is well-satisfied;  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid:  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me, when we meet again:  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

*Bass.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther:  
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you;  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield.  
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;  
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.—  
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more,  
And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good sir?—alas, it is a trifle;  
I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this;  
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it. [value.]

*Bass.* There's more depends on this, than on the  
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation;  
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:  
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;  
And when she put it on she made me vow,  
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scape serves many men to save their gifts,  
An if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,  
She would not hold out enemy for ever,  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

[*Exeunt PORTIA and NERISSA.*]

*Ant.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring,  
Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;  
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou can'st,  
Unto Antonio's house.—Away! make haste.

[*Exit GRATIANO.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently,  
And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,  
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,  
And be a day before our husbands home.  
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter GRATIANO 'running.*

*Gra.* Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.  
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,  
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat  
Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be.  
His ring I do accept most thankfully,  
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,  
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you.—  
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To PORTIA.*]  
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old  
swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men;  
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.  
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good sir; will you show me to this  
house? [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. The Avenue to PORTIA'S  
House.

*Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

*Lor.* The moon shines bright.—In such a night as  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees, [this,  
And they did make no noise; in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,

\* "In use," i. e., at interest.—<sup>b</sup> "Ten more," i. e., a jury  
of twelve men, to condemn him.

<sup>c</sup> Reflection.—<sup>d</sup> "Old" was formerly used in the sense of  
abundant, frequent.

And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,  
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,  
As far as Belmont.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did no body come;  
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter STEPHANO.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

*Steph.* A friend. [*You, friend?*]

*Lor.* A friend? what friend? your name, I pray

*Steph.* Stephano is my name; and I bring word,  
My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about  
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.* Who comes with her?

*Steph.* None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—  
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Laun.* Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

*Lor.* Who calls?

*Laun.* Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and  
mistress 'Lorenza? sola, sola!

*Lor.* Leave hallooing, man; here.

*Laun.* Sola! where? where?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him, there's a post come from my  
master, with his horn full of good news: my master  
will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*]

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their  
And yet no matter;—why should we go in? [*coming.*]  
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;  
And bring your music forth into the air.—

[*Exit STEPHANO.*]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold;  
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*]

*Jes.* I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood,  
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music: therefore, the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,  
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature.  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus.  
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

<sup>2</sup> [*Music again.*]

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world. [*dle.*]

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see the can-

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less:

A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

*Ner.* It is your music, madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect:  
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark!

When neither is attended; and, I think,  
The nightingale, if she could sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise, and true perfection!—  
Peace! <sup>3</sup>now the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*]

*Lor.* That is the voice,  
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia. [*cuckoo,*]

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the  
By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands'  
welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet;

But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa:

Give order to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent here;—  
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounded.*]

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand: I hear his trumpet.  
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

*Por.* This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;  
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their  
followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be light;  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,

\* "A tucket," i.e., a flourish on a trumpet.

And never be Bassanio so for me :

But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my  
This is the man, this is Antonio, [friend to:  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,  
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house :

It must appear in other ways than words,

Therefore, I scant this <sup>a</sup>breathing courtesy.

*Gra.* [To *NERISSA*.] By yonder moon, I swear,  
you do me wrong ;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,

Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give <sup>1</sup>to me; whose poesy was

For all the world, like cutlers' poetry

Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

*Ner.* What talk you of the poesy, or the value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you,

That you would wear it till your hour of death,

And that it should lie with you in your grave:

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

You should have been <sup>b</sup>respective, and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

A kind of boy; a little <sup>c</sup>scrubbed boy,

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:

I could not for my heart deny it him.

*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;

A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,

And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear

Never to part with it; and here he stands:

I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,

Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,

You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:

An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it. [hand off,

*Bass.* [Aside.] Why, I were best to cut my left

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,

Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,

That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;

And neither man, nor master, would take aught

But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring, gave you, my lord?

Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,

I would deny it; but you see, my finger

Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.

Ry heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed

Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours,

Till I again see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,

If you did know for whom I gave the ring,

And would conceive for what I gave the ring,

And how unwillingly I left the ring,

<sup>a</sup> "Breathing," i. e., made up of mere breath.—<sup>b</sup> Considerate; regardful.—<sup>c</sup> Stunted.

When naught would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,

Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,

Or your own honor to <sup>2</sup>retain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable,

If you had pleas'd to have defended it

With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty

To urge the thing held as a <sup>d</sup>ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

*Bass.* No, by mine honor, madam, by my soul,

No woman had it; but a civil <sup>e</sup>doctor,

Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,

And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away,

Even he that had held up the very life

Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him:

I was beset with shame and courtesy;

My honor would not let ingratitude

So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,

For, by these blessed candles of the night,

Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,

And that which you did swear to keep for me,

I will become as liberal as you:

I'll not deny him any thing I have;

No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:

Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus;

If you do not, if I be left alone,

Now, by mine honor, which is yet mine own,

I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk; therefore, be well advis'd

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;

For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Ant.* I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome not-

withstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;

And in the hearing of these many friends

I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,

Wherein I see myself,—

*Por.* Mark you but that!

In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;

In each eye, one:—swear by your <sup>f</sup>double self,

And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me.

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,

I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his <sup>g</sup>wealth,

Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,

My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord

Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then, you shall be his surety. Give him this,

And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

*Bass.* By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor.

*Por.* I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio,

For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,

For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,

In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

<sup>d</sup> "Held as a ceremony," i. e., kept religiously as a pledge

or remembrancer.—<sup>e</sup> "A civil doctor," i. e., a doctor of the

civil law.—<sup>f</sup> "Double," i. e., deceitful; full of duplicity.—

<sup>g</sup> "Wealth," i. e., advantage; benefit.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of highways |  
In summer, <sup>1</sup>when the ways are fair enough.

What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:  
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:  
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;  
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,  
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,  
And even but now return'd: I have not yet  
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;  
And I have better news in store for you,  
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;  
There you shall find, three of your argosies  
Are richly come to harbor suddenly.  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

*Gra.* Were you the clerk that is to make me  
cuckold?

*Ner.* Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,  
Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:  
When I am absent, then, lie with my wife.

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living,  
For here I read for certain that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo?  
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—  
There do I give to you and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

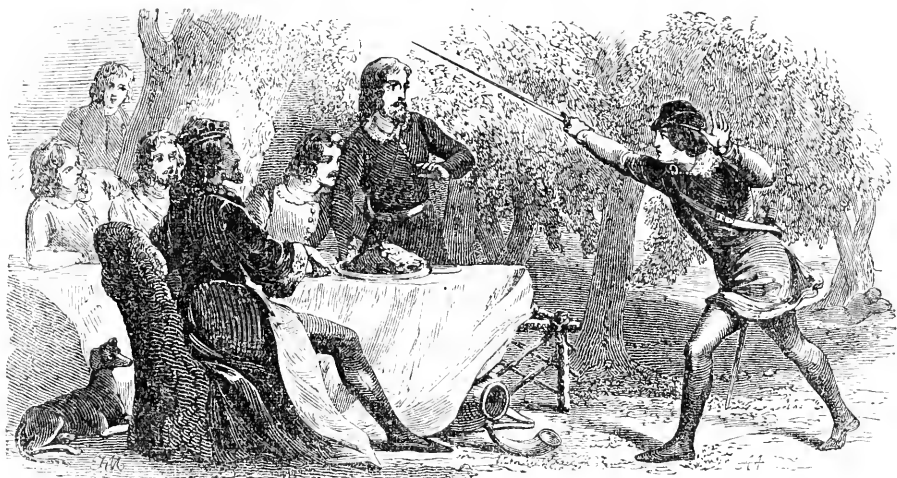
*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,  
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full. Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so: the first inter'gatory,  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,  
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day?  
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,  
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.  
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing  
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*]



# AS YOU LIKE IT.



ACT II.—Scene 7.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, <sup>1</sup>Senior, living in exile. [ions.  
FREDERICK, <sup>2</sup>his Brother, usurper of his domin-  
AMIENTS, } Lords attending upon the <sup>3</sup>exiled  
JAQUES, } Duke.  
LE BEAU, a Courtier.<sup>4</sup>  
OLIVER, }  
JAQUES, } Sons of Rowland de Bois.  
ORLANDO, }  
ADAM, } Servants to Oliver.  
DENNIS, }  
CHARLES, a Wrestler.

TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.  
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a Vicar.  
CORIN, }  
SILVIUS, } Shepherds.  
WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.  
HYMEN.

ROSALIND, Daughter to the <sup>5</sup>exiled Duke.  
CELIA, Daughter to <sup>6</sup>the usurping Duke.  
PHEBE, a Shepherdess.  
AUDREY, a Country Wench.

<sup>7</sup>Lords; Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House; <sup>8</sup>afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, <sup>9</sup>and in the Forest of Arden.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Orchard, near OLIVER's House.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this <sup>10</sup>fashion: he bequeathed me by will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much

bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, <sup>11</sup>mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. <sup>11</sup>[ADAM retires.

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Now, sir! what <sup>b</sup>make you here?

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

<sup>a</sup> Destroys; ruins.—<sup>b</sup> "What make you," i. e., what do you?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught<sup>a</sup> awhile.

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orl.* O! sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you, albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no<sup>b</sup> villain: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so. <sup>1</sup>[*Shaking him.*] Thou hast rail'd on thyself.

*Adam.* [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will, to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

*Enter DENNIS.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore, he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell, if Rosalind, the<sup>2</sup> old duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

*Cha.* O! no; for the<sup>3</sup> new duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They say, he is already in the forest of<sup>c</sup> Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and<sup>d</sup> fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me, to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own honor if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his<sup>e</sup> intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which, thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have, by underhand means, labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore, use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship. [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* Farewell good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester. I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he: yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all<sup>f</sup> sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed, so much in the heart of

<sup>a</sup> "And be naught awhile," i. e., and be hanged to you.—  
<sup>b</sup> Villain is used in a double sense: by Oliver for a worthless fellow; by Orlando for one of base extraction.

<sup>c</sup> The forest of Ardenne is in French Flanders, near the river Meuse.—<sup>d</sup> To fleet is to pass away.—<sup>e</sup> Intention; design.—<sup>f</sup> Frolicsome fellow.—<sup>g</sup> Ranks.

the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I <sup>a</sup> kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.—A Lawn before the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered, as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honor come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be my sport then?

*Cel.* Let us sit, and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favored.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

*Cel.* No: when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*Ros.* Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you? [father.]

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your *Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honor; but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight, that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

*Cel.* Prythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Ros.* My father's love is enough to honor him enough. Speak no more of him: you'll be whipped for taxation, one of these days.

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-cramm'd. [able.]

*Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more market-Bon jour, monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* <sup>3</sup> Spot? Of what color?

*Le Beau.* What color, madam? How shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do: and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

*Ros.* With bills on their neck,—“Be it known unto all men by these presents,”—

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas!

<sup>a</sup> “Kindle the boy thither,” i. e., excite the boy to it.

<sup>b</sup> Scandal.

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

*Duke F.* How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so: I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself<sup>1</sup> with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never<sup>2</sup> gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you.

*Cha.* Come; where is this young gailant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, sir; but his will bath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after: you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.*]

*Ros.* O, excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*CHARLES is thrown. Shout.*]

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. [*CHARLES is borne out.*]  
What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege: the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

*Duke F.* I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honorable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:  
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,  
Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED., Train, and LE BEAU.*]

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son, His youngest son, and would not change that<sup>b</sup> calling, To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind.  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him:  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:  
If you do keep your promises in love  
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain.*]

Wear this for me, one out of<sup>c</sup> suits with fortune,  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks  
Shall we go, coz?

*Cel.* Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you? My better<sup>d</sup> parts  
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up  
Is but a<sup>e</sup> quintane, a mere lifeless block. [*tunes;*]

*Ros.* He calls us back. My pride fell with my for.  
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—  
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

*Re-enter LE BEAU.*

O, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown.

<sup>b</sup> Appellation.—<sup>c</sup> "Out of suits," i. e., out of favor.—<sup>d</sup> "My better parts," i. e., my spirits.—<sup>e</sup> A quintane was a figure set up for tilers to run at, in mock tournaments.

<sup>a</sup> "Gracious," i. e., favored; countenanced.

Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd High commendation, true applause, and love, Yet such is now the duke's <sup>a</sup>condition, That he misconstrues all that you have done. The duke is <sup>b</sup>humorous: what he is, indeed, More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this: Which of the two was daughter of the duke, That here was at the wrestling? [*manners*;

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter: The other is daughter to the banish'd duke, And here detain'd by her usurping uncle, To keep his daughter company; whose loves Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters. But I can tell you, that of late this duke Hath <sup>c</sup>'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece, Grounded upon no other argument, But that the people praise her for her virtues, And pity her for her good father's sake; And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well: Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you: fare you well. [*Exit LE BEAU.* Thus must I from the smoke into the smother; From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother.— But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin; why, Rosalind.—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it for my <sup>1</sup>father's child. O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

*Cel.* Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

*Ros.* O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

*Ros.* The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father <sup>c</sup>dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

*Ros.* Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do.—

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.*

Look, here comes the duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger. [*haste,*  
*Duke F.* Mistress, dispatch you with your <sup>2</sup>fastest And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your grace, Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me. If with myself I hold intelligence, Or have acquaintance with mine own desires, If that I do not dream, or be not frantic, (As I do trust I am not) then, dear uncle, Never so much as in a thought unborn Did I offend your highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors: If their purgation did consist in words, They are as innocent as grace itself. Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor. Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends. [*enough.*

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter; there's

*Ros.* So was I when your highness took his duke— So was I when your highness banish'd him. [*dom;* Treason is not inherited, my lord; Or if we did derive it from our friends, What's that to me? my father was no traitor. Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much, To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for your sake; Else had she with her father rang'd along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay: It was your pleasure, and your own <sup>d</sup>remorse. I was too young that time to value her, But now I know her. If she be a traitor, Why so am I; we still have slept together, Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together; And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans, Still we went coupled, and <sup>3</sup>inseparable. [*ness,*

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee; and her smooth— Her very silence, and her patience, Speak to the people, and they pity her. Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name; And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,

When she is gone. Then, open not thy lips:

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her. She is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my I cannot live out of her company. [*liege:*

*Duke F.* You are a fool.—You, niece, provide your— If you out-stay the time, upon mine honor, [*self:* And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.*

*Cel.* O, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go? Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin. Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love, Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No: let my father seek another heir.

Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,

<sup>a</sup> Disposition. <sup>b</sup> Capricious; irregular. <sup>c</sup> Inveterately.

<sup>d</sup> Compassion.

Whither to go, and what to bear with us :  
And do not seek to take your 'charge upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go ?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle  
In the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids we are, to travel forth so far !  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.  
The like do you : so shall we pass along,  
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man ?  
A gallant 'curtle-ax upon my thigh.  
A boar-spear in my hand ; and, in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,  
We'll have a 'swashing and a martial outside,  
As many other manish cowards have,  
That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee, when thou art a man ?

*Ros.* I'll have no 'worse name than Jove's own  
And therefore look you call me Ganymede. [page,  
But what will you be call'd ?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state :  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's care ?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;  
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together,  
Devise the fittest time, and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight. Now go we in content  
To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and other Lords,  
like Foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet,  
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court ?  
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference, 'or the icy fang,  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which when it bites, and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,  
This is no flattery : these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his 'head ;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

*Ami.* I would not change it. Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

\* *Curtle-ax* is an old word for *cutlass*.—b "Swashing," i. e.,  
dashing.—c It was a current superstition, in Shakespeare's  
time, that the head of a toad contained a stone which was  
endued with singular virtues.

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?  
And yet it 'dirks me, the poor dappled fools,  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should, in their own confines, with forked 'heads  
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood ;  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish : and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques ?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1 *Lord.* O ! yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping in the 'needless stream ;  
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more [alone,  
To that which 'hath too much." Then, being there  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;  
"Tis right," quoth he ; "thus misery doth part  
The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him : "Ay," quoth Jaques,  
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;  
'Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?"  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing, that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
To fright the animals, and kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling place. [tion ?

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation ?  
2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place.  
I love to 'cope him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.

### SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man saw them ?  
It cannot be : some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed ; and in the morning early  
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the 'royal clown, at whom so oft  
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,  
Confesses that she secretly o'er-heard  
Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler,  
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;

d "It irks me," i. e., it gives me pain.—e "With forked  
heads," i. e., with barbed arrows.—f "Needless stream," i. e.,  
that needed no such accession.—g Encounter.—h Scurry.

And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company. [hither;

*Duke F.* Send to his brother: fetch that gallant  
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,  
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,  
And let not search and inquisition <sup>3</sup>quail  
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.—Before OLIVER's House.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there? [master!

*Adam.* What, my young master?—O, my gentle  
O, my sweet master! O, you <sup>b</sup>memory  
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?  
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?  
Why would you be so <sup>c</sup>fond to overcome  
The bony <sup>d</sup>priser of the humorous duke?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,  
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* O, unhappy youth!  
Come not within these doors: <sup>1</sup>beneath this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives.  
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—  
Yet not the son—I will not call him son—  
Of him I was about to call his father,)—  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
And you within it: if he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off:  
I overheard him, and his <sup>e</sup>practices.  
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it. [go?

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have me

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

*Orl.* What! would'st thou have me go and beg  
my food,

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce  
A thievish living on the common road?  
This I must do, or know not what to do;  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.  
I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a <sup>f</sup>diverted, <sup>g</sup>proud, and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,  
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse  
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
And unregarded age in corners thrown.  
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:  
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility:  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you:  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O, good old man! how well in thee appears  
The constant <sup>h</sup>favor of the antique world,

<sup>a</sup> Flag. <sup>b</sup> Memorial. <sup>c</sup> Foolish; rash. <sup>d</sup> "Priser," (from the Fr. *prise*) was the term for a wrestler. <sup>e</sup> Treacherous devices. <sup>f</sup> "Diverted," i. e., alienated.

When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion,  
And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.  
But come thy ways: we'll go along together,  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee  
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.  
From seventeen years, till now almost fourscore,  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week:  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALIND for Ganymede, CELIA for Aliena,  
and Clown, alias TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were  
not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's  
apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must com-  
fort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to  
show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, cour-  
age, good Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me: I can go no far-  
ther.

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you,  
than bear you: yet I should bear no <sup>a</sup>cross, if I did  
bear you, for, I think, you have no money in your  
purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I:  
when I was at home I was in a better place, but  
travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you;  
who comes here? a young man, and an old, in sol-  
emn talk.

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.*

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*Cor.* I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess,  
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:  
But if thy love were ever like to mine,  
As sure I think did never man love so,  
How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.  
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not lov'd:  
Or if thou hast not sat, as I do now,  
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not lov'd:  
Or if thou hast not broke from company,  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not lov'd.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [Exit SILVIUS.

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,  
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

<sup>a</sup> A cross was a piece of money stamped with a cross.

*Touch.* And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her <sup>a</sup>batler, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a <sup>b</sup>peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

*Ros.* Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, Till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* <sup>1</sup>Love, love! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine; but  
It grows something stale with me,  
<sup>2</sup>And begins to fail with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond' man,  
If he for gold will give us any food:  
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla, you clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say.—

Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir; and to you all.

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,  
And fainted for succor.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her,  
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;  
But I am shepherd to another man,  
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little 'recks to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his <sup>d</sup>cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,  
Are now on sale; and at our sheeppote now,  
By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,  
And in my <sup>e</sup>voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but <sup>f</sup>ere—  
That little cares for buying any thing. [while,

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.  
Go with me: if you like, upon report,  
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be,  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter AMIENS, JAKUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,

<sup>a</sup>A batler, or batler, was a washerwoman's stick for beating linen.—<sup>b</sup>Peascod was the ancient term for peas in the pod, the cod being the pod.—<sup>c</sup>Cares.—<sup>d</sup>Cote, i. e., cot; cottage.—<sup>e</sup>"In my voice," i. e., as far as I have a voice, or vote.—<sup>f</sup>"But crewhile," i. e., but just now.

And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see no enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more! I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More! I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza. Call you <sup>em</sup> stanzas?

*Ami.* What you will, monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

*Ami.* More at your request, than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too <sup>b</sup>disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see, &c.

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,  
That any man turn ass  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,  
Duedame, duedame, duedame,  
Here shall he see, gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me.

*Ami.* What's that *duedame*?

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the <sup>1</sup>first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [Exeunt severally.

#### SCENE VI.—The Same.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no farther: O! I die for food. Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself

<sup>1</sup>Rugged; rough.—<sup>b</sup>Disputations.—<sup>c</sup>"The first-born of Egypt" was a proverbial expression for high-born persons.



a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be <sup>1</sup> comforted; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou look'st cheerily; and I'll be with thee quickly. — Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of I dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerily, good Adam. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VII.—The Same.

*A Table set out. Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.*

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast, For I can no where find him like a man.

*1 Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence: Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of <sup>a</sup> jars, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.— Go, seek him: tell him, I would speak with him.

*Enter JAQUES.*

*1 Lord.* He saves my labor by his own approach.

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company! What, you look merrily.

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest, A <sup>b</sup> motley fool; (a miserable world!)

As I do live by food, I met a fool, Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

"Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he,

"Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me <sup>c</sup> fortune."

And then he drew a dial from his <sup>d</sup> poke,

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:

Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,

And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear

The motley fool thus <sup>e</sup> moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep contemplative;

And I did laugh, <sup>f</sup> sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O, noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

*Duke S.* What fool is this? [Courtier,

*Jaq.* O, worthy fool!—One that hath been a

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only <sup>g</sup> suit;

Provided, that you weed your better judgments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them,

<sup>a</sup> "Compact of jars," i. e., made up of discords.—<sup>b</sup> "Mot-

ley," i. e., parti-colored; an allusion to the parti-colored

dress of fools or clowns.—<sup>c</sup> An allusion to the proverb:

"Fools are the favorites of fortune."—<sup>d</sup> Pocket.—<sup>e</sup> Moralize.

—<sup>f</sup> Without.—<sup>g</sup> "My only suit," a quibble between *suit*, a

petition, and *suit*, a dress.

That I am wise. I must have liberty Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please; for so fools have: And they that are most galled with my folly, They must must laugh. And why, sir, must they so? The why is plain as way to parish church:

He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

<sup>2</sup> But to seem <sup>h</sup> senseless of the bob; if not,

The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd,

Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley: give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,

If they will patiently receive my medicine. [do.

*Duke S.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst

*Jaq.* What, for a <sup>i</sup> counter, would I do, but good?

*Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

And all th' embossed sores, and headed evils,

That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,

Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,

That can therein tax any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the <sup>3</sup> very means of wear do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,

When that I say, the city-woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,

When such a one as she, such is her neighbor?

Or what is he of basest function,

That says, his <sup>k</sup> bravery is not on my cost,

Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; how then? what then? Let me see

wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,

Why then, my <sup>l</sup> tuxing like a wild goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?

*Duke S.* Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy

distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manner,

That in civility thou seem'st so empty? [point

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility; yet am I <sup>m</sup> inland bred,

And know some <sup>n</sup> nurture. But forbear, I say:

He dies, that touches any of this fruit,

Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* An you will not be answered with reason,

I must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gentleness

shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food, and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our

table. [you:]

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray

I thought, that all things had been savage here,

And therefore put I on the countenance

<sup>h</sup> "But to seem senseless," i. e., to seem otherwise than

senseless.—<sup>i</sup> *Counters* were pieces of false money used in

reckoning.—<sup>k</sup> *Finery*.—<sup>l</sup> *Censure*; reproach.—<sup>m</sup> "Inland

bred," i. e., not clownishly bred.—<sup>n</sup> *Education*; manners.

Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,  
That, in this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,  
If ever you have look'd on better days,  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,  
If ever sat at any good man's feast,  
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.  
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better days,  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,  
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes  
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
And take, upon I commend, what help we have,  
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orl.* Then, but forbear your food a little while,  
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,  
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,  
I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,  
And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good  
comfort! [*Exit.*]

*Duke S.* Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woful pageants, than the scene  
Wherein we play a in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,  
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
With eye severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and b modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd c pantaloons,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;  
d Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.*

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your venerable  
And let him feed. [burden,  
*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need;  
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke S.* Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you

\*Pleonasms of this kind were common in Shakespeare's age.—b "Modern," i. e., trite; common; trivial.—c The *pantaloons*, in the Italian farce, was an emaciated old man in slippers.—d Without.

As yet to question you about your fortunes.

Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

<sup>2</sup>[*Confers with ORLANDO.*]

SONG.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind*

*As man's ingratitude;*

*Thy tooth is not so keen,*

*Because thou art not seen,*

*Although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.*

*Then, heigh, ho! the holly!*

*This life is most jolly.*

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,*

*That dost not bite so nigh*

*As benefits forgot:*

*Though thou the waters e warp,*

*Thy sting is not so sharp,*

*As friend remember'd e not.*

*Heigh, ho! sing, &c.*

*Duke S.* If that you were the good sir Rowland's  
son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were,

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness

Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,

Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke,

That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,

Thou art right welcome as thy master is.

Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,

And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords and  
Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Not <sup>3</sup>seen him since? Sir, sir, that can-  
But were I not the better part made mercy, [not be:]  
I should not seek an absent <sup>4</sup>argument

Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:

Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;

Seek him with candle: bring him, dead or living,

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more

To seek a living in our territory.

Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,

Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,

Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth

Of what we think against thee.

*Oli.* O, that your highness knew my heart in this!

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou.—Well, push him out  
of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature

Make an <sup>5</sup>extent upon his house and lands.

Do this <sup>6</sup>expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.—The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ORLANDO, <sup>7</sup>hanging a paper on a tree.*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey

\*To warp, in this passage, signifies to weave into a firm texture, to freeze.—f "Remember'd not," i. e., unmindful; forgetful.—g Subject.—h "Make an extent," i. e., seize by legal process.—i Expeditiously.

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.  
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll characterize,  
That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.  
Run, run, Orlando: carve, on every tree,  
The fair, the chaste, and <sup>a</sup>unexpressive she. [*Exit.*]

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun; that he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain <sup>b</sup> of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a <sup>c</sup>natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a <sup>d</sup>parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their <sup>e</sup>fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner: shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee,

shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art <sup>f</sup>raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst <sup>g</sup>scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper*

Ros. *From the east to western Ind,*

*No jewel is like Rosalind.*

*Her worth, being mounted on the wind,*

*Through all the world bears Rosalind.*

*All the pictures, fairest <sup>h</sup>lin'd,*

*Are but black to Rosalind.*

*Let no face be kept in mind,*

*But the <sup>i</sup>fair of Rosalind.*

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's <sup>j</sup>rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

“If a hart do lack a hind,

Let him seek out Rosalind.

If the cat will after kind,

So, be sure, will Rosalind.

Winter garments must be lin'd,

So must slender Rosalind.

They that reap must sheaf and bind,

Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,

Such a nut is Rosalind.

He that sweetest rose will find,

Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.”

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace! you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter CELIA, reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desert be?*

*For it is unpeopled? No;*

*Tongues I'll hang on every tree,*

*That shall civil sayings show:*

*Some, how brief the life of man*

*Runs his crring pilgrimage,*

*That the stretching of a span*

*Buckles in his sum of age.*

*Some, of violated vows*

*'Tis that the souls of friend and friend:*

*But upon the fairest boughs,*

*Or at every sentence' end,*

<sup>a</sup> Inexpressible.—<sup>b</sup> “Of good breeding,” i. e., of the want of good breeding.—<sup>c</sup> Natural was the common term for a fool.—<sup>d</sup> Dangerous; perilous.—<sup>e</sup> Skins.

<sup>f</sup> Ignorant; inexperienced.—<sup>g</sup> Delineated.—<sup>h</sup> Fairness; beauty.—<sup>i</sup> “Rank,” i. e., jog-trot rate.

*Will I Rosalinda write;  
Teaching all that read to know  
The quintessence of every sprite  
Heaven would in <sup>a</sup> little show.  
Therefore heaven Nature charg'd  
That one body should be fill'd  
With all graces wide enlarg'd:  
Nature presently distill'd  
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,  
Cleopatra's majesty,  
Atalanta's better part,  
Sad Lueretia's modesty.  
Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod was devis'd,  
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
To have the <sup>b</sup> touches dearest priz'd.  
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
And I to live and die her slave.*

*Ros.* O, most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

*Cel.* How now? back, friends.—Shepherd, go off a little!—go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*]

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* O! yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* 'Trow you, who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck? Change you color?

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, who?

*Cel.* O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I pr'ythee, now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all <sup>d</sup> whooping!

*Ros.* Good my <sup>e</sup> complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a 'Southsea of discovery; I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it quickly; and speak apiece. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once,

or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow, and true <sup>f</sup> maid.

*Cel.* I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein <sup>g</sup> went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me <sup>h</sup> Garagantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count <sup>i</sup> atoms, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

*Ros.* It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry, 'holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

*Ros.* O ominous! he comes to kill my <sup>m</sup> heart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

[*Enter ORLANDO and JACQUES.*]

*Cel.* You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

*Ros.* 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[*ROSALIND and CELIA retire.*]

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* Good bye, you: let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mark no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you mark no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

<sup>a</sup> "In little," i. e., in miniature. — <sup>b</sup> Features. — <sup>c</sup> "Trow you," i. e., can you imagine? — <sup>d</sup> "Out of all whooping," i. e., out of all cry, or measure. — <sup>e</sup> "Good my complexion!" i. e., By my inquisitive disposition! — <sup>f</sup> "Is a Southsea of discovery," i. e., will leave me in a sea of conjecture.

<sup>g</sup> That is, speak seriously and honestly. — <sup>h</sup> "Wherein went he?" i. e., How was he dressed? — <sup>i</sup> *Garagantua* was the giant of Rabelais. — <sup>k</sup> "Atoms," i. e., motes flying in the sun. — <sup>l</sup> "Cry, holla!" i. e., Cry ho! or stop! a teamster's phrase. — <sup>m</sup> *Heart* and *hart* were formerly spelled alike.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and comm'd them out of rings?

*Orl.* Not so; but I answer you right painted<sup>a</sup> cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit: I think, 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good signior love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*come forward.*]

[*Exit JAKES.—ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

*Ros.* [*Aside to CELIA.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. [*To him.*] Do you hear, forester?

*Orl.* Very well: what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't o'clock?

*Orl.* You should ask me, what time o'clock: there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then, there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I prythee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stands he still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the sententious phrases on old tapestry or painted cloth hangings.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the coney, that you see dwell where she is<sup>b</sup> kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so<sup>c</sup> removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an<sup>d</sup> inland man; one that knew<sup>e</sup> courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal: they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I prythee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that<sup>f</sup> fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaken. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not:—but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your<sup>g</sup> shaving in beard is a younger brother's revenue.—Then, your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather<sup>h</sup> point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house, and a whip, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so pun-

<sup>b</sup> "Kindled," i. e., brought forth.—<sup>c</sup> "Sequestered,"—<sup>d</sup> "Inland," i. e., educated. See note on Act ii. Scene 7.—<sup>e</sup> "Courtship," i. e., courtly behavior; courtiership.—<sup>f</sup> "A fancy-monger" is one who deals in tricks of imagination.—<sup>g</sup> "Having," i. e., possession.—<sup>h</sup> "Point-device," i. e., precise; exact.

ished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a <sup>a</sup>moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this color: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humor of love, to a loving humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosulind, and come every day to my <sup>b</sup>cote, and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosulind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JACQUES behind, observing them.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features? Lord warrant us! what features?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] O knowledge <sup>c</sup>ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great <sup>d</sup>reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry, <sup>1</sup>it may be said, as lovers they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] A material <sup>e</sup>fool.

<sup>a</sup> That is, changeable as the moon.—<sup>b</sup> Habitation.—<sup>c</sup> Ill-lodged.—<sup>d</sup> The allusion is to a tavern reckoning.—<sup>e</sup> "A material fool," is a fool with matter in him.

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair, and therefore, I pray the gods, make me honest!

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am <sup>f</sup>foul.

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness: sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man <sup>2</sup>might, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. <sup>3</sup>Are horns given to poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the <sup>4</sup>rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much <sup>b</sup>defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.*

Here comes sir Oliver.—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good Mr. What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: <sup>k</sup>God'll you for your last company. I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his <sup>l</sup>bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then, one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

*Touch.* I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good master Oliver! Not

O sweet Oliver! O brave Oliver!

<sup>f</sup> "Foul," i. e., homely.—<sup>g</sup> Lean deer were called rascal deer.—<sup>h</sup> Defence, i. e., the art of fencing.—<sup>i</sup> The title "Sir" was formerly applied to priests and curates.—<sup>k</sup> "God'll you," i. e., God yield you; God reward you.—<sup>l</sup> "Bow," i. e., yoke, which formerly resembled a bow.

Leave me not behind thee :

But 'wend away, begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding<sup>2</sup> bind thee.

[*Exeunt* JAKUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave  
of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV.—The Same. Before a Cottage.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me: I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I prythee; but yet have the grace to  
consider, that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire: there-  
fore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling color.

*Cel.* Something browner than a Judas's. Marry,  
his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* Faith, his hair is of a good color.

*Cel.* An excellent color: your chestnut was ever  
the only color.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the  
touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of<sup>b</sup> cast lips of Diana:  
a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religi-  
ously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this  
morning, and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*Cel.* Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a  
horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think  
him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten  
nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright, he  
was.

*Cel.* Was is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover  
is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are  
both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends  
here in the forest on the duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday, and had much  
question with him. He asked me, of what parent-  
age I was? I told him, of as good as he; so he  
laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of  
fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave  
verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and  
breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the  
heart of his<sup>d</sup> lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his  
horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble  
goose. But all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly  
guides.—Who comes here?

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cer.* Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd  
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well: and what of him?

*Cer.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love,  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O! come, let us remove:

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:  
Say that you love me not; but say not so  
In bitterness. The common executioner,  
Whose heart th'<sup>a</sup>accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,  
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be  
Than he that<sup>b</sup> kills and lives by bloody drops?

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner:

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,

That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on<sup>c</sup> atomies,

Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;

Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;

Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame!

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,

The cicatrice and<sup>d</sup> palpable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes

That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O! dear Phebe,

If ever, (as that ever may be near)

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of<sup>e</sup> fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible

That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But till that time

Come not thou near me; and when that time comes

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,

As till that time I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? Who  
might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once, [*beauty,*

Over the wretched? What though you have no

As, by my faith, I see no more in you

Than without candle may go dark to bed,

Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you, than in the ordinary

Of nature's sale-work:—O! my little life!

I think she means to tangle my eyes too.

No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:

'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,

Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,

That can entame my spirits to your worship.—

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer man,

Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you,

That make the world full of ill-favor'd children.

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;

And out of you she sees herself more proper,

Than any of her lineaments can show her.—

But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,

And thank heaven fasting for a good man's love;

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,

Sell when you can: you are not for all markets.

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:

<sup>a</sup> Judas was represented in old paintings with red hair.—  
<sup>b</sup> That is, cast-off.—<sup>c</sup> Conversation.—<sup>d</sup> Mistress.

<sup>e</sup> Motes; atoms.—<sup>f</sup> Love.

<sup>a</sup>Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

So, take her to thee, shepherd.—Fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with your <sup>b</sup>foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am false than vows made in wine: Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house, 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—

Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better, And be not proud: though all the world could see, None could be so abus'd in <sup>c</sup>sight as he.

Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

*Phe.* Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might; "Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe!

*Phe.* Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love, By giving love, your sorrow and my grief Were both extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love: is not that neighborly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee, And yet it is not that I bear thee love; But since that thou canst talk of love so well, Thy company, which erst was irksome to me, I will endure, and I'll employ thee too; But do not look for farther recompense, Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy, and so perfect is my love, And I in such a poverty of grace, That I shall think it a most plenteous crop To glean the broken ears after the man That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere while?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft; And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds, That the old <sup>d</sup>carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him. 'Tis but a <sup>e</sup>peevish boy;—yet he talks well:—But what care I for words? yet words do well, When he that speaks them pleases those that hear. It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.

He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue Did make offence, his eye did heal it up. He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall. His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well: There was a pretty redness in his lip; A little ripier, and more lusty red [*ence* Than that mix'd in his cheek: 'twas just the difference Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask. There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels, as I did, would have gone near To fall in love with him; but for my part I love him not, nor hate him not, and yet I have more cause to hate him than to love him; For what had he to do to chide at me? He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black; And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me: I marvel why I answer'd not again: But that's all one; omittance is no quitance. I'll write to him a very taunting letter, And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight; The matter's in my head, and in my heart: I will be bitter with him, and passing short.

Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAKES.*

*Jak.* I prythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jak.* I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every <sup>f</sup>modern censure worse than drunkards.

*Jak.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

*Jak.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all of these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which by often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jak.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad. And to travel for it too!

*Orl.* Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.

*Jak.* Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*]

*Ros.* Farewell, monsieur traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits; <sup>h</sup>disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a <sup>i</sup>gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover? An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and

<sup>a</sup> Ugly.—<sup>b</sup> Homeliness.—<sup>c</sup> "So abus'd in sight," i. e., so deceived as to think you beautiful.—<sup>d</sup> Carl; peasant.—<sup>e</sup> Weak; silly.

<sup>f</sup> "Modern," i. e., common; trifling.—<sup>g</sup> Tender; delicate.—<sup>h</sup> Undervalue.—<sup>i</sup> "Swam in a gondola," i. e., been at Venice.



break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head, a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better <sup>a</sup>leer than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should <sup>1</sup>thank my honesty rather than my wit.

*Orl.* What, <sup>2</sup>out of my suit?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person I say—I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*Ros.* No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer-night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish <sup>3</sup>coroners of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on-disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith will I; Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What say'st thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin,—“Will you, Orlando,”—

*Cel.* Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say,—“I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.”

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but, —I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl, goes before the priest; and, certainly, the woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts: they are winged.

*Ros.* Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

*Orl.* For ever, and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like <sup>b</sup>Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a <sup>c</sup>hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O! but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. <sup>d</sup>Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—“Wit, whither wilt?”

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's <sup>e</sup>accusing, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways.—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

<sup>a</sup> “Leer,” i. e., complexion; color.

<sup>b</sup> That is, like the figure of Diana in an artificial fountain.—  
<sup>c</sup> Hyena.—<sup>d</sup> Bar.

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

*Ros.* Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try 'you. Adieu!

[*Exit ORLANDO.*]

*Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

*Ros.* O! coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love.—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter JACQUES and Lords, like Foresters.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

*What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*

*His leather skin, and horns to wear.<sup>2</sup>*

*Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;*  
*It was a crest ere thou wast born.*

*Thy father's father wore it,*

*And thy father bore it:*

*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*

*Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

3 [Then sing him home: the rest shall bear this burden.]

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—The Forest.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here 'much Orlando!

[*brain.*]

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled He hath ta'en his bow and arrows, 'and gone forth—To sleep. Look, who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth.—

My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:

[*Giving a letter.* <sup>6</sup> *Ros. reads it.*]

I know not the contents; but as I guess,

By the stern brow, and waspish action,  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me,  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,  
And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all.

She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;  
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,  
Were man as rare as Phoenix. Od's my will!

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:

Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well;  
This is a letter of your own device.

*Sil.* No, I protest; I know not the contents:  
Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool,  
And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-color'd hand: I verily did think

That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:  
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter.  
I say, she never did invent this letter;

This is a man's invention, and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,

A style for challengers: why, she defies me,

Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain

Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect

Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

*Sil.* So please you; for I never heard it yet,  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,

That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"—

Can a woman rail thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.* "Why, thy godhead laid apart,

Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?—

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,

That could do no vengeance to me."

Meaning me, a beast.—

"If the scorn of your bright 'eyne

Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alack! in me what strange effect

Would they work in little aspect?

Whiles you chide me, I did love;

How then might your prayers move?

He that brings this love to thee,

Little knows this love in me:

And by him seal up thy mind:

Whether that thy youth and 'kind

Will the faithful offer take

Of me, and all that I can make;

Or else by him my love deny,

And then I'll study how to die."

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd!

*Ros.* Do you pity him? no; he deserves no pity.

—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her:—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company.

[*Exit SILVIUS.*]

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you Where in the purlieus of this forest stands [know,

<sup>a</sup> "Here much Orlando," an ironical expression, signifying, "here's no Orlando."

<sup>b</sup> Mischief.—<sup>c</sup> Eyes.—<sup>d</sup> Nature; natural affection.

A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees? [tom:

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbor bot-  
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,  
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;  
There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description;  
Such garments, and such years:—"The boy is fair,  
Of female favor, and <sup>a</sup>bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,  
And browner than her brother." Are not you  
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both;

And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,  
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

*Ros.* I am. What must we understand by this?

*Oli.* Some of my shame; if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkerchief was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you,  
He left a promise to return again

Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter <sup>b</sup>fancy,  
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,  
And, mark, what object did present itself!

Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,

Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd  
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,

Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
And with indented glides did slip away

Into a bush; under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,  
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis

The royal disposition of that beast,  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
And found it was brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* O! I have heard him speak of that same brother;  
And he did <sup>c</sup>render him the most unnatural  
That liv'd 'mongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so do,  
For well I know he was unnatural.

*Ros.* But, to Orlando.—Did he leave him there,  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;  
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,

And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lioness,

Who quickly fell before him: in which <sup>d</sup>hurling  
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Ros.* Was it you he rescu'd?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

*Oli.* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin?

*Oli.* By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,

As, how I came into that desert place,

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,

Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,

Committing me unto my brother's love:

Who led me instantly unto his cave,

There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm,

The lioness had torn some flesh away,

Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,

And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.

Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;

And, after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,

To tell this story, that you might excuse

His broken promise; and to give this napkin,

Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?

[ROSALIND swoons.

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it.—Cousin!—Ganymede!

*Oli.* Look, he recovers. <sup>1</sup>[Raising her.

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither.—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm? [Jack

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth.—You a man? You

A man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body

would think this was well counterfeited. I pray

you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—

Heigh ho!—

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit: there is too great  
testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion

of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit

to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do; but, i'faith, I should have been a

woman by right.

*Cel.* Come; you look paler and paler: pray you,

draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back,

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something. But, I pray you,

commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?

[Exit.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey: patience,  
gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all  
the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey; a most  
vile Mar-text. But, Audrey; there is a youth here

in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis: he bath no interest in  
me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.  
By my troth, we that have good wits have much to

answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot <sup>e</sup>hold.

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head,  
cover thy head: nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How

old are you, friend?

*Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

<sup>a</sup> Behaves.—<sup>b</sup> Love.—<sup>c</sup> Represent.—<sup>d</sup> Justling; clashing;  
encounter.

<sup>e</sup> Forbear.

*Touch.* A ripe age. Is thy name William?

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* Thank God;—a good answer. Art rich?

*Will.* 'Faith, sir, so, so.

*Touch.* So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good;—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me. To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir?

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave, the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away!

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey; trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

*Orl.* Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her; and, loving, woo; and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that wo may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Orl.* You have my consent.

Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I Invite the duke, and all's contented followers.

*Enter ROSALIND.*

Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, Here comes my Rosalind.

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister.

[*Exit.*]

*Ros.* O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O! I know where you are.—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw," and "overcame:" for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb <sup>a</sup> incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speak to some purpose) that I know you are a gentleman of good <sup>b</sup> conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, <sup>c</sup> human as she is, and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, <sup>d</sup> bid your friends, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

Look; here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I write to you.

*Ros.* I care not, if I have: it is my study To seem despiseful and ungentle to you.

You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:

Look upon him, love him; he worships you. [*Love.*]

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to

*S#.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;

And so am I for Phebe.

<sup>a</sup> Immediately.—<sup>b</sup> Wit.—<sup>c</sup> "Human as she is," i.e., the real Rosalind.—<sup>d</sup> Invite.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes;

All adoration, duty, and obedience;

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;

All purity, all trial, all observance;

And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To ROSALIND.*]

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To PHEBE.*]

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Ros.* Who do you speak to, "why blame you me to love you?"

*Orl.* To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*To SILVIUS*] if I can:—I would love you, [*To PHEBE*] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To PHEBE*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*To ORLANDO*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To SILVIUS*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To ORLANDO*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*To SILVIUS*] love Phebe, meet;—and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—The Same.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the 'world.

<sup>2</sup> *Touch.* Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

<sup>1</sup> *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*Touch.* By my troth, well met. Come, sit; sit, and a song.

<sup>2</sup> *Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.

<sup>1</sup> *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are 's only the prologues to a bad voice?

<sup>2</sup> *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

*It was a lover, and his lass,*

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*  
*That o'er the green corn-field did pass*

*In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,*  
*When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;*  
*Sweet lovers love the spring.*

\* That is, a married woman.

*Between the acres of the rye,*

*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*  
*These pretty country folks would lie,*  
*In spring time, &c.*

*This carol they began that hour,*  
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*  
*How that 'our life was but a flower*  
*In spring time, &c.*

*And therefore take the present time,*  
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*  
*For love is crowned with the prime*  
*In spring time, &c.*

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very <sup>6</sup>untimeable.

<sup>1</sup> *Page.* You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices.—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAUQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.*

*Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not, As those that fear <sup>6</sup>to hope, and know they fear.

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is <sup>7</sup>heard.—

[*To the DUKE.*] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here? [*with her.*]

*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give

*Ros.* [*To ORLANDO.*] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

*Ros.* [*To PHEBE.*] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

*Phe.* So is the bargain. [*Phebe, if she will?*]

*Ros.* [*To SILVIUS.*] You say, that you'll have

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.

*Ros.* I have promis'd to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke! to give your daughter;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—

Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

Keep you word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even—<sup>8</sup>even so.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

*Duke S.* I do remember in this shepherd-boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter: But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Jag.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all.

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a <sup>a</sup>measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up?

*Touch.* 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How <sup>1</sup>the seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks.—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and <sup>b</sup>sententious.

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times <sup>c</sup>removed.—Bear your body more <sup>d</sup>seemingly, Audrey.—As thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the "retort courteous." If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the "quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he <sup>e</sup>disabled my judgment: this is called the "reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the "reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I <sup>f</sup>lied: this is called the "countercheck quarrelsome:" and so to the "lie circumstantial," and the "lie direct."

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no farther than the "lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "lie direct;" and so we measured swords, and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the <sup>f</sup>book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

<sup>a</sup> That is, *danced a minuet*.—<sup>b</sup> That is, *prompt and pithy*.—<sup>c</sup> "Seven times removed," i. e., seven times removed from the lie direct.—<sup>d</sup> Seemingly.—<sup>e</sup> An allusion to the book entitled, "Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels, by Vincentio Savioli," 1594, 4to.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes; and CELIA.*

*Still Music.*

*Hym.* *Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
    <sup>g</sup>Atone together.*

*Good duke, receive thy daughter,  
Hymen from heaven brought her;*

*Yea, brought her hither,  
That thou might'st join her hand with his,  
Whose heart within her bosom is.*

*Ros.* [To DUKE S.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To ORLANDO.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu! [not he:—

*Ros.* [To DUKE S.] I'll have no father, if you be [To ORLANDO.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[To PHEBE.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion.

'Tis I must make conclusion  
Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true <sup>h</sup>contents.

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.] You and you no cross shall part:

[To OLIVER and CELIA.] You and you are heart in heart:

[To PHEBE.] You to his love must accord,  
Or have a woman to your lord:

[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.] You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with <sup>i</sup>questioning,

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and <sup>j</sup>thus we finish.

SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown:*

*O, blessed bond of board and bed!*

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock, then, be honored:

Honor, high honor, and renown,

To Hymen, god <sup>k</sup>in every town!

*Duke S.* O, my dear niece! welcome thou art to me: Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

*Phe.* [To SILVIUS.] I will not cut my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth <sup>k</sup>combine.

*Enter Second Brother.*

2 Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two.

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,

That brings these tidings to this fair assembly.—

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

<sup>l</sup>Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot

In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here, and put him to the sword.

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,

<sup>g</sup> Accord; agree.—<sup>h</sup> That is, if there be truth in truth.—<sup>i</sup> Discourse.—<sup>k</sup> Unite; attach.—<sup>l</sup> Prepared.

Where, meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprise, and from the world;  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restor'd to them again,  
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man.  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:  
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,  
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
That here were well begun, and well begot;  
And after, <sup>a</sup>every of this happy number,  
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,  
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
According to the measure of their 'states.  
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
And fall into our rustic revelry.—  
Play, music! and you brides and bridegrooms all,  
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,  
The duke hath put on a religious life,  
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

<sup>2</sup> *Bro.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I: out of these <sup>b</sup>convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—  
You [ *To DUKE S.* ] to your former honor I bequeath;  
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve it:—  
You [ *To ORLANDO* ] to a love, that your true faith  
doth merit:— [allies:—

You [ *To OLIVER* ] to your land, and love, and great  
You [ *To SILVIUS* ] to a long and well deserved bed:—  
And you [ *To TOUCHSTONE* ] to wrangling; for thy  
loving voyage [ures:

Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your pleas-  
I am for other than for dancing measures.

<sup>a</sup> Every one.—<sup>b</sup> Converts.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaq.* To see no pastime, I:—what you would have,  
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [ *Exit.*

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed: we will begin these  
rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

## EPILOGUE.

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the Epi-  
logue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see  
the lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine  
needs no <sup>c</sup>bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no  
epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes,  
and good plays prove the better by the help of good  
epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am nei-  
ther a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you  
in the behalf of a good play? I am not <sup>d</sup>furnished  
like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me:  
my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the  
women. I charge you, O women! for the love you  
bear to men, to like as much of this play as please  
you: and I charge you, O men! for the love you  
bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering  
none of you hates them) that between you and the  
women, the play may please. If I were a <sup>e</sup>woman,  
I would kiss as many of you as had beards that  
pleased me, complexions that liked <sup>f</sup>me, and breaths  
that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have  
good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will,  
for my kind offer, when I make curtesy, bid me  
farewell. [ *Exeunt.*

<sup>c</sup> It was the custom to hang a *bush of ivy* at the door of a  
vintner.—<sup>d</sup> "Furnished," i. e., dressed.—<sup>e</sup> The parts of women  
were performed by men or boys in Shakespeare's time.—  
<sup>f</sup> "That liked me," i. e., that I liked.

# TAMING OF THE SHREW.



ACT IV.—Scene 1.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.

<sup>1</sup> CHRISTOPHERO SLY, a Tinker.

Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen,  
<sup>2</sup> and Servants.

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa

LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio.<sup>3</sup>

PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona.<sup>4</sup>

GREMIO,

HORTENSIO, } Suitors to Bianca.

Persons  
in the  
Induction.

TRANIO,

BIONDELLO,

GRUMIO,

CURTIS,

<sup>5</sup> The Pedant.

KATHARINA,<sup>6</sup>

BIANCA,<sup>7</sup>

Widow.

} Servants to Lucentio.

} Servants to Petruchio.

} Daughters to Baptista.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants, attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

## INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter HOSTESS and <sup>8</sup>CHRISTOPHERO SLY.

*Sly.* I'll <sup>a</sup>plcease you, in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue!

*Sly.* Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas* <sup>b</sup>*pallabris*; let the world slide. <sup>c</sup>*Sessa*!

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

*Sly.* No, not a denier. Go by, <sup>9</sup>Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

*Host.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the <sup>10</sup>headborough.<sup>d</sup> [Exit.

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. <sup>11</sup>[Lies down, and falls asleep.

*Wind Horns.* Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is <sup>e</sup>emboss'd, And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd 'brach. Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

*I Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the <sup>f</sup>merest loss,

And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet, I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all:

To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

*I Hun.* I will, my lord.

*Lord.* What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

<sup>a</sup> Beat; tease.—<sup>b</sup> Few words.—<sup>c</sup> "*Sessa*!" (Ital) Be quiet!  
<sup>d</sup> Constable.

<sup>e</sup> Wearied out.—<sup>f</sup> A brach was a hunting dog.—<sup>g</sup> "*Merest*," i. e., most complete.



2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly. [*lies.*]

*Lord.* O, monstrous beast! how like a swine he Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,

Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd. [*fancy.*]

*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream, or worthless Then take him up, and manage well the jest.

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;

Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:

Procure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And, with a low submissive reverence,

Say,—what is it your honor will command?

Let one attend him with a silver bason,

Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say,—will't please your lordship cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear;

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his lady mourns at his disease.

Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic;

1 When he says what he is, say, that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:

It will be pastime passing excellent,

If it be husbanded with modesty. [*part.*]

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we will play our

As he shall think, by our true diligence.

He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him,

And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[*Sly is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,

Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

*Re-enter Servant.*

How now? who is't?

*Serv.* An't please your honor, players

That offer humble service to your lordship.

*Lord.* Bid them come near.

*Enter five or six Players.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

*Players.* We thank your honor.

*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

*Lord.* With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honor means.

*Lord.* 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time,

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night;

But I am doubtful of your modesties,

Lest, over-eying of his odd behavior,

(For yet his honor never heard a play)

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fearnot, my lord: we can contain ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,

And give them friendly welcome every one:

Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

[*To a Servant.*]

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:

That do, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;

And call him madam, do him obeisance:

Tell him from me, as he will win my love,

He bear himself with honorable action,

Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies

Unto their lords by them accomplished:

Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;

And say,—what is't your honor will command,

Wherein your lady, and your humble wife

May show her duty, and make known her love?

And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,

Bid him shed tears, as besting overjoy'd

To see her noble lord restor'd to health,

Who for this seven years hath esteemed him

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.

And if the boy have not a woman's gift,

To rain a shower of commanded tears,

An onion will do well for such a shift,

Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,

Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst:

Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Servant.*]

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,

Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:

I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,

And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,

When they do homage to this simple peasant.

I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence

May well abate their over-merry spleen,

Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> "Brave," i. e., finely dressed,—<sup>b</sup> Naturally.—<sup>c</sup> Moderation.

<sup>d</sup> Gravity; seriousness.—<sup>e</sup> Him is used here for himself.—

<sup>f</sup> Secretly.—<sup>g</sup> Perhaps.

Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

*Sly.* What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christophero Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for <sup>1</sup>Warwickshire ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am not <sup>a</sup>bestraught. Here's—

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* O! this it is that makes your lady mourn.  
<sup>2</sup> *Serv.* O! this it is that makes your servants droop.

[house,  
*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shun you  
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.  
O, noble lord! bethink thee of thy birth;  
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.  
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,  
Each in his office ready at thy beck;  
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*  
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:  
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,  
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed  
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.  
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground:  
Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapp'd,  
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.  
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar  
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?  
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,  
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are  
as swift  
As breathed stags, ay, fleetlier than the roe.

<sup>2</sup> *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch  
thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,  
And Cytherea all in <sup>3</sup>hedges hid,  
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,  
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll show thee so as she was a maid,  
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

<sup>3</sup> *Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,  
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;  
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,  
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:  
Thou hast a lady, far more beautiful  
Than any woman in this waning age.

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,  
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world;  
And yet she is inferior to none.

*Sly.* Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?

Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak:

I smell sweet savors, and I feel soft things.—

Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed,

And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;

And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale. [hands?]

<sup>2</sup> *Serv.* Wilt please your mightiness to wash your  
[*Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your <sup>4</sup>wits restor'd!

O, that once more you knew but what you are!

These fifteen years you have been in a dream,

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

*Sly.* These fifteen years! by my <sup>b</sup>fay, a goodly nap.  
But did I never speak of all that time?

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* O! yes, my lord, but very idle words;  
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,  
And rail upon the hostess of the house,  
And say you would present her at the <sup>c</sup>lect,  
Because she brought stone jugs, and <sup>d</sup>not seal'd quarts.  
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

<sup>3</sup> *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such  
maid,

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,  
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,  
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,  
And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

*All.* Amen.

*Sly.* I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.*

*Page.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.  
Where is my wife?

*Page.* Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?  
*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?  
My men should call me lord: I am your good-man.

*Page.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well.—What must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,  
And slept <sup>e</sup>about some fifteen year and more.

*Page.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,  
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her  
alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

*Page.* Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you  
To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or if not so, until the sun be set,

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed.

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so  
long; but I would be loath to fall into my dreams  
again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh  
and the blood.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Your honor's players, hearing your amend-  
ment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;

For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:

Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a  
<sup>d</sup>commonly a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-  
trick?

*Page.* No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.

*Sly.* What, household stuff?

*Page.* It is a kind of history.

*Sly.* Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by  
my side,

<sup>7</sup> We shall ne'er be younger, and let the world slide.

\* Distracted; mad.—<sup>b</sup> "By my fay," i. e., by my faith.

<sup>c</sup> Court lect.—<sup>d</sup> Comedy.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—Padua. A Public Place.

*Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*

*Luc.* Tranio, since, for the great desire I had  
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,  
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,  
The pleasant garden of great Italy;  
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd  
With his good will, and thy good company,  
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,  
Here let us breathe, and haply institute  
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,  
Gave me my being; and my father, first  
A merchant of great traffic through the world,  
Vincentio, comes of the Bentivolii.  
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,  
It shall become, to serve all hopes <sup>a</sup> conceiv'd,  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:  
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study  
Virtue, and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply, that treats of happiness  
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.  
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,  
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves  
A shallow <sup>b</sup> plash, to plunge him in the deep,  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*Tra.* *Mi<sup>c</sup> perdonate*, gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as yourself,  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy;  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue, and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;  
Or so devote to Aristotle's Ethics,  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.  
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,  
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:  
Music and poesy use to quicken you:  
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,  
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.  
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:—  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

*Luc.* Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.  
If Biondello <sup>1</sup> now were come ashore,  
We could at once put us in readiness,  
And take a lodging fit to entertain  
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.  
But stay awhile: what company is this?

*Tra.* Master, some show, to welcome us to town.  
<sup>2</sup> [*They stand back.*]

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO,  
and HORTENSIO.*<sup>3</sup>

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;  
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,  
Before I have a husband for the elder.  
If either of you both love Katharina,  
Because I know you well, and love you well,  
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.* To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.—  
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

*Kath.* [*To Bap.*] I pray you, sir, is it your <sup>4</sup> gracious will

To make a <sup>4</sup> stale of me amongst these mates?

*Hor.* Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates  
for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder <sup>5</sup> mood.

*Kath.* Faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:  
<sup>1</sup> I wis, it is not half way to her heart;  
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,  
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord! [*toward:*]

*Tra.* Hush, master! here is some good pastime  
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence do I see

Maids' mild behavior, and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

*Tra.* Well said, master: mum! and gaze your fill.

*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Kath.* A pretty <sup>6</sup> peat! it is best

Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.—

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books, and instruments, shall be my company,  
On them to look, and practise by myself. [*Speak.*]

*Luc.* Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva

*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so <sup>b</sup> strange!

Sorry am I, that our good will effects

Bianca's grief.

*Gre.* Why, will you <sup>1</sup> mew her up,

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.—

Go in, Bianca.—

[*Exit BIANCA.*]

And for I know, she taketh most delight

In music, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,

Or signior Gremio, you, know any such,

<sup>k</sup> Prefer them hither; for to <sup>1</sup> cunning men

I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing-up;

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay,

For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*]

*Kath.* Why, and I trust, I may go too; may I not?

What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,

I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!

[*Exit.*]

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam: your <sup>m</sup> gifts  
are so good, here's none will hold you. <sup>6</sup> This love  
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our  
nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's  
dough on both sides. Farewell:—yet, for the love  
I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light  
on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights,  
I will <sup>n</sup> wish him to her father.

*Hor.* So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray.  
Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd  
parle, know now upon <sup>o</sup> advice, it toucheth us both,  
that we may yet again have access to our fair mis-  
tress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labor  
and effect one thing <sup>specially</sup>.

*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry sir, to get a husband for her sister.

*Gre.* A husband! a devil.

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

*Gre.* I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio,  
though her father be very rich, any man is so very  
a fool to be married to hell?

*Hor.* Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience,  
and mine, to endure her loud alarms, why, man,  
there be good fellows in the world, an a man could

<sup>a</sup> That is, to fulfil the expectations of his friends.—<sup>b</sup> Puddle.—(*Ital.*) Pardon me.—<sup>c</sup> "Stale," i. e., bait; decoy.

<sup>e</sup> "I wis," i. e., I think.—<sup>f</sup> In preparation.—<sup>g</sup> Pet.—<sup>h</sup> Odd; different from others.—<sup>i</sup> Shut.—<sup>k</sup> Recommend.—<sup>1</sup> Able; learned.—<sup>m</sup> Endowments.—<sup>n</sup> Recommend.—<sup>o</sup> Reflection.

light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

*Gre.* I cannot tell, but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

*Hor.* Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his <sup>a</sup>dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

*Gre.* I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.*]

*Tra.* [Advancing.] I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

*Luc.* O, Tranio! till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible, or likely.

But see! while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness; And now in plainness do confess to thee, That art to me as secret, and as dear, As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was, Tranio, I burn, I pine; I perish, Tranio, If I achieve not this young modest girl. Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst: Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now; Affection is not <sup>a</sup>rated from the heart: If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—*Redime te captum, quam quævas minimo.*

*Luc.* Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents; The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so <sup>a</sup>longly on the maid, Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*Luc.* O! yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the <sup>a</sup>daughter of Agenor's race, That made great Jove to humble him to her hand, When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

*Tra.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her Began to scold, and raise up such a storm, [sister That mortal ears might <sup>a</sup>scarce endure the din?

*Luc.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move, And with her breath she did perfume the air: Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her. [trance.—

*Tra.* Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid, [stands: Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd, That, till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at home; And therefore has he closely <sup>a</sup>mew'd her up, Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

*Luc.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he! But art thou not advis'd, he took some care To get her cunning <sup>a</sup>masters to instruct her?

*Tra.* Ay, marry, an I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

*Luc.* I have it, Tranio.

*Tra.* Master, for my hand, Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

*Tra.* You will be schoolmaster, And undertake the teaching of the maid: That's your device.

*Luc.* It is: may it be done?

*Tra.* Not possible; for who shall bear your part,

And be in Padua, here, Vincentio's son; Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends; Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

*Luc.* *È Basta*; content thee; for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house, Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces, For man, or master: then, it follows thus; Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead, Keep house, and <sup>b</sup>port, and servants, as I should. I will some other be; some Florentine, Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once Uncease thee; take my color'd hat and cloak: When Biondello comes, he waits on thee, But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]

<sup>a</sup>Be brief then, sir, 'sith it your pleasure is, And I am tied to be obedient; (For so your father charg'd me at our parting; 'Be servicable to my son,' quoth he, Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,) I am content to be Lucentio, Because so well I love Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves, And let me be a slave, 't achieve that maid Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my <sup>b</sup>wond'ring eye.

[*Enter BIONDELLO.*]

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

*Bion.* Where have I been? Nay, how now? where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes, Or you stol'n his, or both? pray, what's the news?

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest, And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life, Puts my apparel and my countenance on, And I for my escape have put on his; For in a quarrel, since I came ashore, I kill'd a man, and fear I was deserv'd. Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes, While I make way from hence to save my life. You understand me?

*Bion.* I, sir? ne'er a whit.

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth: Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Bion.* The better for him; 'would I were so too!

*Tra.* So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after, [daughter.

That Lucentio, indeed, had Baptista's youngest But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise You use your manners discreetly in all kind of com- When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio; [panies: But in all places else, your master, Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go.—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute; To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, Sulliceth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*]

*I Scrv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

*Sly.* Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

*Page.* My lord, 'tis but begun.

*Sly.* 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; would 'twere done!

SCENE II.—The Same. Before HORTENSIO'S House.

[*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*]

*Pet.* Verona, for a while I take my leave, To see my friends in Padua: but, of all,

<sup>a</sup> Lot; portion.—<sup>b</sup> Obtain; get.—<sup>c</sup> "Rated," i. e., driven out by chiding.—<sup>d</sup> Longingly.—<sup>e</sup> Europa.—<sup>f</sup> Shut.

<sup>g</sup> "Basta" (Ital.), It is enough.—<sup>h</sup> Show; appearance.—<sup>i</sup> Since.

My best beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house.—  
Here, sirrah Grumio! knock, I say.

*Gru.* Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there  
any man has <sup>a</sup> rebused your worship?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I,  
sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

*Gru.* My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should  
knock you first.

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it:  
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

*Gru.* Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

*Pet.* Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

<sup>1</sup>[*GRUMIO falls down.*]

*Enter HORTENSIO.*

*Hor.* How now! what's the matter?—My old friend  
Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you  
all at Verona?

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?  
*Con tutto il core ben trovato*, may I say.

*Hor.* *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato  
signior mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

*Gru.* <sup>2</sup>[*Rising.*] Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he  
'leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for  
me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me  
knock him, and rap him soundly, sir:

Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so;  
Being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two and thirty,—  
a pip <sup>3</sup>mo?

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,  
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

*Pet.* A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,  
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,  
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate?—O heavens! Spake  
you not these words plain,—“Sirrah, knock me  
here; rap me here, knock me well, and knock me  
soundly?” And come you now with knocking at  
the gate?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

*Hor.* Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's pledge.  
Why this? a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;  
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale  
Blows you to Padua, here, from old Verona? [world,

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the  
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
Where small experience grows. But in a few.  
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:  
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,  
And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may.  
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,  
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favor'd wife?  
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;  
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,  
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,  
And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we  
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,  
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)  
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,  
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd  
As Socrates' Xantippe, or <sup>4</sup>even worse,  
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,  
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough  
As are the swelling Adriatic sons,  
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;  
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what  
his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry  
him to a puppet, or an <sup>5</sup>aglet-baby; or an old trot  
with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as  
many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why, nothing  
comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,  
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;  
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:  
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,  
Is, that she is intolerably <sup>6</sup>curst,  
And shrewd, and forward; so beyond all measure,  
That, were my state far worse than it is,  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's  
effect.—

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough,  
For I will board her, though she chide as loud  
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman:  
Her name is Katharina Minola,  
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her,  
And he knew my deceased father well.  
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
To give you over at this first encounter,  
Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor  
lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I  
do, she would think scolding would do little good  
upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score  
knaves, or so; why, that's nothing: an he begin  
once, he'll rail in his 'rope-tricks. I'll tell you  
what, sir,—an she <sup>7</sup>stand him but a little, he will  
throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with  
it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal  
than a cat. You know him not, sir.

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,  
For in Baptista's <sup>8</sup>keep my treasure is:  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest daughter, Beautiful Bianca,  
And her withholds from me, and other more  
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love;  
Supposing it a thing impossible,  
For those defects I have before rehears'd,  
That ever Katharina will be woo'd:  
Therefore this <sup>9</sup>order hath Baptista ta'en,  
That none shall have access unto Bianca,  
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

*Gru.* Katharine the curst!  
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,  
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,  
To old Baptista, as a schoolmaster  
Well <sup>10</sup>seen in music, to instruct Bianca;  
That so I may by this device, at least

<sup>a</sup> "Rebused," i. e., played a trick upon.—<sup>b</sup> The allusion is  
to an old game of cards: a "pip mo" is a *spot more*.—<sup>c</sup> "In a  
few," i. e., in short; in few words.

<sup>d</sup> A figure carved on an *aglet*, or jewel.—<sup>e</sup> Shrewish; cross.  
—<sup>f</sup> Reguish tricks.—<sup>g</sup> Withstand.—<sup>h</sup> Keeping; custody.—  
<sup>i</sup> Measure.—<sup>k</sup> "Well seen," i. e., well skilled.

Have leave and leisure to make love to her,  
And unsuspected court her by herself.

*Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguised, with books under his arm.*

*Gru.* Here's no knavery? See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: who goes there? ha!

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio: 'tis the rival of my love.  
*Petruchio*, stand by a while.

*Gru.* A proper stripling, and an amorous!

*[They retire.]*

*Gre.* O! very well; I have perus'd the note.

Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:

All books of love, see that at any <sup>a</sup>hand,

And see you read no other lectures to her.

You understand me.—Over and beside

Signior Baptista's liberality,

I'll mend it with a <sup>b</sup>largess.—Take your papers, too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd,

For she is sweeter than perfume itself,

To whom they go. What will you read to her?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,

As for my patron; stand you so assur'd,

As firmly as yourself were still in place:

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

*Gre.* O, this learning, what a thing it is!

*Gru.* O, this woodcock, what an ass it is!

*Pet.* Peace, sirrah!

*Hor.* Grumio, mum!—*[Coming forward.]*—God save you, signior Gremio!

*Gre.* And you are well met, signior Hortensio.

<sup>c</sup>Trow you, whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to inquire carefully

About a 'master for the fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man; for learning, and behavior.

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,

And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

*Hor.* 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress:

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

*Gre.* Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

*Gru.* And that his bags shall prove.

*Hor.* Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well.—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

*Pet.* I know, she is an irksome, brawling scold:

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

*Gre.* No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

*Pet.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;

And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

*Gre.* O! sir, such a life with such a wife were strange;

But if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name:

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat?

*Pet.*

Will I live?

*Gru.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

*Pet.* Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow <sup>2</sup>to hear,

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush! tush! fear boys with <sup>d</sup>bugs.

*Gru.*

For he fears none.

*Gre.* Hortensio, hark.

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

*Hor.* I promis'd we would be contributors,

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

*Gre.* And so we will, provided that he win her.

*Gru.* I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

*Enter Tranio, bravely apparelled; and Biondello.*

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

*Bion.* He that has the two fair daughters:—is't he you mean?

*Tra.* Even he, Biondello.

*Gre.* Hark you, sir: you mean not her to—

*Tra.* Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

*Pet.* Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

*Luc.* I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

*Tra.* Well begun, Tranio. *[Aside.]*

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go.

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

*Tra.* An if I be, sir, is it any offence? *[Hence.]*

*Gre.* No; if without more words you will get you

*Tra.* Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free for me, as for you?

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know,

That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

*Hor.* That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

*Tra.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,

Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then, well one more may fair Bianca have,

And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

*Luc.* Sir, give him head: I know, he'll prove a jade.

*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

*Tra.* No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two,

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,

As is the other for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules,

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me: insooth,

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors,

And will not promise her to any man,

<sup>a</sup> "At any hand," i. e., at any rate.—<sup>b</sup> Present.—<sup>c</sup> "Trow you," i. e., think you.

<sup>d</sup> That is, fright boys with bugbears.

Until the elder sister first be wed;  
The younger then is free, and not before.

*Tra.* If it be so, sir, that you are the man  
Must stand us all, and me among the rest;  
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,  
Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her  
Will not so graceless be to be <sup>b</sup>ingrate.

*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;  
And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,  
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;  
And do as <sup>d</sup>adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Gru. Bion.* O, excellent motion! <sup>e</sup>Fellows, let's  
begone.

*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it so.—  
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in BAPTISTA'S  
House.

*Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.*

*Bian.* Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your-  
To make a boudmaid, and a slave of me: [*self*]  
That I disdain; but for these other <sup>1</sup>gards,  
Unbind my hands, I'll put them off myself,  
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;  
Or what you will command me will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Kath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell  
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Kath.* Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear,  
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.  
*Kath.* O! then, belike, you fancy riches more:  
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me so?  
Nay then, you jest; and now I well perceive,  
You have but jested with me all this while.  
I pry'three, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*Kath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

*Enter BAPTISTA.*

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame! whence grows this  
insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps.—

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—

For shame, thou <sup>2</sup>hilding of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

*Kath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after BIANCA.*]

*Bap.* <sup>2</sup>[*Holding her.*] What! in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in. [*Exit BIANCA.*]

*Kath.* What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now  
I see,

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,  
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.  
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,  
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*]

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?  
But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in a mean habit;  
PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a Musician;  
and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute  
and books.*

*Gre.* Good-morrow, neighbor Baptista.

*Bap.* Good-morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save  
you, gentlemen! [*daughter,*

*Pet.* And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a  
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

*Bap.* I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

*Gre.* You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

*Pet.* You wrong me, signior Gremio: give me  
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, [*leave.*—

That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,  
Her affability, and bashful modesty,  
Her <sup>3</sup>woman's qualities, and mild behavior,  
Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
Of that report which I so oft have heard.  
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting HORTENSIO.*]

<sup>b</sup>Cunning in music, and the mathematics,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:

His name is Licio, born in Mantua. [*sake.*]

*Bap.* You're welcome, sir, and he, for your good  
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,  
She is not for your turn; the more my grief.

*Pet.* I see, you do not mean to part with her,  
Or else you like not of my company.

*Bap.* Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

*Pet.* Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son; [*sake.*]

A man well known throughout all Italy.

*Bap.* I know him well; you are welcome for his  
*Gre.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.

<sup>i</sup>Backare: you are marvellous forward. [*be doing.*]

*Pet.* O! pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain

*Gre.* I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your  
wooing.—

Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.  
To express the like kindness myself, that have been  
more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give  
unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting LUCENTIO*]  
that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning  
in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in  
music and mathematics. His name is Cambio: pray  
accept his service.

*Bap.* A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: wel-  
come, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*To TRAN-*  
NIO,] methinks, you walk like a stranger: may I  
be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

*Tra.* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,  
That, being a stranger in this city here,  
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,  
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,  
In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

<sup>b</sup> Skillful.—<sup>i</sup> Backare is a cant word for go back.

<sup>a</sup> Obtain.—<sup>b</sup> Ungrateful.—<sup>c</sup> "Contrive," i. e., pass away.—  
<sup>d</sup> "Adversaries," i. e., contending barristers.—<sup>e</sup> Companions.  
—<sup>f</sup> Love.—<sup>g</sup> A hilding is a mean, base person.

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,  
And free access and favor as the rest :  
And, toward the education of your daughters,  
I here bestow a simple instrument,  
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :  
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name ? of whence, I pray ?

*Tr.* Of Pisa, sir ; son to Vincentio ?

*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa : by report  
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.—  
Take you [*To Hor.*] the lute, and you [*To Luc.*]  
the set of books ;

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within !

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen

To my daughters ; and tell them both,

These are their tutors : bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO,  
and BIONDELLO.*]

We will go walk a little in the <sup>a</sup>orchard,

And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,

And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,  
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well, and in him, me,

Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd :

Then, tell me, — if I get your daughter's love,

What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands,  
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her <sup>b</sup>of

Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,

In all my lands and leases whatsoever.

Let <sup>c</sup>specialties be therefore drawn between us,  
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is, her love ; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;

And where two raging fires meet together,

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.

Though little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all ;

So I to her, and so she yields to me,

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe. [*speed !*]

*Bap.* Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend ! why dost thou look  
so pale ?

*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musi-  
cian ?

*Hor.* I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier :

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

*Hor.* Why no, for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her <sup>d</sup>frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,

When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,

"Frets, call you these ?" quoth she : "I'll fume with  
them :"

And with that word she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way ;

And there I stood amazed for awhile,

As on a pillory looking through the lute,

While she did call me rascal fiddler,  
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,  
As she had studied to misuse me so.

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench !

I love her ten times more than e'er I did :

O, how I long to have some chat with her !

*Bap.* Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited :

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—

Signior Petruccio, will you go with us,

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

*Pet.* I pray you do ; I will attend her here, [*sio.*]

[*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, and HORTEN-*

*And woo her with some spirit when she comes.*

Say, that she rail ; why, then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :

Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence :

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a week :

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall alk the banners, and when he married.—

But here she comes ; and now, Petruccio, speak.

*Enter KATHARINA.*

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

*Kath.* Well have you heard, but something <sup>e</sup>hard  
of hearing :

They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom ;

Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation :—

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Kath.* Mov'd ! in good time : let him that mov'd  
you hither,

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,

You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable ?

*Kath.* A joint-stool.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Kath.* No such jade <sup>1</sup> to bear you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good Kate ! I will not burden thee ;

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

*Kath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch,

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

*Pet.* Should be ? should buzz.

*Kath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* O, slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard take

thee ?

*Kath.* Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp ; i' faith, you are too  
angry.

*Kath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

*Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find <sup>2</sup>out where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp does wear his  
In his tail. [*sting ?*]

*Kath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue ?

*Kath.* Yours, if you talk of tails ; and so farewell.

<sup>a</sup> Garden.—<sup>b</sup> On.—<sup>c</sup> Special rights.—<sup>d</sup> Frets are the points  
at which a string is to be stopped.

<sup>e</sup> *Hard* and *hard* were anciently pronounced alike.



*Pet.* What! with my tongue in your tail? nay,  
Good Kate, I am a gentleman. [*come again:*

*Kath.* That I'll try. [*Striking him.*

*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

*Kath.* So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me you are no gentleman,

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books.

*Kath.* What is your crest? a coxcomb?

*Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

*Kath.* No cock of mine; you crow too like a  
craven. [*so sour.*

*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look

*Kath.* It is my fashion when I see a crab. [*sour.*

*Pet.* Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not

*Kath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then show it me.

*Kath.* Had I a glass, I would.

*Pet.* What, you mean my face?

*Kath.* Well aim'd<sup>b</sup> of such a young one.

*Pet.* Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

*Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with care.

*Kath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape  
not so. [*Holding her.*

*Kath.* I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,  
And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,  
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,  
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;  
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.  
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O, slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,  
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.  
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

*Kath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?  
O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.  
*Kath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

*Kath.* A witty mother! witless else her son.

*Pet.* Am I not wise?

*Kath.* Yes; keep you warm.

*Pet.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed.  
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms:—your father hath consented  
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on,

And, will you, will you, I will marry you.  
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me:  
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate,

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate  
Conformable, as other household Kates.

Here comes your father: never make denial;  
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

*Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.*

*Bap.* Now, signior Petruchio, how speed you with  
my daughter?

*Pet.* How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

<sup>a</sup> Cowardly cock. <sup>b</sup> By.

*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your  
dumps?

*Kath.* Call you me, daughter? now, I promise you,  
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatic;  
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.  
*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.

If she be 'curs'd, it is for policy,

For she's not forward, but modest as the dove;

She is not hot, but temperate as the <sup>2</sup>moon;

For patience she will prove a second <sup>4</sup>Grissel,

And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;

And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,  
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

*Kath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

*Gre.* Hark, Petruchio: she says, she'll see thee  
hang'd first.

*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay then, good night  
our <sup>3</sup>pact.

*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for my-  
self: If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you? [*self:*

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O! you are novices: 'tis a 'world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A 'meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure! my Katharine shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say; but give me your  
hands:

God send you joy! Petruchio, 'tis a match.

*Gre.* *Tra.* Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;

And, kiss me Kate, we will be married 'o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE, severally.*

*Gre.* Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's

And venture madly on a desperate mart. [*part,*

*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

*Bap.* The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.—

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.

Now is the day we long have looked for:

I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

*Tra.* And I am one, that love Bianca more

Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

*Gre.* Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

*Tra.* Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.

*Gre.* But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back: 'tis age, that nourisheth.

*Tra.* But youth, in ladies' eyes, that flourisheth.

*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen: I'll compound this  
strife:

'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,

That can assure my daughter greatest dower,

Shall have my Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

<sup>c</sup> Shrewish; cross. <sup>d</sup> Grisselda. <sup>e</sup> " 'Tis a world," i. e., 'tis  
a wonder. <sup>f</sup> A meacock was an uxorious, hen pecked hus-  
band.

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;  
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;  
In cypress chests my arras,<sup>a</sup> counterpanes,  
Costly apparel,<sup>b</sup> tents, and canopies,  
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,  
<sup>c</sup>Valance of Venice gold in needlework,  
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong  
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,  
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,  
And all things answerable to this portion.  
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;  
And if I die to-morrow this is hers,  
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

*Tra.* That "only" came well in.—Sir, list to me:  
I am my father's heir, and only son:  
If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
Of fruitful land, all of which shall be her jointure.  
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land!  
My land amounts not to so much in all:  
That she shall have; besides an <sup>d</sup>argosy,  
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—  
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less  
Than three great argosies, besides two <sup>e</sup>gallieses,  
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,  
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;  
And she can have no more than all I have:—  
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why, then, the maid is mine from all the  
world,

By your firm promise: Gremio is <sup>f</sup>out-vied.

*Bap.* I must confess, your offer is the best;  
And, let your father make her the assurance,  
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:  
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

*Tra.* That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old?

*Bap.* Well, gentlemen,  
I am thus resolv'd.—On Sunday next, you know,  
My daughter Katharine is to be married:  
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca  
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;  
If not, to signior Gremio:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*]

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbor. Now I fear thee not:  
Sirrah, young gentleman, your father were a fool  
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,  
Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*]

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!  
Yet I have <sup>g</sup>fac'd it with a card of <sup>h</sup>ten.  
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—  
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio  
Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio;  
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,  
Do get their children; but in this case of <sup>i</sup>wimning,  
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.

*Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

*Luc.* Fiddler, forbear: you grow too forward, sir.  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

*Hor.* <sup>2</sup>Tut, wrangling pedant! I avouch, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony:  
Then, give me leave to have prerogative;  
And when in music we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous ass, that never read so far  
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies, or his usual pain?

Then, give me leave to read philosophy,  
And while I pause serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.  
I am no breeching <sup>1</sup>scholar in the schools;  
I'll not be tied to hours, nor <sup>2</sup>pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;  
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?  
[*HORTENSIO retires.*]

*Luc.* That will be never:—tune your instrument.  
*Bian.* Where left we last?

*Luc.* Here, madam:—

*Hoc ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

*Bian.* Construe them.

*Luc.* *Hoc ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I  
am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—  
*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic  
steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—  
*Priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port,  
—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old panta-  
loon. [tune.]

*Hor.* [*Returning.*] Madam, my instrument's in  
*Bian.* Let's hear.— [Hortensio plays.]

O fie! the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hoc  
ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*,  
I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed ho  
hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, de-  
spair not.

*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.

*Luc.*

*Hor.* The base is right; 'tis the base knave that  
How fiery and forward our pedant is! [jars.]

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

<sup>4</sup> *Pedaseule*, I'll watch you better yet. [<sup>3</sup> *Aside.*]

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

*Luc.* Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather. [you,

*Bian.* I must believe my master; else, I promise

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hor.* [*To* LUCENTIO.] You may go walk, and give  
me leave awhile:

My lessons make no music in three parts.

<sup>a</sup> Counterpanes.—<sup>b</sup> Hangings.—<sup>c</sup> Bed-drapery.—<sup>d</sup> Merchant-ship.—<sup>e</sup> A *galliosse* was a low-built vessel, with sails and oars.  
—<sup>f</sup> Outbid.—<sup>g</sup> To *face* here means to *bully*.—<sup>h</sup> An allusion to a game at cards.

<sup>1</sup> "Breeching scholar," i. e., schoolboy liable to be whipped.  
—<sup>2</sup> Pedant.

*Luc.* Are you so formal, sir? [*Aside.*] Well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, <sup>a</sup>but I be deceiv'd,  
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learn the order of my fingering,  
I must begin with rudiments of art;  
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:  
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio. [*Accord.*]

*Bian.* [*Reads.*] Gamut I am, the ground of all

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I:

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for <sup>1</sup>new inventions.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up: [books,  
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bian.* Farewell, sweet masters, both: I must be gone. [*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.*]

*Luc.* Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*]

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant:  
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love.—  
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,  
To cast thy wandering eyes on every <sup>b</sup>stale,  
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,  
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior Lucentio, this is the <sup>1</sup>pointed day  
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
What will be said? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?  
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours? [*forc'd*]

*Kath.* No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be  
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,  
Unto a mad-brain <sup>c</sup>rudesby, full of <sup>d</sup>spleen;  
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior;  
And to be noted for a merry man,  
He'll woo a thousand, <sup>1</sup>point the day of marriage,  
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the bans;  
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.  
Now must the world point at poor Katharine.  
And say,—"Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,  
If it would please him come and marry her."

*Tra.* Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.  
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:  
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;  
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

*Kath.* Would Katharine had never seen him  
though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA, and others.*]

*Bap.* Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep,

For such an injury would vex a very saint,  
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* Master, master! <sup>2</sup>news, and such <sup>e</sup>old  
news as you never heard of!

*Bap.* Is it new and old too? how may that be?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why, no, sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

[*there.*]

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you

*Tra.* But, say, what <sup>3</sup>is thine old news?

*Bion.* Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat,  
and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice  
turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases,  
one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en  
out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and  
chapeless; with two broken <sup>4</sup>points: his horse  
<sup>4</sup>heaped with an old moth-y saddle, and stirrups of  
no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders,  
and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the  
lampass, infected with the <sup>5</sup>fashions, full of wind-  
galls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows,  
past cure of the <sup>6</sup>hives, stark spoiled with the stag-  
gers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back,  
and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before, and with  
a half-checked bit, and a head stall of sheep's-leath-  
er; which, being restrained to keep him from stum-  
bling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with  
knots: one girth six times pieced, and a woman's  
crupper of <sup>7</sup>velure, which hath two letters for her  
name fairly set down in studs, and here and there  
pieced with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* O, sir! his lackey, for all the world capa-  
risoned like the horse; with a linen <sup>8</sup>stock on one  
leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered  
with a red and blue list; an old hat, and <sup>9</sup>"the  
amours or forty fancies" pricked in't for a feather: a  
monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a  
Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey. [*ion;*]

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fash-  
ion. Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

*Bion.* Why, sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say, he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that Petruchio came?

*Bap.* Ay, that Petruchio came.

*Bion.* No, sir; I say, his horse comes, with him  
on his back.

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by St. Jamy,

I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man

Is more than one,

And yet not many.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO, <sup>6</sup>strangely  
apparell'd.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who is at

*Bap.* You are welcome, sir. [*home?*]

*Pet.* And yet I come not well.

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well apparell'd,

As I wish you were.

*Pet.* Were it <sup>7</sup>much better, I should rush in thus.

<sup>a</sup> Abundant.—<sup>b</sup> "Points" were tagged laces for fastening parts of the dress.—<sup>c</sup> "The fashions," i. e., the farcy, a disease of horses.—<sup>d</sup> "Fives," i. e., vives, a distemper in horses.—<sup>e</sup> Velvet.—<sup>f</sup> Stocking.

<sup>a</sup> Unless.—<sup>b</sup> Decoy; bait.—<sup>c</sup> "Rudesby," i. e., rude, turbulent fellow.—<sup>d</sup> Caprice; inconstancy.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—  
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:  
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

*Bap.* Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:  
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;  
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

*Tra.* And tell us what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,  
Though in some part enforced to digress;  
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her:  
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes.  
Go to my chamber: put on clothes of mine.

*Pet.* Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore, have done  
with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.  
Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
As I can change these poor accoutrements,  
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.  
But what a fool am I to chat with you,  
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a loving kiss!

[*Exit* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, and BIONDELLO.]

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire.

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the effect of this. [*Exit.*]

*Tra.* But, to our love concerneth us to add

Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,

As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man,—what'er he be,

I b skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,

And make assurance, here in Padua,

Of greater sums than I have promised.

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster

Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,

'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,

I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,

And watch our vantage in this business.

We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,

The narrow-prying father, Minola,

The quaint musician, amorous Licio;

All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

*Re-enter* GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.

*Tra.* And is the bride, and bridegroom, coming home?

*Gre.* A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed;  
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*Tra.* Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

*Gre.* Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir, Lucentio: when the priest  
Should ask,—if Katharine should be his wife,  
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud,  
That, all-amaz'd, the priest let fall the book,  
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,  
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:  
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

*Tra.* What said the wench when he arose again?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd,  
As if the vicar meant to cozen him. [and swore,

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:—"A health!" quoth he; as if

He had been abroad, carousing to his mates,

After a storm:—quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason,

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo;

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming:

Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*]

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,  
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and *Train.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your

I know, you think to dine with me to-day, [pains.

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;

But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

*Bap.* Is't possible you will away to-night?

*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come.

Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,

You would entreat me rather go than stay.—

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:

Dine with my father, drink a health to me,

For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let us entreat you stay till after dinner,

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Kath.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* I am content.

*Kath.* Are you content to stay?

*Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me stay,

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

*Kath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* Grumio, my horse!

*Gre.* Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten  
the horses.

*Kath.* Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, <sup>3</sup>not till I please myself.

The door is open, sir, there lies your way;

You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;

For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself.—

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly. [*gry.*]

*Pet.* O, Kate! content thee: prythee, be not an-

*Kath.* I will be angry. What hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

*Gre.* Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.

I see, a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist. [*mand.—*]

*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy com-

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:

<sup>a</sup> "To digress," i. e., to deviate from my promise.—<sup>b</sup> "It skills not," i. e., it matters not.—<sup>c</sup> Neat; elegant.

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,  
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,  
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.  
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.  
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;  
I will be master of what is mine own.  
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,  
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing:  
And here she stands; touch her whoever dare:  
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he  
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,  
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves:  
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.— [Kate:  
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee,  
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO.

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches never was the like.

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

*Bian.* That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,  
You know, there wants no <sup>b</sup>junkets at the feast.—  
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,  
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

*Bap.* She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen;  
let's go. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Hall in PETRUCHIO's Country House.

*Enter GRUMIO.*

*Gr.* Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so <sup>c</sup>raved? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself, for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, holla! Curtis!

*Enter CURTIS.*

*Curt.* Who is that, calls so coldly?

*Gr.* A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

*Gr.* O! ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire: cast on no water.

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*Gr.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast, for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and <sup>1</sup>thyself, fellow Curtis.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

*Gr.* Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou

shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

*Curt.* I prythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

*Gr.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

*Gr.* Why, "Jack, boy! ho <sup>d</sup>boy!" and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of cony-catching.—

*Gr.* Why, therefore, fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

*Curt.* All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

*Gr.* First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

*Curt.* How?

*Gr.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

*Curt.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.

*Gr.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

*Gr.* There.

[*Striking him.*

*Curt.* This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Gr.* And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.—

*Curt.* Both of one horse?

*Gr.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why, a horse.

*Gr.* Tell thou the tale:—but had'st thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place; how she was <sup>e</sup>bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was <sup>f</sup>burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

*Curt.* By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

*Gr.* Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an <sup>i</sup>indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*Curt.* They are.

*Gr.* Call them forth.

*Curt.* Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

*Gr.* Why, she hath a face of her own.

*Curt.* Who knows not that?

*Gr.* Thou, it seems, thatallest for company to countenance her.

<sup>a</sup> These words are the beginning of an old round.—<sup>e</sup> Bemoiled.—<sup>f</sup> Broken.—<sup>i</sup> "Of an indifferent knit," i. e., tolerably well knit.

<sup>a</sup> Bluster; swagger.—<sup>b</sup> Delicacies.—<sup>c</sup> Bewrayed; dirty.

*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Gru.* Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter several Servants.*

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grunio.

*Phil.* How now, Grumio?

*Jos.* What, Grumio!

*Nich.* Fellow Grumio!

*Nath.* How now, old lad?

*Gru.* Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

*Nath.* All things is ready. How near is our master?

*Gru.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master. <sup>1</sup>*[All servants frightened.]*

*Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.*

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? What! no man at <sup>2</sup>the door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse.

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

*All Serv.* Here, here, sir; here, sir.

*Pet.* Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir? You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

*Gru.* Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

*Pet.* You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, <sup>3</sup>*[drudge!]* And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd <sup>4</sup>! the heel;

There was no <sup>5</sup>link to color Peter's hat, And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing;

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory; The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

<sup>6</sup>*[Exeunt some of the Servants.]*

"Where is the life that late I led?" <sup>7</sup>*[Sings.]*

Where are those?— Sit down, Kate, and welcome. <sup>8</sup>*Soud, soud, soud, soud!*

*Re-enter Servants, with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

"It was the friar of orders grey," <sup>9</sup>*[Sings.]*

As he forth walked on his way:—"

Out, you rogue! you pluck my feet away:

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—

<sup>10</sup>*[Kicks him.]* Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what, ho!—

*Enter Servant, with water.*

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence, And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

<sup>11</sup>*[Exit Servant.]*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

<sup>12</sup>*[A basin is presented to him.]*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

<sup>13</sup>*[Strikes him.]*

*Kath.* Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

*Pet.* A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!

<sup>14</sup>*[Meat served in.]*

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—

<sup>1</sup>Lampblack.—<sup>2</sup>"Soud" is a coined word, to express the noise of a person heated and fatigued.

What's this? mutton?

<sup>1</sup>*Serv.*

Ay.

*Pet.*

Who brought it?

<sup>2</sup>*Serv.*

I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

<sup>3</sup>*[Throws the meat, &c., all about]*

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

*Kath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it.

For it engenders cholier, planteth anger:

And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

<sup>4</sup>*[Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.]*

*Nath.* Peter, didst ever see the like?

*Peter.* He kills her in her own humor.

*Re-enter CURTIS.*

*Gru.* Where is he?

*Curt.* In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her;

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither.

<sup>5</sup>*[Exeunt, running.]*

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO.*

*Pet.* Thus have I politely begun my reign, And 'tis my hope to end successfully.

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,

And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my <sup>6</sup>haggard,

To make her come, and know her keeper's call;

That is, to watch her, as we watch <sup>7</sup>those kites,

That <sup>8</sup>bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.

She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed,

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:

Ay, and amid this hurly, I <sup>9</sup>intend,

That all is done in reverend care of her;

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:

And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,

And with the clamor keep her still awake.

This is the way to kill a wife with kindness;

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speak: 'tis charity to shew. <sup>10</sup>*[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

*Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.*

*Tra.* Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Doth fancy any other but Lucentio? <sup>1</sup>*[Bianca]*

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

*Hor.* Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said, Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

<sup>2</sup>*[They stand aside.]*

<sup>1</sup>"Man my haggard," i. e., tame my hawk.—<sup>2</sup>Flutter.—<sup>3</sup>Intend is used for pretend.

*Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.*

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

*Bian.* What, master, read you? first resolve me

*Luc.* I read that I profess, the Art to Love. [that.

*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [They retire.

*Hor.* [Coming forward.] Quick proceeders, marry!

Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca

Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

*Tra.* O, despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—  
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

*Hor.* Mistake no more: I am not Licio,

Nor a musician, as I seem to be,

But one that scorns to live in this disguise,

For such a one, as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a <sup>2</sup>cullion.

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

*Tra.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

I will with you, if you be so contented,

Forswear Bianca and her love for ever. [centio,

*Hor.* See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lu-

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow

Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,

As one unworthy all the former favors

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,

Never to marry her, though she entreat.

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

*Hor.* Would all the world, but he, had quite for-  
sworn <sup>2</sup>her!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,

I will be married to a wealthy widow,

Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me,

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.

And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—

Kindness in women! not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,

In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO and BIANCA  
advance.

*Tra.* Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace,

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,

And have forsworn you, with Hortensio. [me?

*Bian.* Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.

*Tra.* 'Faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God give him joy!

*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.

*Tra.* 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

*Bian.* The taming-school! what, is there such a  
place?

*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,

To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

*Enter BIONDELLO, running.*

*Bion.* O master, master! I have watch'd so long

That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied

An ancient <sup>3</sup>ambler coming down the hill,

Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, Biondello?

*Bion.* Master, a mercatantè, or a <sup>b</sup>pedant,

I know not what; but formal in apparel,  
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio?

*Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,

I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,

As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exit LUCENTIO and BIANCA

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God save you, sir!

*Tra.* And you, sir: you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;

But then up farther, and as far as Rome,

And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?

*Ped.* Of Mantua.

*Tra.* Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

*Ped.* My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?

Your ships are stayed at Venice; and the duke,

For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.

'Tis marvel; but that you are but newly come,

You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

*Ped.* Alas, sir! it is worse for me than so;

For I have bills for money by exchange

From Florence, and must here deliver them.

*Tra.* Well, sir, to do you courtesy

This will I do, and this I will advise you.—

First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

*Ped.* Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

*Tra.* Among them, know you one Vincentio?

*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him:

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tra.* He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

*Bion.* [Aside.] As much as an apple doth an  
oyster, and all one.

*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,

This favor will I do you for his sake,

And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,

That you are <sup>4</sup>so like to Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,

And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.

Look, that you take upon you as you should:

You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay

Till you have done your business in the city.

If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

*Ped.* O! sir, I do; and will repute you ever

The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me, to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand:

My father is here look'd for every day,

To pass <sup>5</sup>assurance of a dower in marriage

'Tixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.

Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in PETRUCHIO's House.

*Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.*

*Gru.* No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

*Kath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite ap-

What, did he marry me to famish me? [pears.

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

\* Booby.—<sup>b</sup> "A mercatantè, or a pedant," i. e., a mer-  
chant or a schoolmaster.

<sup>5</sup> "To pass assurance," i. e., to agree upon a settlement.

Upon entreaty, have a present alms;  
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:  
But, I, who never knew how to entreat,  
Nor never needed that I should entreat,  
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;  
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.  
And that which spites me more than all these wants,  
Ho does it under name of perfect love;  
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,  
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death,  
I pry'thee go, and get me some repast;  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Grü.* What say you to a neat's foot?

*Kath.* 'Tis passing good: I pry'thee let me have it.

*Grü.* I fear, it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

*Kath.* I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

*Grü.* I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

*Kath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.

*Grü.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

*Kath.* Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

*Grü.* Nay, that I will not: you shall have the  
Or else you get no beef of Grumio. [*Mustard,*

*Kath.* Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

*Grü.* Why then, the mustard without the beef.

*Kath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave.

[*Beats him.*

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go; get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat,  
and HORTENSIO.*

*Pet.* How fares my Kate? What, sweating, all

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer? [*a. amort.*

*Kath.* Faith, as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[*Sets the dish on a table.*

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What! not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,

And all my pains is sorted to no <sup>b</sup> proof.—

Here, take away this dish.

*Kath.* I pray you, let it stand.

*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks,  
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

*Kath.* I thank you, sir.

*Hor.* Signior Petruccio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* [*Aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou  
lov'st me.—

[*To her.*] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of <sup>c</sup> bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,  
To deck thy body with his <sup>d</sup> ruffling treasure.

*Enter Tailor.*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

*Enter Haberdasher.*

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

<sup>a</sup> "All amort," i. e., all sunk and dispirited.—<sup>b</sup> "Is sorted to no proof," i. e., receives no approval, or approbation.—  
<sup>c</sup> Finery.—<sup>d</sup> "Ruffling," i. e., flaunting.

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet dish:—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy.

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

*Kath.* I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too;  
And not till then.

*Hor.* [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

*Kath.* Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And, rather than it shall, I will be free,

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,

A <sup>e</sup> custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

*Kath.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,  
And it I will have, or I will have none. [*See't*

*Pet.* Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us

O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:

What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and shish, and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop.—

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

*Hor.* [*Aside.*] I see, she's like to have neither cap  
nor gown.

*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion, and the time.

*Pet.* Marry, and did; but if you be <sup>f</sup> remember'd,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir.

I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

*Kath.* I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,

More <sup>h</sup> quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me. [*Here.*

*Pet.* Why, true; he means to make a puppet of

*Tai.* She says, your worship means to make a  
puppet of her.

*Pet.* O, monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou  
Thou thimble, [*Thread,*

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!

Thou flea, thou knit, thou winter cricket thou!—

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?

Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,

Or I shall so <sup>i</sup> be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st.

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*Tai.* Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*Grü.* I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made?

*Grü.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

*Tai.* But did you not request to have it cut?

*Grü.* Thou hast <sup>k</sup> faced many things.

*Tai.* I have.

*Grü.* Face not me: thou hast <sup>l</sup> braved many men;  
brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved.

<sup>e</sup> *Coffin* was a culinary term for the raised crust of a pie  
or *custard*.—<sup>f</sup> *A censor* was a chafing-dish, or brasier, with a  
pierced convex cover.—<sup>g</sup> "If you be remember'd," i. e., if  
you recollect.—<sup>h</sup> *Neat*: trim; spruce.—<sup>i</sup> *Measure*.—<sup>k</sup> "Faced,"  
here, alludes to the *facing* of garments.—<sup>l</sup> *To brave*, in addition  
to its common signification, signified anciently, to make  
*fine* with apparel.



I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

*Tai.* "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown."

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai.* "With a small <sup>a</sup> compassed cape."

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* "With a trunk sleeve."

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tai.* "The sleeves curiously cut."

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villainy.

*Gru.* Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true, that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the <sup>b</sup> bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grumio; then he shall have no odds.

*Pet.* Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i'the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use?

*Pet.* Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use?

O, fie, fie, fie!

*Pet.* [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow: Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.*]

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your Even in these honest mean habiliments. [*Father's*, Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor: For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich; And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark, Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O! no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—

Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

*Kath.* I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,

And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let's alone:

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

*Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant <sup>1</sup>booted and dressed like VINCENTIO.*

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house: please it you, that I call?

*Ped.* Ay, what else? and, <sup>c</sup>but I be deceived,

Signior Baptista may remember me,

Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,

Where we were lodgers at the <sup>d</sup>Pegasus.

*Tra.* 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case, With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Ped.* I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy. 'Twere good, he were school'd.

*Tra.* Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you:

Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

*Bion.* Tut! fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

*Bion.* I told him, that your father was at Venice, And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

*Tra.* Thou'rt a <sup>e</sup>tall fellow: hold thee that to drink. Here comes Baptista.—Set your countenance, sir.—

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.—

I pray you, stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son, Lucentio,

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

Of love between your daughter and himself:

And, for the good report I hear of you,

And for the love he beareth to your daughter,

And she to him, to stay him not too long,

I am content, in a good father's care,

To have him match'd; and, if you please to like

No worse than I, upon some agreement,

Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd;

For <sup>f</sup>curious I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:

Your pluniness, and your shortness, please me well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio, here,

Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections;

And, therefore, if you say no more than this

That like a father you will deal with him,

And <sup>g</sup>pass my daughter a sufficient dower,

The match is made, and all is <sup>h</sup>happily done:

Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

*Tra.* I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you <sup>i</sup>hold

We be baffled, and such assurance ta'en, [*Best,*

As shall with either part's agreement stand?

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio: for, you know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:

Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,

And, <sup>j</sup>happily, we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then, at my lodging, an it like you:

There doth my father lie, and there this night

We'll pass the business privately and well.

Send for your daughter by your servant here;

<sup>a</sup> A "small compassed cape" is a round cape.—<sup>b</sup> A quibble is here intended between a written bill and the weapon of a foot-soldier.

<sup>c</sup> "But," i. e., *unless*.—<sup>d</sup> "The Pegasus," i. e., the inn with the sign of Pegasus.—<sup>e</sup> "A tall fellow," i. e., a brave boy; a high fellow.—<sup>f</sup> "Scrupulous."—<sup>g</sup> "Assure; convey."—<sup>h</sup> "Betrothed."—<sup>i</sup> Perhaps.

My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,  
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,  
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;  
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:  
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,  
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*Luc.* I pray the gods she may with all my heart.

*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.  
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome: one mess is like to be your cheer.

Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

*Bap.* I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, *Pedant*, and BAPTISTA.]

*Bion.* Cambio!

*Luc.* What say'st thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* You saw my master wink and laugh upon  
you?

*Luc.* Biondello, what of that?

*Bion.* 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here be-  
hind, to expound the meaning or a moral of his signs  
and tokens.

*Luc.* I pray thee, moralize them.

*Bion.* Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with  
the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

*Luc.* And what of him?

*Bion.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the  
supper.

*Luc.* And then?—

*Bion.* The old priest at St. Luke's church is at  
your command at all hours.

*Luc.* And what of all this?

*Bion.* I cannot tell; except, while they are bu-  
sied about a counterfeit assurance, take you assu-  
rance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*.  
To the church!—take the priest, clerk, and some  
sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,  
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

*Luc.* Hear'st thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in  
an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley  
to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu,  
sir. My master hath appointed me to go to St.  
Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against  
you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*]

*Luc.* I may, and will, if she be so contented:  
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?  
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:  
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE V.—A public Road.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

*Pet.* Come on, o' God's name: once more toward  
our father's.

Good lord! how bright and goodly shines the moon.

*Kath.* The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

*Pet.* I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Kath.* I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house.—

Go <sup>2</sup>one, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd.

*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Kath.* Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.

An if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say, it is the moon.

*Kath.* I know, it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

*Kath.* Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun;

But sun it is not, when you say it is not,

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

And so it shall be still for Katharine.

*Hor.* Petruchio, go thy ways: the field is won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should

And not unluckily against the bias.— [*Run,*

But soft! what company is coming here?

*Enter* VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

[*To* VINCENTIO.] Good-morrow, gentle mistress:  
where away?—

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

*Hor.* 'A will make the man mad, to make a wo-  
man of him. [*sweet,*

*Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and

Whither away, or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favorable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow! [*mad:*

*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That every thing I look on seemeth green.

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make  
known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,

We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,

That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,

My name is called Vincentio; my dwelling, Pisa,

And bound I am to Padua, there to visit

A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.

*Pet.* Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,

I may entitle thee—my loving father:

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,

Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified as may beseech

The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio;

And wander we to see thy honest son,

Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest

Upon the company you overtake?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and VINCENTIO.]

*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.

Have to my widow; and if she be froward,

Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

\* "Moral," i. e., secret purpose.—The words of the old  
exclusive privilege for printing a book.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S HOUSE.

*Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA; GREMIO walking on the other side.**Bion.* Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.*Luc.* I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home: therefore, leave us.*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.*[Exit LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.]**Gre.* I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.**Pet.* Sir, here's the door; this is Lucentio's house: My father's bears more toward the market place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you go. I think I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.*[Knocks.]**Gre.* They're busy within; you were best knock louder.*Enter Pedant above, at a window.**Ped.* What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?*Vin.* Is signior Lucentio within, sir?*Ped.* He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.*Vin.* What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.*Pet.* Nay, I told you, your son was belov'd in Padua.—Do you hear, sir? to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.*Ped.* Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.*Vin.* Art thou his father?*Ped.* Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.*Pet.* Why, how now, gentleman? *[To VINCENTIO.]* why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain. I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.*Re-enter BIONDELLO.**Bion.* I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing. *[Lo.]**Vin.* Come hither, crack-hemp. *[Seeing BIONDELLO.]**Bion.* I hope I may choose, sir.*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?*Bion.* Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?*Bion.* What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.*Vin.* Is't so, indeed? *[Beats BIONDELLO.]**Bion.* Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. *[Exit.]**Ped.* Help, son! help, signior Baptista!*[Exit, from the window.]**Pet.* Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. *[They retire.]**Re-enter Pedant, below: BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.**Tra.* Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?*Vin.* What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O, immortal Gods! O, fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.*Tra.* How now! what's the matter?*Bap.* What, is the man lunatic?*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what <sup>b</sup>cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.*Vin.* Thy father? O, villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.*Bap.* You mistake, sir: you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?*Vin.* His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.*Ped.* Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.*Vin.* Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master.—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?*Tra.* Call forth an officer.*Enter one, with an Officer.*

Carry this mad knave to the jail.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the jail!*Gre.* Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.*Bap.* Talk not, signior Gremio. I say, he shall go to prison.*Gre.* Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be <sup>c</sup>conycatched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.*Ped.* Swear, if thou darest.*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.*Tra.* Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.*Bap.* Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!*Vin.* Thus strangers may be <sup>d</sup>handled and abused—O, monstrous villain!*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.**Bion.* O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is! deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.*Luc.* Pardon, sweet father. *[Kneeling.]**Vin.* Lives my sweet son?*[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.]**Bian.* Pardon, dear father. *[Kneeling.]**Bap.* How hast thou offended?—Where is Lucentio?*Luc.* Here's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit <sup>d</sup>supposes blear'd thine <sup>e</sup>eyne.*Gre.* Here's <sup>f</sup>packiug, with a witness, to deceive us all!*Vin.* Where is that damned villain, Tranio,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

<sup>a</sup> A "copatain hat" was a sugar-loaf or conical hat.—  
<sup>b</sup> Concerns.—<sup>c</sup> Deceived; cheated.—<sup>d</sup> Pretenders.—<sup>e</sup> Eyes.—  
<sup>f</sup> Plotting.

*Bian.* Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the town; And happily I have arrived at the last Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to; Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

*Bap.* [To LUCENTIO.] But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to; but I will in, to be revenged for this villany.

[Exit.

*Bap.* And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[Exit.

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [Exeunt LUC. and BIAN.

*Gre.* My cake is 'dough; but I'll in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [Exit.

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

*Kath.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will. [ado.

*Kath.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What! art thou ashamed of me?

*Kath.* No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

*Pet.* Why, then let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's away. [love, stay.

*Kath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee,

*Pet.* Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate: Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in LUCENTIO'S House.

A Banquet set out; Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.

*Luc.* At last, though long, our jarring notes agree: And time it is, when raging war is 'gone,  
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—  
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,  
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.—  
Brother Petruccio,—sister Katharina,—  
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,  
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:  
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,  
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;  
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[They sit at table.

*Pet.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

*Bap.* Padua affords this kindness, son Petruccio.

*Pet.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

*Hor.* For both our sakes I would that word were true.

*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

*Wid.* Then, never trust me, if I be afraid.

*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you. [sense?

*Wid.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

*Pet.* Roundly replied.

*Kath.* Mistress, how mean you that?

*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.

*Pet.* Conceive by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

*Hor.* My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

*Pet.* Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

*Kath.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

*Wid.* Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe.

And now you know my meaning.

*Kath.* A very mean meaning.

*Wid.*

Right, I mean you.

*Kath.* And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

*Pet.* To her, Kate!

*Hor.* To her, widow!

*Pet.* A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

*Hor.* That's my office.

*Pet.* Spoke like an officer:—<sup>2</sup>Here's to thee, lad.

[Drinks to HORTENSIO.

*Bap.* How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

*Gre.* Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

*Bian.* Head and butt? an hasty-witted body Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

*Vin.* Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

*Bian.* Ay, but not frighted me; therefore, I'll sleep again.

*Pet.* Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun, Have at you for a better jest or two.

*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush, And then pursue me as you draw your bow.— You are welcome all.

[Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.

*Pet.* She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio; This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not:

Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd!

*Tra.* O sir! Lucentio shipp'd me, like his greyhound, Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good 'swift simile, but something curish.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:

'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

*Bap.* O ho, Petruccio! Tranio hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that 'd gird, good Tranio.

*Hor.* Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

*Pet.* 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And, as the best did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it main'd you two outright.

*Bap.* Now, in good sadness, son Petruccio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,

Let's each one send unto his 'several wife,

And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Hor.* Content. What is the wager?

*Luc.* Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Luc.* A hundred then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Pet.* A match! 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin?

*Luc.* That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

*Bion.* I go. [Exit.

*Bap.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

*Luc.* I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word, That she is busy, and she cannot come.

*Pet.* How! she is busy, and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

\* A proverb not yet obsolete.—<sup>b</sup> A "banquet" formerly meant what we now call a desert.

<sup>c</sup> "Swift," i.e., quick-witted.—<sup>d</sup> "Gird," i.e., cut; sarcasm.

*Pet.* I hope better.

*Hor.* Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife  
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO.*]

*Pet.* O ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

*Hor.* I am afraid, sir,  
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

Now, where's my wife?

*Bion.* She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;  
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse: she will not come? O vile!  
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress; say,  
I command her come to me. [*Exit GRUMIO.*]

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Enter KATHARINA.*

*Bap.* Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

*Kath.* What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

*Pet.* Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,  
\*Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.  
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*]

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Hor.* And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,  
An awful rule, and right supremacy;  
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

*Bap.* Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.*

See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off with that bawble, throw it under foot.

[*KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

*Wid.* Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh,  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

*Bian.* Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

*Luc.* I would, your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

<sup>1</sup>Cost me one hundred crowns since supper-time.

*Bian.* The more fool you for laying on my duty.

*Pet.* Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-  
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking: we will have  
no telling.

*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

*Wid.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say, she shall:—and first begin with her.

*Kath.* Fie, fie! unknight that threatening unkind brow,  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound that lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads,  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,  
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance; commits his body

To painful labor, both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience,

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband;

And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel,

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am asham'd that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace,

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms,

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great, my reason, haply, more

To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;

But now I see our lances are but straws,

Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,

That seeming <sup>2</sup>most, which we indeed least are.

Then, vail your <sup>3</sup>stomachs, for it is no <sup>4</sup>boot,

And place your hands below your husband's foot:

In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready, may it do him ease. [*me, Kate.*]

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are <sup>5</sup>sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the <sup>6</sup>white;

[*To LUCENTIO.*]

And, being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATH.*]

*Hor.* Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst  
shrew.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be  
tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> "Our soft conditions," i. e., the gentle qualities of our minds.—"Vail your stomachs," i. e., abate your pride.—  
<sup>2</sup> "It is no boot," i. e., it is profitless.—"You two are sped," i. e., the fate of you both is decided against you.—<sup>3</sup> To "hit the white" is a phrase borrowed from archery, signifying to hit the centre of the target, which was white. There is also a play upon the name of Bianca, which is white in Italian.

# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



ACT IV.—Scene 3.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King of France.  
Duke of Florence.  
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.  
LAFEU, an old Lord.  
PAROLLES, a Follower of Bertram.  
<sup>1</sup> French Envoy, serving with Bertram.  
<sup>2</sup> French Gentleman, also serving with Bertram.  
<sup>3</sup> RINALDO, Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.  
Clown, in her household.  
A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, Mother to Bertram.  
HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.  
<sup>4</sup> A Widow of Florence.  
DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.  
VIOLENTA, } Neighbors and Friends to the  
MARIANA, } Widow.

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers,  
&c., French and Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

*Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of Rousillon, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.*

*Count.* In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in <sup>a</sup>ward, evermore in subjection.

*Laf.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than <sup>b</sup>lack it where there is such abundance.

*Count.* What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandoned his physicians, madam;

<sup>a</sup> The heirs of great fortunes were the king's wards.—  
<sup>b</sup> Abate.

under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!—whose skill, <sup>c</sup>almost as great as his honesty, had it stretched so far would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

*Laf.* How called you the man you speak of, madam?

*Count.* He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so—Gerard de Narbon.

*Laf.* He was excellent, indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and mournfully. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity: they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena: go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that? [*father*]

*Count.* Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy in manners, as in shape: thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head!—Farewell, my lord: 'Tis an unseason'd courtier: good my lord, Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him!—

Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit COUNTESS.*]

*Ber.* [*To HELENA.*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father. [*Exit BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

*Hel.* O, were that all!—I think not on my father; And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favor in't but <sup>1</sup>only Bertram's. I am undone: there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one, That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it, he is so above me: In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind that would be mated by the lion Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague, To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In <sup>2</sup>my heart's table; heart, too capable Of every line and <sup>3</sup>trick of his sweet <sup>4</sup>favor: But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

*Enter PAROLLES.*

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake, And yet I know him a notorious liar,

Think him a great way fool, <sup>5</sup>solely a coward; Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, That they take place, when virtue's steely bones Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*Par.* Save you, fair queen.

*Hel.* And you, monarch.

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And no.

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel.* Ay. You have some <sup>6</sup>stain of soldier in you, let me ask you a question: man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

*Par.* There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion: away with't.

*Hel.* I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

*Par.* There's little can be said in't: 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offensiveness against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most <sup>7</sup>inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't: <sup>8</sup>within two years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

*Hel.* How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

*Par.* Let me see: marry, ill; to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which <sup>9</sup>wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears: it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear. Will you <sup>4</sup>do any thing with it?

*Hel.* Not <sup>5</sup>with my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves, A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, A phoenix, captain, and an enemy, A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign, A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear:

<sup>a</sup> "Than to have," i. e., than have it.—<sup>b</sup> Trace.—<sup>c</sup> Countenance.

<sup>d</sup> Altogether.—<sup>e</sup> Tincture.—<sup>f</sup> Forbidden.—<sup>g</sup> "Which wear not now," i. e., which are not now worn.

His humble ambition, proud humility,  
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world  
Of pretty, fond, adoptious<sup>a</sup> christendoms,  
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he —  
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—  
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

*Par.* What one, i' faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

*Par.* What's pity?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in't,  
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And show what we alone must think; which never  
Returns us thanks.

*Enter a Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*]

*Par.* Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember  
thee, I will think of thee at court.

*Hel.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a  
charitable star.

*Par.* Under Mars, I.

*Hel.* I especially think, under Mars.

*Par.* Why under Mars?

*Hel.* The wars have so kept you under, that you  
must needs be horn under Mars.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

*Par.* Why think you so?

*Hel.* You go so much backward when you fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage.

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes the  
safety: but the composition that your valor and fear  
make in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like  
the wear well.

*Par.* I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer  
thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the  
which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee,  
so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and  
understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else  
thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine igno-  
rance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast  
leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, re-  
member thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and  
use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Hel.* Our remedies off in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky  
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull  
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.  
What power is't which mounts my love so high;  
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?  
The mightiest space in nature fortune brings  
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,  
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove  
To show her merit, that did miss her love?  
The king's disease—my project may deceive me;  
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with  
letters; Lords and others attending.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;  
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue

A braving war.

*1 Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

*King.* Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it  
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,  
With caution, that the Florentine will move us  
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend  
Prejudicates the business, and would seem  
To have us make denial.

*1 Lord.*

His love and wisdom,  
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead  
For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
And Florence is denied before he comes:  
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see  
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave  
To stand on either part.

*2 Lord.*

It may well serve  
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
For breathing and exploit.

*King.*

What's he comes here?

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.*

*1 Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,  
Young Bertram.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;  
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,  
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts  
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal soundness now,  
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship  
First tried our soldiership. He did look far  
Into the service of the time, and was  
Disciplin'd of the bravest: he lasted long;  
But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
To talk of your good father. In his youth  
He had the wit, which I can well observe  
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,  
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,  
Ere they can hide their levity in honor:  
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride, or sharpness; if they were,  
His equal had awak'd them: and his honor,  
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speak, and at that time  
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him  
He us'd as creatures of another place,  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility,  
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man  
Might be a copy to these younger times,  
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now  
But goes backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance, sir,  
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:  
So in 'approof lives not his epitaph,  
As in your royal speech.

*King.* 'Would I were with him! He would al-  
ways say,

(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words  
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
To grow there, and to bear,)—"Let me not live,"—  
Thus his good melancholy oft began,  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
When it was out, "let me not live," quoth he,  
"After my flax lacks oil, to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain: whose judgments are

<sup>a</sup> "Adoptious christendoms," i. e., adopted appellations.—

<sup>b</sup> That is, and show by realities what we now must only think.

<sup>c</sup> A bird of a good wing was one of swift and strong flight.

<sup>d</sup> Susceptible.—The "Senoys" were citizens of the repub-

lic of which Sienna is the capital.

<sup>e</sup> Renovates.—"Hide their levity in honor," i. e., cover petty faults with great merit.—<sup>f</sup> His for its.—<sup>g</sup> So in 'approof lives not his epitaph," i. e., the approbation of his worth lives not so much in his epitaph.—<sup>h</sup> Plausible.



Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions."—This he wish'd:  
I, after him, do after him wish too,  
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some laborers room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;  
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,  
Since the physician at your father's died?  
He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six months since, my lord.

*King.* If he were living, I would try him yet:—  
Lend me an arm:—the rest have worn me out  
With several applications: nature and sickness  
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;  
My son's no dearer.

*Ber.* Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Rousillon. A Room in the Count-  
ess's Palace.

*Enter* COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

*Count.* I will now hear: what say you of this  
gentlewoman?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even your  
content, I wish might be found in the calendar of  
my past endeavors; for then we wound our modesty,  
and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when  
of ourselves we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you  
gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you,  
I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness, that I do  
not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them,  
and have ability enough to make such knaveries  
yours.

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a  
poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, sir.

*Clo.* No, madam; 'tis not so well, that I am poor,  
though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may  
have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world,  
Isbel, the woman, and I will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good-will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no  
heritage; and, I think, I shall never have the bless-  
ing of God, till I have issue of my body, for they  
say, <sup>d</sup> bairns are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it: I am  
driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go that  
the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons,  
such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as  
you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do  
marry that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clo.* I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to  
have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clo.* You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends;  
for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am  
a-weary of. He, that <sup>e</sup> ears my land, spares my  
team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be

his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my  
wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that  
cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and  
blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend;  
<sup>f</sup> ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men  
could be contented to be what they are, there were  
no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan,  
and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts  
are seerved in religion, their heads are both one;  
they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the  
herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and  
calumnious knave?

*Clo.* A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth  
the next way:

*For I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find;  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by <sup>h</sup> kind.*

*Count.* Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with you more  
anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid  
Helen come to you? of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would  
speak with her; Helen, I mean.

*Clo.* Was this fair face, <sup>1</sup> quoth she, the cause,  
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

<sup>2</sup> Fond done, done fond, <sup>2</sup> good sooth it was;

Was this king Priam's joy?

<sup>3</sup> With that she sighed as she stood

And gave this sentence then;

<sup>4</sup> Among nine bad if one be good,  
There's yet one good in ten.

*Count.* What! one good in ten? you corrupt the  
song, sirrah.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam, which is a  
purifying o' the song, <sup>5</sup> and mending o' the sex.  
Would God would serve the world so all the year!  
we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman if I were  
the parson. One in ten, quoth a! an we might  
have a good woman <sup>6</sup> born—but one—every blazing  
star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery  
well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck  
one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I  
command you?

*Clo.* That man should be at woman's command,  
and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puri-  
tan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice  
of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I  
am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to  
come hither. [*Exit.*]

*Count.* Well, now.

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman  
entirely.

*Count.* Faith, I do; her father bequeathed her to  
me; and she herself, without other advantage, may  
lawfully make title to as much love as she finds:  
there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall  
be paid her than she'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her than,  
I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did  
communicate to herself, her own words to her own  
ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched  
not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved  
your son: fortune, she said, was no goddess, that  
had put such difference betwixt their two estates;  
love, no god, that would not extend his might, only  
where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of vir-

<sup>a</sup> That is, who make no other use of their faculties than to  
invent new modes of dress.—<sup>b</sup> "To even your content," i. e.,  
to act up to your desires.—<sup>c</sup> "To go to the world," that is,  
to be married.—<sup>d</sup> Children.—<sup>e</sup> Ploughs.

<sup>f</sup> Therefore.—<sup>g</sup> "The next," i. e., the readiest.—<sup>h</sup> Nature.—  
<sup>i</sup> Foolishly.

gins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, <sup>a</sup>sithence in the loss that may happen it concerns you something to know it.

*Count.* You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: <sup>b</sup>stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you farther anon. [*Exit Steward.*]

*Count.* Even so it was with me, when I was young: If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:  
Is is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.

*Enter HELENA.*

By our <sup>c</sup>remembrances of days foregone  
<sup>d</sup>Search we out faults, for then we thought them none.  
Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, madam?

*Count.* You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.  
*Hel.* Mine honorable mistress.  
*Count.* Nay, a mother.

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,  
Methought you saw a serpent: what's in mother,  
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,  
And put you in the catalogue of those  
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen,  
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds  
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:  
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,  
Yet I express to you a mother's care.—  
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,  
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,  
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
The many-color'd Iris, rounds thine eye?  
Why, that you are my daughter?

*Hel.* That I am not.

*Count.* I say, I am your mother.

*Hel.* Pardon, madam;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother;  
I am from humble, he from honor'd name;  
No note upon my parents, his all noble:  
My master, my dear lord he is; and I  
His servant live, and will his vassal die.  
He must not be my brother.

*Count.* Nor I your mother?

*Hel.* You are my mother, madam: would you were  
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)  
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,  
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,  
So I were not his sister. Can't no <sup>d</sup> other,  
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother? [*Law.*]

*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-  
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,  
So <sup>e</sup>strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?  
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see  
The mystery of your loneliness, and find  
Your salt tears' <sup>f</sup>head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,  
You love my son: invention is asham'd,  
Against the proclamation of thy passion,  
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;  
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks  
Confess it, th' one to the other; and thine eyes

See it so grossly shown in thy behaviors,  
That in their <sup>g</sup>kind they speak it: only sin,  
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?  
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;  
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,  
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,  
To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me.

*Count.* Do you love my son?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress.

*Count.* Love you my son?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam?

*Count.* Go not about: my love hath in't a bond,  
Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose  
The state of your affection, for your passions  
Have to the full approach'd.

*Hel.* Then, I confess, <sup>h</sup>[*Kneeling.*  
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,  
That before you, and next unto high heaven,  
I love your son.—<sup>i</sup>[*Rising.*

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:  
Be not offended, for it hurts not him,  
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit;  
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him,  
Yet never know how that desert should be.  
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet, in this <sup>j</sup>captious and <sup>k</sup>intenable sieve,  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,  
Let not your hate encounter with my love,  
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,  
Whose aged honor cites a virtuous youth,  
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,  
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian  
Was both herself and love, O! then, give pity  
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose  
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;  
That seeks not to find that her search implies,  
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,  
To go to Paris?

*Hel.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore? tell true.

*Hel.* I will tell truth, by grace itself I swear.  
You know, my father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading  
And <sup>l</sup>manifold experience had collected  
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me  
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,  
As notes, whose faculties <sup>m</sup>inclusive were  
More than they were in <sup>n</sup>note. Amongst the rest,  
There is a remedy approv'd, set down  
To cure the desperate languishings whereof  
The king is render'd lost.

*Count.* This was your motive  
For Paris, was it? speak.

*Hel.* My lord, your son, made me to think of this;  
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,  
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,  
<sup>o</sup>Haply been absent then.

*Count.* But think you, Helen,  
If you should tender your supposed aid,  
He would receive it? He and his physicians  
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,

\* Since.—<sup>b</sup> Conceal.—<sup>c</sup> Recollections.—<sup>d</sup> Can't no other,  
i.e., can it be no other way?—<sup>e</sup> Contend.—<sup>f</sup> Source.

<sup>g</sup> Language.—<sup>h</sup> "Captious," i.e., deceitful.—<sup>i</sup> "Intenable,"  
i.e., incapable of holding.—<sup>j</sup> "Faculties inclusive," i.e., con-  
cealed virtues.—<sup>k</sup> "More than they were in note," i.e., greater  
than was apparent.—<sup>l</sup> Perhaps.

They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit  
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,  
Embowell'd of their <sup>a</sup> doctrine, have left off  
The danger to itself?

*Hcl.* There's something in't,  
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest  
Of his profession, that his good receipt  
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified [honor  
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your  
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture  
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,  
By such a day, and hour.

*Count.* Dost thou believe't?  
*Hcl.* Ay, madam, knowingly. [love,  
*Count.* Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and  
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings  
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,  
And pray God's blessing <sup>1</sup> unto thy attempt.  
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,  
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room in the KING's Palace.

*Flourish.* Enter KING, with young Lords taking leave  
for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and  
Attendants.

*King.* Farewell, young lords. These warlike principles  
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell.  
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.

*1 Lord.* 'Tis our hope, sir  
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return  
And find your grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart  
Will not confess he owes the malady  
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;  
Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy  
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it: when  
The bravest <sup>b</sup> questant shrinks, find what you seek,  
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

*2 Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

*King.* Those girls of Italy, take heed of them.  
They say, our French lack language to deny,  
If they demand: beware of being captives,  
Before you <sup>c</sup> serve.

*Both.* Our hearts receive your warnings.  
*King.* Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The KING retires to a couch.*

*1 Lord.* O, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

*Par.* 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

*2 Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

*Par.* Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

*Ber.* I am commanded here, and kept a <sup>d</sup> coil with;  
"Too young," and "the next year," and "'tis too early."

*Par.* An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

*Ber.* I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,  
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,

Till honor be bought up, and no sword worn,  
But one to dance <sup>e</sup> with. By heaven! I'll steal away.

*1 Lord.* There's honor in the theft.

*Par.* Commit it, count.

*2 Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

*1 Lord.* Farewell, captain.

*2 Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.  
Good sparks, and lustrous, a word, good metals:—  
you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war,  
here on his <sup>g</sup> sinister cheek: it was this very sword  
entrenched it: say to him, I live, and observe his  
reports <sup>2</sup> of me.

*2 Lord.* We shall, noble captain. [*Exeunt Lords.*

*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices!—What will you do?

*Ber.* Stay; the king— [*Seeing him rise.*

*Par.* Use a more sparing ceremony to the noble  
lords: you have restrained yourself within the list  
of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them;  
for they wear themselves in the cap of the <sup>h</sup> time;  
there do muster true <sup>i</sup> gait; eat, speak, and move  
under the influence of the most received star; and  
though the devil lead the <sup>k</sup> measure, such are to be  
followed. After them, and take a more dilated  
farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy  
sword-men. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*

Enter LAFEU.

*Laf.* Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.  
[*Kneeling.*

*King.* I'll see thee to stand up.

*Laf.* Then <sup>3</sup> here a man stands, that has brought  
his pardon. [*Rising.*

I would, you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,  
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,  
And ask'd <sup>4</sup> thee mercy for't. [*thus:*

*Laf.* Good faith, 'across. But, my good lord, 'tis  
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will, <sup>5</sup> aye, noble grapes, an if  
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen  
A <sup>6</sup> medicine that's able to breathe life into a stone,  
Quicken a rock, and make you dance <sup>7</sup> canary  
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch  
Is powerful to <sup>8</sup> upraise king Pepin, nay,  
To give great Charlemaine a pen in's hand,  
<sup>9</sup> To write to her a love-line.

*King.* What her is this?

*Laf.* Why, doctor she. My lord, there's one arriv'd,  
If you will see her:—now, by my faith and honor,  
If seriously I may convey my thoughts  
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke  
With one, that in her sex, her years, <sup>10</sup> profession,  
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more  
Than I dare <sup>11</sup> blame my weakness. Will you see her,  
(For that is her demand) and know her business?  
That done, laugh well at me.

<sup>a</sup> "Embowell'd of their doctrine," i. e., exhausted of their skill.—<sup>b</sup> Seeker.—<sup>c</sup> "Before you serve," i. e., before you are soldiers.—<sup>d</sup> "Kept a coil," i. e., kept in uncertainty.

<sup>e</sup> "It was the fashion in Shakespeare's time for gentlemen to dance with their swords girded.—<sup>f</sup> "Is a tortured body," i. e., is as it were to torture or dis-<sup>g</sup> sever a body.—<sup>g</sup> "Sinister cheek," i. e., left cheek.—<sup>h</sup> "In the cap of the time," i. e., in the foremost of the fashion.—<sup>i</sup> "True gait," i. e., true military step.—<sup>k</sup> Dance.—<sup>l</sup> Unskilfully.—<sup>m</sup> "A medicine," i. e., a female physician.—<sup>n</sup> "The canary was a lively dance.—<sup>o</sup> "Profession," i. e., declaration of the object of her coming.—<sup>p</sup> "Blame my weakness," i. e., own my weakness of.

*King.* Now, good Lafeu,  
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee  
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine  
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,  
And not be all day neither. [*Exit LAFEU.*]  
*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.*

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.  
*King.* This haste hath wings, indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.  
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:  
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors  
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's <sup>a</sup>uncle,  
That dare leave two together. Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*King.* Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was  
In what he did profess well <sup>b</sup>found. [My father;

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards him;  
Knowing him, is enough. On's bed of death  
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,  
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience th' only darling,  
He bade me store up as a <sup>c</sup>triple eye,  
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so;  
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd  
With that malignant cause, wherein the <sup>d</sup>honor  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden;  
But may not be so credulous of cure:  
When our most learned doctors leave us, and  
The congregated college have concluded  
That laboring art can never ransom nature  
From her inaidable estate, I say, we must not  
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malady  
To empirics; or to dis sever so  
Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

*Hel.* My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:  
I will no more enforce mine office on you;  
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts  
A modest one, to bear me back again.

*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.  
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give,  
As one near death to those that wish him live;  
But what at full I know thou know'st no part,  
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do, can do no hurt to try,  
Since you set up your <sup>e</sup>rest 'gainst remedy.  
He that of greatest works is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister:  
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown, [flown  
When judges have been <sup>f</sup>babes. Great floods have  
From simple <sup>g</sup>sources; and great seas have dried,  
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.  
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

*King.* I must not hear thee: fare thee well, kind  
maid.

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:

Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.  
It is not so with him that all things knows,  
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;  
But most it is presumption in us, when  
The help of heaven we count the act of men.  
Dear sir, to my endeavors give consent;  
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.  
I am not an impostor, that proclaim  
Myself against the level of mine <sup>h</sup>aim;  
But know I think, and think I know most sure,  
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident? Within what space  
Hop'st thou my cure?

*Hel.* The greatest grace lending <sup>i</sup>grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;  
Ere twice in morn and accidental damp  
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,  
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,  
What dar'st thou venture?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,  
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,  
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name  
Sear'd otherwise; <sup>k</sup>he worse of worst extended,  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth  
speak,

His powerful sound within an organ weak;  
And what impossibility would slay  
In common sense, sense saves another way.  
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate  
Worth name of life, in thee hath <sup>l</sup>estimate;  
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, <sup>h</sup>honor, all  
That happiness <sup>2</sup>in prime can happy call:  
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.  
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,  
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in <sup>m</sup>property  
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;  
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee;  
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even?

*King.* Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.  
*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand  
What husband in thy power I will command:

Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,  
My low and humble name to propagate  
With any branch or image of thy state;  
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,  
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:  
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,  
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must,  
Though more to know could not be more to trust,  
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on; but rest  
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—  
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> "I am Cressid's uncle," i. e., I am *Pandarus*. See *Troilus and Cressida*.—<sup>b</sup> "Well found," i. e., of acknowledged excellence.—<sup>c</sup> "A triple eye," i. e., a third eye.—<sup>d</sup> Virtue.—<sup>e</sup> "Since you set up your rest," i. e., since you have made up your mind that there is no remedy.—<sup>f</sup> An allusion to Daniel judging the two elders.—<sup>g</sup> An allusion to Moses striking the rock in Horeb.

<sup>h</sup> That is, that pretends to greater things than befits my condition.—<sup>i</sup> That is, the Divine grace assisting.—<sup>k</sup> "No" is an old negative for *nor*.—<sup>l</sup> "Hath estimate," i. e., may be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee.—<sup>m</sup> Performance.

## SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

*Enter COUNTESS and Clown.*

*Count.* Come on, sir: I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

*Clo.* I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught. I know my business is but to the court.

*Count.* To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

*Clo.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's<sup>a</sup> forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

*Clo.* From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

*Clo.* O Lord, sir!—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, "O Lord, sir," at your whipping, and "spare not me?" Indeed, your "O Lord, sir," is very<sup>b</sup> sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—"O Lord, sir." I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir!—why, there't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, sir: to your business. Give Hel- And urge her to a present answer back: [*En this,* Command me to my kinsmen, and my son.

This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them.

*Count.* Not much employment for you: you understand me?

*Clo.* Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE III.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.*

*Laf.* They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make "modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown<sup>c</sup> fear.

*Par.* Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ber.* And so 'tis.

*Laf.* To be relinquished of the artists,—

*Par.* So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and "authentic fellows,—

*Par.* Right; so I say.

*Laf.* That gave him out incurable,—

*Par.* Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

*Laf.* Not to be helped,—

*Par.* Right; as 'twere a man assured of an—

*Laf.* Uncertain life, and sure death.

*Par.* Just, you say well; so would I have said.

*Laf.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is, indeed; if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—what do you call there?—

*Laf.* <sup>1</sup>In showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

*Par.* That's it I would have said; the very same.

*Laf.* Why, your "dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange; 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most "fascinatorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

*Laf.* Very hand of heaven.

*Par.* Ay, so I say.

*Laf.* In a most weak—

*Par.* And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

*Laf.* Generally thankful.

*Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.*

*Par.* I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

*Laf.* <sup>b</sup>Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

*Par.* *Mort du vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

*Laf.* 'Fore God, I think so.

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter several Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

<sup>a</sup> "Tib" and "Tom" were names for a *lad* and *lass*; a *rush* ring was a love-token for plighting troth among rustic lovers.—<sup>b</sup> "Is very sequent," i. e., very properly follows.

<sup>c</sup> "Modern," i. e., common; ordinary.—<sup>d</sup> "Fear," i. e., object of fear.—<sup>e</sup> "Authentic," i. e., approved.—<sup>f</sup> Dauphin.—<sup>g</sup> "Fascinatorous," i. e., wicked.—<sup>h</sup> *Lustick* is the Dutch for active, pleasant, sportive.

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing, [<sup>a</sup> voice  
O'er whom both 'sovereign's power and father's  
I have to use: thy frank election make.

Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress  
Fall, when love please I!—marry, to each, but <sup>b</sup>one.

*Laf.* I'd give bay <sup>c</sup>urtal, and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',  
And <sup>2</sup>with as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well:  
Not one of those but had a noble father.

*Hel.* Gentlemen,  
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.

*All.* We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,  
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—

Please it your majesty, I have done already:  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,  
“We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be  
refus'd,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever:  
We'll ne'er come there again.”

*King.* Make choice, and see;  
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,  
And to imperial Love, that god most high,  
Do my sighs <sup>3</sup>steam.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

*1 Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir: all the rest is <sup>d</sup>mute.

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice, than throw  
<sup>e</sup>ames-ace for my life.

*Hel.* The honor, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

*2 Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,  
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

*Laf.* Do all they deny her? An they were sons  
of mine, I'd have them whipped, or I would send  
them to the Turk to make cunuchs of.

*Hel.* [*To 3 Lord.*] Be not afraid that I your hand  
should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:  
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have  
her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the  
French ne'er got them.

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too good,  
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

*4 Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*Laf.* There's one grape yet:—I am sure, thy  
father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I  
am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

*Hel.* [*To BERTRAM.*] I dare not say I take you;  
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live, [but I give  
into your guiding power.—This is the man.

*King.* Why then, young Bertram, take her; she's  
thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your  
highness,

In such a business give me leave to use  
The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, Bertram,  
What she has done for me?

*Ber.* Yes, my good lord;  
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*King.* Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my  
sickly bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down  
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:  
She had her breeding at my father's charge.

A poor physician's daughter my wife?—Disdain  
Rather corrupt me ever!

*King.* 'Tis only <sup>f</sup>title thou disdain'st in her, the  
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,  
Of color, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,  
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
In differences so mighty. If she be

All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,  
A poor physician's daughter) thou dislik'st  
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:

Where great <sup>g</sup>additions swell 's, and virtue none,  
It is a drop'd honor: good alone

Is good, without a name; vileness is so:

The property by what it is should go,  
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In these to nature she's immediate heir,  
And these breed honor: that is honor's scorn,

Which challenges itself as honor's <sup>h</sup>born,  
And is not like the sire: honors thrive,

When rather from our acts we them derive,  
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,

Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,  
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,

Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb  
Of honor'd bones indeed. What should be said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
I can create the rest. Virtue, and she

Is her own dower; honor, and wealth from me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive  
to choose.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad.  
Let the rest go.

*King.* My honor's at the stake, which to <sup>i</sup>defend,  
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,  
That dost in vile misprision shackle up

My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,  
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,  
It is in us to plant thine honor, where

We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:  
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:

Believe not thy disdain, but presently

Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,

Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims,

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever

Into the <sup>j</sup>stagers, and the careless lapse

Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,

Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,

Without all terms of pity. Speak: thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit  
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider

What great creation, and what <sup>k</sup>dole of honor,  
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,

Is, as <sup>l</sup>twere, born so.

*King.* Take her by the hand,  
And tell her, she is thine; to whom I promise

A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,

A balance more replete.

<sup>a</sup> They were wards as well as subjects of the king.—<sup>b</sup> “To each, but one,” i. e., except one, meaning Bertram.—<sup>c</sup> “Bay curtal,” i. e., my bay horse.—<sup>d</sup> “All the rest is mute,” i. e., I have no more to say to you.—<sup>e</sup> Ames-ace is the lowest chance of the dice.

<sup>f</sup> “Title,” i. e., the want of title.—<sup>g</sup> Titles.—<sup>h</sup> “As honor's born,” i. e., as the child of honor.—<sup>i</sup> “The staggers” is the reeling or unsteady course of a drunken or sick man.—<sup>j</sup> “Dole,” i. e., portion.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the favor of the king,  
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the now borne brief,  
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast  
Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,  
Thy love's to me religious, else, does err.

[*Exeunt KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, and Attendants.*]

*Laf.* Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation?—My lord? my master?

*Laf.* Ay; is it not a language I speak?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

*Laf.* Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

*Par.* To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

*Par.* You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two \*ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel: it might pass; yet the scars, and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee: when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but <sup>b</sup>taking up, and that thou't scarce worth.

*Par.* Had'st thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

*Laf.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserved it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every drachm of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the <sup>c</sup>default, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by <sup>d</sup>thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord.

\* "For two ordinaries," i. e., while I dined twice in your company.—<sup>b</sup>To take up is to contradict, to call to account, as well as to pick off the ground.—<sup>c</sup>In the default," i. e., at a need.—<sup>d</sup>"As I will by thee," &c., i. e., as I will pass by thee, as fast as I am able.

I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him: an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-enter LAFEU.*

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married: there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honor, if I were but two hours younger I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to <sup>e</sup>breathe themselves upon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate: you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honorable personages, than the <sup>1</sup>condition of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*]

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*Par.* Good, very good; it is so then:—good, very good. Let it be concealed a while.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What is the matter, sweet heart?

*Ber.* Although before the solemn priest I have I will not bed her. [*sworn,*]

*Par.* What? what, sweet heart?

*Ber.* O, my Parolles, they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot. To the wars!

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother: what the import is,

I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy! to the wars!

He wears his honor in a box, unscen,  
That hugs his <sup>1</sup>kicksy-wicksy here at home,  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!  
France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades;  
Therefore, to the <sup>2</sup>wars!

*Ber.* It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king  
That which I durst not speak. His present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,  
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife  
To the dark <sup>3</sup>house, and the detested wife.

*Par.* Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away: to-morrow

I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it; 'tis hard.

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:

Therefore away, and leave her: bravely go;

The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>e</sup> "To breathe," i. e., to exercise.—<sup>1</sup>"Kicksy-wicksy" is a cant term for a wife.—<sup>2</sup>"The dark house" is a house made gloomy by discontent.

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

*Enter HELENA and Clown.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

*Clo.* She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

*Clo.* Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things

*Hel.* What two things?

*Clo.* One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate lady!

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away! thou'rt a knave.

*Clo.* You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool: I have found thee.

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you tautlog to find me?

*Par.* Go to, I say: I have found thee: no more; I have found thee, a witty fool.

*Clo.* The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night; A very serious business calls on him. The great prerogative and rite of love, Which as your due time claims, he does acknowledge, But puts it off to a compell'd restraint; Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets, Which they distil now in the curbed time To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy, And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding, Strengthen'd with what apology you think May make it probable a need.

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Hel.* I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant proof.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valor; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends: I will pursue the amity.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* [*To BERTRAM.*] These things shall be done, sir.

*Laf.* Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O! I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

*Ber.* [*Aside to PAROLLES.*] Is she gone to the king?

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night?

*Par.* As you'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride, End, ere I do begin.

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

*Laf.* You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the 'custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.  
*Laf.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear.

*Ber.* I think so.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my dog.

*Enter HELENA.*

*Hel.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only he desires Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will. You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not color with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular: prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you That presently you take your way for home;

\* "May make it probable need," i. e., may make a specious appearance of necessity.

<sup>b</sup> The bunting resembles the skylark, but cannot sing.—  
<sup>c</sup> At city entertainments the fool or jester leaped into a great custard made for the purpose, to amuse the spectators.



And rather muse than ask why I entreat you,  
For my respects are better than they seem;  
And my appointments have in them a need,  
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,  
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[Giving a letter.

"Twill be two days ere I shall see you: so,  
I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient servant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And ever shall  
With true observance seek to eke out that,  
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd  
To equal my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that go:  
My haste is very great. Farewell: hie home.

*Hel.* Pray, sir, your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;  
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is,  
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal  
What law does vouch mine own.

*Ber.* What would you have?

*Hel.* Something, and scarce so much:—nothing,  
indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would, my lord—'faith,  
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss. [yes;—  
*Ber.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.  
Where are my other men? monsieur, farewell.

[Exit.

*Ber.* Go thou toward home; where I will never come,  
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—  
Away! and for our flight.

*Par.* Bravely, coragio! [Exit.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. A Room in the Duke's  
Palace.

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, attended;  
two Frenchmen, and Soldiers.

*Duke.* So that, from point to point, now have you  
The fundamental reasons of this war, [heard  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,  
And more thirsts after.

*1 Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel  
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful  
On the opposer. [France

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much our cousin  
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.

*Fr. Env.* Good my lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable motion: therefore, dare not  
Say what I think of it, since I have found  
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail  
As often as I guess'd.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

*Fr. Gent.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,  
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day  
Come here for physic.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be,

And all the honors that can fly from us  
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;  
When better fall, for your avails they fell.  
To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exit.

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the Count-  
ess's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

*Count.* It hath happened all as I would have had  
it, save that he comes not along with her.

*Clow.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a  
very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you?

*Clow.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing;  
mend his ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing;  
pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man, that had this  
trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and when he  
means to come. [Opening a letter.

*Clow.* I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at court.  
Our old ling and our Isabels o' the country are nothing  
like your old ling and your Isabels o' the court:  
the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin  
to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here?

*Clow.* E'en that you have there.

[Exit.

*Count.* [Reads.] "I have sent you a daughter-in-  
law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me.  
I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to  
make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run  
away: know it before the report come. If there be  
breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long  
distance. My duty to you.

"Your unfortunate son,  
"BERTRAM."

This is not well: rash and unbridled boy,  
To fly the favors of so good a king!  
To pluck his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprizing of a maid, too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire!

Re-enter Clown.

*Clow.* O madam! yonder is heavy news within,  
between two soldiers and my young lady.

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clow.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news,  
some comfort: your son will not be killed so soon  
as I thought he would.

*Count.* Why should he be kill'd?

*Clow.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear  
he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the  
loss of men, though it be the getting of children.  
Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I  
only hear your son was run away. [Exit Clown.

Enter HELENA and two French Gentlemen.

*Fr. Env.* Save you, good madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone; for ever gone.

*Fr. Gen.* Do not say so. [men,—

*Count.* Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentle-  
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start, [you?  
Can woman me unto't:—where is my son, I pray

*Fr. Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of  
Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,  
And, after some despatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.

*Hel.* Look on his letter, madam: here's my pass-  
port.

a "Muse," i. e., wonder.—b Possess; own.—c "Yield," i. e.,  
divulge; inform you of.—d "An outward man" is one not in  
the secret of affairs.—e "The younger of our nature," i. e.,  
our young fellows.

f The folding at the top of the boot was called the ruff.—  
g "Can woman me unto't," i. e., can affect me deeply, as  
women are usually affected.

[*Reads.*] "When thou canst <sup>a</sup>get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*."

This is a dreadful sentence.

*Count.* Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

*Fr. Env.* Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

*Count.* I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;

If thou engrosses all the griefs <sup>1</sup>as thine,

Thou robbst me of a moiety. He was my son,

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

*Fr. Gen.* Ay, madam.

*Count.* And to be a soldier?

*Fr. Gen.* Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honor

That good convenience claims.

*Count.* Return you thither?

*Fr. Env.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed. [ing in France.]

*Hel.* [*Reads.*] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing bitter."

*Count.* Find you that there?

*Hel.* Ay, madam.

*Fr. Env.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, Which his heart was not consenting to.

*Count.* Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him,

But only she; and she deserves a lord,

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,

And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

*Fr. Env.* A servant only, and a gentleman

Which I have some time known.

*Count.* Parolles, was it not?

*Fr. Env.* Ay, my good lady, he. [ness.]

*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness. My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

*Fr. Env.* Indeed, good lady,

The fellow has a deal of that too much,

<sup>2</sup>Which 'hoves him much to leave.

*Count.* Y<sup>e</sup> are welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son,

To tell him, that his sword can never win

The honor that he loses: more I'll entreat you

Written to bear along.

*Fr. Gen.* We serve you, madam,

In that and all your worthiest affairs.

*Count.* Not so, but as we <sup>b</sup>change our courtesies. Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt COUNTESS and French Gentlemen.*]

*Hel.* "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France." Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the non-sparing war? and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Was shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoky muskets? O! you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the <sup>3</sup>volant speed of fire,

Fly with false aim; <sup>4</sup>wound the <sup>c</sup>still-piecing air,

That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the catiff that do hold him to it;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected. Better 'twere, I met the <sup>5</sup>ravens lion when he roar'd With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere That all the miseries which nature owes Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon, Whence honor but of danger wins a scar, As oft it loses all: I will be gone. My being here it is that holds thee hence: Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although The air of paradise did fan the house, And angels offic'd all: I will be gone, That pitiful rumor may report my flight, To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day; For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Florence. Before the DUKE's Palace.

*Flourish.* Enter the DUKE of Florence, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art; and we, Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake, To th' extreme edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then go thou forth, And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm, As thy auspicious mistress!

*Ber.* This very day, Great Mars, I put myself into thy file: Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and her Steward.

*Count.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her? Might you not know, she would do as she has done, By sending me a letter? Read it again.

*Stew.* [*Reads.*] "I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither <sup>d</sup>gone."

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,

That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,

With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,

My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far

His name with zealous fervor sanctify.

His taken labors bid me forgive:

I, his despiteful <sup>e</sup>Juno, sent him forth

From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,

Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:

He is too good and fair for death and me,

Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."

*Count.* Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack <sup>f</sup>advice so much,

As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,

I could have well diverted her intents,

Which thus she hath prevented.

*Stew.* Pardon me, madam:

If I had given you this at over-night,

She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,

Pursuit would be but vain.

*Count.* What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,

Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,

<sup>a</sup> "Get," i. e., come into possession of.—<sup>b</sup> "Change" for exchange.—<sup>c</sup> "Still-piecing," i. e., still reuniting.

<sup>d</sup> At Orleans was a church dedicated to Saint Jaques, to which pilgrims used to resort.—<sup>e</sup> Alluding to the story of Hercules.—<sup>f</sup> "Advice," i. e., discretion; thought.

And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath  
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,  
To this unworthy husband of his wife:  
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,  
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.  
Despatch the most convenient messenger.—  
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,  
He will return; and hope I may, that she,  
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both  
Is dearest to me, I have no skill<sup>1</sup> or sense  
To make distinction.—Provide this messenger.—  
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;  
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Without the Walls of Florence.

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence,  
DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.*

*Wid.* Nay, come; for if they do approach the  
city, we shall lose all the sight.

*Dia.* They say, the French count has done most  
honorable service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has taken their great-  
est commander, and that with his own hand he slew  
the duke's brother. We have lost our labor; they  
are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by  
their trumpets.

*Mar.* Come; let's return again, and suffice our-  
selves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed  
of this French earl: the honor of a maid is her  
name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*Wid.* I have told my neighbor, how you have  
been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*Mar.* I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles:  
a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the  
young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their prom-  
ises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engi-  
nes of lust, are not the things they go under:  
many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the  
misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the  
wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade  
succession, but that they are limed with the twigs  
that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise  
you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep  
you where you are, though there were no farther  
danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter HELENA in the dress of a Pilgrim.*

*Wid.* I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I  
know she will lie at my house; thither they send  
one another.

I'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim!

Whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le Grand.  
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way? [Off.]

*Wid.* Ay, marry, is't.—Hark you! [A march afar]  
They come this way.—

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from France?

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours,  
That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you.

*Dia.* The count Roussillon: know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:  
His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,  
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him

Against his liking. Think you it is so?

*Hel.* Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman, that serves the count,  
Reports but coarsely of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur Parolles.

*Hel.* O! I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great count himself, she is too mean

To have her name repeated: all her deserving

Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have not heard examin'd.

*Dia.* Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife

Of a detesting lord.

*Wid.* I write good creature: wheresoe'er she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do  
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd. [her]

*Hel.* How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her

In the unlawful purpose.

*Wid.* He does, indeed;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit

Corrupt the tender honor of a maid:

But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard,

In honestest defence.

*Enter with drum and colors, a party of the Florentine  
army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

*Mar.* The gods forbid else!

*Wid.* So, now they come.—

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

That, Escalus.

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?

*Dia.* He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;

I would he lov'd his wife. If he were honest,

He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome gen-

*Hel.* I like him well. [Gentleman?]

*Dia.* 'Tis pity, he is not honest. Yond's that same  
knave,

That leads him to these places: were I his lady,

I would poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he?

*Dia.* That jackanapes with scarfs. Why is he  
melancholy?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

*Par.* Lose our drum! well.

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look,  
he has spied us.

*Wid.* Marry, hang you!

*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers, and  
Soldiers.*]

*Wid.* The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will  
bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents

<sup>a</sup> "Weigh," i. e., value; esteem.—<sup>b</sup> Temptations.—<sup>c</sup> "Not  
the things they go under," i. e., not what they appear to be.  
—<sup>d</sup> Pilgrims were called *palmer*s, from a staff or bough of  
*palm* they were wont to carry.—<sup>e</sup> "As ample," i. e., as well.

<sup>f</sup> Because.—<sup>g</sup> "Mere the truth," i. e., the mere truth.—  
<sup>h</sup> Questioned.—<sup>i</sup> "Brokes," i. e., deals with panders.

There's four or five, to great saint Jaques bound,  
Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you.  
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,  
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking  
Shall be for me; and, to requite you farther  
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin,  
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Camp before Florence.

*Enter BERTRAM, and the two Frenchmen.*

*Fr. Env.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

*Fr. Gent.* If your lordship find him not a <sup>a</sup>hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

*Fr. Env.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

*Fr. Env.* Believe it, my lord: in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality, worthy your lordship's entertainment.

*Fr. Gent.* It were fit you knew him, lest reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business in a main danger, fail you.

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

*Fr. Gent.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

*Fr. Env.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the <sup>b</sup>leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination, if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

*Fr. Gent.* O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch 't off his drum: he says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of <sup>c</sup>ores will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's <sup>c</sup>entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Fr. Env.* O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the honor of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any <sup>d</sup>hand.

*Ber.* How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

*Fr. Gent.* A pox on't! let it go: 'tis but a drum.

*Par.* But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

*Fr. Gent.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonor we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

*Par.* It might have been recovered.

*Ber.* It might; but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or <sup>e</sup>his jacket.

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honor again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what farther becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my <sup>f</sup>dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear farther from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord: but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know thou art valiant, and to the possibility of thy soldiiership will subscribe for thee. Farewell.  
*Par.* I love not many words. [*Exit.*]

*Fr. Env.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

*Fr. Gent.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

*Ber.* Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

*Fr. Env.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost <sup>g</sup>embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

*Fr. Gent.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we <sup>h</sup>case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafen: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

*Fr. Env.* I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother, he shall go along with me.

*Fr. Gent.* As't please your lordship.

*Fr. Env.* I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and show The lass I spoke of. [*You*]

*Fr. Gent.* But, you say, she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature: Will you go see her?

*Fr. Gent.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> "A hilding," i. e., a paltry fellow; a coward.—<sup>b</sup> "Leaguer," i. e., camp; from the German *lager*.—<sup>c</sup> "John Drum's entertainment" was a common phrase for *ill treatment*.—<sup>d</sup> "In any hand," i. e., at any rate.

<sup>e</sup> "Or his jacket," i. e., or die in the attempt.—<sup>f</sup> "My dilemmas," i. e., my plans and their probable difficulties.—<sup>g</sup> "Embossed him," i. e., hunted him down.—<sup>h</sup> "Case him," i. e., unmask him; strip him naked.

SCENE VII.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

*Enter HELENA and Widow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she,  
I know not how I shall assure you farther,  
But I shall lose the grounds I work <sup>a</sup> upon.

*Wid.* Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,  
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,  
And would not put my reputation now  
In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.  
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,  
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,  
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,  
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,  
Err in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should believe you;  
For you have show'd me that, which well approves  
You are great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,  
When I have found it. The county woos your daughter,  
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,  
Resolved to carry her: let her, in fine, consent,  
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.  
Now, his <sup>b</sup> important blood will nought deny  
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,  
That downward hath succeeded in his house  
From son to son, some four or five descents  
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds  
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
How'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see  
The bottom of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawful then. It is no more,  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,  
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;  
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Herself most chaste absent. After this,  
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is past already.

*Wid.* I have yielded.  
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,  
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes,  
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,  
To chide him from our <sup>c</sup> caves, for he persists  
As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why then, to-night  
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.  
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

*Enter French Envoy, with five or six Soldiers  
in ambush.*

*Fr. Env.* He can come no other way but by this  
hedge corner. When you sally upon him, speak what  
terrible language you will: though you understand

it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem  
to understand him, unless some one among us, whom  
we must produce for an interpreter.

*I Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

*Fr. Env.* Art not acquainted with him? knows  
he not thy voice?

*I Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

*Fr. Env.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to  
speak to us again?

*I Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

*Fr. Env.* He must think us some band of stran-  
gers if the adversary's <sup>d</sup>entertainment. Now, he  
hath a smack of all neighboring languages; there-  
fore, we must every one be a man of his own fancy,  
not to know what we speak one to another; so we  
seem to know <sup>e</sup> is to go straight to our <sup>f</sup> purpose:  
<sup>g</sup>chough's language, gabble enough, and good  
enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem  
very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to  
beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and  
swear the lies he forges. <sup>h</sup> [*They stand back.*]

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill  
be time enough to go home. What shall I say I  
have done? It must be a very <sup>i</sup> plausible invention  
that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and dis-  
graces have of late knocked too often at my door.  
I find, my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart  
hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures,  
not daring the reports of my tongue.

*Fr. Env.* [*Aside.*] This is the first truth that e'er  
thine own tongue was guilty of.

*Par.* What the devil should move me to under-  
take the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant  
of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such  
purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say,  
I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry  
it: they will say, "Came you off with so little?"  
and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore?  
what's the <sup>j</sup> instance? Tongue, I must put you  
into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself an-  
other of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these  
perils.

*Fr. Env.* [*Aside.*] Is it possible, he should know  
what he is, and be that he is?

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments would  
serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

*Fr. Env.* [*Aside.*] We cannot afford you so.

*Par.* Or the <sup>k</sup> baring of my beard; and to say, it  
was in stratagem.

*Fr. Env.* [*Aside.*] 'Twould not do.

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and say I was  
stripped.

*Fr. Env.* [*Aside.*] Hardly serve.

*Par.* Though I swore I leaped from the window  
of the citadel—

*Fr. Env.* [*Aside.*] How deep?

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

*Fr. Env.* [*Aside.*] Three great oaths would scarce  
make that be believed.

*Par.* I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I  
would swear I recovered it.

*Fr. Env.* [*Aside.*] You shall hear one anon.

*Par.* A drum, now, of the enemy's!

[*Alarm within.*]

*Fr. Env.* *Throca movousis, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

*All.* *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

<sup>a</sup> That is, by discovering herself to the count.—<sup>b</sup> Importunate.—<sup>c</sup> "From our caves," i. e., from under our windows.  
<sup>d</sup> That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay.—<sup>e</sup> "So we seem to know is to go straight to our purpose," i. e., if we seem to understand each other, that answers our purpose.  
<sup>f</sup> A "chough" was a sort of jackdaw.—<sup>g</sup> Plausible.—<sup>h</sup> "The instance," i. e., the proof.—<sup>i</sup> "The baring," i. e., the shaving.

*Par.* O! ransom, ransom!—Do not hide mine eyes.  
[*They seize and blindfold him.*]

1 *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

*Par.* I know you are the Muskos' regiment;  
And I shall lose my life for want of language.  
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,  
Italian, or French, let him speak to me:  
I will discover that which shall undo  
The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue.—  
*Kerelybonto.—Sir,*  
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards  
Are at thy bosom.

*Par.* O!

1 *Sold.* O! pray, pray, pray.—

*Mauka revania dulce.*

*Fr. Env.* *Oscorbidulchos volivorcho.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet,  
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on  
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform  
Something to save thy life.

*Par.* O! let me live,  
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,  
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

*Par.* If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.—*  
Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit with PAROLLES guarded.*]

*Fr. Env.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my  
brother, [muffled],  
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him  
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

*Fr. Env.* A' will betray us all unto ourselves:  
Inform on that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

*Fr. Env.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely  
lock'd. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's  
House.

*Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.*

*Ber.* They told me, that your name was Fontibell.  
*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber.* Titled goddess,  
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality?  
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument:  
When you are dead, you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and <sup>1</sup> stone;  
And now you should be as your mother was,  
When your sweet self was got.

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more o' that:  
I prythee, do not strive against my <sup>a</sup> vows.  
I was compelled to her; but I love thee  
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever  
Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us,  
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,  
And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn?

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,  
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.  
What is not holy, that we swear not <sup>b</sup> by, [me,  
But take the Highest to witness: then, pray you, tell  
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,  
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,  
To swear by him, whom I protest to love,  
That I will work against him. Therefore, your oaths  
Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd,  
At least, in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it.  
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy,  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,  
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,  
But give thyself unto my sick desires,  
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever  
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

*Dia.* I see, that men make hopes in such a <sup>2</sup> suit,  
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power  
To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord?  
*Ber.* It is an honor 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquy <sup>3</sup> if the world  
In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine honor's such a ring:  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
Which <sup>3</sup>twere the greatest obloquy <sup>3</sup> if the world  
In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion, honor, on my part  
Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring:  
My house, mine honor, yea, my life be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee. [window:]

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber  
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,  
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.  
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,  
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:  
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put  
Another ring; that what in time proceeds  
May taken to the future our past deeds.  
*Adieu,* till then; then, fail not. You have won  
A wife of me, though there my hope be <sup>4</sup> none.

*Ber.* A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

[Exit.]  
*Dia.* For which live long to thank both heaven  
You may so in the end, [and me!]

My mother told me just how he would woo,  
As if she sat in's heart: she says, all men  
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me,  
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,  
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so <sup>c</sup> braid,  
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:  
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin  
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Florentine Camp.

*Enter the two Frenchmen, and two or three Soldiers.*

*Fr. Gent.* You have not given him his mother's  
letter.

*Fr. Env.* I have deliver'd it an hour since: there

<sup>a</sup> "What is not holy, that we swear not by," i. e., who  
never swear by what is not holy, but, &c.—<sup>b</sup> "Braid," i. e.,  
false; deceitful.

<sup>a</sup> "Against my vows," i. e., never to cohabit with Helena.

is something in't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

*Fr. Gent.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

*Fr. Env.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly within you.

*Fr. Gent.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

*Fr. Env.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman, here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honor: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

*Fr. Gent.* Now, God delay our rebellion: as we are ourselves, what things are we!

*Fr. Env.* Merely our own traitors: and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows<sup>a</sup> himself.

*Fr. Gent.* Is it not<sup>1</sup> most damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night.

*Fr. Env.* Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour.

*Fr. Gent.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his<sup>2</sup> companion anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own<sup>3</sup> judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

*Fr. Env.* We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

*Fr. Gent.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

*Fr. Env.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

*Fr. Gent.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

*Fr. Env.* What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

*Fr. Gent.* I perceive by this demand you are not altogether of his council.

*Fr. Env.* Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

*Fr. Gent.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to saint Jaques le Grand, which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

*Fr. Env.* How is this justified?

*Fr. Gent.* The<sup>4</sup> stranger part of it by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, has come, and faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

*Fr. Env.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

*Fr. Gent.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

*Fr. Env.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

*Fr. Gent.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses.

*Fr. Env.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears. The great dignity, that his valor hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

*Fr. Gent.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now? where's your master?

*Serv.* He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

*Fr. Env.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*Fr. Gent.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.—How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night despatched sixteen business, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congéd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of despatch effected many nicer deeds: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

*Fr. Env.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

*Ber.* I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit<sup>6</sup> medal: he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophetess.

*Fr. Env.* Bring him forth. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] He has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so<sup>7</sup> long. How does he carry himself?

*Fr. Env.* I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his sitting i' the stocks, and what think you he hath confessed?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has he?

*Fr. Env.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* A plague upon him! muffled? he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

*Fr. Gent.* 'Hoodman comes!—*Portotartarossa.*

*1 Sold.* He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

*1 Sold.* Bosko chiumurko.

*Fr. Gent.* Bobbindo chiumureco.

*1 Sold.* You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

*1 Sold.* 'First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

*Par.* Five or six thousand; but very weak and

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the degradation of a knight by hacking off his spurs.—<sup>b</sup> Blind man's buff was formerly called *Hoodman blind*.

<sup>a</sup> 'O'erflows himself,' i. e., betrays his own secrets in his own talk.

unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par.* Do: I'll take 'my sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

1 *Sold.* 'All's one to him.

*Ber.* What a past-saving slave is this!

*Fr. Gent.* Y<sup>e</sup> are deceived, my lord: this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole 'theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the 'chape of his dagger.

*Fr. Env.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

*Fr. Gent.* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I 'con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth: the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Grati, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their 'cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

*Fr. Gent.* Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my 'condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumaine be i' the camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the duke, what his valor, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the 'interrogatories: demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumaine?

*Par.* I know him: he was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb 'innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[*Dumaine lifts up his hand in anger.*]

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though, I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

*Fr. Gent.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it, or no.

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

*Fr. Gent.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] "Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold;"—

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favor.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable, both-sides rogue!

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] "When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score: [bit:] Half won is match well made; match, and well make He ne'er pays after debts; take it before,

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this.

Men are to 'mell with, boys are not to kiss:

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not 'where he does owe it.

"Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

"PAROLLES."

*Ber.* He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in's forehead.

*Fr. Env.* This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist, and the omnipotent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

*Par.* My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this captain Dumaine. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valor: what is his honesty?

*Par.* He will steal, sir, an egg out of a 'cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels 'Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

\* Theory.—<sup>b</sup>The *chape* is the point of the scabbard, by which a buckle is held to the back-strap.—<sup>c</sup>I 'con him no thanks," i. e., I'm not beholden to him.—<sup>d</sup>A *cassock* was a soldier's cloak or overcoat.—<sup>e</sup>Disposition; character.—<sup>f</sup>Interrogatories.—<sup>g</sup>"Innocent," i. e., natural fool.

<sup>b</sup>That is, a match well made is half won; make your match, therefore, but make it well.—<sup>c</sup>Beddle.—<sup>d</sup>That is, he will steal anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy.—<sup>e</sup>The Centaur killed by Hercules.



*Fr. Gent.* I begin to love him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him! for me he is more and more a cat.

*I Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par.* Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honor to be the officer at a place there called <sup>a</sup> Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honor I can, but of this I am not certain.

*Fr. Gent.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him! he's a cat still.

*I Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

*Par.* Sir, for a <sup>b</sup> quart d'ecu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

*I Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Du-maine?

*Fr. Ent.* Why does he ask him of me?

*I Sold.* What's he?

*Par.* E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

*I Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

*I Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

*Par.* [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush, where I was taken?

*I Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen; off with his head.

*Par.* O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

*I Sold.* That shall you; and take your leave of all your friends.

[*Unmuffling him.*]

So, look about you: know you any here?

*Ber.* Good-morrow, noble captain.

*Fr. Ent.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

*Fr. Gent.* God save you, noble captain.

*Fr. Ent.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafew? I am for France.

*Fr. Gent.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM, Frenchmen, &c.*]

*I Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

*I Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were, that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well,

<sup>a</sup> Mile-end green was the place for public sports and exercises.—<sup>b</sup> A quart d'ecu was the fourth part of the smaller French crown, about eight pence.—<sup>c</sup> To beguile the supposition," i. e., to deceive the opinion.

sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful, Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel. Time was I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth, And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd, His grace is at Marseilles, to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know I am supposed dead: the army breaking, My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll be before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,

You never had a servant, to whose trust Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.*

Nor you, mistress,

Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labor To recompense your love: doubt not, but heaven Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower, As it hath fated her to be my <sup>d</sup> motive, And helper to a husband. But O, strange men! That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When 'saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is away. But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana, Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

*Dia.*

Let death and honesty

Go with your impositions, I am 'fours Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.*

Yet, I pray you:

But with the <sup>1</sup> world the time will bring on summer, When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp. We must away; Our waggon is prepar'd, and time <sup>2</sup> reviles us: "All's well that ends well:" still the <sup>3</sup> fine's the crown;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rousillon. A Room in the Count-ess's Palace.

*Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.*

*Laf.* No, no, no; your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy

<sup>d</sup> "My motive," i. e., my mover.—<sup>e</sup> Wanton; lascivious.—<sup>f</sup> The sense is, Let death and honesty accompany your commands, still I am yours, &c.—<sup>g</sup> "The fine," i. e., the end: from the Latin proverb, *Finis coronat opus*.

youth of a nation in his color: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

*Count.* I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of <sup>a</sup>grace.

*Laf.* They are not <sup>1</sup>pot-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

*Clo.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave, or a fool?

*Clo.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction?

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*Clo.* And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that? a Frenchman?

*Clo.* Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clo.* The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to <sup>b</sup>suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still.

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let <sup>2</sup>the nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.]

*Laf.* A shrewd knave, and an <sup>c</sup>unhappy.

*Count.* So <sup>a</sup>' is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no <sup>3</sup>place, but runs where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord, your son, was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak

in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: a' will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

*Count.* It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honorable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O, madam! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Laf.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor; so, belike, is that.

*Clo.* But it is your <sup>d</sup>carbonadoed face.

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [Exit.]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Marseilles. A Street.

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting, day and night, Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it; But, since you have made the days and nights as one, To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold, you do so grow in my requital, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,

*Enter <sup>4</sup>a Gentleman, a Stranger.*

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

*Gen.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

*Gen.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

*Gen.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king, And aid me with that store of power you have, To come into his presence. <sup>5</sup>[Giving it to him.]

*Gen.* The king's not here.

<sup>a</sup> "Herb of grace" is *rue*.—<sup>b</sup> Seduce.—<sup>c</sup> Mischievously unhappy.

<sup>d</sup> "Carbonadoed," i. e., *scotched, scored*, like a piece of meat for cooking.

*Hel.* Not here, sir?

*Gent.* Not, indeed: He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

*Hel.* All's well that ends well yet, Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.— I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon; Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you, sir, Since you are like to see the king before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand; Which, I presume, shall render you no blame, But rather make you thank your pains for it. I will come after you, with what good speed Our means will make us <sup>a</sup> means.

*Gent.* This I'll do for you. *Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd, What'er falls more.—We must to horse again:— Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The inner Court of the COUNTESS'S Palace.

*Enter Clowin, and PAROLLES, <sup>1</sup> ill-favored.*

*Par.* Good monsieur <sup>b</sup> Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's <sup>c</sup> mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'y-thee, allow the <sup>d</sup> wind.

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir: I spake but by a metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee farther.

*Par.* Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh! pr'ythee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

*Enter LAFEU.*

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my <sup>e</sup> smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[*Exit Clowin.*]

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honor to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

*Laf.* You beg more than one 'word, then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand.—How does your drum?

*Par.* O, my good lord! you were the first that found me.

*Laf.* Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sounded.*] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire farther after me: I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the COUNTESS'S Palace.

*Flourish.* *Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

*King.* We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem Was made much poorer by it; but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation <sup>b</sup> home.

*Cout.* 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

*King.* My honor'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all, Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

*Laf.* This I must say,— But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note, but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive; Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve Humbly call'd mistress.

*King.* Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither. We are reconcil'd, and the first <sup>i</sup> view shall kill All <sup>k</sup> repetition.—Let him not ask our pardon: The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion we do bury The incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him, So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my liege. [*Exit Gentleman.*]  
*King.* What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your highness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me, That set him high in fame.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I am not a day of 'season, For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail In me at once; but to the brightest beams

<sup>a</sup> "Will make us means," i. e., will enable us.—<sup>b</sup> "Lavatch," a corruption of *La Vache*.—<sup>c</sup> "Fortune's mood," i. e., the caprice of fortune.—<sup>d</sup> "Allow the wind," i. e., stand to leeward of me.—<sup>e</sup> "Smiles" is probably used for *smiles*.

<sup>f</sup> "A quibble on the word *Parolles*, which in French signifies words.—<sup>g</sup> "Our esteem," i. e., the esteem in which we are held.—<sup>h</sup> "Home," i. e., completely; in its full extent.—<sup>i</sup> Interview.—<sup>k</sup> "All repetition," all recollection of the past.—<sup>l</sup> "A day of season," i. e., a seasonable day; a day of uninterrupted change, either fair or foul.

Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou forth;  
The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high repented <sup>a</sup>blames,  
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole;  
Not one word more of the consumed time.  
Let's take the instant by the forward top,  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember  
The daughter of this lord.

*Ber.* Admiringly.  
My liege, at first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:  
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favor,  
Scorn'd a fair color, or express'd it stolen,  
Extended or contracted all proportions,  
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,  
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,  
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd:  
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away  
From the great <sup>b</sup>compt. But love, that comes too late,  
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sender turns a sour offence,  
Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rash faults  
Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:  
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:  
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,  
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.  
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:  
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay  
To see our widower's second marriage-day. [Bless!]

*Laf.* Which better than the first, O, dear heaven,  
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!  
<sup>1</sup>Come on, my son, in whom my house's name  
Must be <sup>c</sup>disgested, give a favor from you,  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,  
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,  
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,  
<sup>2</sup>The last time ere she took her leave at court,  
I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not.  
*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—  
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,  
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessitated to help, that by this token  
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to <sup>d</sup>reave her  
Of what should stead her most?

*Ber.* My gracious sovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life,  
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it  
At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I am sure I saw her wear it.  
*Ber.* You are deceiv'd: my lord, she never saw it.  
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,  
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought  
I stood <sup>e</sup>engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd

To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully  
I could not answer in that course of honor  
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,  
In heavy satisfaction, and would never  
Receive the ring again.

*King.* Plutus himself,  
That knows the tinct and multiplying <sup>f</sup>medicine,  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,  
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,  
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know  
That you are well acquainted <sup>3</sup>with't yourself,  
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,  
That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,  
Where you have never come, or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it. [honor,  
*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine  
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—  
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead;—which nothing, but to close  
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize BERTRAM.  
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him!  
We'll sift this matter farther.

*Ber.* If you shall prove  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was. [Exit BERTRAM, guarded.

*Enter <sup>4</sup>the Gentleman, a Stranger.*  
*King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.  
*Gen.* Gracious sovereign,  
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not:  
Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath, for four or five <sup>5</sup>removes, come short  
To tender it herself. I undertook it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,  
Is here attending: her business looks in her  
With an importing visage; and she told me,  
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
Your highness with herself.

*King.* [Reads.] "Upon his many protestations  
to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to  
say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a  
widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my  
honor's paid to him. He stole from Florence,  
taking no leave, and I follow him to his country  
for justice. Grant it me, O king! in you it best  
lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor  
maid is undone. "DIANA CAPILET."

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and <sup>h</sup>toll  
him: for this, I'll none of him. [fen,

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee, La-  
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors.—  
Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[Exit Gentleman, and some Attendants.  
I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,  
Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers!

*Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.*  
*King.* I wonder, sir, <sup>i</sup>for wives are monsters to you,

<sup>a</sup> Faults. — <sup>b</sup> Account. — <sup>c</sup> Digested. — <sup>d</sup> Bereave. — <sup>e</sup> "En-  
gaged," i. e., engaged to her.

<sup>f</sup> That is, the tincture which transmutes base metals to  
gold, and the matter by which gold is multiplied.—<sup>3</sup> "Re-  
moves," i. e., journeys; post-stages.—<sup>4</sup> "Toll him," i. e.,  
pay toll for him.—<sup>5</sup> For is used here for since.

And that you fly them <sup>a</sup>as you swear them lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

*Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.*

*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,  
Derived from the ancient Capilet: <sup>1</sup>[*Kneeling.*  
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honor  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall <sup>b</sup>cease, without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, <sup>2</sup>county. Do you know these  
women?

*Ber.* My lord, I neither can, nor will deny  
But that I know them. Do they charge me farther?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife?  
<sup>3</sup>[*Rising.*

*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;  
You give away myself, which is known mine;  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she which marries you must marry me;  
Either both, or none.

*Laf.* [To BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too  
short for my daughter: you are no husband for her.

*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,  
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let your  
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honor,  
Than <sup>a</sup>so to think that I would sink it here.

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to  
friend,

Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honor,  
Than in my thought it lies.

*Dia.* Good my lord,  
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think  
He had not my virginity.

*King.* What say'st thou to her?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord;  
And was a common gamester to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord: if I were so,  
He might have bought me at a common price:  
Do not believe him. O! behold this ring,  
Whose high respect, and rich <sup>c</sup>validity,  
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,  
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,  
If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis his.  
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem  
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,  
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife:  
That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought, you said,  
You saw one here in court could witness it.

*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loath am I to produce  
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

*Ber.* What of him?  
He's <sup>d</sup>quoted for a most perfidious slave,  
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debauch'd,  
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.  
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,  
That will speak anything?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,  
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.  
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,

As all impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,  
Her <sup>e</sup>infinite cunning, with her <sup>e</sup>modern grace,  
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,  
And I had that, which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

*Dia.* I must be patient:

You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet <sup>f</sup>me. I pray you yet,  
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband)  
Send for your ring; I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you?

*Dia.* Sir, much like  
The same upon your finger.

*King.* Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

*King.* The story then goes false, you threw it him  
Out of a casement.

*Dia.* I have spoke the truth.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts  
Is this the man you speak of? [you.—

*Dia.* Ay, my lord.

*King.* Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,  
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off)  
By him, and by this woman here, what you know?

*Par.* So please your majesty, my master hath been  
an honorable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him,  
which gentlemen have.

*King.* Come, come; to the purpose. Did he love  
this woman?

*Par.* 'Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

*King.* How, I pray you.

*Par.* He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a  
woman.

*King.* How is that?

*Par.* He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave.—  
What an equivocal <sup>g</sup>companion is this!

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's  
command.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty  
orator.

*Dia.* Do you know, he promised me marriage?

*Par.* 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

*Par.* Yes, so please your majesty. I did go be-  
tween them, as I said; but more than that, he loved  
her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked  
of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not  
what: yet I was in that credit with them at that  
time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other  
motions, as promising her marriage, and things that  
would derive me ill will to speak of: therefore, I  
will not speak what I know. [Canst

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou  
Say they are married. But thou art too <sup>h</sup>fine  
In thy evidence; therefore, stand aside.—  
This ring, you say, was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it then?

*Dia.* I found it not!

<sup>e</sup> Common; ordinary.—<sup>f</sup> "Diet me," i. e., make me fast.—  
<sup>g</sup> Fellow.—<sup>h</sup> "Too fine," i. e., too full of *finesse*.

<sup>a</sup> "As," i. e., as soon as.—<sup>b</sup> Decrease; die.—<sup>c</sup> Value.—<sup>d</sup> Noted.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways,  
How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord: she  
goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine: I gave it his first wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away: I do not like her now.

To prison with her; and away with him.—

Unless thou tell'st me where thou had'st this ring,  
Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common <sup>a</sup>customer.

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this  
while?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life!

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*]

*King.* She does abuse our ears. To prison with her!

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail.—[*Exit Widow.*]  
Stay, royal sir:

The jeweller that <sup>b</sup>owes the ring is sent for,

And he shall surety me. But for this lord,

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,

Though yet he never harm'd me, here I 'quit him.

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,

And at that time he got his wife with child:

Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:

So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick;

And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.*

*King.* Is there no <sup>c</sup>exorcist  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?

Is't real, that I see?

*Hel.* No, my good lord:

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see;

The name, and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both! O, pardon! <sup>1</sup>[*Kneeling.*]

*Hel.* O! my good lord, when I was like this maid,  
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;

And, look you, here's your letter: this it says:

"When from my finger you can get this ring,  
And are by me with child," &c.—This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this  
clearly, <sup>2</sup>[*Rising.*]

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you!—

O! my dear mother, do I see you living?

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.

—Good Tom Drum, [*To PAROLLES.*] lend me a  
handkerchief: so, I thank thee. Wait on me  
home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies  
alone, they are scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.— [*cr,*

[*To DIANA.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flow-

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dowry;

For I can guess, that by thy honest aid

Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.

Of that, and all the progress, more and less,

Resolutely more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*]

### •EPILOGUE BY THE KING.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done.

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content; which we will pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day:

Ours be your patience then, and yours our <sup>d</sup>parts;

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

<sup>a</sup> Common woman.—<sup>b</sup> Owes.—<sup>c</sup> Conjuror; enchanter.

<sup>d</sup> That is, hear us without interruption, and take our parts.

# TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.



ACT II.—Scene 3

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.  
SEBASTIAN, <sup>1</sup>Brother to Viola.  
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.  
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.  
VALENTINE, } Gentlemen attending on the Duke.  
CURIO, }  
SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle to Olivia.  
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIA, Steward to Olivia.  
FABIAN, } Servants to Olivia.  
CLOWN, }  
OLIVIA, a rich Countess.  
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.  
MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and <sup>2</sup>Attendants.

SCENE, a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the DUKE's Palace.

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords.* <sup>3</sup>*Music playing.*

*Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on:  
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:  
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing, and giving odor.—Enough! no more:

<sup>4</sup>*[Music ceases.]*

'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.  
O, spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
Of what <sup>a</sup>validity and pitch soe'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,  
That it alone is <sup>b</sup>high-fantastical.

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord?

*Duke.*

What, Curio?

*Cur.*

The hart.

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.  
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence:  
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,  
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, [her?  
E'er since pursue me.—How now! what news from

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted,  
But from her handmaid do return this answer:—  
The clement itself, till seven years' <sup>c</sup>heut,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,  
And water once a day her chamber round  
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season  
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else

<sup>a</sup> Value.—<sup>b</sup> Fantastical to the height.

<sup>c</sup> Heated.

That live in her: when liver, brain, and <sup>a</sup>heart,  
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,  
(Her sweet perfections) with one <sup>b</sup>self king.—  
Away, before me to sweet beds of flowers;  
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—The Sea-coast.

*Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.*

*Vio.* What country, friends, is this?

*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.

*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?  
My brother he is in Elysium. [sailors?]

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—what think you,

*Cap.* It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

*Vio.* O, my poor brother! and so, perchance, may  
he be. [chance,

*Cap.* True, madam: and, to comfort you with  
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
When you, and those poor number saved with you,  
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself  
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)  
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

*Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,  
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governs here?

*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature  
As in name.

*Vio.* What is his name?

*Cap.* Orsino.

*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name him:  
He was a bachelor then.

*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late;  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,  
What great ones do the less will prattle of)  
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

*Vio.* What's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count  
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her  
In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjur'd the company,  
And sight of men.

*Vio.* O! that I serv'd that lady,  
And might not be delivered to the world,  
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,  
What my estate is.

*Cap.* That were hard to compass,  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behavior in thee, captain,  
And though that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I pry'thce, (and I'll pay thee bounteously)  
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:  
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.  
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,

And speak to him in many sorts of music,  
That will allow me very worth his service.  
What else may hap to time I will commit;  
Only, shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.  
*Vio.* I thank thee. Lead me on. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take  
the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an  
enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in  
earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great  
exceptions to your ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except before excepted.

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within the  
modest limits of order.

*Sir To.* Confine? I'll confine myself no finer  
than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink  
in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let  
them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you:  
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish  
knight, that you brought in one night here to be her  
wooer.

*Sir To.* Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as <sup>d</sup>tall a man as any's in Illyria.

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a  
year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these  
ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the  
voil-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages  
word for word without book, and hath all the good  
gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath, indeed,—all most natural; for,  
besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and,  
but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the  
gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the  
prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels, and  
substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly  
in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece. I'll  
drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my  
throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a  
coistril, that will not drink to my niece, till his  
brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What,  
wench! *Castiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir  
Andrew Ague-face.

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

*Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby  
Belch?

*Sir To.* Sweet sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew.

*Mar.* And you too, sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My niece's chamber-maid.

*Sir And.* Good mistress Accost, I desire better  
acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir And.* Good mistress Mary Accost,—

<sup>a</sup> The liver, brain, and heart, were considered the seats of  
passion, judgment, and sentiment.—<sup>b</sup> Selfsame.

<sup>c</sup> Approve.—<sup>d</sup> Valiant; stout.—<sup>e</sup> A coistril is a mean, worth-  
less fellow.—<sup>f</sup> A large top was formerly kept in every village,  
to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be  
kept warm and out of mischief when they could not work.



*Sir To.* You mistake, knight: accost is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let <sup>1</sup>her part so, sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again!

*Sir And.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

*Sir To.* O knight! thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

*Sir To.* *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

*Sir And.* What is *pourquoi*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

*Sir To.* Then <sup>2</sup>hadst thou an excellent head of hair.

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question; for, thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

*Sir To.* Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

*Sir And.* Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself, here hard by, woos her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these <sup>3</sup>kick-shaws, knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a <sup>4</sup>galliard, knight?

*Sir And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't.

*Sir And.* And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

<sup>5</sup>[*Dances fantastically.*]

<sup>1</sup> Ridiculous trifles. — <sup>2</sup> Sprightly dance.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a <sup>6</sup>coranto? My very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water, but in a <sup>7</sup>sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a <sup>8</sup>dun-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

*Sir And.* Taurus? that's sides and heart.

*Sir To.* No, sir; it is legs and <sup>9</sup>thighs. Let me see thee caper. <sup>10</sup>[*Sir AND. dances again.*] Ha! higher: ha, ha! — excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

*Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.*

*Val.* If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humor, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.*

*Vio.* I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho?

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord; here.

*Duke.* Stand you awhile aloof. <sup>11</sup>[*Curio, &c. retire.*]

—Cesario,

Thou know'st no less but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul; Therefore, good youth, address thy <sup>12</sup>gait unto her: Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow, As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duke.* Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitable return.

*Vio.* Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

*Duke.* Oh! then unfold the passion of my love: Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:

It shall become thee well to act my woes;

She will attend it better in thy youth,

Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it,

For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth, and <sup>13</sup>rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound, And all is <sup>14</sup>semblative a woman's part.

I know, thy constellation is right apt For this affair. — Some four, or five, attend him;

All, if you will, for I myself am best,

When least in company. — Prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord

To call his fortunes thine.

<sup>6</sup> The "mistress Mall" of Shakespeare was *Mary Frith*, a low woman, notorious for her shamelessness, who died in 1559. — <sup>7</sup> Quick dance. — <sup>8</sup> *Cinq-pace*, the name of a dance. — <sup>9</sup> Stocking. — <sup>10</sup> Alluding to the medical astrology of the almanacks. — <sup>11</sup> "Address thy gait," i. e., go thy way. — <sup>12</sup> Ruddy. — <sup>13</sup> Resembling.

*Vio.* I'll do my best,  
To woo your lady: [*Aside.*] yet, 'O, 'barful strife!  
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

*Enter MARIA, and Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay; either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me: he that is well hung in this world needs to fear no colors.

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good blenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of I fear no colors.

*Clo.* Where, good mistress Mary?

*Mar.* In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent: or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute, then?

*Clo.* Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

*Mar.* That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your <sup>d</sup>gaskins fall.

*Clo.* Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuses wisely; you were best. [*Exit.*]

*Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.*

*Clo.* Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, <sup>e</sup>madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest: if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *cu-cullus non facit monachum*: that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexterously, good madonna.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness I'll bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

*Clo.* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, <sup>2</sup>to be no better than the fools' <sup>3</sup>zanies.

*Oli.* O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for <sup>4</sup>bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now, Mercury endue thee with <sup>5</sup>leaving, for thou speakest well of fools.

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the count Orsino, is it?

*Mar.* I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool, whose skull Jove cram with brains; for <sup>3</sup>here comes one of thy kin, that has a most weak *pia* <sup>k</sup>*mater*.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.*

*Oli.* By mine honor, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman! What gentleman?

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman here.—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

*Clo.* Good sir Toby,—

\* "Barful strife," i. e., a struggle full of impediments.—  
<sup>b</sup> "Lenten," i. e., short; laconic.—<sup>c</sup> "Points" were laces which fastened the hose or breeches.—<sup>d</sup> "Gaskins" were large breeches, or hose.—<sup>e</sup> "Madonna" (Ital.), i. e., mistress; dame.—<sup>f</sup> That is, The cowl does not make the monk.

\* Baubles.—<sup>b</sup> "Bird-bolts" were short thick arrows for shooting birds.—<sup>c</sup> Lying.—<sup>k</sup> The *pia mater* is a membrane that covers the brain.

*Oli.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy.

*Sir To.* Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay, marry; what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd: go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep: he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's<sup>a</sup> post,<sup>1</sup> or be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind of man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of man kind.

*Oli.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage, and years is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a<sup>b</sup> squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a<sup>c</sup> codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored, and he speaks very shrewdly: one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*Oli.* Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Oli.* Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter VIOLO.*

*Vio.* The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

*Oli.* Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty.—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to<sup>d</sup> con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very e<sup>e</sup>comptible even to the least f<sup>f</sup>sinister usage.

*Oli.* Whence came you, sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a comedian?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

<sup>a</sup> The sheriffs formerly had *posts* at their doors, on which proclamations, &c. were affixed.—<sup>b</sup> A "squash" here means an unripe pod of peas.—<sup>c</sup> A "codling" is a green unripe apple.—<sup>d</sup> "To con it," i. e., to commit it to memory.—<sup>e</sup> Sensitive.—<sup>f</sup> Bad; unfair.

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

*Vio.* No, good swabber; I am to<sup>h</sup> hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your<sup>i</sup> giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

*Oli.* Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

*Vio.* The rudeness that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

*Oli.* Give us the place alone. We will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir; what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet lady,—

*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Oli.* O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one<sup>2</sup> I am at this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*]

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, sir: 'twill endure wind and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly<sup>3</sup> blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Lady, you are the cruellest she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O! sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to<sup>4</sup> praise me?

*Vio.* <sup>5</sup>I see what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

<sup>g</sup> Wild; mad.—<sup>h</sup> "To hull here," i. e., to remain here.—<sup>i</sup> An allusion to the diminutive size of Maria.—<sup>k</sup> Blended.—<sup>l</sup> "To praise," i. e., to appraise.

My lord and master loves you: O! such love  
 Should be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd  
 The nonpareil of beauty!

*Ol.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, fertile tears,  
 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

*Ol.* Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love  
 him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
 In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,  
 And in dimension, and the shape of nature,  
 A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him.  
 He might have took his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame,  
 With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
 In your denial I would find no sense,  
 I would not understand it.

*Ol.* Why, what would you?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
 And call upon my soul within the house;  
 Write loyal cantons of contemned love,  
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
 Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,  
 And make the babbling c gossip of the air  
 Cry out, Olivia! O! you should not rest  
 Between the elements of air and earth,  
 But you should pity me.

*Ol.* You might do much. What is your parentage?

*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
 I am a gentleman.

*Ol.* Get you to your lord:  
 I cannot love him. Let him send no more,  
 Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
 To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:  
 I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

<sup>2</sup> [Offering her purse.]

*Vio.* I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:  
 My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
 Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,  
 And let your fervor, like my master's, be  
 Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.]

*Ol.* What is your parentage?

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
 I am a gentleman."—I'll be sworn thou art:  
 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
 Do give thee five-fold e blazon.—Not too fast!—soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?  
 Even so quickly may one catch the plague.  
 Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,  
 With an invisible and subtle stealth,  
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—  
 What, ho! Malvolio.—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.

*Ol.* Run after that same peevish messenger,  
 The county's man: he left this ring behind him,  
 Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.  
 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
 Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him.  
 If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
 I'll give him reason for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

*Mal.* Madam, I will. [Exit.]

*Ol.* I do I know not what, and fear to find  
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
 Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;  
 What is decreed must be, and be this so! [Exit.]

<sup>a</sup> "In voices well divulg'd," i.e., well spoken of by the world.—<sup>b</sup> Cantos; verses.—<sup>c</sup> That is, the echo.—<sup>d</sup> "Fee'd post," i.e., paid messenger.—<sup>e</sup> Proclamation of gentility.—<sup>f</sup> Silly; foolish.—<sup>g</sup> That is, we are not our own masters.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer? nor will you not,  
 that I go with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly  
 over me: the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps,  
 distemper yours; therefore, I shall crave of you  
 your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were  
 a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them  
 on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you, whither you are  
 bound.

*Seb.* No, 'sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is  
 mere extravagancy; but I perceive in you so excel-  
 lent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort  
 from me what I am willing to keep in: therefore, it  
 charges me in manners the rather to express my-  
 self. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name  
 is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father  
 was that Sebastian of Messina, whom, I know,  
 you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and  
 a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had  
 been pleased, would we had so ended! but, you, sir,  
 altered that; for some hour before you took me  
 from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

*Ant.* Alas, the day!

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she much re-  
 sembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful:  
 but, though I could not with self-estimation wander  
 so far to believe that, yet thus far I will boldly pub-  
 lish her—she bore a mind that envy could not but  
 call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt wa-  
 ter, though I seem to drown her remembrance again  
 with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O, good Antonio! forgive me your trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my love, let  
 me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done,  
 that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it  
 not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of  
 kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my  
 mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine  
 eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count  
 Orsino's court: farewell. [Exit.]

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!  
 I have many enemies in Orsino's court;  
 Else would I very shortly see thee there;  
 But, come what may, I do adore thee so,  
 That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.]

### SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.

*Mal.* Were not you even now with the countess  
 Olivia?

*Vio.* Even now, sir: on a moderate pace I have  
 since arrived but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir: you might  
 have saved me my pains, to have taken it away  
 yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put  
 your lord into a desperate assurance she will none  
 of him. And one thing more; that you be never so  
 hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to re-  
 port your lord's taking of this: receive it so.

*Vio.* She took no ring of me!—I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, sir; you peevishly threw it to her

<sup>b</sup> Reveal.

and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* I left no ring with her: what means this lady! Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring? why, he sent her none. I am the man:—if it be so, as 'tis, Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it, for the proper false In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we, For such as we are made, if such we be. How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly; And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love; As I am woman, now, alas the day! What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! O time! thou must untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.—A Room in OLIVIA's House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

*Sir And.* Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. <sup>2</sup>Does not our life consist of the four elements?

*Sir And.* Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

*Enter Clown.*

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i' faith.

*Clow.* How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of we three?

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queebus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy lemon: hadst it?

*Clow.* I did impeticate thy gratuity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

*Sir To.* Come on: there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril of me, too: <sup>5</sup>if one knight give away sixpence so will I give another: go to, a song.

*Clow.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

*Clow.* O, mistress mine! where are you roaming?

<sup>6</sup>O! stay, for here your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i' faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clow.* What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am 'a dog at a catch.

*Clow.* By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou Knave."

*Clow.* "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call the knave, knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, "Hold thy peace."

*Clow.* I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good i' faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? <sup>1</sup>Tilly-valley, lady! "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!" [*Singing.*]

*Clow.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* "O! the twelfth day of December,"—

[*Singing.*]

*Mar.* For the love o' God, peace!

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but

<sup>1</sup> "A song of good life," i. e., a civil and virtuous song.—  
<sup>2</sup> "A Cataian," i. e., a sharper.—<sup>3</sup> Name of an obscene old song.—<sup>4</sup> Fiddle-faddle.

<sup>a</sup> "The pregnant enemy," i. e., the dexterous, ready fiend.  
<sup>b</sup> "The proper false," i. e., the fair and deceitful.—<sup>c</sup> Suit, fit.—<sup>d</sup> "Diluculo surgere," saluberrimum est, i. e., "Tis healthiest to rise early."—<sup>e</sup> Alluding to an old sign in ale-houses, representing two fools, under which the visitor read the complimentary inscription, "We three loggerheads be."  
<sup>f</sup> Voice.—<sup>g</sup> "Impeticate," i. e., pocket.

to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your <sup>a</sup>coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches.  
<sup>b</sup>Snick up.

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemcanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* "Farewell, dear heart, since I must need be gone."  
<sup>1</sup>[Singing.]

*Mar.* Nay, good sir Toby.

*Clo.* "His eyes do show his days are almost done."  
<sup>2</sup>[Singing.]

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* "But I will never die."

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To.* "Shall I bid him go?"

*Clo.* "What an if you do?"

*Sir To.* "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

*Clo.* "O! no, no, no, you dare not."

*Sir To.* Out o' tune!—Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir: rub your <sup>d</sup>chain with crumbs:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

*Mal.* Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this unceivil <sup>e</sup>rule: she shall know of it by this hand.  
[Exit.]

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

*Sir To.* Do't knight: I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since <sup>2</sup>that youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know, I can do it.

*Sir To.* Possess <sup>2</sup>us, possess us: tell us something of him.

*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

*Sir And.* O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

*Sir To.* What! for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

*Mar.* The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time pleaser; an <sup>a</sup>affectioned ass, that <sup>c</sup>ous state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed,

<sup>a</sup> A cozier was a tailor or cobbler.—<sup>b</sup> "Snick up," i. e., be hanged to you.—<sup>c</sup> Malvolio, being "a kind of Puritan," probably connects the practice of eating ginger-cakes and quaffing ale on saints' days and other holidays.—<sup>d</sup> Stewards anciently wore a chain of gold or silver, as a mark of superiority.—<sup>e</sup> Behavior; conduct.—<sup>f</sup> Byword.—<sup>g</sup> "Possess us," i. e., inform us.—<sup>h</sup> Affected.—<sup>i</sup> Studies.

as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the <sup>k</sup>expression of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent! I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose, too.

*Sir To.* He shall think, by the <sup>l</sup>letter that thou wilt drop, that <sup>h</sup>it comes from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

*Sir And.* And your horse, now, would make him an ass.

*Mar.* Ass I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O! 'twill be admirable.

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.  
[Exit.]

*Sir To.* Good night, <sup>1</sup>Penthesilea.

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

*Sir And.* I was adored once too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

*Sir To.* Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me <sup>m</sup>cut.

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

*Sir To.* Come, come: I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.  
[Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.*

*Duke.* Give me some music. <sup>6</sup>[Music.]—Now, good morrow, friends.—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song, we heard last night; Methought, it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs, and <sup>7</sup>recollected terms, Of these most brisk and giddy-paced <sup>7</sup>tunes: Come; but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord: a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[Exit CURIO.—Music <sup>8</sup>again.]

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,  
<sup>9</sup>[To VIOLA.]

In the sweet pangs of it remember me;  
For such as I am all true lovers are:  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save in the constant image of the creature  
That is below'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

<sup>k</sup> Expression.—<sup>l</sup> Amazon.—<sup>m</sup> "Cut," i. e., curtail, a docked horse.—<sup>n</sup> Repeated; alluding to the repetitions in songs.

*Viola.* It gives a very echo to the <sup>a</sup>seat  
Where Love is thrond.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly.  
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye  
Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves;  
Hath it not, boy?

*Viola.* A little, by your <sup>b</sup>favor.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't?

*Viola.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee, then. What years  
i' faith?

*Viola.* About your years, my lord. [take

*Duke.* Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman  
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart:  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and <sup>1</sup>won,  
Than women's are.

*Viola.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then, let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Viola.* And so they are; alas! that they are so;  
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

*Re-enter CURIO, and Clown.*

*Duke.* O, fellow! come, the song we had last  
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain: [night.—  
The spinners and the knitters in the sun, [bones,  
And the <sup>c</sup>free maids, that weave their thread with  
Do use to chant it: it is silly <sup>d</sup>sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old <sup>e</sup>age.

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?

*Duke.* Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [Music.

#### THE SONG.

*Clo.* Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O! prepare it:  
My part of death no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O! where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there.

*Duke.* There's for thy pains. <sup>2</sup>[Giving him money.

*Clo.* No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time  
or another.

*Duke.* <sup>3</sup>I give thee now leave to leave me.

*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and  
the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata,  
for thy mind is a very <sup>f</sup>opal!—I would have men of  
such constancy put to sea, that their business might  
be every thing, and their intent every where; for

that's it, that always makes a good voyage of noth-  
ing.—Farewell. [Exit Clown.

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place.—

[Exit Curio and Attendants.

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond' same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature <sup>g</sup>pranks her in, attracts my soul.

*Viola.* But, if she cannot love you, sir?

*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.

*Viola.* Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;  
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart  
So big to hold so much: they lack retention.

Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,

No motion of the liver, but the palate;

That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much. Make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me,

And that I owe Olivia.

*Viola.* Ay, but I know,—

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Viola.* Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter lov'd a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

*Duke.* And what's her history?

*Viola.* A blank, my lord. She never told her love,—

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought:

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat like patience on a <sup>h</sup>monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?

We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,

Our shows are more than will, for still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

*Viola.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.—

Sir, shall I to this lady?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,

My love can give no place, bide no <sup>i</sup>denay. [Exit.

#### SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,  
and FABIAN.

*Sir To.* Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

*Fab.* Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this  
sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

*Sir To.* Would'st thou not be glad to have the  
niggardly, rascally sheep-biter come by some notable  
shame?

*Fab.* I would exult, man: you know, he brought  
me out o' favor with my lady about a bear-baiting  
here.

*Sir To.* To anger him, we'll have the bear again,  
and we will fool him black and blue;—shall we not,  
Sir Andrew?

<sup>g</sup> That is, that beauty which nature decks her in.—<sup>h</sup> Like  
patience on a monument," i.e., as patience is represented in  
monumental sculpture.—<sup>i</sup> Denial.

<sup>a</sup> "To the seat," &c., i.e., to the heart.—<sup>b</sup> By "favor" the  
Duke means countenance; but Viola uses the word ambigu-  
ously.—<sup>c</sup> "Free maids," i.e., chaste maids, employed in mak-  
ing lace.—<sup>d</sup> "Silly sooth," i.e., scely sooth, or simple truth.  
—<sup>e</sup> The old age, i.e., the ages past.—<sup>f</sup> The opal is a gem which  
varies its hues, according to the light in which it is viewed.

*Sir And.* An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

*Enter MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain.—How now, my <sup>a</sup>metal of India?

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behavior to his own shadow, this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*I drops a letter*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit MARIA.*]

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she <sup>b</sup>fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

*Sir To.* Here's an over-weening rogue!

*Fab.* O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkeycock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

*Sir And.* 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue.—

*Sir To.* Peace! I say.

*Mal.* To be count Malvolio.—

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace! peace!

*Mal.* There is example for't: the lady of the Strachly married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fire on him, Jezebel.

*Fab.* O, peace! now he's deeply in: look, how imagination <sup>c</sup>blows him.

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in for a state,—

*Sir To.* O, for a stone bow, to hit him in the eye!

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a <sup>d</sup>day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:—

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O, peace! peace!

*Mal.* And then to have the <sup>e</sup>honor of state; and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby—

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

*Mal.* Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me.

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us <sup>f</sup>by th' cars, yet peace!

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.

*Sir To.* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

*Mal.* Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech."—

*Sir To.* What, what?

*Mal.* "You must amend your drunkenness."

*Sir To.* Out, seab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight."

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* "One sir Andrew."

*Sir And.* I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

*Mal.* [*Seeing the letter.*] What employment have we here?

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

*Sir To.* O, peace! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* [*Taking up the letter.*] By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*; and thus makes she her great *P's*. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*: Why that?

*Mal.* [*Reads.*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes!" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the inpressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* [*Reads.*] "Jove knows, I love;

But who?

Lips do not move:

No man must know."

"No man must know."—What follows? the number's <sup>g</sup>altered.—"No man must know:"—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, <sup>h</sup>brock!

*Mal.* [*Reads.*] "I may command, where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life,"

*Fab.* A fusian riddle.

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

*Fab.* What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

*Sir To.* And with what wing the <sup>i</sup>stannyl cheeks at it!

*Mal.* "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any <sup>k</sup>formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this.—And the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I.—

*Sir To.* O! ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* <sup>j</sup>Sowter will ery upon't, for all this, though it be <sup>l</sup>not as rank as a fox.

*Mal.* M,—Malvolio:—M,—why that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

*Mal.* M.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

*Fab.* And O! shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O!

*Mal.* And then I comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, on you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

*Mal.* M, O, A, I:—this simulation is not as the

<sup>a</sup> "My metal of India," i. e., my heart of gold; my precious girl.—<sup>b</sup> Love.—<sup>c</sup> Struts.—<sup>d</sup> "Blows him," i. e., puffs him up.  
<sup>e</sup> State chair.—<sup>f</sup> Cough.

<sup>g</sup> "The number's altered," i. e., the number of the metrical foot is altered.—<sup>h</sup> Badger: a term of contempt.—<sup>i</sup> The stannyl is a species of hawk.—<sup>k</sup> "Any formal capacity," i. e., any one in his senses.—<sup>j</sup> "Sowter" is used here for the name of a hound.



former;—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—[*Reads.*] “If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble <sup>a</sup>slough, and appear fresh. Be <sup>b</sup>opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue <sup>c</sup>tang arguments of state: put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever <sup>d</sup>cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune’s fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

The fortunate-unhappy.” Day-light and <sup>e</sup>champaign discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be <sup>f</sup>point-device the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads.*] “Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pry thee.”—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the <sup>g</sup>Sophy.

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device.

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Enter MARIA.*

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*Sir To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o’ my neck?

*Sir And.* Or o’ mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I <sup>h</sup>play my freedom at <sup>i</sup>tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

*Sir And.* I’faith, or I either?

*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

*Mar.* Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?

*Sir To.* Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and ’tis a color she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him

into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of <sup>j</sup>Tartarus, thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I’ll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—OLIVIA’S Garden.

*Enter VIOLA, and Clown<sup>2</sup> playing on pipe and tabor.*

*Vio.* Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

*Clow.* No, sir; I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman?

*Clow.* No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

*Vio.* So thou may’st say, the king <sup>3</sup>lives by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

*Clow.* You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a <sup>k</sup>cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

*Vio.* Nay, that’s certain: they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

*Clow.* I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

*Vio.* Why, man?

*Clow.* Why, sir, her name’s a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

*Vio.* Thy reason, man?

*Clow.* Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

*Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

*Clow.* Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the lady Olivia’s fool?

*Clow.* No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband’s the bigger. I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the count Orsino’s.

*Clow.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun: it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I’ll no more with thee. Hold; there’s expenses for thee.

<sup>4</sup>[*Giving money.*]

*Clow.* Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

*Vio.* By my troth, I’ll tell thee: I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

*Clow.* Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

*Vio.* Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

*Clow.* I would play lord <sup>5</sup>Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Vio.* I understand you, sir: ’tis well begg’d.

<sup>6</sup>[*Giving more.*]

<sup>1</sup>“A cheveril glove,” i. e., a kid glove; an easy-fitting glove.—<sup>2</sup>See the play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

<sup>a</sup>“Slough,” i. e., skin of a snake.—<sup>b</sup>Adverse; hostile.—<sup>c</sup>“Tang,” i. e., ring with.—<sup>d</sup>It was once the fashion to wear the garters crossed on the leg.—<sup>e</sup>“Champaign,” i. e., open country.—<sup>f</sup>Exactly.—<sup>g</sup>Alluding to Sir Robert Shirley, who had just returned as ambassador from the *Sophy*.—<sup>h</sup>Stake.—<sup>i</sup>Tray-trip was a game of dice.

*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say element, but the word is over-worn. *[Exit.]*

*Vio.* This fellow's wise enough to play the fool, And to do that well craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time, Not, like the "haggard," check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice As full of labor as a wise man's art; For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit, But wise men's folly fall'n quite taints their wit.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Save you, gentlemen.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir And.* Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

*Vio.* Et vous aussi: votre serviteur.

*Sir And.* I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

*Sir To.* Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the best of my voyage.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, sir: put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are "prevented."

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odors?" well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most "pregnant and vouchsafed ear."

*Sir And.* "Odors," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed:"—I'll get 'em all three ready.

<sup>2</sup> *[Writing in his table-book.]*

*Oli.* Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

*[Exit Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.]* Give me your hand, sir.

*Vio.* My duty, madam, and most humble service.

*Oli.* What is your name?

*Vio.* Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

*Oli.* My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.

You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

*Oli.* For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, 'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf.—

*Oli.* O! by your leave, I pray you:

I bide you never speak again of him; But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that, Than music from the spheres.

*Vio.* Dear lady,—

*Oli.* Give me leave, 'beseech you. I did send, After the last "enchantment" you did here,

A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you. Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you, in a "shamefac'd cunning," Which you knew none of yours: what might you Have you not set mine honor at the stake, [think?] And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your "receiving"

Enough is shown; a "cyprus," not a bosom, Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

*Vio.* I pity you.

*Oli.* That's a degree to love.

*Vio.* No, not a "grise"; for 'tis a vulgar proof, That very oft we pity enemies.

*Oli.* Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion, than the wolf? *[Clock strikes.]*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man.

There lies your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward ho!

Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship.

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

*Oli.* Stay:

I prythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

*Vio.* That you do think you are not what you are.

*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.

*Vio.* Then think you right: I am not what I am.

*Oli.* I would, you were as I would have you be!

*Vio.* Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

*Oli.* O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidenhood, honor, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, 'maugre all "my pride,"

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

But rather, reason thus with reason fetter:

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam: never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore. *[move]*

*Oli.* Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA's House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.*

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom: give thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me: I saw't i' the orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

<sup>a</sup> A "haggard" is a hawk not well trained.—<sup>b</sup> Limit.—<sup>c</sup> "We are prevented," i. e., our purpose is anticipated.—<sup>d</sup> "Pregnant," i. e., ready; apprehensive.—<sup>e</sup> "The last enchantment you did here," i. e., the enchantment your presence worked in my affections.

<sup>f</sup> Ready apprehension.—<sup>g</sup> A cyprus, i. e., a thin veil of craze.—<sup>h</sup> Step.—<sup>i</sup> "Maugre," i. e., in spite of.

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been grand jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valor, or policy.

*Sir And.* An't be any way, it must be with valor, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a <sup>a</sup>Brownist as a politician.

*Sir To.* Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor: challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valor.

*Fab.* There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand; be <sup>b</sup>curs'd and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of <sup>c</sup>Ware in England, set 'em down. Go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at the <sup>d</sup>*cubiculo*. Go.

[*Exit Sir ANDREW.*]

*Fab.* This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver it.

*Sir To.* Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and <sup>e</sup>wain-ropes cannot <sup>f</sup>hale them together. For <sup>g</sup>sir Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

*Fab.* And his <sup>h</sup>opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great pretence of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

*Sir To.* Look, where the youngest wren of <sup>i</sup>nine comes.

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond' gull

Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-gartered?

*Mar.* Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the <sup>j</sup>Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hailing things at him. I know, my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and tak' for a great favor.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

*Seb.* I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no farther chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you: my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though so much, As might have drawn one to a longer voyage) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and inhospitable: my willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but, thanks, <sup>2</sup>And thanks, still thanks; and very oft good turns Are shuffled off with such incurrent pay; But, were my <sup>3</sup>wealth, as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

*Ant.* To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame, That do renown this city.

*Ant.* 'Would, you'd pardon me. I do not without danger walk these streets. Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the <sup>4</sup>county's galleys I did some service; of such note, indeed, That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

*Seb.* Belike, you slew great number of his people.

*Ant.* The offence is not of such a bloody nature, Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel, Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffick's sake, Most of our city did: only myself stood out; For which, if I be <sup>k</sup>lapsed in this place, I shall pay dear.

*Seb.* Do not, then, walk too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse. In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, [*Edge,* Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowl- With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse?

*Ant.* Haply your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to a Map engraved for Linschoten's voyages, the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included: published in 1598.—<sup>k</sup> Lapsing; transgressing.

<sup>a</sup> The *Brownists*, so called from a noted separatist, Mr. Robert Brown, were constant objects of satire in Queen Elizabeth's reign.—<sup>b</sup> "Curs'd," i. e., malicious; captious.—<sup>c</sup> The "bed of Ware" was reported to be twelve feet square, and capable of holding twenty-four persons.—<sup>d</sup> Chamber.—<sup>e</sup> Wagon-ropes.—<sup>f</sup> "Hale," i. e., drag by force.—<sup>g</sup> "His opposite," i. e., his adversary.—<sup>h</sup> The wren lays nine or ten eggs, and the last hatched birds are usually the smallest.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

*Ant.* To the Elephant.—

*Seb.* I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—OLIVIA's Garden.

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

*Oli.* I have sent after him: he says, he'll come. How shall I feast him? what bestow of him? For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd. I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and a civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.— Where is Malvolio?

*Mar.* He is coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

*Mar.* No, madam; he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither. <sup>1</sup>[*Exit MARIA.*].—I am If sad and merry madness equal be,— [as mad as he,

*Enter MALVOLIO and MARIA.*

How now, Malvolio?

*Mar.* Sweet lady, ha, ha! [*Smiles ridiculously.*]

*Oli.* Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a <sup>2</sup>bad occasion.

*Mal.* Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet <sup>3</sup>hath it, "Please one, and please all."

*Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mal.* To bed? ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio?

*Mal.* At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

*Mal.* "Be not afraid of greatness."—'Twas well writ.

*Oli.* What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* "Some are born great,"—

*Oli.* Ha?

*Mal.* "Some achieve greatness,"—

*Oli.* What say'st thou?

*Mal.* "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

*Oli.* Heaven restore thee!

*Mal.* "Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;"—

*Oli.* Thy yellow stockings?

*Mal.* "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

*Oli.* Cross-gartered?

*Mal.* "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;"—

*Oli.* Am I made?

*Mal.* "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

*Oli.* Why, this is very midsummer <sup>c</sup>madness.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

*Mal.* Oh, ho? do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she;—"be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity:"—and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have <sup>d</sup>limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful. And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" a fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legiun himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my <sup>e</sup>privacy: go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah, ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La, you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitched!

*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress?

*Mar.* O lord!

*Sir To.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace: this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my 'bawcock? how dost thou, <sup>f</sup>chuck?

*Mal.* Sir!

*Sir To.* Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at <sup>g</sup>cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul <sup>h</sup>collier!

<sup>d</sup> "Limed her," i. e., caught her as a bird with *bird-lime*.

<sup>e</sup> "Fellow" was used for *companion*, as well as in a derogatory sense.—"My bawcock," i. e., my fine fellow.—"Chuck," is a term of endearment.—<sup>b</sup> "Cherry-pit" was played by pitching *cherry-stones* into a hole.—<sup>c</sup> "Collier," in Shakespeare's time, was a term of the highest reproach.

<sup>a</sup> Sad and civil," i. e., *serious and grave*.—<sup>b</sup> Grave.—<sup>c</sup> It was an ancient opinion that *hot weather* affected the brain.

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, miux!

*Mar.* No, I warrant you; he will not hear of godliness.

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter. *[Exit.]*

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

*Fab.* If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark <sup>a</sup>room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompts us to have mercy on him; at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

*Fab.* More matter for a May <sup>b</sup>morning.

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.* Is't so saucy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. *[Reads.]* "Youth; whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

*Fab.* Good, and valiant.

*Sir To.* "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

*Fab.* A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

*Sir To.* "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

*Fab.* Very brief, and <sup>1</sup>to exceeding good senseless.

*Sir To.* "I will way-lay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

*Fab.* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

*Sir To.* "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK." If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

*Sir To.* Go <sup>2</sup>to, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever profit itself would have earned him. Away!

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing. *[Exit.]*

*Sir To.* Now, will not I deliver his letter; for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to

be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valor, and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece. Give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

*[Exeunt Sir TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.]*

*Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.*

*Oli.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honor too <sup>c</sup>unchary on't. There's something in me that reproves my fault But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

*Vio.* With the same <sup>d</sup>behavior that your passion bears, Go on my master's griefs.

*Oli.* Here; wear this <sup>d</sup>jewel for me: 'tis my pic- Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you; *[Ture.* And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny,

That, honor sav'd, may upon asking give?

*Vio.* Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honor may I give him that, Which I have given to you?

*Vio.*

I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well: A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dismount thy <sup>e</sup>tuck; be <sup>f</sup>yaire in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, sir: I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your <sup>g</sup>opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

*Vio.* I pray you, sir, what is he?

*Sir To.* He is <sup>3</sup>a knight, dubbed with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet <sup>h</sup>consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensment at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, <sup>i</sup>nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

*Vio.* I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady: I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valor; belike, this is a man of that <sup>k</sup>quirk.

<sup>a</sup> "A dark room, and bound." *Chains and darkness* were the universal prescription for madness in the time of Shakespeare.—<sup>b</sup> Alluding to the usual sports of May-day.

<sup>c</sup> "Unchary on't," i. e., incautiously on it (the "heart of stone").—<sup>d</sup> *Jewel* anciently signified any precious ornament.—<sup>e</sup> *Rapier*.—<sup>f</sup> Ready; nimble.—<sup>g</sup> *Adversary*.—<sup>h</sup> On carpet consideration, i. e., he is a *carpet-knight*, not dubbed in the field.—<sup>i</sup> "Hob, nob," i. e., hit or miss.—<sup>k</sup> Sort.

*Sir To.* Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, <sup>a</sup>strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

*Vio.* This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir Toby.*]

*Vio.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal <sup>a</sup>arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal <sup>b</sup>opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW <sup>2</sup> hanging back.*

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil, I have not seen such a <sup>c</sup>virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the <sup>d</sup>stuck in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he <sup>e</sup>pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capulet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on't. This shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA, <sup>3</sup>unwillingly.*

I have his horse [*To FAB.*] to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

*Fab.* He is as horribly <sup>c</sup>conceited of him; [*To Sir Toby*] and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* There's no remedy, sir: [*To VIOLA*] he will fight with you for oath's sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore, draw for the supportance of his vow: he protests, he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one

bout with you: he cannot by the <sup>e</sup>duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

*Sir And.* Pray God, he keep } <sup>4</sup> [*They draw, and*  
his oath! } *go back from*

*Vio.* I do assure you, 'tis } *each other.* }  
against my will.

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Put up your sword.—If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me:

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*]

*Sir To.* You, sir? why, what are you?

*Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more, Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an <sup>b</sup>undertaker, I am for you. <sup>5</sup> [*Drawing.*]

*Enter Officers.*

*Fab.* O, good sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

*Sir To.* I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* Pray, sir; put your sword up, if you please.

*Sir And.* Marry, will I, sir:—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

*1 Off.* This is the man: do thy office.

*2 Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of count Orsino.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

*1 Off.* No, sir, no jot: I know your <sup>i</sup>favor well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.— Take him away: he knows, I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey.—[*To VIOLA.*] This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy: I shall answer it. What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me Much more for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

*2 Off.* Come, sir, away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something. My <sup>a</sup>having is not much: I'll make division of my present with you. Hold, there's half my coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, Lest that it make me so unsound a man, As to upbraid you with those kindnesses That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.

I hate ingratitude more in a man, Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness, Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* O, heavens themselves!

*2 Off.* Come, sir: I pray you, go. [*See here,*

*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth, that you I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love, And to his image, which, methought, did promise Most <sup>b</sup>veritable worth, did I devotion. [*away!*

*1 Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by:

*Ant.* But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—

<sup>a</sup> Decision.—<sup>b</sup> Adversary.—<sup>c</sup> Virago.—<sup>d</sup> "The stuck in," i. e., the *stoccata*, an Italian fencing-term.—<sup>e</sup> "He pays you," i. e., he hits you.—<sup>f</sup> "Is as horribly conceited," i. e., has as horrible a conception.

<sup>g</sup> "By the duello," i. e., by the laws of the *duel*.—<sup>h</sup> "An undertaker," i. e., one who undertakes the quarrel of another. —<sup>i</sup> Face; countenance.—<sup>j</sup> Fortune; possessions.

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.  
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;  
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:  
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks, <sup>a</sup>o'erflourish'd by the devil.

*I Off.* The man grows mad: away with him!  
Come, come, sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers, with ANTONIO.*]  
*Vio.* Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,  
That he believes himself; so do not <sup>b</sup>I.

Prove true, imagination, O! prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian:  
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

*Vio.* He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know  
Yet living in my <sup>c</sup>glass; even such, and so,  
In favor was my brother; and he went  
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,  
For him I imitate. O! if it prove,  
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a  
coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears, in  
leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying  
him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward; religious  
in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.  
*Sir To.* Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw  
thy sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not,— [*Exit*]

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA's House.

*Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.*

*Clo.* Will you make me believe that I am not sent  
for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow:  
Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, 't' faith! No, I do not know  
you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you  
come speak with her; nor your name is not master  
Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing,  
that is so, is so.

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else:  
Thou know'st not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly! He has heard that word of  
some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent  
my folly! I am afraid this great <sup>1</sup>lubberly world will  
prove a cockney. I pr'ythee now, ungird thy  
strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my  
lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, foolish <sup>d</sup>Greek, depart from me.  
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,  
I shall give worse payment.

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These  
wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a  
good report after fourteen years' <sup>e</sup>purchase.

*Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.*

*Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you again? there's  
for you. [*Striking SEBASTIAN.*]

<sup>a</sup>Ornamented.—<sup>b</sup>So do not I, i. e., I do not believe  
myself, because I dare not hope that my brother still lives.—  
<sup>c</sup>That is, in the reflection of her own figure.—<sup>d</sup>Foolish  
Greek, and "merry Greek," were ancient proverbial ex-  
pressions applied to boon companions.—<sup>e</sup>That is, at a very  
extravagant price.

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.  
Are all the people mad? [*Beating SIR ANDREW.*]  
*Sir To.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er  
the house.

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight. I would  
not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[*Exit CLOWN.*]

*Sir To.* Come on, sir: hold! [*Holding SEBASTIAN.*]  
*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way  
to work with him: I'll have an action of battery  
against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though  
I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come,  
my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well  
fleshed. Come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What would'st  
thou now? <sup>2</sup>[*Breaking away.*]  
If thou dar'st tempt me farther, draw thy sword.

*Sir To.* What, what! Nay then, I must have an  
ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

<sup>3</sup>[*They draw and fence.*]

*Enter OLIVIA.*

*Oli.* Hold, Toby! on thy life, I charge thee, hold!  
*Sir To.* Madam—

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch!  
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,  
Where manners ne'er were preach'd. Out of my  
Be not offended, dear Cesario.— [*sigh!*—

<sup>1</sup>Rudesby, begone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,  
[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
In this uncivil, and unjust <sup>a</sup>extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;  
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks  
This ruffian hath <sup>b</sup>botch'd up, that thou thereby  
May'st smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go:  
Do not deny. <sup>1</sup>Beshrew his soul for me,  
He started one poor <sup>k</sup>heart of mine in thee.

*Seb.* What <sup>1</sup>relish is in this? how runs the stream?  
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;  
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

*Oli.* Nay, come, I pr'ythee. Would thou'dst be  
rul'd by me!

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O! say so, and so be. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA's House.

*Enter MARIA and CLOWN.*

*Mar.* Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this  
beard: make him believe thou art sir Topas, the  
curate: do it quickly; I'll call sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will <sup>a</sup>dissemble  
myself in't: and I would I were the first that ever  
dissembled in such a gown. <sup>4</sup>[*Putting it on.*] I am  
not tall enough to become the function well, nor  
lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be  
said an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes  
as fairly as to say a careful man, and a great scholar.  
The <sup>a</sup>competitors enter.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Jove bless thee, master parson.  
*Clo.* Bonos dies, sir Toby: for as the old hermit  
of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily

<sup>1</sup>"Rudesby," i. e., rude fellow.—<sup>a</sup>Violence.—<sup>b</sup>"Botch'd  
up," i. e., made up.—<sup>1</sup>Ill betide.—<sup>2</sup>Heart and hart were  
formerly written alike.—<sup>3</sup>What relish is in this? i. e.,  
what judgment am I to make of it?—<sup>4</sup>Disguise.—<sup>a</sup>Con-  
federates.

said to a niece of king Gorboduc, "That, that is, is;" so I, being master parson, am master parson, for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

*Sir To.* To him, sir Topas.

*Clo.* What, ho! I say.—Peace in this prison.

<sup>1</sup>[*Opening a door.*]

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Who calls there?

*Clo.* Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

*Clo.* Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man. Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

*Sir To.* Well said, master parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark?

*Mal.* As hell, sir Topas.

*Clo.* Why, it hath <sup>a</sup>bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

*Mal.* I am not mad, sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest: I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

*Mal.* I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant <sup>b</sup>question.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a <sup>c</sup>woodcock, lest thou disposess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well. <sup>2</sup>[*Closing the door.*]

*Mal.* Sir Topas! sir Topas!—

*Sir To.* My most exquisite sir Topas.

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all <sup>d</sup>waters.

*Mar.* Thou might'st have done this without thy beard, and gown: he sees thee not.

*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were <sup>3</sup>all well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*]

*Clo.* "Hey Robin, jolly Robin,

Tell me how thy lady does." [*Singing.*]

*Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* "My lady is unkind, perdy."

*Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* "Alas, why is she so?"

*Mal.* Fool, I say.

*Clo.* "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

<sup>4</sup>[*Opening the door.*]

*Mal.* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

*Clo.* Master Malvolio!

*Mal.* Ay, good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have here <sup>e</sup>propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say: the minister is here. <sup>5</sup>[*Speaking as sir Topas.*—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

*Mal.* Sir Topas,—

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good <sup>f</sup>fellow. —Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am <sup>g</sup>shent for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

*Mal.* By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

*Mal.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pry'thee, be gone.

*Clo.* <sup>6</sup>[*Singing.*] *I am gone, sir,*

*And anon, sir,*

*I'll be with you again,*

<sup>7</sup>*With a trice,*

<sup>8</sup>*Like the old <sup>h</sup>vice,*

*Your need to sustain;*

*Who with dagger of lath,*

*In his rage and his wrath,*

*Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil:*

*Like a mad lad,*

*Pare thy nails, dad,*

*Adieu, Goodman Drivel. [Exit.]*

### SCENE III.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't; And though 'tis wonder that enrups me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant;— Yet there he was, and there I found this <sup>i</sup>credit, That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service:

<sup>a</sup> "Bay-windows," i. e., bow-windows.—<sup>b</sup> "Constant question," i. e., regular conversation.—<sup>c</sup> The clown mentions a "woodcock," because it was proverbially a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.—<sup>d</sup> "I am for all waters," i. e., I can turn my hand to any thing.

<sup>e</sup> "Propertied me," i. e., taken possession of me.—<sup>f</sup> The clown, in the dark, personates two characters, by variations of voice.—<sup>g</sup> Scolded; reprimanded.—<sup>h</sup> "The old vice" was the fool of the old moralities, or interludes.—<sup>i</sup> Intelligence.



For though my soul disputes well with my sense,  
That this may be some error, but no madness,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all<sup>a</sup> discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me  
To any other trust but that I am mad;  
Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 'twere so, [ers,  
She could not sway her house, command her<sup>b</sup> follow-  
Take, and give back,<sup>1</sup> and thus despatch affairs,  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,  
As I perceive, she does. There's something in't,  
That is<sup>c</sup> deceivable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean  
Now go with me, and with this holy man, [well,  
Into the<sup>d</sup> chantry by; there, before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;  
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,  
“Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,  
What time we will our celebration keep  
According to my birth.—What do you say?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you,  
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father; and heavens  
so shine,  
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA's House.

*Enter Clown and FABIAN.*

*Fab.* Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

*Clo.* Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me: now, my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two<sup>e</sup> affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O! you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the<sup>2</sup> trip-let, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

*Enter ANTONIO and Officers.*

*Off.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared, As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war.

A<sup>3</sup> bawbling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,  
With which such<sup>4</sup> scathful grapple did he make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,  
Cried fame and honor on him.—What's the matter?

*Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio,  
That took the Phoenix, and her<sup>5</sup> freight, from Candy;  
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,  
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.  
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and<sup>6</sup> state,  
In private<sup>7</sup> mbrabble did we apprehend him.

*Off.* He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,  
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me;  
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,  
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so<sup>8</sup> dear,  
Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir,  
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:  
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,  
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,  
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:  
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,  
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth  
Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was.

His life I gave him, and did thereto add  
My love, without retention, or restraint,  
All his in dedication: for his sake,  
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
Into the danger of this adverse town;  
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:  
Where being apprehended, his false cunning  
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
And grew a twenty-years-reMOVED thing,  
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

<sup>a</sup> Reason. — <sup>b</sup> Servants. — <sup>c</sup> Deceptive. — <sup>d</sup> The “chantry” was a little chapel, or particular altar in some cathedral or parochial church, endowed for the purpose of having masses sung therein for the souls of the founders. — <sup>e</sup> Until. — <sup>f</sup> Troth, fidelity. — <sup>g</sup> “Four negatives make your two affirmatives.” Maidens' kisses are accompanied by “No” and “Don't,” negatives which, by repetition, constitute an affirmative.

<sup>h</sup> Contemtable. — <sup>i</sup> Mischievous; destructive. — <sup>j</sup> Freight. — <sup>k</sup> “Desperate of shame and state,” i. e., forgetful of his character and condition. — <sup>l</sup> “Brabble,” i. e., brawl; squabble. — <sup>m</sup> Dire.

*Vio.* How can this be?

*Duke.* When came he to this town?

*Ant.* To-day, my lord; and for three months before,  
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,  
Both day and night did we keep company.

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Here comes the countess: now heaven  
walks on earth!—

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:  
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;  
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

*Oli.* What would my lord, but that he may not have,  
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—  
*Cesario*, you do not keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam?

*Duke.* Gracious Olivia,—

*Oli.* What do you say, *Cesario*?—Good my lord,—

*Vio.* My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,—

It is as <sup>a</sup> fat and fulsome to mine ear,  
As howling after music.

*Duke.* Still so cruel?

*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.

*Duke.* What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
My soul the faithful<sup>t</sup> offerings hath breath'd out,  
That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

*Oli.* Even what it please my lord, that shall become  
him.

*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
Like to the Egyptian<sup>b</sup> thief at point of death,  
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,  
That sometimes savors nobly.—But hear me this:  
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your favor,  
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;  
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,  
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,  
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—  
Come boy, with me: my thoughts are ripe in mischief:  
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*]

*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest a thousand deaths would die.

[*Following.*]

*Oli.* Where goes *Cesario*?

*Vio.* After him I love,  
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.  
If I do feign, you witnesses above  
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

*Oli.* Ah me! detested? how am I beguil'd!

*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do you  
wrong?

*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—  
Call forth the holy father? [*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Duke.* Come away. [*To VIOLA.*]

*Oli.* Whither, my lord?—*Cesario*, husband, stay.  
*Duke.* Husband?

*Oli.* Ay, husband: can he that deny?

*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah?

*Vio.* No, my lord, not I.

*Oli.* Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear,  
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.  
Fear not, *Cesario*: take thy fortunes up;  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art  
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

*Re-enter Attendant with the Priest.*

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold (though lately we intended  
To keep in darkness, what occasion now  
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,  
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

*Priest.* A contract<sup>1</sup> and eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your<sup>d</sup> rings;  
And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave  
I have travelled but two hours.

*Duke.* O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy<sup>e</sup> case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest,—

*Oli.* O! do not swear:  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head  
broken.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God, a surgeon! send  
one presently to sir Toby.

*Oli.* What's the matter?

*Sir And.* He has broke my head across, and has  
given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love  
of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I  
were at home.

*Oli.* Who has done this, sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* The count's gentleman, one *Cesario*.  
We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil  
incarnate.

*Duke.* My gentleman, *Cesario*?

*Sir And.* Od's lifelings! here he is.—You broke  
my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set  
out to do't by sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:  
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;  
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have  
hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.*  
Here comes sir Toby halting: you shall hear more:  
but if he had not been in drink, he would have  
tickled you 'othergates than he did.

*Duke.* How now, gentleman; how is't with you?  
*Sir To.* That's all one: he has hurt me, and  
there's the end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon,  
sot?

*Clow.* O! he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago  
his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures  
pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

*Oli.* Away with him! Who hath made this havoc  
with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be  
dressed together.

*Sir To.* Will you help? An ass-head, and a cox-  
comb, and a knave! a thin-faced knave, a gull!

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Eccent Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*]

*Enter SEBASTIAN<sup>2</sup> (all start).*

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

<sup>a</sup> Dull; gross.—<sup>b</sup> The "Egyptian thief" was Thyamis.  
The story is related by Heliodorus.—<sup>c</sup> Strangle thy propri-  
ety," i. e., disown thy property.

<sup>1</sup> In ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a  
ring.—<sup>2</sup> "Thy ease," i. e., thy exterior.—<sup>3</sup> Otherwise.—<sup>4</sup> The  
"passy-measures pavin" was a grave, solemn dance; and sir  
Toby means that the surgeon is a rogue, and a grave, solemn  
coxcomb.

But had it been the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no less with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that  
I do perceive it hath offended you:  
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows  
We made each other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two  
A natural<sup>a</sup> perspective, that is, and is not. [persons;]

*Seb.* Antonio! O, my dear Antonio!  
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,  
Since I have lost thee!

*Ant.* Sebastian are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself?—  
An apple cleft in two is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

*Oli.* Most wonderful!

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother;  
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,  
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.—  
[*To Viola.*] Of<sup>b</sup> charity, what kin are you to me?  
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

*Vio.* Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,  
So went he<sup>c</sup> suited to his watery tomb.  
If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad,  
Which from the tomb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say—thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And died that day, when Viola from her birth  
Had number'd thirteen years.

*Seb.* O! that record is lively in my soul.

He finished, indeed, his mortal act

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*Vio.* If nothing<sup>d</sup> lets to make us happy both,

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,  
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,  
That I am Viola: which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a<sup>e</sup> captain's in this town,  
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help  
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.  
All the occurrences of my fortune since  
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

*Seb.* So comes it, lady, [*To OLIVIA.*] you have  
But nature to her bias<sup>f</sup> true in that. [been mistook;  
You would have been contracted to a maid,  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;  
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Duke.* Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—  
If this be so, and yet the glass seems true,  
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

Boy, [*To VIOLA.*] thou hast said to me a thousand  
Thou never should'st love woman like to me. [times,

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear,  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,  
As doth that orb'd continent, the fire  
That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*Vio.* The captain, that did bring me first on shore,  
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,  
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him.—Fetch Malvolio  
And yet, alas! now I remember me, [hither:—  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.  
A most<sup>g</sup> distracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—

*Re-enter Clown, with a letter.*

How does he, sirrah?

*Clow.* Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the  
stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do.  
He has here writ a letter to you: I should have given  
it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles  
are no gospels, so it<sup>h</sup> skills not much when they  
are delivered.

*Oli.* Open it, and read it.

*Clow.* Look then to be well edified, when the fool  
delivers the madman:—[*Reads.*] "By the Lord,  
madam,"—

*Oli.* How now? art thou mad?

*Clow.* No, madam, I do but read madness: an your  
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow<sup>i</sup> vox.

*Oli.* Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

*Clow.* So I do, madonna; but to read his right  
wits, is to read thus: therefore<sup>j</sup> perpend, my princess,  
and give ear.

*Oli.* Read it you, sirrah.

[*To FABIAN.*

*Fab.* [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong  
me, and the world shall know it: though you have  
put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin  
rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses  
as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter  
that induced me to the semblance I put on; with  
the which I doubt not but to do myself much right,  
or you much shame. Think of me as you please.  
I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out  
of my injury.

"The madly-used MALVOLIO."

*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clow.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This savors not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, Fabian: bring him hither.

[*Exit FABIAN.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought  
To think me as well a sister as a wife, [on,  
One day shall crown the<sup>k</sup> alliance, and so please you,  
Here at my house, and at my proper cost. [offer.—

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt t'<sup>l</sup> embrace your  
[*To VIOLA.*] Your master quits you; and, for your  
service done him,

So much against the<sup>m</sup> mettle of your sex,  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister:—you are she.

*Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO,<sup>n</sup> with straw about  
him, as from prison.*

*Duke.* Is this the madman?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio?

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio? no.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter:  
You must not now deny it is your hand,  
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;  
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:

<sup>a</sup> "A 'perspective' formerly meant a glass that assisted the sight in any way.—<sup>b</sup> "Of charity," i. e., out of charity, tell me.—<sup>c</sup> Dressed.—<sup>d</sup> Hinders.

<sup>e</sup> "It skills not much," i. e., it matters not much.—<sup>f</sup> "You must allow vox," i. e., you must allow me to assume the voice, or tone of a madman.—<sup>g</sup> Consider.—<sup>h</sup> Disposition; constitution.

You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,  
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,  
Why you have given me such clear lights of favor,  
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,  
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown  
Upon sir Toby, and the <sup>a</sup>lighter people?  
And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
And made the most notorious <sup>b</sup>geek, and gull,  
That e'er invention play'd on? Tell me why.

*Oli.* Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
Though, I confess, much like the character;  
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand:  
And now I do bethink me, it was she [ing,  
First told me thou wast mad; <sup>1</sup>thou cam'st in smil-  
And in such forms which here were <sup>2</sup>preimpos'd  
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:  
This <sup>c</sup>practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;  
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,  
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak;  
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,  
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,  
Set this device against Malvolio here,  
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
We had conceived against him. Maria writ  
The letter at sir Toby's great <sup>d</sup>importance;  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.  
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,  
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,  
That have on both sides past.

*Oli.* Alas, poor <sup>3</sup>soul, how have they <sup>e</sup>baffled thee!

*Clo.* Why "some are born great, some achieve  
greatness, and some have greatness <sup>4</sup>thrust upon  
them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir  
Topas, sir; but that's all one.—"By the Lord, fool,

<sup>a</sup> Inferior.—<sup>b</sup> "Geek," i. e., but for ridicule.—<sup>c</sup> "Practice," i. e., joke; hoax.—<sup>d</sup> Importance.—<sup>e</sup> Cheated.

I am not mad;"—But do you remember? "Mad-  
am, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you  
smile not, he's gagg'd:" And thus the whirligig of  
time brings in his revenges.

*Mal.* I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.  
[Exit.

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.  
He hath not told us of the captain yet;  
When that is known and golden time <sup>f</sup>convents,  
A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls:—mean time, sweet sister,  
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;  
For so you shall be, while you are a man,  
But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [Exeunt.

*Clown sings, <sup>5</sup>to pipe and tabor.*

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
'Gainst knarves and thieves men shut their gate,  
For the rain it raineth every day.*

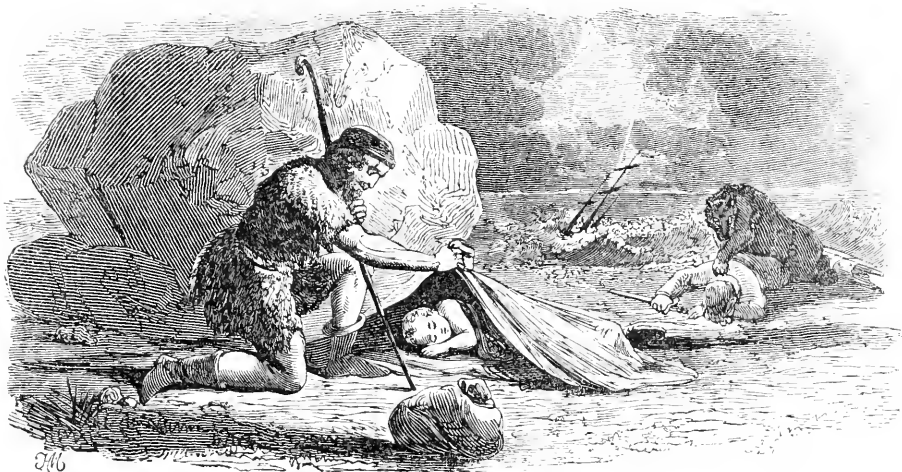
*But when I came, alas! to wife,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my bed,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
With toss-pots still <sup>6</sup>I had drunken head,  
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.*

<sup>f</sup> "Convents," i. e., shall serve, agree, be convenient.

# 'THE WINTER'S TALE.



ACT III.—Scene 3.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.  
 MAMILLIUS, <sup>2</sup>young Prince of Sicilia.  
 CAMILLO, }  
 ANTIGONUS, } Lords of Sicilia.  
 CLEOMENES, }  
<sup>3</sup>DION, }  
 ROGERO, a Gentleman of Sicilia.<sup>4</sup>  
 Officers of a Court of Judicature.  
 POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.  
 FLORIZEL, <sup>6</sup>Prince of Bohemia.  
 ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.  
 A Mariner.  
 Jailor.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.  
 Clown, his Son.  
 Servant to the old Shepherd.  
 AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.  
 Time, <sup>6</sup>the Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.  
 PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.  
 PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus.  
<sup>7</sup>EMILIA, a Lady attending the Queen.  
 MOPSA, }  
 DORCAS, } Shepherdesses.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; <sup>8</sup>Satyr, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. An Antechamber in LEONTES' Palace.

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.*

*Arch.* If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

*Cam.* Beseech you,—

*Arch.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give

you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been <sup>2</sup>so royally <sup>3</sup>attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be to—

<sup>2</sup> "Royally attorney'd," i. e., nobly supplied by substitution of embassies.

gether, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

*Arch.* I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.*

*Pol.* Nine changes of the watery star have been The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne Without a burden: time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks; And yet we should for perpetuity Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply With one we thank you many thousands more That go before it.

*Leon.* Stay your thanks awhile And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow. I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence: may there blow No sneaping winds at home, to make us say, "This is put forth too early." Besides, I have stay'd To tire your royalty.

*Leon.* We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leon.* We'll part the time between's then; and in I'll no gain-saying. [*that*]

*Pol.* Press me not, beseech you.<sup>3</sup> There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world, So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessity in your request, although 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder, Were in your love a whip to me, my stay To you a charge, and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother.

*Leon.* Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

*Her.* I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir, Charge him too coldly: tell him, you are sure All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction The by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

*Leon.* Well said, Hermione. [*He walks apart.*]

*Her.* To tell he longs to see his son were strong: But let him say so then, and let him go; But let him swear so, and he shall not stay, We'll thrack him hence with distaffs. [*adventure* Yet of your royal presence [*To POLIXENES.*] I'll

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia You take my lord, I'll give him my commission, To <sup>d</sup>let him there a month behind the <sup>e</sup>gest Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good <sup>d</sup>deed, Leontes, I love thee not a <sup>f</sup>jar o' the clock behind What lady should her lord. You'll stay?

*Pol.*

*Her.* Nay, but you will?

*Pol.*

I may not, verily.

*Her.* Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I, [*Oaths,* Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily, You shall not go: a lady's verily is As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet? Force me to keep you as a prisoner, Not like a guest, so you shall pay your fees, [*you?* When you depart, and save your thanks. How say My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread verily, One of them you shall be.

*Pol.*

Your guest then, madam: To be your prisoner should import offending; Which is for me less easy to commit, Than you to punish.

*Her.*

Not your jailor, then, But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys; You were pretty lordlings then.

*Pol.*

We were, fair queen, Two lads, that thought there was no more behind, But such a day to-morrow as to-day, And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

*Pol.* We were as twin'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd, Was innocence for innocence; we knew not The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd That any did. Had we pursued that life, And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven Boldly, "not guilty;" the imposition <sup>b</sup>clear'd, Hereditary ours.

*Her.*

By this we gather, You have tripp'd since.

*Pol.*

O! my most sacred lady, Temptations have since then been born to's; for In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl: Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes Of my young play-fellow.

*Her.*

Grace to <sup>i</sup>boot! Of this make no conclusion, lest you say, Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on; Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer; If you first sin'd with us, and that with us You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not With any, but with us.

*Leon.*

Is he won yet? <sup>5</sup>[*Coming forward.*]

*Her.*

He'll stay, my lord. *Leon.* At my request he would not. Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st To better purpose.

*Her.*

Never?

*Leon.*

Never, but once.

*Her.* What? have I twice said well? when was't before?

I pry'thee, tell me. Cram's with praise, and make's

<sup>a</sup> "To let him," i. e., to detain himself.—<sup>b</sup> "Behind the gest," i. e., behind the time.—<sup>c</sup> "Good deed," i. e., indeed; in very deed.—<sup>d</sup> "Not a jar," i. e., not a tick.—<sup>e</sup> "The imposition clear'd," Hereditary ours," that is, setting aside original sin, bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence.—<sup>f</sup> "Grace to boot!" i. e., Give us grace!

<sup>3</sup> "Over a vast," i. e., over a vast sea, or a wide space.—<sup>b</sup> "Physics the subject," i. e., gives the subjects of the king health and joy.—<sup>c</sup> "Sneaping," i. e., nipping.

As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongue—  
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that. [less,  
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's  
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere  
With spur we 'clear an acre. But to the 'good:—  
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:  
What was my first? it has an elder sister,  
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!  
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?  
Nay, let me have't; I long.

*Leon.* Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And 'clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter  
"I am yours for ever."

*Her.* It is Grace, indeed.—  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:  
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband,  
Th' other for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*

*Leon.* Too hot, too hot! [*Aside.*  
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.  
I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances,  
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment  
May a free face put out; derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from 'bounty's fertile bosom,  
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;  
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,  
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,  
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere  
The 'mort o' the deer; O! that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* 'C' fecks?  
Why, that's my 'd bawcock. What! hast smutch'd  
They say, it is a copy out of mine. [thy nose?—  
Come, captain,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
Are all call'd neat.—Still 'virginalling

[*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*  
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf:  
Art thou my calf?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough 'pash, and the 'shoots  
that I have,

To be 'full like me:—yet, they say, we are  
Almost as like as eggs: women say so,  
That will say anything: but were they false  
As 'our dead blacks, as wind, as waters; false  
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true  
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,  
Look on me with your 'welkin eye: sweet villain!  
Most dear'st! my 'collop!—Can thy dam!—may't be  
Affection? thy intention stabs the 'centre:  
Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
Communicat'st with dreams;—(how can this be?)—  
With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing. Then, 'tis very 'm credent,  
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost,  
And that beyond commission; and I find it,  
And that to the infection of my brains,  
And hardening of my brows.

*Pol.* What means Sicilia?

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to the custom of clapping hands in troth-plight, as well as in bargains.—<sup>b</sup> "The mort," i. e., the death.—<sup>c</sup> "I fecks," i. e., in fith; in fact.—<sup>d</sup> "My bawcock," i. e., my game felloe.—<sup>e</sup> "Virginalling," i. e., playing on her fingers, as a girl plays on the virginals.—<sup>f</sup> "Pash," i. e., head.—<sup>g</sup> "The shoots," i. e., the budding horns.—<sup>h</sup> Entirely.—<sup>i</sup> "Welkin," i. e., blue, the color of the welkin.—<sup>k</sup> Child.—<sup>l</sup> "Stabs the centre," i. e., stabs me to the heart.—<sup>m</sup> Credible.

*Her.* He something seems unsettled.

*Pol.* How, my lord?

*Leon.* What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?  
<sup>5</sup>[*Holding his forehead.*

*Her.* You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you moved, my lord?

*Leon.* No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly, <sup>6</sup>[*Aside.*

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines? [*To them.*

Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recoil

Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

This 'squash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,

Will you take eggs for 'money?

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight. [My brother,

*Leon.* You will? why, happy man be his 'dole!—

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we

Do seem to be of ours?

*Pol.* If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.

He makes a July's day short as December;

And with his varying childness cures in me

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

*Leon.* So stands this squire

Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,

And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,

How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome:

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap.

To thee thyself, and my young rover, he's

'Apparent to my heart.

*Her.* If you would seek us,

We are yours 'i the garden: shall's attend you there?

*Leon.* To your own tents dispose you: you'll be  
found,

Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*] I am angling now,

Though you perceive me not how I give line,

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the 'neb, the bill to him;

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her 'allowing husband. Gone already!

[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.*  
Luch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a 'fork'd  
one!

Go play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I

Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamor

Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There have

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now; [been,

And many a man there is, (even at this present,

Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by th' arm,

That little thinks she has been shuic'd in's absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor, by

Sir Smile, his neighbor. Nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none:

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly: know it;

<sup>a</sup> "Squash," here means an unripe pea-pod.—<sup>b</sup> "Will you take eggs for money?" i. e., Will you suffer yourself to be imposed upon?—<sup>c</sup> That is, may happiness be his portion!—<sup>d</sup> 'Heir apparent; next claimant.—<sup>e</sup> Mouth.—<sup>f</sup> Approving.—<sup>g</sup> "A forked one," i. e., a horned one; a cuckold.

It will let in and out the enemy,  
With bag and baggage. Many a thousand on's  
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leon.* Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* Go play, Mamillius. Thou'rt an honest man.

[*Exit* **MAMILLIUS.**]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his anchor hold:

When you cast out, it still came <sup>a</sup>home.

*Leon.* Didst note it?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions; made  
His business more material.

*Leon.* Didst perceive it?—

They're here with me <sup>b</sup>already; whispering, "round-  
"Sicilia is a"—so-forth. 'Tis far gone, [ing,  
When I shall <sup>d</sup>gust it last.—How cam't, Camillo,  
That he did stay?

*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.

*Leon.* At the queen's, be't: good should be perti-  
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken [nent;  
By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in  
More than the common blocks:—not noted, is't,  
But of the finer natures? by some severals,  
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower <sup>c</sup>messes,  
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord? I think, most understand  
Bohemia stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ha?

*Cam.* Stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ay, but why?

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leon.* Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been  
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
In that which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leon.* To bide upon't,—thou art not honest; or,  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,  
Which <sup>f</sup>foxes honesty behind, restraining  
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted  
A servant grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent; or else a fool,  
That seek's a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,  
And tak'st it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful:  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly; if industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty  
Is never free of: but, beseech your grace,  
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass  
By its own visage; if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

*Leon.*

Have not you seen, Camillo,  
(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,  
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumor  
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think it)  
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then say,  
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name  
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
Before her troth-pledge: say't, and justify't.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you less  
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin  
As deep as <sup>g</sup>that, though true.

*Leon.*

Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind  
With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,  
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
Why, then the world, and all that is in't, is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings  
If this be nothing.

*Cam.*

Good my lord, be cur'd  
Of this disease'd opinion, and betimes;  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leon.*

Say, it be; 'tis true.

*Leon.*

No, no, my lord. It is; you lie, you lie:  
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one <sup>i</sup>glass.

*Cam.*

Who does infect her?  
*Leon.* Why he, that wears her like <sup>l</sup>a medal, hang-  
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I [ing  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honor as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that  
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,  
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form [see  
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who may'st  
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,  
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,  
Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.*

<sup>2</sup>Sure, my lord,  
I could do this, and that with no <sup>k</sup>rash potion,  
But with a lingering dram, that should not work  
<sup>4</sup>Maliciously, like poison; but I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honorable.  
I have lov'd thee.—

\* "It still came home," i. e., it would not hold; a nautical term.—<sup>b</sup> "They're here with me already," i. e., they (observers) are aware of my condition.—<sup>c</sup> "Rounding," i. e., telling secretly.—<sup>d</sup> Taste.—<sup>e</sup> Degrees; conditions.—<sup>f</sup> To hox is to hough, to hamstring.

<sup>g</sup> "As deep as that," i. e., as deep as that of which you accuse her.—<sup>h</sup> "The pin and web," i. e., the cataract in its early stage.—<sup>i</sup> Hour.—<sup>j</sup> "Rash," i. e., hasty.—<sup>k</sup> "Maliciously," i. e., malignantly; with effects openly hurtful.



*Leon.* Make that thy <sup>a</sup> question, and go rot!  
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
(Which to preserve is sleep; which, being spotted,  
Is gods, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps.)  
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,  
(Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine)  
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?  
Could man so b<sup>b</sup>lench?

*Cam.* I must believe you, sir:  
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;  
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness  
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,  
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing  
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms  
Known and allied to yours.

*Leon.* Thou dost advise me,  
Even so as I mine own course have set down.  
*I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.*

*Cam.* My lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,  
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leon.* This is all:  
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Cam.* I'll do't, my lord.  
*Leon.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.  
[Exit.]

*Cam.* O, miserable lady!—But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master; one,  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,  
Promotion follows: if I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,  
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.

*Enter POLIXENES.*

*Pol.* This is strange. Methinks,  
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak?—  
Good-day, Camillo.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal sir!

*Pol.* What is the news? to the court?

*Cam.* None rare, my lord.

*Pol.* The king hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some province, and a region  
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him  
With customary compliment, when he,  
Waiting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and  
So leaves me to consider what is breeding  
That changes thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord. [dare not]

*Pol.* How! dare not? do not! Do you know, and  
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;  
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding

Myself thus alter'd with 't.

*Cam.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught  
Of you, that yet are well.

*Pol.* How caught of me?  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:  
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—  
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto  
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns  
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,  
In whose <sup>c</sup> success we are <sup>d</sup> gentle,—I beseech you,  
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge  
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not  
In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?  
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,  
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man  
Which honor does acknowledge,—whereof the least  
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare  
What <sup>e</sup> incident thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;  
Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I will tell you;  
Since I am charg'd in honor, and by him  
That I think honorable. Therefore, mark my counsel,  
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as  
I mean to utter it, or both yours and <sup>f</sup> I  
Cry, "lost," and so good-night.

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.  
*Cam.* I am appointed 'him to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo?

*Cam.* By the king.

*Pol.* For what?  
*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,  
As he had seen't, or been an instrument  
To <sup>g</sup> vice you to't—that you have touch'd his queen  
Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* O! then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly, and my name  
Be yok'd with <sup>h</sup> his that did betray the Best!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savor, that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard, or read!

*Cam.* Swear <sup>i</sup> this though over  
By each particular star in heaven, and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,  
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,  
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his 'faith, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow?

*Cam.* I know not; but, I am sure, 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,  
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you  
Shall bear along in pawn'd, away to-night.  
Your followers I will whisper to the business;  
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,  
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
For, by the honor of my parents, I

<sup>a</sup> "Make that thy question," i. e., if you doubt that (Hermione's disloyalty), go rot!—<sup>b</sup> "So blench," i. e., so start off from propriety.

<sup>c</sup> Succession.—<sup>d</sup> Well-born.—<sup>e</sup> Incident; casualty.—  
"<sup>f</sup> Him," i. e., by him.—<sup>g</sup> "To vice you," i. e., to screw  
you.—<sup>h</sup> "With his," i. e., with that of Judas.—<sup>i</sup> "Upon his  
faith," i. e., upon his settled belief.

Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth,  
Thereon his execution sworn.

*Pol.* I do believe thee:  
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbor <sup>a</sup> mine. My ships are ready, and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago.—This jealousy  
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,  
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive  
He is dishonor'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:  
Good expedition be my friend: <sup>1</sup> heaven comfort  
The gracious queen, part of his <sup>2</sup> dream, but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo:  
I will respect thee as a father, if  
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authority to command  
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness  
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir: away!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—The Same.

*Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*

*Her.* Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

*1 Lady.* Come, my gracious lord:  
Shall I be your play-fellow?

*Mam.* No, I'll none of you.

*1 Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

*Mam.* You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if  
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

*2 Lady.* And why so, my lord?

*Mam.* Not for because  
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best, so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

*2 Lady.* Who taught this?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray  
What color are your eye-brows? [now,

*1 Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's  
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows. [nose

*2 Lady.* Hark ye.

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince,  
One of these days, and then you'd wanton with us,  
If we would have you.

*1 Lady.* She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir;  
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us, [now  
And tell's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shall't be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale's best for winter.  
I have one of sprites and goblins.

*Her.* Let's have that, good sir.  
Come on; sit down:—come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.

*Mam.* There was a man,—

*Her.* Nay, come, sit down; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a church-yard.—I will tell it softly;  
Yond' crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on then,

And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.*

*Leon.* Was he met there? his train? Camillo with  
him?

*1 Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never  
Saw I men scour so on their way. I eyed them  
Even to their ships.

*Leon.* How bless'd am I <sup>3</sup> [*Aside.*

In my just <sup>b</sup> censure! in my true opinion!—

Alack, for lesser <sup>c</sup> knowledge!—How accurs'd,

In being so blest!—There may be in the cup

A <sup>d</sup> spider steep'd, and one may <sup>d</sup> drink a part,

And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge

Is not infected; but if one present

The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,

With violent <sup>e</sup> hefts.—I have drunk, and seen the

Camillo was his help in this, his pander.— [*spider.*

There is a plot against my life, my crown:

All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him.

He has discover'd my design, and I

Remain a 'pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick

For them to play at will.—How came the posterns

<sup>5</sup> [*To them.*

So easily open?

*1 Lord.* By his great authority;  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
On your command.

*Leon.* I know't too well.—

Give me the boy. [*To HERMIONE.*] I am glad, you  
did not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this? sport?

*Leon.* Bear the boy hence; and he shall not come about  
Away with him: and let her sport herself [*her.*  
With that she's big with; for tis Polixenes  
Has made these swell thus.

*Her.* But, I'd say he had not,  
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,  
Howe'er you lean to the wayward.

*Leon.* You, my lords,

Look on her, mark her well; be but about

To say, "she is a goodly lady," and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add,

"'Tis pity she's not honest, honorable:"

Praise her but for this her without-door form, [straight

(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and

The shrug, the hum, or ha (these petty brands,

That calumny doth use,—O, I am out!

That merry does, for calumny will <sup>e</sup> scar

Virtue itself)—These shrugs, these hums and ha's,

When you have said, "she's goodly," come between,

Ere you can say "she's honest." But be't known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,

She's an adultress.

*Her.* Should a villain say so,

The most replenish'd villain in the world,

He were as much more villain: you, my lord,

Do but mistake.

*Leon.* You have mistook, my lady,

<sup>b</sup> Judgment.—<sup>c</sup> "Alack, for lesser knowledge!" i. e., O, that my knowledge were less.—<sup>d</sup> Spiders were considered poisonous in Shakespeare's time.—<sup>e</sup> Heavings.—<sup>f</sup> "A pinch'd thing," i. e., a mere child's baby, *pinched* out of clouts.—<sup>g</sup> Brand.

<sup>a</sup> "Still neighbor mine," i. e., still be near my person, or near me in dignity.

Polixenes for Leontes. O, thou thing!  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said  
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:  
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is  
A feodary with her, and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself,  
<sup>b</sup>But with her most vile principal, that she's  
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,  
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say  
You did mistake.

*Leon.* No; if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The centre is not big enough to bear  
A schoolboy's <sup>c</sup>top.—Away with her to prison!  
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,  
But that he <sup>d</sup>speaks.

*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient, till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favorable.—Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,  
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have  
That honorable grief lodg'd here, which burns  
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,  
With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so  
The king's will be perform'd.

*Leon.* Shall I be heard? [*To the Guards.*]

*Her.* Who is't that goes with me?—beseech your  
My women may be with me; for, you see, [highness,  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;  
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mis-  
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears, [tress  
As I come out: this action, I now go <sup>e</sup>on,  
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:  
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,  
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

*Leon.* Go, do our bidding: hence!

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

*I Lord.* Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

*Ant.* Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice  
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,  
Yourself, your queen, your son.

*I Lord.* For her, my lord,  
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,  
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless  
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you: I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

*Ant.* If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep <sup>f</sup>me <sup>g</sup>stable where  
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;  
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;  
For every inch of woman in the world  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,  
If she be.

*Leon.* Hold your peaces!

*I Lord.*

Good my lord,—

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.  
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,  
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,  
I would <sup>h</sup>lamback him. Be she honor-flaw'd,—  
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven,  
The second, and the third, nine, and some <sup>i</sup>five;  
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honor,  
I'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,  
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs,  
And I had rather glib myself, than they  
Should not produce fair issue.

*Leon.*

Cease! no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't, and feel't,  
As you feel doing thus, and see withal  
The instruments that <sup>j</sup>feel.

*Ant.*

If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty:  
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leon.*

What! lack I credit?

*I Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,  
Upon this ground; and more it would content me  
To have her honor true, than your suspicion,  
Be blam'd for't how you might.

*Leon.*

Why, what need we

Commune with you of this, but rather follow  
Our forceful <sup>k</sup>instigation? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness  
Imparts this; which, if you (or stupified,  
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,  
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves,  
We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all  
Properly ours.

*Ant.*

And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.

*Leon.*

How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity,  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd sight only, nought for <sup>l</sup>approbation  
But only seeing, all other circumstances [ing:  
I made up to the deed] doth push on this proceed-  
Yet, for a greater confirmation,  
(For in an act of this importance 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild) I have despatch'd in post,  
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuff <sup>m</sup>sufficiency. Now, from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,  
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

*I Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leon.* Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,  
From our free person she should be confin'd,  
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
We are to speak in public; for this business  
Will raise us all.

<sup>a</sup> An accomplice.—<sup>b</sup> "But with," i. e., even with; merely with. The sense is, "What she should shame to share the knowledge of, even with her most vile principal," &c.—<sup>c</sup> That is, no foundation can be trusted.—<sup>d</sup> "Is afar off guilty. But that he speaks," i. e., is remotely guilty, in merely speaking. <sup>e</sup> "This action, I now go on," i. e., what I am now about to do.—<sup>f</sup> "I'll keep me stable," i. e., I'll take up my abode.

<sup>g</sup> That is, the second nine, and the third some five.—<sup>h</sup> Leontes is here supposed to take hold of Antigonus. "The instruments that feel" are his fingers.—<sup>i</sup> "Our forceful instigation," i. e., our violent impulse.—<sup>k</sup> "Nought for approbation," i. e., no other proof.—<sup>l</sup> "Made up to," i. e., confirmed.—<sup>m</sup> "Of stuff'd sufficiency," i. e., of abilities more than sufficient.

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. The outer Room of a  
Prison.

*Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

*Paul.* The keeper of the prison,—call to him :  
[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!  
No court in Europe is too good for thee,  
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Jailor.*

You know me, do you not?

*Jailor.* For a worthy lady,

And one whom much I honor.

*Paul.* Pray you then,

Conduct me to the queen.

*Jailor.* I may not, madam: to the contrary  
I have express commandment.

*Paul.* Here's <sup>a</sup>ado,  
To lock up honesty and honor from  
Th' access of gentle visitors!—Is't lawful, pray you,  
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

*Jailor.* So please you, madam,  
To put apart these your attendants, I  
Shall bring Emilia forth.

*Paul.* I pray now, call her.—  
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attend.*]

*Jailor.* And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

*Paul.* Well, be't so, pry'thee. [*Exit Jailor.*]  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes coloring.

*Re-enter Jailor, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman,

How fares our gracious lady?

*Emil.* As well as one so great, and so forlorn,  
May hold together. On her frights, and griefs,  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

*Paul.* A boy?

*Emil.* A daughter; and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in't, says, "My poor prisoner,  
I am innocent as you."

*Paul.* I dare be sworn: [them!]  
These dangerous, <sup>1</sup>unsane <sup>2</sup>lunies<sup>1</sup> the king, beshrew  
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office  
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me.  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen:  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

*Emil.* Most worthy madam,  
Your honor, and your goodness, <sup>2</sup>are so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue: there is no lady living  
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship  
To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,  
Who, but to-day, <sup>3</sup>hammer'd of this design,

But durst not tempt a minister of honor,  
Lest she should be denied.

*Paul.* Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,  
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*Emil.* Now, be you blest for it!  
I'll to the queen.—Please you, come something nearer.

*Jailor.* Madam, if't please the queen to send the  
I know not what I shall incur to pass it, [*babe,*  
Having no warrant.

*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir:  
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,  
By law and process of great nature, thence  
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to  
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*Jailor.* I do believe it.

*Paul.* Do not you fear: upon mine honor, I  
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other  
Attendants.*

*Leon.* Nor night, nor day, no rest. It is but  
weakness

To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If  
The cause were not in being, part o' the cause,  
She th' adul'tress; for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And <sup>4</sup>level of my brain, plot-proof; but she  
I can hook to me: say, that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

*I Atten.*

My lord.

*Leon.* How does the boy?

*I Atten.* He took good rest to-night:  
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

*Leon.* To see his nobleness!  
Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd.—Leave me <sup>5</sup>solely:—go,  
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*—Fie, fie! no  
thought of 'him:—

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,  
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,  
Until a time may serve for present vengeance,  
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor  
Shall she, within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, <sup>3</sup>behind, with a Child.*

*I Lord.*

You must not enter.

*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.  
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,  
More <sup>6</sup>free than he is jealous.

*Ant.*

That's enough.

*I Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-  
manded

None should come at him.

*Paul.*

Not so hot, good sir:

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings,—such as you

<sup>a</sup> "Here's ado," i. e., Here's fine business!—<sup>b</sup> "Unsane lunies," i. e., insane frenzies.—<sup>c</sup> "Hammer'd," i. e., meditated; consulted.

<sup>d</sup> "The blank and level," i. e., the mark and aim.—  
<sup>e</sup> "Leave me solely," i. e., leave me alone.—<sup>f</sup> "No thought of him," i. e., of Polixenes.—<sup>g</sup> Chaste; pure.

Nourish the cause of his awaking: I  
Do come with words as medicinal as true,  
Honest as either, to purge him of that humor,  
That presses him from sleep.

*Leon.* What noise there, ho?

*Paul.* No noise, my lord; but needful conference,  
[*Coming forward.*]

About some gossips for your highness.

*Leon.* How?—

Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,  
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me:  
I knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leon.* What! canst not rule her?

*Paul.* From all dishonesty he can: in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me for committing honor) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* Lo, you now! you hear.  
When she will take the rein, I let her run;  
But she'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my liege, I come,—  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares  
Less appear so in comforting your evils,  
Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come  
From your good queen.

*Leon.* Good queen!

*Paul.* Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say,  
good queen;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.

*Leon.* Force her hence.

*Paul.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off,  
But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:  
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*]

*Leon.* Out!  
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:  
A most intelligencing bawd!

*Paul.* Not so:  
I am as ignorant in that, as you  
In so entitling me, and no less honest  
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

*Leon.* Traitors!  
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—  
Thou, dotard, [*To ANTIGONUS.*] thou art a woman-  
tir'd, unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here.—Take up the bastard:  
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

*Paul.* For ever  
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness  
Which he has put upon't!

*Leon.* He trends his wife.  
*Paul.* So I would you did; then, 'twere past all  
You'd call your children yours. [doubt,

*Leon.* A nest of traitors!  
*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paul.* Nor I; nor any,  
But one that's here, and that's himself; for he

The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and will not  
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten  
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

*Leon.* A callat,  
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,  
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine:  
It is the issue of Polixenes.  
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire.

*Paul.* It is yours;  
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,  
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;  
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.—  
And, thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors  
No 'yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's.

*Leon.* A gross hag!—  
And, a lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands  
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
Hardly one subject.

*Leon.* Once more, take her hence.

*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

*Leon.* I'll ha' thee burn'd.

*Paul.* I care not:  
It is an heretic that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;  
But this most cruel usage of your queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak hing'd fancy) something savors  
Of tyranny, and will ignore make you,  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leon.* On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her!

*Paul.* I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.  
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her  
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—  
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.  
So, so:—farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*]

*Leon.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife, to this.—  
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire:  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.  
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,  
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;  
The bastard-brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

*Ant.* I did not, sir:  
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can: my royal liege,

<sup>a</sup> "In comforting your evils," i. e., in encouraging your wicked courses.—<sup>b</sup> "The worst," i. e., the weakest, the least warlike.—<sup>c</sup> "First hand me," i. e., first lay hands on me.—<sup>d</sup> "A mankind witch," i. e., a virago.—<sup>e</sup> Henpecked.—<sup>f</sup> "Crone" was a word of contempt for an old woman.—<sup>g</sup> "Forced baseness," i. e., false bastardy.

<sup>b</sup> "A callat," i. e., a lewd woman.—<sup>c</sup> "Yellow" is the color of jealousy.—<sup>d</sup> "A lozel" is a worthless fellow, a vagabond.

He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leon.* You're liars all.

*1 Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us better credit. We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech <sup>1</sup> you So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg, (As recompense of our dear services, Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose; Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

*Leon.* <sup>2</sup>Am I a feather for each wind that blows? Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel And call me father? Better burn it now, Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:— It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

[*To ANTIGONUS.*]

You, that have been so tenderly officious With lady Margery, your midwife, there, To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard, So sure as thy beard's grey,—what will you adventure To save this brat's life?

*Ant.* Any thing, my lord, That thy ability may undergo, And nobleness impose: at least, thus much; I'll pawn the little blood which I have left, To save the innocent: any thing possible.

*Leon.* It shall be possible. Swear by this <sup>a</sup> sword, Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Ant.* I will, my lord.

*Leon.* Mark, and perform it, seest thou; for the Of any point in't shall not only be [<sup>b</sup> fail

Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife, Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee, As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it To some remote and desert place, quite out Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it, Without more mercy, to its own protection, And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture, That thou commend it <sup>c</sup> strangely to some place, Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

*Ant.* I swear to do this, though a present death Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:

<sup>3</sup>[*Taking it up.*]

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens, To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say, Casting their savageness aside, have done Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous In more than this deed doth require!—And <sup>d</sup> blessing Against this cruelty fight on thy side, Poor thing, condemn'd to <sup>e</sup> loss! [*Exit with the Child.*]

*Leon.* No; I'll not rear

Another's issue.

*1 Atten.* Please your highness, posts From those you sent to the oracle are come An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion, Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed, Hasting to the court.

*1 Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed Hath been beyond account.

*Leon.* Twenty-three days They have been absent: 'tis good speed, foretels, The great Apollo suddenly will have The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords: Summon a session, that we may arraign Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have

<sup>a</sup> It was an ancient practice to swear by the cross at the hilt of a sword.—<sup>b</sup> Failure.—<sup>c</sup> "Commend it strangely to some place," i. e., commit it to some place as a stranger.—<sup>d</sup> "Blessing" i. e., the favor of Heaven.—<sup>e</sup> "Condemn'd to loss," i. e., to exposure; to destruction.

A just and open trial. While she lives, My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me, And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Street in some Town.

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Cleo.* The climate's delicate, the air most sweet, Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing The common praise it bears.

*Dion.* I shall report, For most it caught me, the celestial habits, (Methinks, I so should term them) and the reverence Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice! How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly It was i' the offering!

*Cleo.* But, of all, the burst And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle, Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense, That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If th' event o' the journey Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!— As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy, The time is worth the use <sup>on't</sup>.

*Cleo.* Great Apollo, Turn all to the best! These proclamations, So forcing faults upon Hermione, I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it Will clear, or end, the business: when the oracle, (Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up) Shall the contents discover, something rare, [ses;— Even then, will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh hor.— And gracious be the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Court of Justice.

*Enter LEONTES, Lords, and Officers.*

*Leon.* This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)

Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried, The daughter of a king; our wife, and one Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd Of being tyrannous, since we so openly Proceed in justice, which shall have due course, Even to the guilt, or the purgation.— Produce the prisoner.

*Off.* It is his highness's pleasure, that the queen Appear in person here in court. [*Silence.*]

*Enter HERMIONE, 'to her trial, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies attending.*

*Leon.* Read the indictment.

*Off.* "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the <sup>a</sup> pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night."

*Hcr.* Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my accusation, and The testimony on my part no other But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me

<sup>1</sup> "The time is worth the use on't," i. e., the event will be a recompense for the time spent.—<sup>2</sup> "Pretence," i. e., design: Intention

To say "Not guilty;" mine integrity,  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so receiv'd. But thus:—If powers divine  
Behold our human actions, (as they do)  
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,  
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,  
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing  
To prate and talk for life, and honor, 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honor,  
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal  
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so; since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurrent I  
Have stray'd, 't' appear thus: if one jot beyond  
The bound of honor, or, in act, or will,  
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry "Fie!" upon my grave.

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,  
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough:  
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,  
I lov'd him, as in honor he requir'd,  
With such a kind of love as might become  
A lady like me; with a love, even such,  
So and no other, as yourself commanded:  
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude [spoke,  
To you, and toward your friend, whose love had  
Even since it could speak from an infant, freely,  
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd  
For me to try how: all I know of it  
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;  
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,  
You speak a language that I understand not:  
My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams:  
You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame,  
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth,  
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee than it) so thou  
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage  
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:  
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.  
To me can life be no commodity:  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,  
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went. My second joy,  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,  
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,  
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
Haled out to murder: myself on every post  
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hated,  
The child-bed privilege denied, which longs  
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i' the open air, before  
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.  
But yet hear this; mistake me not.—No: life,  
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honor,  
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd  
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else  
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,  
'Tis rigor, and not law.—Your honors all,  
I do refer me to the oracle:  
Apollo be my judge.

Lord. This your request  
Is altogether just. Therefore, bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [Enter 2 Officers.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:  
O! that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial; that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of just-  
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have [vice,  
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought  
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion.

All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. [Reads.] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes  
blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous  
tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the  
king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost  
be not found."

Lords. Now, blessed be the great Apollo!

Her.

Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle

The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, in haste.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon.

What is the business?

Serv. O sir! I shall be hated to report it:

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed is gone.

\* That is, my virtue being accounted wickedness, my assertion of it will pass but for a lie.—b Own; possess.—c That is, my life, which is only grief, I would willingly spare, or lay down.—d "Uncurrent," i. e., unlawful.—e "To stand in the level," (a metaphor from gunnery), is to be the object at which direct aim is taken.—f "Those of your fact," i. e., they who have done like you.—g "Concerns more than avails," i. e., will be useless; will prove nothing.

<sup>b</sup> Bugbear.—<sup>c</sup> "Starr'd most unluckily," i. e., ill-starred.—<sup>d</sup> Dragged.—<sup>e</sup> "Strength of limit," i. e., strength sufficient to go abroad after accouchement.—<sup>f</sup> Completeness.—<sup>g</sup> "Of the queen's speed," i. e., of the event of the queen's trial.

*Leon.* How! gone?  
*Srr.* Is dead. <sup>1</sup>[*HERMIONE swoons.*]  
*Leon.* Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves  
Do strike at my injustice. <sup>2</sup>How now there!  
*Paul.* This news is mortal to the queen.—Look  
And see what death is doing. [down,

*Leon.* Take her hence:  
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—  
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—  
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERM.*]  
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—  
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,  
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,  
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;  
For, being transported by my jealousies  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
Camillo for the minister, to poison  
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,  
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
My swift command; though I with death, and with  
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,  
And fill'd with honor, to my kingly guest  
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,  
Which you knew great, and to the hazard  
Of all uncertainties himself <sup>a</sup>commended,  
No richer than his honor.—How he glisters  
<sup>b</sup>Through my rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*Paul.* Woe the while!  
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too!

<sup>1</sup> *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?  
What wheels? racks? fires? <sup>2</sup>What flaying? burn-  
ing, boiling

In lead, or oil? what old, or newer torture  
Must I receive, whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,  
Together working with thy jealousies,—  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine,—O! think what they have done,  
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad, for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;  
That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant,  
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,  
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honor,  
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,  
More monstrous standing by! whereof I reckon  
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,  
To be or none, or little; though a devil  
Would have shed water out of <sup>c</sup>fire, ere don't:  
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
Of the young prince, whose honorable thoughts  
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart  
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire  
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O, lords!  
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,  
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and ven-  
Not dropp'd down yet. [gauce for't

<sup>1</sup> *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Paul.* I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor  
Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring [oath,  
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you

As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!  
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier  
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore, betake thee  
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,  
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert.

*Leon.* Go on; go on;  
Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd  
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

<sup>1</sup> *Lord.* Say no more:  
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I' the boldness of your speech.

*Paul.* I am sorry for't:  
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much  
The rashness of a woman. He is touch'd [help,  
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past  
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction  
At <sup>a</sup>repetition, I beseech you; rather,  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:  
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—  
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;  
I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,  
And I'll say nothing.

*Leon.* Thou didst speak but well,  
When most the truth, which I receive much better,  
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son.  
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear, unto  
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there  
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature  
Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me  
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—Bohemia. A Desert Country near  
the Sea.

*Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Babe; and a Mariner.*

*Ant.* Thou art <sup>a</sup>perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd  
The deserts of Bohemia? [upon

*Mar.* Ay, my lord; and fear  
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon us.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;  
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long, before  
I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste, and go not  
Too far i' the land; 'tis like to be loud weather:  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey that keep upon't.

*Ant.* Go thou away:  
I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart  
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* Come, poor babe:—  
I have heard, (but not believ'd) the spirits o' the dead  
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,

<sup>a</sup> Committed.—<sup>b</sup> Through.—<sup>c</sup> That is, would have shed  
tears of pity.

<sup>d</sup> "Thou art perfect," i. e., thou art well assured.



So fill'd, and so 'o'er-running: in pure white robes,  
 Like very sanctity, she did approach  
 My cabin where I lay, thrice bow'd before me,  
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
 Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
 Did this break from her:—"Good Antigonus,  
 "Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
 "Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
 "Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,  
 "Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
 "There 'twould, and leave it crying; and, for the babe  
 "Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
 "I prythee, call't: for this ungentle business,  
 "Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
 "Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks  
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
 I did in time collect myself, and thought  
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;  
 Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,  
 Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that  
 Apollo should, this being indeed the issue  
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
 Either for life or death, upon the earth  
 Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the Babe.

There lie; and there thy character: there these,  
 [Laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,  
 And still rest thine.—The storm begins.—Poor  
 wretch!

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd? [Thunder.  
 To loss, and what may follow.—Weep I cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I,  
 To be by oath enjoind to this.—Farewell!  
 The day frowns more and more: thou art like to have  
 A lullaby too rough. I never saw [clamor?  
 The heavens so dim by day. [Bear roars.] A savage  
 Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;  
 I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and  
 three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the  
 rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting  
 wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,  
 fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these  
 boiled-brains of nineteen, and two-and twenty, hunt  
 this weather? They have scared away two of my  
 best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find,  
 than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by  
 the sea-side, browzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be  
 thy will! what have we here? [Taking up the  
 \*Babe.] Mercy on's, a <sup>d</sup>barn; a very pretty barn!  
 A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very  
 pretty one. Sure some scape: though I am not  
 bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the  
 scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-  
 work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer  
 that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take  
 it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come: he  
 hallooed but even now.—Whoa, ho ho!

Enter Clown.

Clow. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What! art so near? If thou'lt see a thing  
 to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come  
 hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clow. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by  
 land!—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now

the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot  
 thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clow. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how  
 it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not  
 to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor  
 souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em:  
 now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast;  
 and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd  
 thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the  
 land service:—to see how the bear tore out his  
 shoulder bone; how he cried to me for help, and  
 said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman.—But to  
 make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea <sup>e</sup>flap-  
 dragoned it;—but, first, how the poor souls roared,  
 and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor  
 gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both  
 roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clow. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw  
 these sights: the men are not yet cold under water,  
 nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at  
 it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the  
 old man!

Clow. I would you had been by the ship's side, to  
 have helped her: there your charity would have  
 lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look  
 thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou met'st  
 with things dying, I with things new born. Here's  
 a sight for thee; look thee: a 'bearing-cloth' for a  
 squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up,  
 boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should  
 be rich by the fairies: this is some <sup>e</sup>changeling.—  
 Open't: what's within, boy?

Clow. You're a made old man: if the sins of your  
 youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold!  
 all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so:  
 up with it, keep it close; home, home, the <sup>h</sup>next  
 way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires  
 nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go.—Come,  
 good boy, the <sup>h</sup>next way home.

Clow. Go you the next way with your findings: I'll  
 go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and  
 how much he hath eaten: they are never <sup>i</sup>curst, but  
 when they are hungry. If there be any of him left,  
 I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern  
 by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch  
 me to the sight of him.

Clow. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him  
 i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good  
 deeds on't. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

Enter TIME, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all; both joy, and  
 terror,  
 Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,  
 Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
 To use my wings. Impute it not a crime

<sup>a</sup> "Thy character," i. e., the writing afterwards discovered  
 with Perdita.—<sup>b</sup> The "clamor" was the cry of the dogs and  
 hunters.—<sup>c</sup> "The chase," i. e., the animal pursued.—<sup>d</sup> Child.

<sup>e</sup> "Flap-dragoned it," i. e., swallowed it, as the ancient  
 toppers swallowed *flap-dragons*.—<sup>f</sup> A "bearing-cloth" was a  
 mantle of fine cloth in which a child was carried to be bap-  
 tized.—<sup>g</sup> "Some changeling," i. e., a child left behind by the  
 fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.—<sup>h</sup> Nearest.  
 —<sup>i</sup> Mischievous.

To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
 O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried  
 Of that wide gap; since it is in my power  
 To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour  
 To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass  
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
 Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to  
 The times that brought them in; so shall I do  
 To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale  
 The glistering of this present, as my tale  
 Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
 I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,  
 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving  
 Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving  
 That he shuts up himself, imagine <sup>a</sup> me,  
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
 In fair Bohemia; and remember well,  
 I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel  
 I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
 To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
 Equal with wondering: What of her ensues,  
 I list not prophesy; but let Time's news [daughter,  
 Be known, when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's  
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
 Is th' <sup>b</sup> argument of Time. Of this allow,  
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now:  
 If never, yet that Time himself doth say,  
 He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in the Palace of  
 POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping 'friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have <sup>1</sup> musingly noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from

whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspicable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence, but, I fear, the <sup>d</sup> angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command. [selves.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise our-  
 [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter <sup>a</sup> AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,— <sup>2</sup>[1 Tune.

With, heigh! the dory over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's 'pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Doth set my <sup>3</sup> priggings<sup>4</sup> tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,

Are summer songs for me and my <sup>5</sup> 'aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore  
<sup>1</sup> three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? <sup>4</sup>[2 Tune.

The pale moon shines by night;

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live, <sup>5</sup>[3 Tune.

And bear the sow-skin budget,

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser <sup>6</sup> linnen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die, and <sup>1</sup> drab, I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly <sup>2</sup> wheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway; beating, and hanging, are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether <sup>3</sup> tods:

<sup>a</sup> "Imagine me," i. e., imagine with me.—<sup>b</sup> Subject.—  
<sup>c</sup> Friendly offices.

<sup>a</sup> "The angle," i. e., the bait; the line and hook.—<sup>b</sup> Autolycus, in mythology, was the son of Mercury, and famous for the arts of fraud and thievery.—<sup>c</sup> "The red blood reigns in the winter's pale," i. e., the spring blood reigns where was late the dominion of winter.—<sup>d</sup> "Priggings," i. e., thieving; cheating.—<sup>e</sup> "Aunt" was a cant word for a bawd or trull.—<sup>f</sup> "Three-pile" was a rich velvet.—<sup>g</sup> Autolycus means that he steals sheets, and leaves the lesser pieces for the kites to line their nests with.—<sup>h</sup> "With die and drab," i. e., with dicing and wenching.—<sup>i</sup> "The silly cheat," i. e., picking of pockets.—<sup>j</sup> "Tods," i. e., will produce a tod, or twenty-eight pounds of wool.

every tod yields—pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

*Aut.* [*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

*Clo.* I cannot do't without <sup>a</sup>counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? "Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice"—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers; three-man <sup>b</sup>soung-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them <sup>c</sup>means and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to color the <sup>d</sup>warden pies; mace,—dates, none; that's out of my note: "nutmegs, seven: a race or two of ginger;" but that I may beg:—"four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun."

*Aut.* O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

*Clo.* I' the name of me!—

*Aut.* O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* O, sir! the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.

*Clo.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

*Aut.* A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come; lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

*Aut.* O! good sir, tenderly, O!

*Clo.* Alas, poor soul!

*Aut.* O, good sir! softly, good sir. I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now? canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, dear sir: [*Cuts his purse.*] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clo.* Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

*Aut.* No, good, sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you: that kills my heart.

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

*Aut.* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with <sup>a</sup>trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

*Clo.* His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

*Aut.* Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a <sup>b</sup>mo-

tion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

*Clo.* Out upon him! <sup>b</sup>Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

*Clo.* How do you now?

*Aut.* Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly toward my kinsman's.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on the way?

*Aut.* No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

*Clo.* Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [*Exit Clown.*]

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet sir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be <sup>c</sup>enrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*

*And merrily <sup>b</sup>hent the stile-a:*

*A merry heart goes all the day,*

*Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

*Flo.* These, your unusual weeds, to each part of Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora [*you* Peering in April's front. This, your sheep-shearing, Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

*Per.*

<sup>a</sup>Sure, my gracious lord, To chide at your <sup>k</sup>extremes it not becomes me; O! pardon, that I name them: your high self, The gracious <sup>l</sup>mark o' the land, you have obscur'd With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attir'd, <sup>o</sup>so worn, I think, To show myself a <sup>m</sup>glass.

*Flo.*

I bless the time, When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.

*Per.*

Now, Jove afford you cause! To me the <sup>a</sup>difference forges dread; your greatness Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble To think, your father, by some accident, Should pass this way, as you did. O, the fates! How would he look, to see his work, so noble, Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I, in these my borrow'd <sup>o</sup>flaunts, behold The sternness of his presence?

*Flo.*

Apprehend Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken

<sup>b</sup> Thief.—<sup>i</sup> To "*hent the stile*," is to *take the stile*.—<sup>k</sup> "Your extremes," i. e., your extravagant conduct, in disguising yourself and adorning me.—<sup>l</sup> "The gracious *mark o' the land*," i. e., the object of all men's notice and expectation.—<sup>m</sup> "To show myself a glass," i. e., to show her how she ought to be dressed.—<sup>n</sup> "The difference," i. e., the *difference in rank* between them.—<sup>o</sup> Ornaments.

<sup>a</sup> "Counters," i. e., pieces of metal for reckoning with.—

<sup>b</sup> That is, singers of catches in three parts.—<sup>c</sup> Tenors.—

<sup>d</sup> Wardens are large pears, now called *baking pears*.—

<sup>e</sup> "Trol-my-dames" was a name for the game of *pigeon-holes*.—<sup>f</sup> "No more but abide," i. e., only sojourn or dwell for a time.—<sup>g</sup> "Compass'd a *motion*," i. e., obtained a *permission*.

The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now. Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,  
Nor 'any way so chaste ; since my desires  
Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

*Per.* O ! but, sir,  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king.  
One of these two must be necessities, [purpose,  
Which then will speak—that you must change this  
Or I my life.

*Flo.* Thou dearest Perdita,  
With these <sup>a</sup>forc'd thoughts, I prythee, darken not  
The mirth o' the feast : or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's ; for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine : to this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, <sup>2</sup>girl ;  
Strange such thoughts as these with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming :  
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial, which  
We two have sworn shall come.

*Per.* O, lady fortune,  
Stand you auspicious !

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised ; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

*Flo.* See, your guests approach :  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Shep.* Fie, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd, upon  
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook ;  
Both dame and servant ; welcom'd all ; serv'd all ;  
Would sing her song, and dance her turn ; now here,  
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle ;  
On his shoulder, and his ; her face o' fire  
With labor, and the thing she took to quench it,  
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting : pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to 's welcome ; for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come ; quench your blushes, and present yourself  
That which you are, mistress o' the feast : come on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.* [To POL.] Sir, welcome.  
It is my father's will, I should take on me  
The hostess-ship o' the day :—[To CAM.] You're  
welcome, sir.—

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,  
For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep  
Seeming and <sup>b</sup>savor all the winter long ;  
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing !

*Pol.* Shepherdess,  
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,—  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season  
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,  
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind  
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,

Do you neglect them ?

*Per.* <sup>c</sup>For I have heard it said,  
There is an <sup>d</sup>art which, in their priedness, shares  
With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say, there be ;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean : so, o'er that art,  
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race : this is an art  
Which does mend nature,—change it rather ; but  
The art itself is nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in <sup>e</sup>gilly-flowers,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them :  
No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore  
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you ;  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;  
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,  
And with him rises weeping : these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas !  
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my  
fair'st friend,

I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might  
Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing :—O Proserpina !  
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and  
The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one. O ! these I lack,  
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er.

*Flo.* What ! like a corse ?

*Per.* No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on,  
Not like a corse ; or if,—not to be buried, [ers.  
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flow-  
Metinks, I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun-pastorals : sure, this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

*Flo.* What you do  
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;  
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,  
And own no other function : each your doing,  
So singular in each particular,

<sup>c</sup> Because.—<sup>d</sup> "There is an art," i. e., the art of producing varieties of colors on flowers.—<sup>e</sup> "Gilly-flow-ers" was the old name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, and sweet-williams. Perdita considers them an emblem of a painted or immodest woman ; and therefore declines to meddle with them.

<sup>a</sup> "Forc'd," i. e., far-fetched.—<sup>b</sup> "Seeming and savor," i. e., appearance and smell.

Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,  
That all your acts are queens.

*Per.* O Doricles!  
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,  
And the true blood, which peeps <sup>1</sup> so fairly through it,  
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,  
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
You wou'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I think, you have  
As little skill to <sup>a</sup> fear, as I have purpose  
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray.  
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,  
That never mean to part.

*Per.* <sup>b</sup> I'll swear for 'em.  
*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever  
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or <sup>2</sup> says,  
But smacks of something greater than herself;  
Too noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tells her something,  
<sup>3</sup> That wakes her blood:—look on't. Good sooth,  
The queen of curds and cream. [*she is*  
*Clo.* Come on, strike up.

*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, gar-  
To mend her kissing with.— [*lick,*  
*Mop.* Now, in good time—

*Clo.* Not a word, a word: we stand upon our  
<sup>c</sup> manners.—

Come, strike up. [*Music.*  
[*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*  
*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,  
Which dances with your daughter?

*Shep.* They call him Doricles, and boasts himself  
To have a worthy <sup>d</sup> breeding; but I have it  
Upon his own report, and I believe it: [*ter:*  
He looks like <sup>e</sup> sooth. He says, he loves my daugh-  
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,  
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,  
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,  
Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances <sup>f</sup> featly.  
*Shep.* So she does anything, though I report it,  
That should be silent. If young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O master! if you did but hear the pedler at  
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor  
and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He  
sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he  
utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's  
ears grew to his tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better: he shall come  
in. I love a ballad but even too well; if it be dol-  
ful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing  
indeed, and sung lamentably.

*Serv.* He hath songs, for man, or woman, of  
all sizes: no <sup>g</sup> milliner can so fit his customers  
with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for  
maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with  
such delicate burdens of "dildos" and <sup>h</sup> "fadings,"  
"jump her and thump her;" and where some  
stretch'd-mouth rascal would, as it were, mean mis-  
chief, and break a foul <sup>i</sup> jape, <sup>j</sup> in the manner, he  
makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no

harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him with  
"Whoop, do me no harm, good <sup>k</sup> man."

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-  
concocted fellow. Has he any <sup>l</sup> embroidered wares?

*Serv.* He hath ribands of all the colors <sup>m</sup> of the  
rainbow; <sup>n</sup> points, more than all the lawyers in Bo-  
hemia can learnedly handle, though they come to  
him by the gross; <sup>o</sup> inkles, <sup>p</sup> caddisses, cambrics,  
lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods  
or goddesses. You would think a smock were a  
she-angel, he so chants to the <sup>q</sup> sleeve-band, and the  
work about the <sup>r</sup> square on't.

*Clo.* Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him approach  
singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous  
words in's times.

*Clo.* You have of these pedlers, that have more  
in them than you'd think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;  
Cyprus, black as <sup>s</sup> c'er was crow;  
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;  
Masks for faces, and for noses;  
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,  
Perfume for a lady's <sup>t</sup> chamber:  
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears;  
Pins and <sup>u</sup> poking-sticks of steel,  
What waits lack from head to heel:  
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy,  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:  
Come, buy.*

*Clo.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou  
should'st take no money of me; but being en-  
thrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of cer-  
tain ribands and gloves.

*Mop.* I was promised them against the feast, but  
they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promised you more than that, or  
there be liars.

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promised you:  
may be, he has paid you more, which will shame  
you to give him again.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? will  
they wear their <sup>v</sup> plaquets, where they should bear  
their faces? Is there not milking time, when you  
are going to bed, or <sup>w</sup> kiln-hole, to <sup>x</sup> whisper off these  
secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our  
guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. <sup>y</sup> Charm  
your tongues, and not a word more.

*Mop.* I have done. Come, you promised me a  
tawdry lace, and a pair of <sup>z</sup> sweet gloves.

*Clo.* Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by  
the way, and lost all my money?

*Aut.* And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad;  
therefore, it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing  
here.

*Aut.* I hope so, sir; for I have about me many  
parcels of charge.

*Clo.* What hast here? ballads?

<sup>a</sup> "You have as little skill to fear," i. e., you as little know how to fear that I am false, as, &c.—<sup>b</sup> "I'll swear for 'em," a phrase of acquiescence, like, *I'll warrant you*.—<sup>c</sup> "We stand upon our manners," i. e., we are on our good behavior.—<sup>d</sup> "Sooth," i. e., truth.—<sup>e</sup> Nimble; dexterously.—<sup>f</sup> The business of milliners was formerly carried on by men.—<sup>g</sup> The "fadings" was a dance.—<sup>h</sup> "Jape," i. e., jest.

<sup>1</sup> The burden of an old ballad.—<sup>k</sup> "Points" were laces with tags.—<sup>l</sup> "Inkles," i. e., a kind of tape.—<sup>m</sup> "Caddisses," i. e., a kind of ferret, or worsted lace.—<sup>n</sup> Wristband.—<sup>o</sup> "The square on't," i. e., the bosom of it.—<sup>p</sup> That is, amber, of which necklaces were made fit to perfume a lady's chamber.—<sup>q</sup> "Poking-sticks" were used to set the plaits of ruffs.—<sup>r</sup> Petticoats.—<sup>s</sup> "Kiln-hole" was the fireplace for drying malt, a noted place of gossip.—<sup>t</sup> "A tawdry lace" was a sort of necklace.—<sup>u</sup> Perfumed.

*Mop.* Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o'-life, for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads <sup>a</sup> carbonadoed.

*Mop.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Very true; and but a month old.

*Dor.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*Aut.* Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mop.* Pray you now, buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, <sup>b</sup>for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

*Dor.* Is it true too, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by too: another.

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, "Two maids wooing a man." There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear it: 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on't a month ago.

*Aut.* I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

*Aut.* *Get you hence, for I must go,*  
<sup>1</sup> *Whither fits not you to know.*

*Dor.* *Whither?*

*Mop.* *O! whither?*

*Dor.* *Whither?*

*Mop.* *It becomes thy oath full well,*  
*Thou to me thy secrets tell.*

*Dor.* *Me too: let me go thither.*

*Mop.* *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*

*Dor.* *If to either, thou dost ill.*

*Aut.* *Neither.*

*Dor.* *What, neither?*

*Aut.* *Neither.*

*Dor.* *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*

*Mop.* *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*

*Then, whither go'st? say, whither?*

*Clo.* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in <sup>c</sup>sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

<sup>2</sup> [*Exeunt Cloven, DORCAS, and MOPSA.*]

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*]

*Will you buy any tape,*

*Or lace for your cape,*

*My dainty duck, my dear-a?*

*Any silk, any thread,*

*Any toys for your head,*

*Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?*

*Come to the pedler;*

*Money's a medler,*

*That doth utter all men's ware-a.*

<sup>3</sup> [*Exit after them.*]

Enter a Servant.

*Serv.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of <sup>e</sup>hair: they call themselves <sup>f</sup>saltiers; and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*Serv.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, bath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the <sup>g</sup>squire.

*Shep.* Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleased, let them come in: but quickly now.

*Serv.* Why, they stay at door, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs.* They dance, and then exeunt.

*Pol.* O father! you'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd! Your heart is full of something, that does take <sup>h</sup>herd? Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And <sup>4</sup>handled love as you do, I was wont [*sack'd* To load my she with knacks: I would have ran the pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing <sup>h</sup>marted with him. If your lass Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love, or bounty, you were <sup>i</sup>straitned For a reply, at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are. The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd Up in my heart, which I have given already, But not deliver'd.—O! hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometimes lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand, As soft as dove's down, and as white as it, Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, that's <sup>k</sup>bolted By the northern blasts twice o'er.

*Pol.* What follows this?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out.—But, to your protestations: let me hear What you profess.

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbor too?

*Flo.* And he, and more. Then he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all; That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch, Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth That ever made eye sverve; had <sup>l</sup>sense, and knowl-

edge, More than was ever man's, I would not prize them, Without her love: for her employ them all, Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,

<sup>a</sup> "Carbonadoed," i.e., scored for cooking.—<sup>b</sup> Because.—<sup>c</sup> Serious.

<sup>d</sup> Still.—<sup>e</sup> That is, dressed themselves in goat-skins.—<sup>f</sup> Saltiers.—<sup>g</sup> Foot rule.—<sup>h</sup> Bought; trafficked.—<sup>i</sup> Straitened.—<sup>k</sup> Sifted.

Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shows a sound affection.

*Shep.* But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

*Per.* I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands; a bargain:—

<sup>1</sup>*Joining their hands.*

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.

I give my daughter to him, and will make

Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O! that must be

! the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,

I shall have more than you can dream of yet;

Enough then for your wonder. But, come on;

Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shep.* Come, your hand;

And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you.

Have you a father?

*Flo.* I have; but what of him?

*Pol.* Knows he of this?

*Flo.* He neither does, nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks, a father

Is at the nuptial of his son a guest

That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more:

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?

Know man from man? <sup>2</sup>dispose his own estate?

Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing,

But what he did being childish?

*Flo.* No, good sir:

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,

Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something unfilial. Reason, my son,

Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,

The father, (all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity) should hold some counsel

In such a business.

*Flo.* I yield all this;

But for some other reasons, my grave sir,

Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint

My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Pr'ythee, let him.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not.—

Mark our contract.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young sir,  
[*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base

To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,

That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,

I am sorry, that by hanging thee I can

But shorten thy life one week.—And thou fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know

The royal fool thou cop'st with—

<sup>3</sup>*Per.* O, my heart!

*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and  
made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,

If I may ever know, thou dost sigh [never

That thou no more shalt never see this <sup>4</sup>knack, (as

<sup>a</sup>Tuy.

I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;

Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,

<sup>b</sup>Far than Deucalion off:—mark thou my words.

Follow us to the court.—Thou, churl, for this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,

That makes himself, but for our honor therein,

Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou

These rural latches to his entrance open,

Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,

I will devise a death as cruel for thee,

As thou art tender to't.

[*Exit.*]

*Per.* Even here undone!

I was not much afraid; for once, or twice,

I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,

The self-same sun that shines upon his count,

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?

[*To FLORIZEL.*]

I told you, what would come of this. Beseech you,

Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,

But milk my ewes, and weep.

*Cam.* Why, how now, father?

Speak, ere thou diest.

*Shep.*

I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir!

[*To FLORIZEL*]

You have undone a man of fourscore three,

That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,

To die upon the bed my father died,

To lie close by his honest bones: but now,

Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me

Where no priest shovels in <sup>c</sup>dust.—O cursed wretch!

[*To PERDITA.*]

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st ad-  
venture

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire. [*Exit.*]

*Flo.*

Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am:

More straining on, for plucking back; not following

My <sup>d</sup>leash unwillingly.

*Cam.*

Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

He will allow no speech, (which, I do guess,

You do not purpose to him) and as hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:

Then, till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

*Flo.*

I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

*Cam.*

Even he, my lord.

*Per.* How often have I told you 'twould be thus?

How often said my dignity would last

But till 'twere known?

*Flo.*

It cannot fail, but by

The violation of my faith; and then,

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,

And mar the seeds within.—Lift up thy looks:—

From my succession wipe me, father; I

Am heir to my affection.

*Cam.*

Be advis'd.

*Flo.* I am; and by my <sup>e</sup>fancy: if my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,

<sup>b</sup>Farther.—<sup>c</sup>It was anciently the custom for the priest to throw earth on the coffin in the form of a cross, and then to sprinkle it with holy water.—<sup>d</sup>"Leash," i. e., leading-string.  
—<sup>e</sup>Love.

Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate, sir.

*Flo.* So call it; but it does fulfil my vow: I needs must think it honesty. Camillo, Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may Be therewith gleam'd; for all the sun sees, or The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray you, As you have ever been my father's honor'd friend, When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not To see him any more) cast your good counsels Upon his passion: let myself and fortune Tug for the time to come. This you may know, And so deliver.—I am put to sea With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore; And, most opportune to our need, I have A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd For this design. What course I mean to hold Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor Concern me the reporting.

*Cam.* O, my lord!

I would your spirit were easier for advice, Or stronger for your need.

*Flo.* Hark, Perdita.—

[To CAMILLO.] I'll hear you by and by.

<sup>1</sup> [ *They talk apart.*

*Cam.* He's irremovable;

Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if His going I could frame to serve my turn; Save him from danger, do him love and honor, Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia, And that unhappy king, my master, whom I so much thirst to see.

*Flo.* Now, good Camillo,

I am so fraught with <sup>2</sup>serious business, that I leave out ceremony. [ *Going.*

*Cam.* Sir, I think,

You have heard of my poor services, if the love That I have borne your father?

*Flo.* Very nobly

Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music, To speak your deeds; not little of his care To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

*Cam.* Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king, And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is Your gracious self, embrace but my direction, (If your more ponderous and settled project May suffer alteration) on mine honor I'll point you where you shall have such receiving As shall become your highness; where you may Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see, There's no disjunction to be made, but by, As heavens forefend, your ruin) marry her; And (with my best endeavors in your absence) Your <sup>3</sup>discontenting father strive to qualify, And bring him up to liking.

*Flo.* How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done? That I may call thee something more than man, And, after that, trust to thee.

*Cam.* Have you thought on

A place whereto you'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet;

But as th' unthought-on <sup>4</sup>accident is guilty 'C To what we wildly do, so we profess Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then list to me:

This follows. If you will not change your purpose, But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia, And there present yourself, and your fair princess, (For so, I see, she must be) 'fore Leontes: She shall be habited, as it becomes The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness, As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; th' one He chides to hell, and bids the other grow Faster than thought, or time.

*Flo.* Worthy Camillo, What color for my visitation shall I Hold up before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the king, your father, To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir, The manner of your bearing towards him, with What you, as from your father, shall deliver, Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down: The which shall point you forth at every <sup>5</sup>sitting What you must say, that he shall not perceive, But that you have your father's bosom there, And speak his very heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you.

There is some sap in this.

*Cam.* A course more promising Than a wild dedication of yourselves To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain, To miseries enough: no hope to help you, But, as you shake off one, to take another: Nothing so certain as your anchors, who Do their best office, if they can but stay you Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know, Prosperity's the very bond of love, Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together, Affliction alters.

*Per.* One of these is true:

I think, affliction may subdue the cheek, But not take <sup>6</sup>in the mind.

*Cam.* Yea, say you so? There shall not, at your father's house, these seven Be born another such. [ *years,*

*Flo.* My good Camillo, She is as forward of her breeding, as She is i' the rear of <sup>7</sup>birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pity She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, sir; for this I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita.— But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo, Preserver of my father, now of me, The medicine of our house, how shall we do? We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son, Nor shall <sup>8</sup>appear't in Sicilia—

*Cam.* My lord, Fear none of this. I think, you know, my fortunes Do all lie there; it shall be so my care To have you royally appointed, as if The scene you play were <sup>9</sup>true. For instance, sir, That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

[ *They talk <sup>5</sup>apart.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, not a

<sup>a</sup> Discontented.—<sup>b</sup> This "unthought-on accident" is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes.—<sup>c</sup> "Guilty to," i. e., responsible for.

<sup>d</sup> "At every sitting," i. e., at every audience you shall have of the king and council.—<sup>e</sup> "Take in," i. e., conquer.—<sup>f</sup> "I the rear of birth," i. e., inferior in birth.



riband, glass, a pomander, brooch, table-book, hal-lad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they thronged who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hal-lowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture, and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his <sup>b</sup>pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a coldpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it; so that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses, and had not the old man come in with a <sup>c</sup>whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my <sup>d</sup>choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA, come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Le-

Cam. Shall satisfy your father. [Ontes?]

Per. Happy be you! [Cus.]

All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Whom have we here?— [Seeing AUTOLY.]

We'll make an instrument of this: omit

Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hang-

ing.  
Cam. How now, good fellow! Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discease thee instantly, (thou must think, there's a necessity in't) and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some <sup>e</sup>boot. <sup>1</sup>[Giving money.]

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[Aside.] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half <sup>f</sup>ayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—[Aside.] I smell the trick of it.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy Come home to you!) you must retire yourself Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat, And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face; Dismantle you, and as you can, disliken The truth of your own seeming, that you may (For I do fear eyes ever) to ship-board Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,

That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.—

<sup>2</sup>[Gives it to PERDITA.]

Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita! what have we twin forgot <sup>3</sup>?  
Pray you, a word. <sup>4</sup>[They talk apart.]

Cam. What I do next shall be to tell the king Of this escape, and whither they are bound; Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail, To force him after: in whose company I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—  
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.]

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse: a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside!—here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clow. See, what a man you are now! There is no other way, but to tell the king she's a <sup>5</sup>change-ling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clow. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clow. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [Aside.] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this <sup>6</sup>fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [Aside.] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the fight of my master.

Clow. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [Aside.] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my pedler's <sup>7</sup>excrement.—[Takes off his false beard.] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that <sup>8</sup>fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what <sup>9</sup>having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known discover.

<sup>a</sup> A pomander was a ball of perfumes, worn in the pocket or about the neck. <sup>b</sup> Feet. <sup>c</sup> Hubbub. <sup>d</sup> Birds. <sup>e</sup> "Some boot," i. e., something to boot. <sup>f</sup> Stripped.

<sup>5</sup> "A changeling," i. e., a child left in the place of another. <sup>6</sup> "Fardel," i. e., bundle; pack. <sup>7</sup> Beard. <sup>8</sup> Estate; property.

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*Aut.* A lie: you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel: therefore, they do not give us the <sup>a</sup> lie.

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the <sup>b</sup> manner.

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the <sup>c</sup> court? receives not thy nose court-odor from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or <sup>d</sup> touze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, an't like you.

*Clo.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say, you have none.

*Shep.* None, sir: I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

*Aut.* How bless'd are we that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

*Clo.* This cannot but be a great courtier.

*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

*Aut.* The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

*Shep.* Sir, there lie such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

*Shep.* Why, sir?

*Aut.* The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

*Shep.* So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in 'hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clo.* Think you so, sir?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter, but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*Clo.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be flayed alive, then, 'mounted over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; <sup>1</sup> there stand, till he be three quar-

ters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vita, or some other hot-infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication <sup>2</sup> proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorous rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king? being something gently <sup>b</sup> considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned, and flayed alive!

*Shep.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shep.* Ay, sir.

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

*Clo.* In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

*Aut.* O! that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clo.* Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

*Aut.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside: go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

*Clo.* We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn <sup>2</sup> luck to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him I will present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of LEONTES.

*Enter* LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others.

*Cleo.* Sir, you have done enough, and have performed

<sup>a</sup> The meaning is, they are paid for lying, therefore they do not give us the lie.—<sup>b</sup> "With the manner," i. e., in the fact.—<sup>c</sup> "The measure of the court," i. e., the stately tread of courtiers.—<sup>d</sup> To touze is to pull, or tug.—<sup>e</sup> "In hand-fast," i. e., in custody.—<sup>f</sup> Related.

<sup>1</sup> The hottest day foretold in the almanack.—<sup>2</sup> "Being something gently considered," i. e., for a gentlemanly consideration, or a handsome bribe.

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down  
More penitence than done trespass. At the last,  
Do, as the heavens have done, forget your evil;  
With them, forgive yourself.

*Leon.* Whilst I remember  
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them, and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,  
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of: true.

*Paul.* Too true, my lord:  
If one by one you wedded all the world,  
Or from the all that are took something good,  
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd  
Would be unparallel'd.

*Leon.* I think so. Kill'd!  
She I kill'd? I did so; but thou strik'st me  
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,  
Say so but seldom.

*Cleo.* Not at all, good lady:  
You might have spoken a thousand things that would  
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
Your kindness better.

*Paul.* You are one of those,  
Would have him wed again.

*Dion.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,  
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,  
Than to rejoice the former queen is a well?  
What holier than, for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort, and for future good,  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to 't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy,  
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;  
For has not the divine Apollo said,  
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,  
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,  
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,  
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,  
As my Antigonus to break his grave,  
And come again to me; who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,  
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;  
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander  
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

*Leon.* Good Paulina,—  
Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
I know, in honor,—O, that ever I  
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,  
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,  
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

*Paul.* And left them  
More rich, for what they yielded.

*Leon.* Thou speak'st truth.  
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,  
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit  
Aguin possess her corpse; and, on this stage,  
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd,  
Begin, "And why to b me?"

*Paul.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

*Leon.* She had; and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so:  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't  
You chose her? then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Should 'rife to hear me, and the words what follow'd  
Should be, "Remember mine."

*Leon.* Stars, stars!  
And all eyes else dead coals.—Fear thou no wife;  
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paul.* Will you swear  
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

*Leon.* Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

*Paul.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.

*Paul.* Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
\* Affront his eye.

*Cleo.* Good madam, I have done.

*Paul.* Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
No remedy, but you will—give me the office  
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young  
As was your former; but she shall be such  
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy  
To see her in your arms.

*Leon.* My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

*Paul.* That  
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath:  
Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One that gives out himself prince Florizel,  
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she  
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access  
To your high presence.

*Leon.* What! with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us  
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need, and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*Leon.* His princess, say you, with him?

*Gent.* Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,  
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paul.* O Hermione!  
As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better, gone, so must thy grace  
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself  
Have said and writ 'so, but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme—She had not been,  
Nor was not to be equal'd;—thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis 'shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say you have seen a better.

*Gent.* Pardon, madam:  
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon)  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else, make proselytes  
Of whom she but did follow.

*Paul.* How! not women?

*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*Leon.* Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honor'd friends,

\* At rest; dead.—b "And why to me," i. e., and why such treatment to me!

\* Instigate.—<sup>d</sup> Split.—<sup>e</sup> Encounter; meet.—<sup>f</sup> "So" relates to what follows; that she had not been equal'd.—<sup>g</sup> "Colder than that theme," i. e., than the case of Hermione, the subject of your writing.—<sup>b</sup> Vexatiously.

Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,  
[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*]  
He thus should steal upon us.

*Paul.* Had our Prince  
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord: there was not full a month  
Between their births.

*Leon.* Pr'ythee, no more: cease! thou know'st,  
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that, which may  
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince,  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!  
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder as,  
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost  
(All mine own folly) the society,  
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,  
Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look on him.

*Flo.* By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a king, as friend,  
Can send his brother; and, but infirmity  
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd  
His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measur'd to look upon you, whom he loves  
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,  
And those that bear them, living.

*Leon.* O, my brother!  
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir  
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness.—Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he, too,  
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage  
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less  
Th' adventure of her person?

*Flo.* Good, my lord,  
She came from Libya.

*Leon.* Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble, honor'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

*Flo.* Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose  
daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence  
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,  
To execute the charge my father gave me,  
For visiting your highness. My best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd,  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify,  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
Here, where we are.

*Leon.* The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
Do climate here! You have a noble father,  
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd

(As he from heaven merits it) with you,  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you?

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most noble sir,  
That which I shall report will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,  
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;  
Desires you to 'attach his son, who has  
(His dignity and duty both cast off)  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

*Leon.* Where's Bohemia? speak.  
*Lord.* Here in your city; I now came from him:  
I speak amazedly, and it becomes  
My marvel, and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hastening (in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

*Flo.* Camillo has betray'd me  
Whose honor, and whose honesty, till now,  
Endur'd all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't so to his charge:  
He's with the king your father.

*Leon.* Who? Camillo?  
*Lord.* Camillo, sir: I spake with him, who now  
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth,  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

*Per.* O, my poor father!—  
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*Leon.* You are married?  
*Flo.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:  
The odds for high and low's alike.

*Leon.* My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?

*Flo.* She is,  
When once she is my wife.

*Leon.* That once, I see, by your good father's speed,  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.* Dear, look up:  
Though fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us with my father, power no jot  
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you ow'd no more to time  
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate: at your request,  
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

*Leon.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mis-  
Which he counts but a trifle. [Tress,

*Paul.* Sir, my liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month  
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such  
Than what you look on now. [gazes

*Leon.* I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition  
[To FLORIZEL.

Is yet unanswered. I will to your father:  
Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,

<sup>b</sup> Arrest.—<sup>c</sup> Conversation.—<sup>d</sup> Worth is meant for descent, wealth.

<sup>a</sup> "Graceful," i. e., full of grace.

I am a friend to them, and you; upon which errand I now go toward him. Therefore, follow me, And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. Before the Palace.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.*

*Aut.* Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

*1 Gent.* I was by at the opening of the <sup>a</sup>fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazement, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*1 Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the <sup>b</sup>importance were joy, or sorrow, but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more. The news, Rogero?

*2 Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? This news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

*3 Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you'll hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the <sup>c</sup>affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

*2 Gent.* No.

*3 Gent.* Then you have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by <sup>d</sup>favor. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asked Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with <sup>e</sup>clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten <sup>f</sup>conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter,

which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to <sup>1</sup>show it.

*2 Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

*3 Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his that Paulina knows.

*1 Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

*3 Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O! the noble combat, that <sup>2</sup>twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing <sup>3</sup>her.

*1 Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

*3 Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, (with the manner how she came to't, <sup>4</sup>heavily confessed, and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an alas! I would fain say, bleed tears, for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most <sup>5</sup>marble there changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the wo had been universal.

*1 Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

*3 Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself <sup>6</sup>eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

*2 Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that <sup>7</sup>removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

*1 Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthriftly to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

*Aut.* Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

<sup>a</sup> "Who was most marble," i. e., those who had the hardest hearts.—<sup>b</sup> Immortality.—<sup>1</sup> Remote.

<sup>a</sup> Packet.—<sup>b</sup> "The importance," i. e., the import; the thing imported.—<sup>c</sup> Disposition.—<sup>d</sup> Feature; countenance.—<sup>e</sup> "Clipping," i. e., embracing.—<sup>f</sup> Conduits or fountains were frequently representations of the human figure.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown, in new apparel.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Shep.* Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have;—but I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clo.* Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*Shep.* Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and 'franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, son?

*Clo.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it, and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Aut.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dares venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—<sup>c</sup>[*Trumpets.*] Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Chapel in PAULINA'S House.

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Leon.* O! grave and good Paulina, the great comfort I have had of thee! [*fort*]

*Paul.* What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well. All my services, You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never

My life may last to answer.

*Leon.*

O Paulina!

We honor you with trouble. But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities, but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

*Paul.*

As she liv'd peerless,

So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Exceeds whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say, 'tis well. [*PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*]

<sup>3</sup> Music playing.—A pause.

I like your silence: it the more shows off Your wonder: but yet speak:—first you, my liege. Comes it not something near?

*Leon.*

Her natural posture.—

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she In thy not chiding, for she was as tender As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing So aged, as this seems.

*Pol.*

O! not by much.

*Paul.* So much the more our carver's excellence: Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her As she liv'd now.

*Leon.*

As now she might have done,

So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O! thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty, (warm life, As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her. I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece! There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee.

*Per.*

And give me leave,

And do not say 'tis superstition, that <sup>4</sup>[*Kneeling.* I kneel, and <sup>5</sup>thus implore her blessing.—Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

*Paul.*

O, patience!

The statue is but newly fix'd, the color's Not dry.

*Cam.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on, Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow, But kill'd itself much sooner.

*Pol.*

Dear my brother,

Let him that was the cause of this have power To take off so much grief from you, as he Will give up in himself.

*Paul.*

Indeed, my lord,

If I had thought, the sight of my poor image Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine) I'd not have show'd it. <sup>6</sup>[*Offers to draw.*]

*Leon.*

Do not draw the curtain.

*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't, lest you May think anon it moves. [*fancy*]

*Leon.*

Let be, let be!

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already 'I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.—What was he that did make it?—See, my lord, Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins

\* A "franklin" was a frecholder, or yeoman.—<sup>b</sup> Bold; courageous.

<sup>c</sup> Agitated.

Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done:  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leon.* The figure of her eye has motion <sup>a</sup> in't,  
<sup>b</sup> As we are mock'd with art.

*Paul.* I'll draw the curtain.  
My lord's almost so far transported, that  
<sup>1</sup> [*Offers again to draw.*]

He'll think anon it lives.

*Leon.* O, sweet Paulina!  
Make me to think so twenty years together:  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone. [*but*]  
*Paul.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you;  
I could afflict you farther.

*Leon.* Do, Paulina,  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*Paul.* Good my lord, forbear. <sup>2</sup> [*She stays him.*]  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet:  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own  
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?  
*Leon.* No, not these twenty years.

*Per.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

*Paul.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you  
For more amazement. If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,  
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,  
(Which I protest against) I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*Leon.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on: what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak, as move.

*Paul.* It is requir'd,  
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still.  
On, those that think it is unlawful business  
I am about; let them depart.

*Leon.* Proceed:  
No foot shall stir.

*Paul.* Music awake her. Strike!— [*Music.*]  
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;  
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs.

[*HERMIONE descends <sup>3</sup> slowly from the pedestal.*]  
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as  
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again, for then  
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:

When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,  
Is she become the suitor?

*Leon.* O! she's warm. [*Embracing her.*]  
If this be magic, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

*Pol.* She embraces him.

*Cam.* She hangs about his neck.

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

*Pol.* Ay; and make it manifest where she has liv'd,  
Or how sto'n from the dead?

*Paul.* That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—  
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady,  
Our Perdita is found. [*PERDITA kneels to HERMIONE.*]

*Her.* You gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,  
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where lived? how  
found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,  
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd  
Myself to see the issue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that,  
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble  
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,  
Your precious <sup>c</sup> winners all: your exultation  
<sup>d</sup> Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost.

*Leon.* O peace, Paulina!  
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;  
But how is to be question'd, for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many  
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far  
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee  
An honorable husband.—Come, Camillo,  
<sup>4</sup> And take her hand, <sup>e</sup> whose worth, and honesty,  
Is richly noted, and here justified  
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—  
What!—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,  
That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill-suspicion.—This your son-in-law,  
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing)  
Is troth-pledged to your daughter.—Good Paulina,  
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely  
Each one demand, and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> That is, though her eye be fixed, it seems to have motion in it.—<sup>b</sup> "As" for *as if*.

<sup>c</sup> "You precious winners," i. e., you who by this discovery have gained what you desired.—<sup>d</sup> Participate.—<sup>e</sup> "Whoso" relates to Camillo.

# KING JOHN.



Act III.—Scene 1.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, his Son.<sup>1</sup>

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne.<sup>2</sup>

WILLIAM MARESHALL, Earl of Pembroke.

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, Earl of Essex.<sup>3</sup>

WILLIAM LONGWORD, Earl of Salisbury.

ROBERT BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.

HUBERT DE BURGH, Chamberlain to the King.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.<sup>4</sup>

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE.<sup>5</sup>

JAMES GURNEY, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER of Pomfret.<sup>6</sup>

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

Archduke of Austria.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate.

MELUN, a French Lord.

CHATILLON, Ambassador from France.<sup>7</sup>

ELINOR, Widow of King Henry II.

CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile.<sup>8</sup>

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.<sup>9</sup>

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, <sup>10</sup>and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.

*Enter KING JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and Others, with CHATILLON.*

*K. John.* Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us? [France,

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of In my <sup>a</sup>behavior, to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning!—borrow'd majesty?

*K. John.* Silence, good mother: hear the embassy.

*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island, and the territories,  
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

*K. John.* What follows, if we disallow of this?

*Chat.* The proud <sup>b</sup>control of fierce and bloody war,  
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,  
The farthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

<sup>a</sup> "In my behavior," i. e., in the words and actions I am now going to use.

<sup>b</sup> "Proud control," i. e., constraint; compulsion.



And <sup>1</sup> sudden presage of your own decay.—  
An honorable conduct let him have:  
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exit* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

*Eli.* What now, my son? have I not ever said,  
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,  
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,  
Upon the right and party of her son?  
This might have been prevented, and made whole,  
With very easy arguments of love,  
Which now the <sup>a</sup> manage of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*K. John.* Our strong possession, and our right for us.

*Eli.* Your strong possession, much more than your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,  
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers*  
ESSEX.

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy,  
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,  
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

*K. John.* Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*]  
Our abbeyes, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE,  
and PHILIP, his bastard Brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

*Bast.* Your faithful subject I; a gentleman  
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,  
A soldier, by the honor-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?  
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

*Bast.* Most certain of one mother, mighty king;  
That is well known, and, as I think, one father:  
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother:  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,

And wound her honor with this diffidence.

*Bast.* I, madam? no, I have no reason for it:  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;  
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.  
Heaven guard my mother's honor, and my land!

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger  
born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

*Bast.* I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:  
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head;  
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,  
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)

Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.  
If old sir Robert did beget us both,  
And were our father, and this son like him,  
O! old sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

*K. John.* Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

*Eli.* He hath a <sup>b</sup> trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man?

<sup>a</sup> Conduct; administration.—<sup>b</sup> "A trick," i. e., a peculiar cast of the features.

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak;  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

*Bast.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father,  
With that half-face would he have all my land:  
A 'half-face'd groat five hundred pound a year!

*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,  
Your brother did employ my father much.

*Bast.* Well, sir; by this you cannot get my land:  
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

*Rob.* And once despatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there, with the emperor,  
To treat of high affairs touching that time.  
The advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;

Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,  
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores  
Between my father and my mother lay,  
As I have heard my father speak himself,  
When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,  
That this, my mother's son, was none of his:  
And, if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate:  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;  
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;  
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,  
My brother might not claim him, nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him.—This <sup>d</sup> concludes,—  
My mother's son did get your father's heir;  
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

*Rob.* Shall, then, my father's will be of no force  
To dispossess that child which is not his?

*Bast.* Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,  
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,  
Lord of thy <sup>e</sup> presence, and no land beside?

*Bast.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, sir Robert 'his, like him;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,  
My arms such cel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,  
Lest men should say, "Look, where <sup>f</sup> three-farthings  
goes,"

And, <sup>h</sup> to his shape, were heir to all this land,  
Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I'd give it every foot to have this face:  
I would not be sir 'Nob in any case.

*Eli.* I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?  
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year,  
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—

<sup>c</sup> A "half-face" is a *profile*.—<sup>d</sup> "This concludes," i. e., this is the conclusion to be drawn.—<sup>e</sup> "Lord of thy presence," i. e., of the respect due to thy rank.—<sup>f</sup> "Sir Robert his" is used for Sir Robert's.—<sup>g</sup> The "three-farthing" pieces of Queen Elizabeth had a rose on the reverse side.—<sup>h</sup> "To," i. e., in addition to.—Robert.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

*Bast.* Our country manners give our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name?

*Bast.* Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;

Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest.

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great:

<sup>1</sup>[*Bast. kneels and rises.*]

Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

*Bast.* Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand:

My father gave me honor, yours gave land.—

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got sir Robert was away.

*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet!—

I am thy grandame, Richard: call me so. [though?]

*Bast.* Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,

And have is have, however men do catch.

Near or far off, well won is still well shot,

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—

Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed For France, for France, for it is more than need.

*Bast.* Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee, For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honor better than I was,

But many, <sup>2</sup>ah, many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—

"Good <sup>3</sup>den, sir Richard,"—"God-a-mercy, fellow;"

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;

For new-made honor doth forget men's names:

'Tis too <sup>4</sup>respective, and too sociable,

For your <sup>5</sup>conversion. Now your traveller,

He and his tooth-pick at my worship's <sup>6</sup>mess;

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize

My picked man of <sup>7</sup>countries:—"My dear sir,"

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,

"I shall beseech you"—that is question now;

And then comes answer like an <sup>8</sup>ABC-book:—

"O sir," says answer, "at your best command;

At your employment; at your service, sir:—"

"No, sir," says question, "I, sweet sir, at yours:"

And so, ere answer knows what question would,

Saving in dialogue of compliment,

And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,

The Pyreneans, and the river Po,

It draws toward supper, in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society,

And fits <sup>9</sup>a mounting spirit, like myself;

For he is but a bastard to the time,

That doth not smack of <sup>10</sup>observation;

And so am I, whether I smack, or no;

And not alone in habit and device,

Exterior form, outward accoutrement,

But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:

Which, though I will not practise to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn,

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—

But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?

What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,

That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

*Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.*

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady!

What brings you here to court so hastily?

*Lady F.* Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,

That holds in chase mine honor up and down?

*Bast.* My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so? [by,

*Lady F.* Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend

Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?

He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

*Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.

*Bast.* Philip?—sparrow!—James,

There's <sup>11</sup>toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.

Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,

<sup>12</sup>Could not get me; sir Robert could not do it:

We know his handy-work.—Therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

*Lady F.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother, too,

That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honor?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

*Bast.* Knight, knight, good mother,—<sup>13</sup>Basiliaco like.

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

Then, good my mother, let me know my father:

Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

*Lady F.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

*Bast.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*Lady F.* King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father.

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd

To make room for him in my husband's bed.—

Heaven! lay not my transgression to my charge.

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

*Bast.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,

And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,

Subjected tribute to commanding love,

Against whose fury and unmatched force

The awless lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He, that perforce robs lions of their <sup>14</sup>hearts,

May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,

With all my heart I thank thee for my father.

Who lives, and dares but say thou didst not well

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,

If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says it was, he lies: I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* These were common expressions in Shakespeare's time, to denote birth out of wedlock.—<sup>b</sup> Good evening.—<sup>c</sup> Considerative; regardful.—<sup>d</sup> Change of condition.—<sup>e</sup> "At my worship's mess," i. e., at the table where I, as a knight, shall be placed.—<sup>f</sup> "My picked man of countries" is equivalent to my travelled foot.—<sup>g</sup> "An ABC-book," i. e., a catechism.—<sup>h</sup> "Smack of observation," i. e., appear to have travelled, and made observations in foreign countries.

<sup>11</sup> "Philip" was the old name given to a sparrow.—<sup>12</sup> Rumors; idle reports.—<sup>13</sup> "Basiliaco" was a cowardly braggart in an old play.—<sup>14</sup> An allusion to the fabulous story that King Richard plucked out the heart of a lion to whose fury he was exposed.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

*Enter, on one side, the Archduke of AUSTRIA, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.*

*Lew.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—

Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,  
Richard, that rob'd'd the lion of his heart,  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
By this brave duke came early to his grave:

And, for amends to his posterity,  
At our <sup>a</sup>importance hither is he come,  
To spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf;  
And to rebuke the usurpation

Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

*Arth.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,

The rather, that you give his offspring life,

Shadowing <sup>1</sup>his right under your wings of war.

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,

But with a heart full of <sup>2</sup>unstrained love:

Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

*Lew.* A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,

As seal to this indenture of my love;

That to my home I will no more return,

Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,

And coops from other lands her islanders,

Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,

That water-walled bulwark, still secure

And confident from foreign purposes,

Even till that utmost corner of the west

Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,

Will I not think of home, but follow arms. [*thanks,*

*Const.* O! take his mother's thanks, a widow's

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,

To make a <sup>b</sup>more requital to your love. [*swords*

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their

In such a just and charitable war. [*be bent*

*K. Phi.* Well then, to work. Our cannon shall

Against the brows of this resisting town:—

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best <sup>c</sup>advantages.

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,

Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.

My lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right in peace, which here we urge in war;

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,

That hot rash haste so <sup>3</sup>indiscreetly shed.

*Enter CHATILLON.*

*K. Phi.* A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,

Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd.—

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;

We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.

*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,

And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,

Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time

To land his legions all as soon as I.

His marches are <sup>d</sup>expedient to this town;

His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along has come the mother-queen,

<sup>4</sup>As <sup>e</sup>Até stirring him to blood and strife:  
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;  
With them a bastard of the king's deceased,  
And all th' unsettled humors of the land:

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery volunteers,  
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragon's spleens,  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms have 'twait o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and <sup>f</sup>seath in Christendom.

[*Drums heard.* <sup>5</sup>

The interruption of their churlish drums

Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,

To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

*K. Phi.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

*Aust.* By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavor for defence,

For courage mounteth with occasion:

Let them be welcome, then; we are prepared.

*Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

*K. John.* Peace be to France, if France in peace

Our just and lineal entrance to our own: [*permit*

If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven;

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct

Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

*K. Phi.* Peace be to England, if that war return

From France to England, there to live in peace.

England we love; and, for that England's sake,

With burden of our armor here we sweat.

This toil of ours should be a work of thine;

But thou from loving England art so far,

That thou hast <sup>h</sup>under-wrought <sup>6</sup>her lawful king,

Cut off the <sup>i</sup>sequence of posterity,

Outfaced infant state, and done a rape

Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face:

[*Pointing to ARTHUR.*

These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:

This little abstract doth contain that large,

Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time

Shall draw this <sup>k</sup>brief into as huge a volume.

That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,

And this his son: England was Geoffrey's right,

And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of God,

How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,

When living blood doth in these temples beat,

Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commis-

To draw my answer from thy articles? [*son, France,*

*K. Phi.* From that <sup>l</sup>supernal Judge, that stirs

In any breast of strong authority, [*good thoughts*

To look into the blots and stains of right.

That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;

Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,

And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

*K. John.* Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

*K. Phi.* Excuse: it is to beat usurping France.

*Eli.* Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

*Const.* Let me make answer:—thy usurping son.

*Eli.* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,

That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!

*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true,

As thine was to thy husband, and this boy

Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,

<sup>a</sup>The goddess of revenge.—<sup>b</sup>Wafted.—<sup>c</sup>Destruction; dam-

age.—<sup>d</sup>Undermined.—<sup>e</sup>Succession.—<sup>f</sup>Abstract; epitome.—

<sup>g</sup>Celestial.

<sup>a</sup>Importunity.—<sup>b</sup>Greater.—<sup>c</sup>That is, to mark the best station to overawe the town.—<sup>d</sup>Expeditious; immediate.

Than thou and John, in manners being as like,  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,  
His father never was so true begot:

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother. [father.

*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy

*Const.* There's a good grandam, boy, that would  
*Aust.* Peace! [blot thee.

*Bast.* Hear the crier.

*Aust.* What the devil art thou?

*Bast.* One that will play the devil, sir, with you,  
An 'a may catch your 'hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard.  
I'll smoke your skin-coat, and I catch you right:  
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

*Blanch.* O! well did he become that lion's robe,  
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.

*Bast.* It lies as sightly on the back of him,  
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass.—

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

*Aust.* What cracker is this same, that deafs our  
With this abundance of superfluous breath? [ears

*K. Phi.* Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

*Lew.* Women and fools, break off your confer-  
King John, this is the very sum of all: [ence.—  
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.

Will thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

*K. John.* My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.—  
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,  
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,  
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:  
Submit thee, boy.

*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.

*Const.* Do, child, go to it! grandam, child:  
Give grandam kingdom, and it! grandam will  
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:  
There's a good grandam.

*Arth.* Good my mother, peace!  
I would that I were low laid in my grave: '[Weeping.  
I am not worth this 'coil that's made for me.

*Eli.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

*Const.* Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!  
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,  
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:

Ay, with these crystal beads 'shall heaven be brib'd!  
To do him justice, and revenge on you. [earth!

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and  
Call not me slanderer: thou, and thine, usurp [earth!  
The dominations, royalties, and rights,  
Of this oppressed boy, 'thy eld'st son's son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy sins are visited 'on this poor child;

The canon of the law is laid on him,

Being but the second generation

Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. John.* Bedlam, have done.

*Const.* I have but this to say,—

That he is not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her, the plague  
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,  
And with her plague her sin: his injury  
Her injury the beadle to her sin,  
All punish'd in the person of this child,  
And all for her, a plague upon her!

*Eli.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will, that bars the title of thy son.

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;  
A woman's will: a canker'd grandam's will!

*K. Phi.* Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.

It ill becometh this presence, to cry 'aim

To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak,  
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.*

*Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?  
*K. Phi.* 'Tis France, for England.

*K. John.* England, for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

*K. Phi.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's sub-  
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle 'parle. [jects.

*K. John.* For our advantage; therefore, hear us

These flags of France, that are advanced here [first.—

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement:

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,

And ready mounted are they, to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

All preparation for a bloody siege,

And merciless proceeding by these French,

'Come 'fore your city's eyes, your winking gates;

And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,

That as a waist do girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordinance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,

Who painfully, with much expedient march,

Have brought a countercheck before your gates,

To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,

Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;

And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,

To make a shaking fever in your walls,

They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,

To make a faithless error in your ears:

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And let us in, your king; whose labor'd spirits,

'Forewearing in this action of swift speed,

Crave harborage within your city walls.

*K. Phi.* When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo! in this right hand, whose protection

Is most divinely vow'd upon the right

Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,

Son to the elder brother of this man,

And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.

For this down-trodden equity, we tread

In warlike march these greens before your town;

Being no farther enemy to you,

Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,

In the relief of this oppressed child,

Religiously provokes. Be pleased, then,

To pay that duty, which you truly owe,

To him that 'owes it, namely, this young prince;

And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,

Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up:

Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent

Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;

And with a blessed and unwev'd retire,

With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruia'd,

We will bear home that lusty blood again,

Which here we came to spout against your town,

And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,

'Tis not the 'roundure of your old-fac'd walls

\* *Austria* wore a lion's hide, as the spoil of King Richard  
Cœur-de-lion.—† *Bustle*; tumult.

\* "To cry aim to," i. e., to encourage.—† *Conference*.—  
\* Worn out.—† *Owens*.—‡ *Circle*; compass.

Can hide you from our messengers of war,  
Though all these English, and their discipline,  
Were harbor'd in their rude circumference.  
Then, tell us; shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it,  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

*Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects for him, and in his right, we hold this town. [jects:]

*K. John.* Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

*Cit.* That can we not; but he that proves the king, To him will we prove loyal: till that time, Have we rammi'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England prove And, if not that, I bring you witnesses, [the king?] Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

*Bast.* Bastards, and else. <sup>1</sup> [*Aside.*

*K. John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Phi.* As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

*Bast.* Some bastards, too. <sup>2</sup> [*Aside.*

*K. Phi.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

*Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest, We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sins of all those That to their everlasting residence [souls, Before the dew of evening fall shall fleet, In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king! [arms!]

*K. Phi.* Amen, Amen.—Mount, chevaliers! to

*Bast.* St. George, that \*swing'd the dragon, and e'er since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence! [To AUSTRIA.] Sirrah, were At your den, sirrah, with your lioness, [I at home, I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide, And make a monster of you.

*Aust.* Peace! no more.

*Bast.* O! tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain; where we'll set In best appointment all our regiments. [forth]

*Bast.* Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.

*K. Phi.* It shall be so;—[To LEWIS.] and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God and our right! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—The Same.

*Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

*F. Her.* You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,  
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in,  
Who by the hand of France this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:  
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolored earth,  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French,  
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

*Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.*

*E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:

King John, your king, and England's, doth approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day.  
Their armors, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.  
There stuck no plume in any English crest,  
That is remov'd by <sup>3</sup>any staff of France:

Our colors do return in those same hands,  
That did display them when we first march'd forth;  
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.  
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

*Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,  
From first to last, the onset and retire

Of both your armies; whose equality  
By our best eyes cannot be <sup>b</sup>censured: [blows;

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd  
Strength match'd with strength, and power confront—  
Both are alike; and both alike we like. [ed power:  
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,  
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his power, ELISABETH, BLANCH, and the Bastard; at the other, King PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and forces.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right roam on?  
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell  
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,  
Unless thou let his silver waters keep  
A peaceful progress to the ocean. [blood,

*K. Phi.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of  
In this hot trial, more than we of France;  
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,  
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we  
Or add a royal number to the dead, [bear,  
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,  
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Bast.* Ha! majesty, how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire.  
O! now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
And now he feasts, 'mousing the flesh of men,  
In undetermined differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,  
You equal potent, <sup>4</sup>fire-yrindled spirits!  
Then let confusion of one part confirm  
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

*K. Phi.* Speak, citizens, for England who's your king? [king.]

*Cit.* The king of England, when we know the

*K. Phi.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear procession of our person here;  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

*Cit.* A greater power than we denies all this;  
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,  
Kings of our fear; until our <sup>5</sup>fear, resolv'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

*Bast.* By heaven, these <sup>6</sup>scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me:  
Do like the <sup>7</sup>mutines of Jerusalem,  
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.  
By east and west let France and England mount

<sup>b</sup> "Censured," i. e., determined; judged.—<sup>c</sup> Devouring.—  
<sup>d</sup> "Scroyles," i. e., scabby fellows.—<sup>e</sup> Mutineers.

<sup>a</sup> Whipped.

Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,  
Till their "soul-fearing" clamors have brawld down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:  
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
That done, dissever your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colors once again;  
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;  
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion,  
To whom in favor she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
Smacks it not something of the policy? [heads,

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above our  
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,  
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,  
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

*Bast.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king,  
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;  
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
Why, then defy each other, and, pell-mell,  
Make work upon ourselves for heaven, or hell.

*K. Phi.* Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault.

*K. John.* We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom.

*Aust.* I from the north.

*K. Phi.* Our thunder from the south,  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

*Bast.* O, prudent discipline! From north to south,  
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.

[*Aside.*

I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away! [stay,  
*Cil.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to  
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;  
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field.  
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

*K. John.* Speak on, with favor: we are bent to hear.

*Cil.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,  
Is 'niece to England: look upon the years  
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
If 'zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:  
If not complete of, say, he is not she;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not, that she is not he:  
He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such a she;  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

O! two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;  
And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
To these two princes, if you marry them.  
This union shall do more than battery can  
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,  
With swifter 'spleen than powder can enforce,  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
And give you entrance; but, without this match,

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion: no, not death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

*Bast.*

Here's a 'd stay,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old death  
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions, [seas;  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.  
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bounce;  
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:  
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,  
But buffets better than a fist of France.  
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,  
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

*Elz.* Son, list to this conjunction; make this match;  
Give with our niece a dowry large enough,  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
That yond' green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France;  
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls  
Are capable of this ambition,  
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*Cil.* Why answer not the double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

*K. Phi.* Speak England first, that hath been for-  
ward first

To speak unto this city: what say you? [son,  
*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely  
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:  
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,  
And all that we upon this side the sea,  
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)  
Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich  
In titles, honors, and promotions,  
As she in beauty, education, blood,  
Holds hand with any princess of the world. [face.

*K. Phi.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's

*Lew.* I do, my lord; and in her eye I find  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye,  
Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.  
I do protest, I've never lov'd myself,  
Till now infixed I 'behold myself  
Drawn in the flattering 'table of her eye.

[*Whispers with BLANCH.*

*Bast.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,  
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,  
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: this is pity now, [be,  
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should  
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will in this respect is mine:  
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,  
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
I can with ease translate it to my will;  
Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
I will enforce it easily to my love.  
Farther I will not flatter you, my lord,  
That all I see in you is worthy love,

\* Soul-appalling.—† Pious.—‡ Speed.

<sup>d</sup> "A stay," i. e., an interruption.—"Table" is used here metaphorically for *tablet*, or *writing-table*.

Than this,—that nothing do I see in you, [judge,  
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your  
That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young ones? What say  
you, my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honor still to do  
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, prince Dauphin: can you  
love this lady?

*Lew.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,  
For I do love her most unfeignedly. [Maine,

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine,  
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

*K. Phi.* It likes us well.—Young princes, close  
your hands. <sup>1</sup> [They join hands.

*Aust.* And your lips too; for, I am well-assur'd,  
That I did so, when I was first <sup>2</sup> assur'd.

*K. Phi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, open your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at saint Mary's chapel presently  
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—  
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?

I know, she is not; for this match, made up,  
Her presence would have interrupted much.  
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

*Lew.* She is sad and <sup>3</sup> passionate at your highness'  
tent. [made,

*K. Phi.* And, by my faith, this league, that we have  
Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content  
This <sup>4</sup> widow'd lady? In her right we came,  
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
To our own <sup>5</sup> vantage.

*K. John.* We will heal up all;

For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,  
And earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town  
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance:  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity.—I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will,  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,  
That we shall stop her exclamation.  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens  
retire from the walls.*

*Bast.* Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly <sup>6</sup> departed with a part;  
And France, whose armor conscience buckled on,  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,  
As God's own soldier, <sup>7</sup> rounded in the ear  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,  
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,  
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—  
Who having no external thing to lose  
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;  
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling <sup>8</sup> commodity,—  
Commodity, the bias of the world;  
The world, who of itself is <sup>9</sup> poised well,  
Made to run even, upon even ground,  
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:

And this same bias, this commodity,  
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd <sup>4</sup> aim,  
From a resolv'd and honorable war,  
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.  
And why rail I on this commodity?  
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:  
Not that I have <sup>5</sup> no power to <sup>6</sup> clutch him hand,  
When his fair <sup>7</sup> angels would salute my palm;  
But <sup>8</sup> for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich,  
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
And say, there is no sin, but to be rich;  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
To say, there is no vice but beggary.  
Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [Exit.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. The French King's Tent.

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

*Const.* Gone to be married? gone to swear a peace?  
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends?  
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?  
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard:  
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:  
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.  
I trust, I may not trust thee, for thy word  
Is but the vain breath of a common man:  
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man:  
I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick, and <sup>1</sup> capable of fears;  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;  
A woman, naturally born to fears;  
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,  
With my vex'd spirits, I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?  
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?  
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?  
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true, as, I believe, you think them false,  
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Const.* O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;  
And let belief and life encounter so,  
As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
Which in the very meeting fall, and die.—  
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy! then where art thou?  
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—  
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight:  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

*Arth.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.

*Const.* If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert  
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb, [grim,  
Full of unpleasant blots, <sup>2</sup> unsightly stains,

<sup>4</sup> Affianced; contracted. — <sup>5</sup> "Passionate," i. e., agitated, overwhelmed with grief. — <sup>6</sup> Advantage. — <sup>7</sup> Parted. — <sup>8</sup> "Rounded," i. e., whispered. — <sup>9</sup> Interest; advantage.

<sup>1</sup> Clasp. — <sup>2</sup> Coins. — <sup>3</sup> Because. — <sup>4</sup> Susceptible.

Lame, foolish, crooked, <sup>a</sup>swart, <sup>b</sup>prodigious,  
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content;  
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:  
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, O!  
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee:  
Sh' adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;  
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;  
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John!—  
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,  
And leave those woes alone, which I alone  
Am bound to under-bear.

*Sal.* Pardon me, madam,  
I may not go without you to the kings. [*Thee.*]

*Const.* Thou may'st, thou shalt: I will not go with  
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,  
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.  
To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She sits on the ground.*]

*Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,  
ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed  
Ever in France shall be kept festival: [*day,*]  
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun  
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,  
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,  
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:  
The yearly course, that brings this day about,  
Shall never see it but a holiday.

*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*]  
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,  
That it in golden letters should be set,  
Among the high <sup>c</sup>tides, in the calendar?  
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;  
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child  
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,  
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be <sup>d</sup>cross'd:  
<sup>e</sup>But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;  
No bargains break, that are not this day made;  
This day all things begun come to ill end;  
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

*K. Phi.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.  
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,  
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,  
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;  
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:  
The grappling vigor, and rough frown of war,  
Is cold in amity and faint in peace,  
And our oppression hath made up this league.—  
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjurd kings!  
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,  
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjurd kings!  
Hear me! O, hear me!

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace!  
*Const.* War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame  
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
Thou little valiant, great in villainy! [*coward;*]  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
But when her humorous ladyship is by  
To teach thee safety! thou art perjurd too,  
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,  
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,  
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?  
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend  
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* O, that a man should speak those words to me!  
*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant  
limbs.

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.  
*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant  
limbs.

*K. John.* We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

*Enter PANDULPH.*

*K. Phi.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.  
*Pand.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven.

To thee, king John, my holy errand is.  
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,  
Do in his name religiously demand,  
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
So wilfully doth spurn; and, force 'perforce,  
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?  
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,  
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*K. John.* What earthly name to 'interrogatories  
Can task the free <sup>b</sup>breath of a sacred king?  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,  
Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
So, under <sup>2</sup>heaven, that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.  
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart  
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

*K. Phi.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

*K. John.* Though you, and all the kings of Christ-  
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest, [endom,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,  
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;  
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,  
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

*Pand.* Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:  
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt

<sup>a</sup> "Swart," i. e., dark; dusky.—<sup>b</sup> Preternatural.—<sup>c</sup> By the  
"high tides" are meant solemn seasons, times to be observed  
above others.—<sup>d</sup> "Prodigiously be cross'd," i. e., be disap-  
pointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster.—<sup>e</sup> "But"  
is used here for except.

"Force perforce," i. e., violently; by force.—<sup>f</sup> "To in-  
terrogatories," i. e., subjoined to interrogatories.—<sup>g</sup> "Can  
task the free breath of," i. e., can force an answer from.



From his allegiance to an heretic;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O! lawful let it be,  
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.  
Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen  
To my keen curses; for without my wrong  
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

*Const.* And for mine too: when law can do no right,  
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.  
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,  
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:  
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,  
And raise the power of France upon his head,  
Unless he do submit himself to Rome. [hand.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy  
*Const.* Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,  
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,  
Because—

*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?  
*Const.* What should he say, but as the cardinal?

*Lew.* Bethink you, father; for the difference

Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,

Or the light loss of England for a friend:

Forego the easier.

*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.

*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee  
In likeness of a new uptrimmed bride. [here,

*Blanch.* The lady Constance speaks not from her  
But from her need. [faith,

*Const.* O! if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,  
That faith would live again by death of need:  
O! then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;  
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down. [this.

*K. John.* The king is mov'd, and answers not to  
*Const.* O! be remov'd from him, and answer well.

*Aust.* Do so, king Philip: hang no more in doubt.

*Bast.* Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet  
lout.

*K. Phi.* I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

*Pand.* What canst thou say, but wilt perplex thee  
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd? [more,

*K. Phi.* Good reverend father, make my person  
And tell me how you would bestow yourself. [yours,

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,  
And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows;

The latest breath that gave the sound of words,

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd

With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,

Unyoke this seizure, and this kind <sup>b</sup>regret?  
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,  
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;  
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed  
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
And make a riot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity? O! holy sir,  
My reverend father, let it not be so:  
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
Some gentle order, and then we shall be bless'd  
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love.  
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church,  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A <sup>2</sup>caged lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

*K. Phi.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;

And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy vow

First made to heaven, first made to heaven perform'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church.

What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,

And may not be performed by thyself:

For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,

Is <sup>3</sup>but amiss when it is truly done;

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it.

The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again: though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire

Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept,

But thou hast sworn against religion, [swear'st,

By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,

Against an oath: the truth, thou art unsure

To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;

Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.

Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,

Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;

And better conquest never canst thou make,

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions:

Upon which better part our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,

The peril of our curses <sup>4</sup>lights on thee,

So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,

But in despair die under their black weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion!

*Bast.* Wilt not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

*Lew.* Father, to arms!

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,

Clamors of hell, be <sup>c</sup>measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—ah, alack! how new

Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms <sup>d</sup>[*Kneeling.*

Against mine uncle.

<sup>a</sup> "So strong in both," i. e., both in *hatred* and *love*.

<sup>b</sup> A *regret* is an exchange of salutations.—<sup>c</sup> Music.

*Const.* O! upon my knee, <sup>1</sup>[*Kneeling.*  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
Fore-thought by heaven. [may

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love. What motive  
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

*Const.* That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,  
His honor. O! thine honor, Lewis, thine honor.

*Lew.* I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.

*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*K. Phi.* Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall  
from thee.

*Const.* O, fair return of banish'd majesty!

*Eli.* O, foul revolt of French inconstancy!

*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within  
this hour.

*Bast.* Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton  
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue. [Time,

*Blanch.* The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day,  
Which is the side that I must go withal? [adieu!

I am with both: each army hath a hand,  
And in their rage, I having hold of both,  
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

*Lew.* Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there my  
life dies. [er.—

*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—  
[*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of France.

*K. Phi.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou  
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.

Look to thyself: thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John.* No more than he that threatens.—To arms  
let's hie! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Plains near Angiers.

*Alarums, Excursions.* Enter the Bastard with  
AUSTRIA'S Head.

*Bast.* Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous  
Some fiery devil hovers in the sky, [hot;  
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,  
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

*K. John.* Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make  
My mother is assailed in our tent, [up:  
And ta'en, I fear.

*Bast.* My lord, I rescued her;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:  
But on, my liege; for very little pains  
Will bring this labor to an happy end. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same.

*Alarums; Excursions; Retreat.* Enter King JOHN,  
ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and  
Lords.

*K. John.* So shall it be; your grace shall stay  
behind, [To ELINOR.  
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:  
[To ARTHUR.

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was. [grief.

*Arth.* O! this will make my mother die with  
*K. John.* Cousin, [To the Bastard.] away for Eng-  
land: haste before;

And ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots; <sup>2</sup>their imprison'd <sup>a</sup>angels  
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon:

Use our commission in his utmost force. [back,

*Bast.* Bell, book, and <sup>b</sup>candle shall not drive me

When gold and silver becks me to come on.

I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray

(If ever I remember to be holy,)

For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewell, gentle cousin.

*K. John.*

Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*

*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

<sup>4</sup>[*She talks apart with ARTHUR.*

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O! my gentle Hu-  
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh [bert,

There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd

To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty. [yet;

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so

But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,  
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—but let it go.

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of <sup>c</sup>gawds,

To give me audience:—if the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound on into the drowsy <sup>e</sup>ear of night:

If this same were a churchyard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,

(Which, else, runs <sup>f</sup>tingling up and down the veins.

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes,)

Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using <sup>d</sup>conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,

Then, in despite of <sup>7</sup>the broad watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

But ah! I will not:—yet I love thee well;

And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

By heaven, I would do it.

*K. John.* Do not I know, thou would'st?

Good Hubert! Hubert—Hubert, throw thine eye

On yond<sup>8</sup> young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,

He is a very serpent in my way;

And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,

He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?

Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I'll keep him so,

That he shall not offend your majesty.

<sup>a</sup> "Angels," i. e., gold coins called *angels*.—<sup>b</sup> "Bell, book, and candle." <sup>c</sup> "Communication in the church of Rome was accompanied by lighted *candles* and the tolling of *bells*, to cause the greater dread."—<sup>d</sup> "Gawds," i. e., showy ornaments.—<sup>e</sup> "Conception."

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord ?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee ;

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :

Remember.—Madam, fare you well :

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

*Eli.* My blessing go with thee !

*K. John.* For England, cousin : go.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. The French King's Tent.

*Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole <sup>a</sup>armado of <sup>1</sup>convented sail  
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go well.

*K. Phi.* What can go well, when we have run so

Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ? [*ill ?*]

Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?

And bloody England into England gone,

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France ?

*Lew.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified :

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example. Who hath read, or heard,

Of any kindred action like to this ? [*praise,*]

*K. Phi.* Well could I bear that England had this

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

*Enter CONSTANCE.*

Look, who comes here ? a grave unto a soul ;

Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted <sup>b</sup>breath.—

I prythee, lady, go away with me.

*Const.* Lo now ; now see the issue of your peace !

*K. Phi.* Patience, good lady : comfort, gentle

Constance.

*Const.* No, I <sup>c</sup>defy all counsel, all redress,

But that which ends all counsel, true redress,

Death, death.—O, amiable lovely death !

Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !

Arise <sup>2</sup>from forth the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;

And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;

And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;

And stop this <sup>d</sup>gap of breath with fulsome dust,<sup>1</sup>

And be a carrion monster like thyself :

Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,

And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,

O, come to me !

*K. Phi.* O, fair affliction, peace !

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.—

O ! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth ;

Then with <sup>3</sup>what passion would I shake the world,

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,

Which scorns a <sup>4</sup>widow's invocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art not holy to belie me so.

I am not mad : this hair I tear, is mine ;

My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost !

I am not mad :—I would to heaven, I were,

For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :

O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;

For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself :

If I were mad, I should forget my son,

Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.

I am not mad : too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity. [*note*]

*K. Phi.* Bind up those tresses. O ! what love I

In the fair multitude of those her hairs !

Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wry friends

Do glue themselves in sociable grief ;

Like true, inseparable, faithful <sup>5</sup>lovers,

Sticking together in calamity.

*Const.* To England, if you will.

*K. Phi.* Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it ?

I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,

"O, that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty !"

But now, I envy at their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bonds,

Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :

If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;

For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

To him that did but yesterday <sup>e</sup>suspire,

There was not such a <sup>f</sup>gracious creature born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,

And chase the native beauty from his cheek,

And he will look as hollow as a ghost,

As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,

And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him : therefore never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

*Const.* He talks to me, that never had a son.

*K. Phi.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

<sup>g</sup>Remembers me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form :

Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort than you do.—

I will not keep this form upon my head,

<sup>6</sup>[*Tearing her hair*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure ! [*Exit.*]

*K. Phi.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*]

*Lew.* There's nothing in this world can make me

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, [*joy :*]

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest : evils that take leave,

On their departure most of all show evil.

What have you lost by losing of this day ?

<sup>a</sup> Fleet.—<sup>b</sup> "Of afflicted breath," i. e., of the body.—

<sup>c</sup> Refuse ; reject.—<sup>d</sup> "This gap," i. e., this mouth.

<sup>e</sup> Breathe.—<sup>f</sup> Beautiful ; comely.—<sup>g</sup> Reminds.

*Lew.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pand.* If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no: when fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.  
'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly one.  
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

*Lew.* As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;  
For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.  
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,  
That whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
The misplac'd John should entertain one hour,  
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.

A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;  
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:  
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;  
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

*Lew.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

*Pand.* You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,  
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

*Lew.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

*Pand.* How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you,  
For be that steeps his safety in true blood  
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.  
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts  
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,  
That none so small advantage shall step forth  
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:  
No natural exhalation in the sky,  
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,  
No common wind, no custom'd event,  
But they will pluck away his natural cause,  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

*Lew.* May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,  
But hold himself safe in his imprisonment.

*Pand.* O! sir, when he shall hear of your approach,  
If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts  
Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;  
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.  
Methinks, I see this a hurly all on foot:  
And, O! what better matter breeds for you,  
Than I have nam'd.—The bastard Faulconbridge  
Is now in England ransacking the church,  
Offending charity: if but a dozen French  
Were there in arms, they would be as a <sup>b</sup> call  
To train ten thousand English to their side;  
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,  
Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble Dauphin!  
Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful,  
What may be wrought out of their discontent.  
Now that their souls are topful of offence,  
For England go; I will whet on the king. [us go:

*Lew.* Strong reasons make strange <sup>c</sup> actions. Let  
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou  
Within the <sup>d</sup> arras: when I strike my foot [stand  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.

*I Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples: fear not you: look to't.— [Exeunt Attendants.  
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title  
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my <sup>e</sup> christendom,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I <sup>2</sup> should be merry as the day is long;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practices more harm to me:  
He is afraid of me, and I of him.  
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?  
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven,  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* [Aside.] If I talk to him, with his innocent  
prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:  
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.  
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;  
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:  
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* [Aside.] His words do take possession of  
my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [Showing a paper.]

[Aside.] How now, foolish rheum!  
Turning dispiteous torture out of door?  
I must be brief; lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—  
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did  
but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)  
And I did never ask it you again:  
And with my hand at midnight held your head,  
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?  
Or, What good love may I perform for you?  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay you may think my love was crafty love,

<sup>a</sup> Tumult. — <sup>b</sup> "As a call," i. e., as a call-bird, the name given by fowlers to caged birds, which lure the wild ones to the net. — <sup>c</sup> "Make strange actions," i. e., justify great deviations from the common course.

<sup>d</sup> Tapestry. — <sup>e</sup> "By my christendom," i. e., by my christening, my baptism.

And call it cunning: do, an if you will.  
If heaven be pleas'd that you will use me ill,  
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall  
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it,  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah! none but in this iron age would do it.  
The iron of itself, though <sup>a</sup>heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes would drink my tears,  
And quench <sup>1</sup>this fiery indignation,  
Even in the matter of mine innocence:  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?  
An if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue but Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth. [*Stamps.*]

*Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do. [*out,*  
*Arth.* O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are  
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.  
<sup>2</sup>[*Taking it.*]

*Arth.* Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?  
I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.  
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.  
Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angrily.  
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

*I Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid away my friend;  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.—  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a mote in  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair, [*yours,*  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible. [*tongue.*]

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to; hold your  
*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:  
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes. O! spare mine eyes;  
Though to no use, but still to look on you.

Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;  
There is no malice in this burning coal;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it bluish,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:  
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;  
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth <sup>b</sup>tarre him on.  
All things that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office: only you do lack  
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, <sup>3</sup>extend,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle <sup>c</sup>owes:  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O! now you look like Hubert: all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace! no more. Adieu.  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence! no more. Go <sup>d</sup>closely in with me;  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in  
the Palace.

*Enter King JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALIS-  
BURY, and other Lords. The King takes his  
State.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again  
crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

*Pem.* This once again, but that your highness  
pleas'd,

Was once <sup>e</sup>superfluous: you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;  
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,  
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
To <sup>f</sup>guard a title that was rich before,  
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

*Pem.* But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
This act is as an ancient tale new told,  
And in the last repeating troublesome,  
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

*Sal.* In this, the antique and well-noted face  
Of plain old form is much disfigured;  
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,  
Startles and frights consideration,  
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

*Pem.* When workmen strive to do better than well,  
They do confound their skill in <sup>g</sup>covetousness;  
And, oftentimes excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:  
As patches, set upon a little breach,  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,  
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your high-  
To overbear it, and we are all well-pleas'd; [*ness*  
Since all and every part of what we would,  
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

<sup>b</sup> "Tarre," i. e., provoke; stimulate.—<sup>c</sup> Owns.—<sup>d</sup> "Close-ly," i. e., secretly; privately.—<sup>e</sup> "Once superfluous," i. e., once more than enough.—<sup>f</sup> "To guard," i. e., to ornament.—<sup>g</sup> "In covetousness," i. e., in an over-anxious desire to excel.

*K. John.* Some reasons of this double coronation I have possess'd you with, and think them strong; And more, more strong, <sup>1</sup> thus lessening my fear, I shall induce you with: mean time, but ask What you would have reform'd that is not well, And well shall you perceive, how willingly I will both hear and grant you your requests.

*Pent.* Then I, as one that am the tongue of these, To <sup>2</sup> sound the purposes of all their hearts, Both for myself and them, but, chief of all, Your safety, for the which myself and <sup>3</sup> they Bend their best studies, heartily request Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent To break into this dangerous argument:— If what in rest you have, in right you <sup>4</sup> hold, Why <sup>5</sup> should your fears, which, as they say, attend The steps of wrong, <sup>6</sup> then move you to mew up Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth The rich advantage of good exercise?— That the time's enemies may not have this To grace occasions, let it be our suit, That you have bid us ask his liberty; Which for our goods we do no farther ask, Than whereupon our weal, on <sup>7</sup> yours depending, Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

*K. John.* Let it be so: I do commit his youth

*Enter HUBERT.*

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

[*HUBERT* <sup>6</sup> talks apart with the King.

*Pem.* This is the man should do the bloody deed: He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine. The image of a wicked heinous fault Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his Doth show the mood of a much-troubled breast; And I do fearfully believe 'tis done, What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

*Sal.* The color of the king doth come and go, Between his purpose and his conscience, Like heralds' twixt two dreadful battles set: His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

*Pem.* And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.— Good lords, although my will to give is living, The suit which you demand is gone and dead: He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

*Sal.* Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

*Pem.* Indeed, we heard how near his death he was, Before the child himself felt he was sick. This must be answer'd, either here, or hence. [mo?]

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on Think you, I bear the shears of destiny? Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame, That greatness should so grossly offer it. So thrive it in your game; and so farewell.

*Pem.* Stay yet, lord Salisbury, I'll go with thee, And find th' inheritance of this poor child, His little kingdom of a forced grave. That blood which <sup>8</sup> ow'd the breadth of all this isle, Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while. This must not be thus borne: this will break out To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt,

[*Exeunt Lords.*

*K. John.* They burn in indignation. I repent: There is no sure foundation set on blood, No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood, That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks? So foul a sky clears not without a storm: Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?

*Mess.* From France to England.—Never such a For any foreign preparation, [power Was levied in the body of a land.

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them; For, when you should be told they do prepare, The tidings come that they are all arriv'd. [drunk?]

*K. John.* O! where hath our intelligence been Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care, That such an army could be drawn in France, And she not hear of it?

*Mess.*

My liege, her ear Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April, died Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord, The lady Constance in a frenzy died Three days before: but this from rumor's tongue I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion! O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd My discontented peers.—What! mother dead? How wildly, then, walks my <sup>9</sup> estate in France!— Under whose conduct come those powers of France, That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

*Mess.* Under the Dauphin.

*Enter the Bastard, and PETER of POMFRET.*

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy With these ill-tidings.—Now, what says the world To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Bast.* But if you be afraid to hear the worst, Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin, for I was <sup>10</sup> amaz'd Under the tide; but now I breathe again Aloft the flood, and can give audience To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*Bast.* How I have sped among the clergymen, The sums I have collected shall express: But as I travell'd hither through the land, I find the people strangely fantasied; Possess'd with rumors, full of idle dreams, Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear: And here's a prophet, that I brought with me From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found With many hundreds treading on his heels; To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes, That ere the next Ascension-day at noon, Your highness should deliver up your crown. [so?]

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou

*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him: imprison him; And on that day at noon, whereon, he says, I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd. Deliver him to <sup>11</sup> safety, and return, For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin!

[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

*Bast.* The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury, With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire, And others more, going to seek the grave Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go, And thrust thyself into their companies.

<sup>a</sup> "To sound," i. e., to speak out; to declare.—<sup>b</sup> Release.—<sup>c</sup> That is, 'if you hold by a good title what you quietly (in rest) enjoy.'—<sup>d</sup> Owned.

<sup>e</sup> "Walks my estate," i. e., go my affairs.—<sup>f</sup> Confounded.—<sup>g</sup> This "prophet" was a hermit in great repute with the common people.—<sup>h</sup> "To safety," i. e., to safe custody.

I have a way to win their loves again :  
Bring them before me.

*Bast.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste; the better foot  
O! let me have no subject enemies, [before.—  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.  
Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels,  
And fly like thought from them to me again.

*Bast.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.  
[Exit.

*K. John.* Spoke like a spritful, noble gentleman.—  
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,  
And be thou he.

*Mess.* With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.

*K. John.* My mother dead!

*Re-enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-  
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about [night:  
The other four in wondrous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons?

*Hub.* Old men, and beldames, in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.

Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear;

And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,  
Whilst he that hears, makes fearful action,

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;

Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)  
Told of a many thousand warlike French,

That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent.

Another lean, unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with  
these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my lord! why, did you not pro-  
voke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings, to be attended  
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant

To break into the bloody house of life;

And, on the winking of authority,

To understand a law; to know the meaning

Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns

More upon humor than advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* O! when the last account 'twixt heav-  
en and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,

Makes ill deeds done! Had'st not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

<sup>b</sup> Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind;

But, taking note of thy abhorrd aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,

Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,—

*K. John.* Had'st thou but sheok thy head, or

When I spake darkly what I purposed;

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

<sup>2</sup> Or bid me tell my tale in express words, [off,

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:

But thou didst understand me by my signs,

And didst in signs again parley with <sup>3</sup> sign;

Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,

And consequently thy rude hand to act

The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!

My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,

Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

Hostility and civil tumult reigns

Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,

I'll make a peace between your soul and you.

Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine

Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,

Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.

Within this bosom never enter'd yet

The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,

And you have slander'd nature in my form;

Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,

Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,

Than to be butcher of an innocent child. [peers:

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to tho

Throw this report on their incensed rage,

And make them tame to their obedience.

Forgive me the comment that my passion made

Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,

And foul imaginary eyes of blood

Presented thee more hideous than thou art.

O! answer not; but to my closet bring

The angry lords, with all expedient haste:

I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Castle.

*Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.—

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—

There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,

This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.

If I get down, and do not break my limbs,

I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:

As good to die and go, as die and stay. [Leaps down.

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones.

[Dies.

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's

It is our safety, and we must embrace [Bury:

This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

*Sal.* The count Melun, a noble lord of France;

Whose private missive of the Dauphin's love,

Is much more general than these lines import.

*Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

*Sal.* Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be

Two long days' journey, lords, or <sup>d</sup> e'er we meet.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* Once more to-day well met, <sup>e</sup> distemper'd

lords.

The king by me requests your presence straight,

<sup>a</sup> "Advis'd respect," i. e., deliberate consideration.—<sup>b</sup> "Quoted," i. e., noted; marked.

<sup>c</sup> Expeditious.—<sup>d</sup> "Or 'e'er," i. e., ere; or ever: before.—

<sup>e</sup> "Distemper'd," i. e., discontented; out of humor.

*Sal.* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:  
We will not line his 'sin-betained cloak  
With our pure honors, nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.  
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.

*Bast.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think,  
were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, <sup>a</sup>reason now.

*Bast.* But there is little reason in your grief;  
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.

*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

*Bast.* 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.  
*Sal.* This is the prison. What is he lies here?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*]

*Pem.* O death! made proud with pure and princely beauty,

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

*Big.* Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
Found it too precious-princely for a grave. [*held,*

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? Have you be-  
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see? could thought, without this object,

Form such another? This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,

That ever wall-cy'd wrath, or staring rage,

Presented to the tears of soft <sup>b</sup>remorse.

*Pem.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this;

And this, so sole and so unmatchable,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet unbegotten sin of times;

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,

Exemplary by this heinous spectacle.

*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work;

The graceless action of a heavy hand,

If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand?—

We had a kind of light, what would ensue:

It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;

The practice, and the purpose, of the king:

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,

And breathing to his breathless excellence

The incense of a vow, a holy vow,

Never to taste the pleasures of the world,

Never to be infected with delight,

Nor conversant with ease and idleness,

Till I have set a glory to this <sup>2</sup>head,

By giving it the worship of revenge.

*Pem.* *Big.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.

Arthur doth live: the king hath sent for you.

*Sal.* O! he is bold, and blushes not at death.—

Avant, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*]

*Bast.* Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.

*Sal.* Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, lord Salisbury; stand back, I

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours. [*say:*]

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

Nor tempt the danger of my <sup>c</sup>true defence;

Lest I, by marking <sup>3</sup>but your rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility. [*Man?*]

*Big.* Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a noble-

*Hub.* Not for my life; but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not <sup>d</sup>prove me so;  
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue so'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly lies.

*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bast.*

Keep the peace, I say.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

*Big.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-

Second a villain, and a murderer. [*bridge?*]

*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*Big.* Who kill'd this prince?

<sup>4</sup>[*Pointing to ARTHUR.*]

*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:

I honor'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep

My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villainy is not without such rheum;

And he, long traded in it, makes it seem

Like rivers of <sup>e</sup>remorse and innocency.

Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor

Th' uncleanly saviors of a slaughter-house.

For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*Big.* Away, Toward Bury: to the Dauphin there!

*Pem.* There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

*Bast.* Here's a good world!—knew you of this

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach [fair work?]

Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,

Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.

*Bast.* Ha! I'll tell thee what;

Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul,—

*Bast.* If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair;

And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb

Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam

To hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,

And it shall be as all the ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villain up.

I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought

Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,

Which was 'embounded in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want pains enough to torture me.

I left him well.

*Bast.* Go, bear him in thine arms.—

I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way

Among the thorns and dangers of this world,—

<sup>5</sup>[*HUBERT takes up ARTHUR.*]

How easy dost thou take all England up!

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,

The life, the right, and truth of all this realm

Is fled to heaven; and England now is left

To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth

The <sup>h</sup>unow'd interest of proud swelling state.

<sup>a</sup> Speak.—<sup>b</sup> Remorse, i. e., pity.—<sup>c</sup> True defence, i. e., honest defence; defence in a good cause.

<sup>4</sup> "Do not prove me so," i. e., do not provoke me, or try my patience so.—<sup>e</sup> Pity.—<sup>f</sup> Enclosed.—<sup>g</sup> Confounded.—<sup>h</sup> "The unow'd interest," i. e., the interest not now legally possessed by any one.



Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty  
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
 And snarlth in the gentle eyes of peace:  
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,  
 Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,  
 As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,  
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
 Now happy he, whose cloak and <sup>a</sup>cineture can  
 Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,  
 And follow me with speed: I'll to the king.  
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.  
 [*Exeunt: 1* HUBERT bearing out ARTHUR's body.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the crown, and Attendants.*

*K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
 The circle of my glory.

*Pand.* Take again. [*Giving JOHN the Crown.*]  
 From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word: go meet  
 the French;

And from his holiness use all your power  
 To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.  
 Our discontented <sup>b</sup>counties do revolt,  
 Our people quarrel with obedience,  
 Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,  
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
 This inundation of mistempered humor  
 Rests by you only to be qualified:  
 Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,  
 That present medicine must be minister'd,  
 Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
 Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;  
 But since you are a gentle <sup>c</sup>convertite,

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
 And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
 On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
 Upon your oath of service to the pope,

Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*]

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did not the  
 Say that before Ascension-day at noon, [*prophet*]  
 My crown I should give off? Even so I have.

I did suppose it should be on constraint;  
 But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds  
 But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd, [*out,*]  
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.  
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
 To offer service to your enemy;  
 And wild amazement hurries up and down  
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me again,  
 After they heard young Arthur was alive? [*streets;*]

*Bast.* They found him dead, and cast into the  
 An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me he did live.

*Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.  
 But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
 Let not the world see fear, and <sup>2</sup>blank distrust,

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
 Be stirring as the time; <sup>3</sup>meet fire with fire;  
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
 Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
 That borrow their behaviors from the great,  
 Grow great by your example, and put on  
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
 Away! and glister like the god of war,  
 When he intendeth to <sup>d</sup>become the field:  
 Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.  
 What! shall they seek the lion in his den,  
 And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
 O! let it not be said.—<sup>4</sup>Courage; and run  
 To meet displeasure further from the doors,  
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been with me,  
 And I have made a happy peace with him;  
 And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
 Led by the Dauphin.

*Bast.* O, inglorious league!  
 Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
 Send fair-play <sup>5</sup>offers, and make compromise,  
 Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
 To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
 A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,  
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
 Mocking the air with colors idly spread,  
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
 Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
 They saw we had a purpose of defence. [*time.*]

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present

*Bast.* Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,  
 Our party may well <sup>6</sup>meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Plain, near St. Edmund's Bury.

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

*Lew.* My lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
 And keep it safe for our remembrance.  
 Return the <sup>7</sup>precedent to these lords again;  
 That, having our fair order written down,  
 Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
 A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,  
 To your proceedings; Yet, believe me, prince,  
 I am not glad that such a sore of time  
 Should seek a plaster by condemn'd revolt,  
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,  
 By making many. O! it grieves my soul,  
 That I must draw this metal from my side  
 To be a widow-maker; O! and there,  
 Where honorable rescue, and defence,  
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.  
 But such is the infection of the time,  
 That, for the health and physic of our right,  
 We cannot deal but with the very hand  
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—  
 And is't not pity, O, my grieved friends!  
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this;  
 Wherein we step after a stranger, march  
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
 Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw, and weep  
 Upon the <sup>8</sup>thought of this enforced cause)  
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,

<sup>4</sup> "To become," i. e., to grace.—<sup>5</sup> "May well meet," i. e., is able to cope with.—<sup>6</sup> "The precedent," i. e., the rough draught of the original treaty.

<sup>a</sup> Girdle.—<sup>b</sup> "Counties," i. e., lords and nobility.—<sup>c</sup> Convert.

And follow unacquainted colors here?  
 What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!  
 That Neptune's arms, who <sup>a</sup>clippeth thee about,  
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;  
 Where these two Christian armies might combine  
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
 And not to spend it so unneighborly!

*Lew.* A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
 And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
 Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
 O! what a noble combat hast thou fought,  
 Between compulsion, and a brave <sup>b</sup>respect!  
 Let me wipe off this honorable dew,  
 That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks.  
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
 Being an ordinary inundation;  
 But this effusion of such manly drops,  
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
 And with a great heart heave away this storm:  
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes,  
 That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;  
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
 Full <sup>c</sup>of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,  
 As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,  
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

And even <sup>c</sup>there, methinks, an angel spake:  
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,  
 And on our actions set the name of right  
 With holy breath.

*Pand.*                    Hail, noble prince of France.  
 The next is this:—king John hath reconcil'd  
 Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,  
 That so stood out against the holy church,  
 The great metropolis and see of Rome:  
 Therefore, thy threaten'ing colors now wind up,  
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war,  
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
 And be no farther harmful than in show.

*Lew.* Your grace shall pardon me; I will not back:  
 I am too high-born to be <sup>d</sup>propertied,  
 To be a secondary at control,  
 Or useful serving man, and instrument,  
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
 Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,  
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire;  
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
 You taught me how to know the face of right,  
 Acquainted me with interest <sup>e</sup>to this land,  
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart,  
 And come ye now to tell me, John hath made  
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?  
 I, by the honor of my marriage-bed,  
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;  
 And now it is half-conquer'd must I back,  
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?  
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,  
 To underprop this action? is't not I,  
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,  
 And such as to my claim are liable,  
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?  
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
*Vive le roy!* as I have <sup>f</sup>bank'd their towns?  
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
 To win this easy match, play'd for a crown,  
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?  
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lew.* Outside or inside, I will not return  
 Till my attempt so much be glorified,  
 As to my ample hope was promised  
 Before I <sup>g</sup>drew this gallant head of war,  
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
 To <sup>h</sup>outlook conquest, and to win renown  
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter the Bastard, attended.*

*Bast.* According to the fair play of the world,  
 Let me have audience: I am sent to speak.—  
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;  
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,  
 And will not temporize with my entreaties:  
 He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
 The youth says well.—Now, hear our English king,  
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
 He is prepar'd; and reason, too, he should:  
 This apish and unmannerly approach,  
 This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,  
 This unheard sauciness <sup>i</sup>of boyish troops,  
 The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd  
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
 From out the circle of his territories.  
 That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,  
 To cudgel you, and make you <sup>j</sup>take the hatch;  
 To dive like buckets in concealed wells;  
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks;  
 To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks;  
 To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,  
 Even at the <sup>k</sup>crowing of your nation's cock,  
 Thinking his voice an armed Englishman:  
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,  
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
 No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;  
 And like an eagle o'er his <sup>l</sup>airy towers,  
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—  
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:  
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,  
 Like Amazons come tripping after drums;  
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets chang'd,  
 Their needl's to lances, and their gentle hearts  
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

[*peace:*]

*Lew.* There end thy <sup>m</sup>brave, and turn thy face in  
 We grant thou canst outcold us. Fare thee well:  
 We hold our time too precious to be spent  
 With such a <sup>n</sup>brabbl'.

<sup>a</sup> "Clippeth," i. e., *embraceth*.—<sup>b</sup> "Between compulsion, and a brave respect," i. e., between the necessity of a reform in the state, and the respect or love he felt for his country.—<sup>c</sup> "And even there," i. e., in what I have now said, "an angel spake:" for "Look," &c.—<sup>d</sup> Appropriated.—<sup>e</sup> "In.

<sup>f</sup> "Bank'd," i. e., passed along the banks of the rivers.—<sup>g</sup> "Drew," i. e., assembled; *drew* out of the field.—<sup>h</sup> "To outlook," i. e., to face down; to bear down by a show of magnanimity.—<sup>i</sup> "Take the hatch," i. e., leap over the hatch.—<sup>j</sup> "Aery," i. e., airy; nest.—<sup>k</sup> "Thy brave," i. e., thy boast.—<sup>l</sup> "Brabbl'," i. e., clamorous, quarrelsome fellow.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.

*Bast.* No, I will speak.

*Lew.* We will attend to neither.—

Strike up the drums! and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest, and our being here. [out;

*Bast.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry  
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start  
An echo with the clamor of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brad'd,  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;  
Sound but another, and another shall,  
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand  
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)  
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits  
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

*Lew.* Strike up our drums to find this danger out.

*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not  
doubt. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Field of Battle.

*Alarums.* Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? O! tell  
me, Hubert.

*Hub.* Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
Lies heavy on me: O! my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-  
bridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field,  
And send him word by me which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey  
there.

*Mess.* Be of good comfort; for the great supply,  
That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands:  
This news was brought to Richard but even now.  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news.  
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the  
Same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others.

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French:  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,

In spite of spite, alone upholds the day. [field.

*Pem.* They say, king John sore sick hath left the

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy we had other names.

*Pem.* It is the count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English; you are bought and

<sup>1</sup>Untread the road-way of rebellion, [<sup>2</sup>sold:

And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;

For if the French be lords of this loud day,

<sup>3</sup>He means to recompense the pains you take,

By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,

And I with him, and many more with me,

Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury;  
Even on that altar, where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible? may this be true?

*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life,

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

<sup>4</sup>Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive,

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

Why should I then be false, since it is true

That I must die here, and live hence by truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,

He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east:

But even this night, whose black contagious breath

Already smokes above the burning crest

Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,

Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,

Paying the fine of rated treachery,

Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,

If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;

The love of him,—and this respect besides,

For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—

Awakes my conscience to confess all this.

In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence

From forth the noise and rumor of the field;

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul

With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul,

But I do love the favor and the form

Of this most fair occasion, by the which

We will untread the steps of damned flight;

And, like a bated and retired flood,

Leaving our <sup>5</sup>rankness and irregular course,

Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,

And calmly run on in obedience,

Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—

My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,

For I do see the cruel pangs of death [flight,

<sup>6</sup>Bright in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New

And happy <sup>7</sup>newness, that intends old right.

[Exeunt, leading off MELUN.

SCENE V.—The Same. The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS and his Train.

*Lew.* The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to  
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush, [set,  
When English measur'd backward their own ground,  
In faint retire. O! bravely came we off,  
When with a volley of our needless shot,  
After such bloody toil we bid good night,  
And wound our tattering colors clearly up,  
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

*Lew.*

Here.—What news?

*Mess.* The count Melun is slain: the English lords,  
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;

And your <sup>8</sup>supplies which you have wished so long,  
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

*Lew.* Ah, foul <sup>9</sup>shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very  
I did not think to be so sad to-night, [heart!

As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,

King John did fly an hour or two before

The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

*Mess.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

<sup>1</sup> "Bought and sold," i. e., treacherously betrayed.—

<sup>2</sup> "He," i. e., Lewis.—

<sup>3</sup> Dissolveth.—<sup>4</sup> "Our rankness," i. e., our wanton wild-  
ness.—<sup>5</sup> Innovation.—<sup>6</sup> Bad.

*Lenc.* Well; keep good <sup>a</sup> quarter, and good care,  
The day shall not be up so soon as I, [to-night;  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—An open Place in the Neighborhood  
of Swinstead-Abbey.

*Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, severally.*

*Hub.* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,

*Bast.* A friend.—What art thou? [or I shoot.

*Hub.* Of the part of England.

*Bast.* Whither dost thou go?

*Hub.* What's that to thee? Why may not I de-  
of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

*Bast.* Hubert, I think.

*Hub.* Thou hast a <sup>b</sup> perfect thought:

I will, upon all hazards, well believe  
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.  
Who art thou?

*Bast.* Who thou wilt: and, if thou please,  
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think  
I come one way of the Plantagenets. [night,

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! thou, and cyeless  
Have done me shame.—Brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Bast.* Come, come; <sup>c</sup> sans compliment, what news  
abroad?

*Hub.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,  
To find you out.

*Bast.* Brief, then; and what's the news?

*Hub.* O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*Bast.* Show me the very wound of this ill news:  
I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.

*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at <sup>d</sup> leisure known of this.

*Bast.* How did he take it? who did taste to him?

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king  
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover. [ty?

*Bast.* Whom didst thou leave to tend his majes-

*Hub.* Why, know you not? the lords are all come  
And brought prince Henry in their company; [back,  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty.

*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power.  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;  
These Lincoln washes have devoured them:  
Myself well-mounted hardly have escap'd.  
Away, before: conduct me to the king;  
I doubt, he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

*Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*P. Hen.* It is too late: the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain  
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter PEMBROKE.*

*Pem.* His highness yet doth speak; and holds  
That being brought into the open air, [belief,

It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

*P. Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard here.—  
Doth he still rage? [*Exit BIGOT.*

*Pem.* He is more patient

Than when you left him: even now he sung.

*P. Hen.* O, vanity of sickness! fierce extremes  
In their continuance will not feel themselves.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them <sup>1</sup> unvisited; and his siege is now  
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds  
With many legions of strange fantasies,  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,  
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should  
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan, [sing.  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,  
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*Sal.* Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born  
To set a form upon that <sup>e</sup> indigest,  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants: King JOHN brought  
in a Chair.*

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-  
It would not out at windows, nor at doors. [room;  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

*P. Hen.* How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd,—ill-fare;—dead, forsook, cast  
And none of you will bid the winter come, [off,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you much:  
I beg cold comfort; and you are so <sup>f</sup> strait,  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*P. Hen.* O, that there were some virtue in my  
That might relieve you! [tears,

*K. John.* The salt in them is hot.—  
Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* O! I am scalded with my violent motion,  
And <sup>g</sup> spleen of speed to see your majesty.

*K. John.* O cousin! thou art come to set mine  
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd; [eye.  
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,  
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,  
And <sup>2</sup> model of confounded royalty.

*Bast.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,  
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him;  
For, in a night, the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the washes, all unwarily,  
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*King JOHN dies.*

*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an  
ear.—

My liege! my lord!—but now a king, now thus.

*P. Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.  
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,

<sup>a</sup> "Keep good quarter," i. e., keep at your posts.—<sup>b</sup> "Per-  
fect," i. e., well-informed.—<sup>c</sup> Without.—<sup>d</sup> "At leisure," i. e.,  
after some delay.

<sup>e</sup> Chaos.—<sup>f</sup> "So strait," i. e., so close, avaricious.—<sup>g</sup> Fit.

To do the office for thee of revenge,  
 And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
 As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—  
 Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,  
 Where be your powers? Show now your mended  
 And instantly return with me again, [faiths,  
 To push destruction, and perpetual shame,  
 Out of the weak door of our fainting land.  
 Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought:  
 The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

*Sal.* It seems you know not, then, so much as we.  
 The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
 Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,  
 And brings from him such offers of our peace  
 As we with honor and respect may take,  
 With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Bast.* He will the rather do it, when he sees  
 Ourselves well sinew'd to our 'own defence.

*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
 For many carriages he hath despatch'd  
 To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
 To the disposing of the cardinal:  
 With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
 If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
 To consummate this business happily.

*Bast.* Let it be so.—And you, my noble prince,  
 With other princes that may best be spar'd,  
 Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*P. Hen.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd;  
 For so he will'd it.

*Bast.* Thither shall it then.  
 And happily may your sweet self put on  
 The lineal state and glory of the land:  
 To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
 I do bequeath my faithful services,  
 And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
 To rest without a spot for evermore. [thanks,

*P. Hen.* I have a kind soul, that would give you  
 And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

*Bast.* O! let us pay the time but needful woe,  
 Since it hath been before hand with our griefs.—  
 This England never did, nor never shall,  
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
 But when it first did help to wound itself.  
 Now these, her princes, are come home again,  
 Come the three corners of the world in arms, [rue,  
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us  
 If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt.*

# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.



ACT III.—Scene 4.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.  
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York.  
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster.<sup>1</sup>  
<sup>2</sup>HENRY BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford.  
DUKE OF AUMERLE, Son to the Duke of York.  
<sup>3</sup>THOMAS MOWERAY, Duke of Norfolk.  
DUKE OF SURREY.  
EARL OF SALISBURY, EARL BERKLEY.  
BUSHY, }  
BAGOT, } Creatures to King Richard.  
GREEN, }  
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.  
HENRY PERCY, his Son.

LORD ROSS. LORD WILLOUGHBY. LORD FITZWATER.  
BISHOP OF CARLISLE. Abbot of Westminster.  
LORD MARSHAL; and another Lord.  
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON. SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.  
Captain of a Band of Welchmen.

QUEEN TO KING RICHARD.  
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.  
DUCHESS OF YORK.  
Lady attending the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, <sup>4</sup>Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.  
SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King RICHARD, attended; JOHN OF GAUNT, and other Nobles, with him.*

*K. Rich.* Old John of Gaunt, time-honor'd Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and <sup>a</sup>band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege. [him,

*K. Rich.* Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded  
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,  
Or worthily, as a good subject should,

<sup>a</sup> Bond.

On some known ground of treachery in him?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that art—  
On some apparent danger seen in him, [gument,  
Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence: face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
Th' accuser, and th' accused, freely speak.—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*  
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re enter Attendants with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.*

*Boling.* <sup>b</sup> Full many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

*Nor.* Each day still better other's happiness;  
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

[*us,*  
*K. Rich.* We thank you both: yet one but flatters

As well appeareth by the cause you <sup>a</sup>come;  
Namely, to <sup>b</sup>appeal each other of high treason.  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Boling.* First, heaven be the record to my speech!

In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from <sup>c</sup>wrath or misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellat to this princely presence.—  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;  
Too good to be <sup>d</sup>so, and too bad to live,  
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;  
And wish, (so please my sovereign) ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my <sup>e</sup>right-drawn sword  
may prove.

*Nor.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this;  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say.  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,  
Which else would post, until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him;  
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:  
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,  
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground <sup>f</sup>inhabitable  
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.  
Moen time, let this defend my loyalty:—  
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie. [gaze,

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my  
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;  
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:  
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength,  
As to take up mine honor's pawn, then stoop.  
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Nor.* I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,  
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:  
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,  
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight! [charge?

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's  
It must be great, that can <sup>h</sup>inherit us

So much as of a thought of ill in him. [true:—

*Boling.* Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it  
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,  
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,  
The which he hath detain'd for <sup>i</sup>lewd employments,  
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.  
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,

Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge  
That ever was survey'd by English eye,  
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years  
Complotted and contriv'd in this land,  
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.  
Farther, I say, and farther will maintain  
Upon his bad life to make all this good,  
That he did plot the duke of Gloucester's death;  
<sup>b</sup>Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,  
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,  
Shed'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:  
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me for justice, and rough chastisement;  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars!—  
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

*Nor.* O! let my sovereign turn away his face,  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this <sup>j</sup>slander of his blood,  
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and  
ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,  
As he is but my father's brother's son,  
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,  
Such neighbor nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.  
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou:  
Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow.

*Nor.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,  
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:  
The other part reserv'd I by consent;  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,  
Upon remainder of a <sup>k</sup>clear account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.  
Now, swallow down that lie.—For Gloucester's death,  
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace,  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—  
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,  
The honorable father to my foe,  
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;  
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,  
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd  
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.  
This is my fault: as for the rest <sup>l</sup>appeal'd,  
It issues from the rancor of a villain,  
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;  
Which in myself I boldly will defend,  
And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
Upon this <sup>m</sup>overweening traitor's foot,  
To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.  
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
Your highness to assign our trial day. [me.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentleman, be rul'd by  
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:  
This we prescribe, though no physician;  
Deep malice makes too deep incision.  
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;  
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.—  
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;  
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become my age.—  
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

<sup>a</sup> That is, 'the cause you come on.'—<sup>b</sup> Impeach.—<sup>c</sup> "Too good to be so," i. e., 'too good or great a traitor and miscreant to be so as thou seemest here.'—<sup>d</sup> "My right-drawn sword," i. e., my sword drawn in a right or just cause.—<sup>e</sup> Uninhabitable.—<sup>f</sup> Possess.—<sup>g</sup> Knavish; wicked.

<sup>h</sup> Prompt.—<sup>i</sup> "This slander of his blood," i. e., this reproach to his ancestry.—<sup>j</sup> Charged.—<sup>k</sup> Arrogant.

*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.

*Gaunt.* When, Harry? when?

Obedience bids, I should not bid again. [no <sup>a</sup>boot.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is

*Nor.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:

The one my duty owes; but my fair name,

Despite of death that lives upon my grave,

To dark dishonor's use thou shalt not have.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;

Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood

Which breath'd this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood.

Give me his gage:—lions make <sup>b</sup>leopards tame.

*Nor.* Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,

The purest treasure mortal times afford

Is spotless reputation; that away,

Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten times barr'd-up chest

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honor is my life; both grow in one:

Take honor from me, and my life is done.

Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try;

In that I live, and for that will I die. [begin.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage: do you

*Boling.* O! God defend my soul from such deep sin.

Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?

Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height

Before this outlar'd dastard? Ere my tongue

Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear

The slavish motive of recanting fear,

And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,

Where shame doth harbor, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit GAUNT.*

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command:

Which since we cannot do to make you friends.

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,

At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day.

There shall your swords and lances arbitrate

The swelling difference of your settled hate:

Since we cannot <sup>a</sup>atone you, we shall see

Justice <sup>d</sup>design the victor's chivalry.—

Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms

Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke of  
LANCASTER'S Palace.

*Enter GAUNT, and Dutchess of GLOSTER.*

*Gaunt.* Alas! the <sup>e</sup>part I had in Gloster's blood

Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,

To stir against the butchers of his life:

But since correction lieth in those hands,

Which made the fault that we cannot correct,

Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;

Who when <sup>1</sup>they see the hours ripe on earth,

Will ruin hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,

Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,

Or seven fair branches springing from one root:

Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,

Some of those branches by the destinies cut;

But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,

<sup>a</sup> "No boot," i. e., no alternative for thee.—<sup>b</sup> An allusion to the crest of Norfolk, which was a golden leopard.—<sup>c</sup> Reconcile.—<sup>d</sup> "Design," i. e., show; mark out.—<sup>e</sup> "The part I had in," i. e., the relationship I held to.

One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,

One flourishing branch of his most royal root,

Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;

Is crack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,

By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.

Al! Gaunt, his blood was thine: that bed, that womb,

That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,

Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost 'consent

In some large measure to thy father's death,

In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,

Who was the model of thy father's life.

Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:

In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,

Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,

Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.

That which in mean men we entitle patience,

Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,

The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

*Gaunt.* God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,

Hath caus'd his death; the which, if wrongfully,

Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift

An angry arm against his minister.

*Duch.* Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

*Gaunt.* To God, the widow's champion and defence.

*Duch.* Why then, I will.—Farewell, <sup>2</sup>farewell, old

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold [*Gaunt.*

Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.

O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast;

Or if misfortune miss the first career,

Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,

That they may break his foaming courser's back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,

A catiff <sup>3</sup>recreant to my cousin Hereford.

Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometime brother's wife

With her companion grief must end her life.

*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry.

As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

*Duch.* Yet one word more.—Grief boundeth where  
it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:

I take my leave before I have begun,

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo! this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go;

I shall remember more. Bid him—O! what?—

With all good speed at <sup>4</sup>Plashy visit me.

Alack! and what shall good old York there see,

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,

Unpeopled <sup>5</sup>offices, untrodden stones?

And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.

Desolate, <sup>6</sup>desperate, will I hence, and die:

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Gosford Green, near Coventry.

*Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c., attending.*

*Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE.*

*Mar.* My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

*Aum.* Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

*Mar.* The duke of Norfolk, spitefully and bold,  
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

<sup>1</sup> Assent.—<sup>2</sup> "A catiff recreant," i. e., a villain crying for mercy.—<sup>3</sup> "At Plashy," i. e., at the house of the Dutchess.—<sup>4</sup> "Unpeopled offices," i. e., unfurnished store-rooms.



*Aum.* Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and  
For nothing but his majesty's approach. [stay]

*Flourish.* Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat  
on his Throne; GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN,  
and others, who take their places. A Trumpet is  
sounded, and answered by another Trumpet with-  
in. Then enter NORFOLK in armor, preceded by a  
Herald.

*K. Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
The cause of his arrival here in arms:  
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed  
To swear him in the justice of his cause. [art,

*Mar.* In God's name, and the king's, say who thou  
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms:  
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.  
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath,  
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valor! [folk;

*Nor.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Nor-  
Who hither come engaged by my oath,  
(Which, God<sup>a</sup> defend, a knight should violate!)  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,  
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,  
Against the duke of Hereford that<sup>b</sup> appeals me;  
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,  
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:  
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*Trumpets sound.* Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armor,  
preceded by a Herald.

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habiliments of war;  
And formally, according to our law,  
Depose him in the justice of his cause. [hither,

*Mar.* What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou  
Before King Richard in his royal lists?  
Against whom com'st thou? and what is thy quarrel?  
Speak like a true knight; so defend thee heaven!

*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,  
To prove by God's grace, and my body's valor,  
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,  
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;  
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*Mar.* On pain of death no person be so bold,  
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists;  
Except the marshal, and such officers  
Appointed to direct these fair designs. [hand,

*Boling.* Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's  
And bow my knee before his majesty:  
For Mowbray and myself are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;  
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,  
And loving farewell of our several friends. [ness,

*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greets your high-  
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

*K. Rich.* We will descend, and fold him in our  
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right, [arms.  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight.  
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Boling.* O! let no noble eye profane a tear  
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.  
As confident as is the falcon's flight  
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—  
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—  
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—  
Not sick, although I have to do with death,

But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.  
Lo! as at English feasts, so I regret  
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:  
O! thou, [To GAUNT.] the earthly author of my  
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, [blood,—  
Doth with a two-fold vigor lift me up  
To reach at victory above my head,  
Add proof unto mine armor with thy prayers;  
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,  
And<sup>d</sup> furnish new the name of John of Gaunt,  
Even in the lusty havior of his son. [ous!

*Gaunt.* God in thy good cause make thee prosper—  
Be swift like lightning in the execution;  
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the<sup>e</sup> casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:  
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

*Boling.* Mine innocence, and Saint George to  
thrive!

*Nor.* However God, or fortune, cast my lot,  
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,  
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.  
Never did captive with a freer heart  
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace  
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,  
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—  
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,  
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:  
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,  
Go I to fight. Truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewell, my lord: securely I espy  
Virtue with valor couched in thine eye.—  
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

*Boling.* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry, amen.

*Mar.* Go bear this lance [To an Officer.] to  
Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,  
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;  
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke  
of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself, and to approve  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;  
Courageously, and with a free desire,  
Attending but the signal to begin. [ants.

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combat—  
[A Charge sounded.  
Stay, the king hath thrown his<sup>f</sup> warder down.

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets and their  
spears,

And both return back to their chairs again.—  
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,  
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[A long flourish.  
Draw near, [To the Combatants.] and list, what  
with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd  
With that dear blood which it hath<sup>h</sup> fostered;  
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbors' swords;

<sup>a</sup> Yielding.—<sup>d</sup> Brighten.—<sup>e</sup> Helmet.—<sup>f</sup> "To jest," i. e., to  
play a part in a masque.—<sup>g</sup> Truncheon; staff of command.—  
<sup>h</sup> Nursed.

\* Forbid.—<sup>b</sup> Impeaches.

And for we think the eagle-winged pride  
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
With rival-lating envy, set on you  
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle  
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;  
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,  
With harsh resounding trumpet's dreadful bray,  
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,  
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,  
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:  
Therefore, we banish you our territories:—  
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,  
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,  
Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment. [be,

*Boling.* Your will be done. This must my comfort  
That sun that shines upon you here shall shine on me;  
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,  
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:  
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate  
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.  
The hopeless word of—never to return  
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Nor.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:  
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim  
As to be cast forth in the common air,  
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.  
The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
My native English, now I must forego;  
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,  
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;  
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you have enjoin'd my tongue,  
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth and lips;  
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance  
Is made my jailor to attend on me.  
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
Too far in years to be a pupil now;  
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,  
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate:  
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

*Nor.* Then, thus I turn me from my country's light,  
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring.]

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with  
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands; [thee.  
Swear by the duty that ye owe to God,  
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)  
To keep the oath that we administer:—  
You never shall (so help you truth and God!)  
Embrace each other's love in banishment;  
Nor never look upon each other's face;  
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile  
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;  
Nor never by advised purpose meet,  
To plot, contrive, or compass any ill,  
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

*Boling.* I swear.

*Nor.* And I, to keep all this.

<sup>1</sup>[They kiss the king's sword.]

*Boling.* Norfolk, so<sup>2</sup> fare, as to mine enemy.—  
By this time, had the king permitted us,  
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,

As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:  
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;  
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

*Nor.* No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,  
My name be blotted from the book of life,  
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence.  
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;  
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—  
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray:  
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [Exit

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
I see thy griev'd heart: thy sad aspect  
Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
Pluck'd four away.—[To BOLINGBROKE] Six frozen  
winters spent,

Return with welcome home from banishment.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little word!  
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs,  
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that in regard of me  
He shortens four years of my son's exile;  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby,  
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,  
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,  
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night:  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son. [live.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years to  
*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that thou canst  
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow, [give:  
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.  
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:  
Thy word is current with him for my death,  
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:  
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste prove in digestion  
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather, [sour.  
You would have bid me argue like a father.

O! had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:

A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.  
Alas! I look'd when some of you should say,  
I was too strict to make mine own away;  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,  
Against my will to do myself this wrong. [so:

*K. Rich.* Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him  
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[Flourish. *Exeunt King RICHARD, and Train.*

*Aum.* Cousin, farewell: what presence must not  
From where do you remain, let paper show. [know,

*Mar.* My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,  
As far as land will let me, by your side. [words,

*Gaunt.* O! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy  
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

*Boling.* I have too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
To breathe th' abundant dolor of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Boling.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

*Boling.* To men in joy; but grief makes one  
hour ten. [lure.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleas-

*Boling.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,

<sup>1</sup> Sentence.—<sup>2</sup> "A dearer merit," i. e., a better reward.—

<sup>3</sup> Barred.—<sup>4</sup> "To be compassionate," i. e., to complain.—

<sup>5</sup> "By advised purpose," i. e., by concert; premeditatedly.

<sup>6</sup> Consideration.—<sup>7</sup> "A party-verdict gave," i. e., had a part  
in it.—<sup>8</sup> "A partial slander," i. e., the reproach of partiality.  
—<sup>9</sup> Grief.

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make  
Will but remember me, what a deal of world  
I wander from the jewels that I love.  
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
To foreign passages, and in the end,  
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else  
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Gaunt.* All places that the <sup>a</sup>eye of heaven visits,  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;  
There is no virtue like necessity:  
Think not the king did banish thee,  
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit,  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honor,  
And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose,  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:  
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:  
Suppose the singing birds musicians, [strew'd,  
The grass whereon thou tread'st the <sup>b</sup>presence  
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
Than a delightful measure, or a dance;  
For <sup>c</sup>gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

*Boling.* O! who can hold a fire in his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry age of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow,  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
O! no: the apprehension of the good,  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,  
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore. [way:]

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy  
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell: sweet  
soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!  
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,  
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in the King's  
Castle.

*Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN, at one  
door; AUMERLE at another.*

*K. Rich.* We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

*Aum.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And, say, what store of parting tears  
were shed?

*Aum.* Faith, none for me; except the north-east  
Which then blew bitterly against our faces, [wind,  
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear. [with him?

*K. Rich.* What said our cousin, when you parted?

*Aum.* Farewell: and, for my heart disdain'd <sup>1</sup>my  
tongue

Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.

<sup>a</sup> "The eye of heaven," i. e., the sun.—<sup>b</sup> Presence-chamber  
at court.—<sup>c</sup> Growling.

Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthen'd  
And added years to his short banishment, [hours  
He should have had a volume of farewells;  
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,  
Ourselves, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,  
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,  
With humble and familiar courtesy;  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;  
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,  
And patient <sup>d</sup>underbearing of his fortune,  
As 'twere to banish their <sup>e</sup>affections with him.  
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench;  
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving  
As were our England in reversion his, [friends?"]—  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone; and with him go these  
thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland,  
<sup>f</sup>Expedient manage must be made, my liege,  
Ere farther leisure yield them farther means,  
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

*K. Rich.* We will ourselves in person to this war:  
And, <sup>g</sup>for our coffers with too great a court,  
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,  
We are enforce'd to farm our royal realm;  
The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,  
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;  
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
And send them after to supply our wants,  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter BUSHY.*

Bushy, what news? [lord,

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my  
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste,  
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lies he <sup>2</sup>now?

*Bushy.* At Ely-house, <sup>3</sup>my liege.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, God, in his physician's mind,  
To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. An Apartment in Ely-house.

*GAUNT on a Couch; the Duke of YORK, and Oth-  
ers, standing by him.*

*Gaunt.* Will the king come, that I may breathe  
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth. [my last  
*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your  
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear. [breath;

*Gaunt.* O! but they say, the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony: [vain;

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in  
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in  
He that no more <sup>4</sup>may say is listen'd more, [pain.

<sup>d</sup> Undergoing.—<sup>e</sup> Affections.—<sup>f</sup> Expeditious.—<sup>g</sup> Because.

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to  
"glose;

More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before.

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.  
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* No; it is stopp'd with other flattering  
sounds,

As praises of his state: then, there are found  
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen:  
Report of fashions in proud Italy;  
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
Limps after, in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
So it be new there's no respect how vile,  
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?  
Then, all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.  
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose:  
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

*Gaunt.* Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd,  
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him.  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;  
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;  
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;  
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:  
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
Against infection, and the hand of war;  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands;  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
For Christian service and true chivalry,  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:  
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,  
Like to a tenement, or <sup>b</sup>pelting farm.  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:  
That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death.

*Enter King RICHARD, and QUEEN; AUMERLE,  
BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.*

*York.* The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;  
For young hot colts, being <sup>1</sup>urg'd, do rage the more.

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

*K. Rich.* What, comfort, man! How is't with  
aged Gaunt?

*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition!  
Old Gaunt, indeed; and <sup>c</sup>gaunt in being old:

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;  
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt!  
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;  
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:  
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon  
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks;  
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

*K. Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with their  
names?

*Gaunt.* No; misery makes sport to mock itself:  
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee. [live?

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those that

*Gaunt.* No, no; men living flatter those that die.

*K. Rich.* Thou, now a-dying, say'st—thou flatter'st  
me.

*Gaunt.* O! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.  
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,  
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;  
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,  
Commit'st thy 'nointed body to the cure  
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.  
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,  
And yet, ineged in so small a verge,  
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.  
O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,  
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,  
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,  
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,  
Which art <sup>d</sup>possess'd now to depose thyself.  
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,  
It were a shame to let this land by lease;  
But for thy world enjoying but this land,  
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?  
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:  
Thy <sup>e</sup>state of law is bondsman to the law,  
And thou—

*K. Rich.* A lunatic lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood  
With fury from his native residence.  
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,  
Should run thy head from thy unrevenged shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O! spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
For that I was his father Edward's son:  
That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd.  
My brother Gloster, plain well-meanning soul,  
Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls,  
May be a precedent and witness good,  
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.  
Join with the present sickness that I have,  
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too-long withered flower.  
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:  
These words hereafter thy tormentors be.—  
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:  
Love they to 'live, that love and honor have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*

*K. Rich.* And let them die, that age and sullen  
have,  
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

\* "To glose," i. e., to flatter; to lie.—<sup>b</sup> Paltry; pitiful.—  
<sup>c</sup> Lean; thin.

<sup>d</sup> Mad.—<sup>e</sup> "Thy state of law," i. e., thy legal state.—<sup>f</sup> "Love  
they to live," i. e., let them love to live.

*York.* I do beseech your majesty, impute his words  
To wayward sickness and age in him:

He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
As Harry, duke of Hereford, were he here. [so his:  
*K. Rich.* Right, you say true; as Hereford's love,  
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your  
*K. Rich.* What says he? [majesty.

*North.* Nay, nothing; all is said.

His tongue is now a stringless instrument:  
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

*York.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!  
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he:  
His time is spent; your pilgrimage must<sup>a</sup> be.  
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars.  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed<sup>b</sup> kerns,  
Which live like venom, where no venom else,  
But only they, hath privilege to<sup>c</sup> live:  
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
Towards our assistance we do seize to us  
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient? Ah! how long  
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first:  
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentleman.  
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy<sup>d</sup> hours;  
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,  
And not against his friends: his noble hand  
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:  
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?

*York.* O, my liege!

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd  
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,  
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?  
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?  
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?  
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?  
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?  
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time  
His charters and his customary rights;  
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;  
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king,  
But by fair sequence and succession?  
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)  
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
Call in the letters patents that he hath  
By his attorneys-general to sue  
His<sup>e</sup> livery, and deny his offer'd homage,  
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts,  
Which honor and allegiance cannot think. [hands

*K. Rich.* Think what you will: we seize into our  
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

*York.* I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell:  
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;  
But by bad courses may be understood,  
That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire  
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house, [straight:

To see this business. To-morrow next  
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:

And we create, in absence of ourself,  
Our uncle York lord governor of England,  
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—  
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;  
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.

[Exit KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE,  
GREEN, and BAGOT.

*North.* Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Ross.* And living too, for now his son is duke.

*Will.* Barely in title, not in revenues.

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great; but it must break with  
silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er  
speak more,

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

*Will.* Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of  
If it be so, out with it boldly, man; [Hereford?  
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all that I can do for him,  
Unless you call it good to pity him,  
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony. [are borne

*North.* Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs  
In him, a royal prince, and many more  
Of noble blood in this declining land.  
The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers; and what they will inform,  
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute,  
'Gainst us, our<sup>1</sup> wives, our children, and our heirs.

*Ross.* The commons hath he<sup>h</sup> pill'd with grievous  
taxes,

And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd<sup>d</sup>  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Will.* And daily new exactions are devis'd;  
As<sup>i</sup> blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:  
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for war'd he hath  
But basely yielded upon compromise [not,  
That which his noble ancestors achiev'd with blows:  
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

*Ross.* The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

*Will.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken  
man. [him.

*North.* Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over  
*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burdensome taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!  
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:  
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
And yet we strike not, but<sup>k</sup> securely perish.

*Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer;  
And unavoids is the danger now,

For suffering so the causes of our wreck. [death,

*North.* Not so: even through the hollow eyes of

<sup>a</sup> "Must be," i. e., is yet to come.—<sup>b</sup> Kerns were the light-armed peasantry.—<sup>c</sup> An allusion to the idea that no venomous reptiles live in Ireland.—<sup>d</sup> That is, when he was of thy age.—<sup>e</sup> His livery, i. e., the delivery of his lands to him.

<sup>f</sup> Free.—<sup>g</sup> Deprived.—<sup>h</sup> Pillaged.—<sup>i</sup> "Blanks," i. e., the seals of gentlemen and commons affixed to blanks.—<sup>k</sup> "Securely," i. e., confident in our security.

I spy life peering; but I dare not say  
How near the tidings of our comfort is. [ours.]

*Will.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,  
Thy words are but <sup>1</sup>our thoughts: therefore, be bold.

*North.* Then thus.—I have from Port le Blanc, a  
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence, [bay

That Harry duke of Hereford, Reginald lord Cobham,  
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,  
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston, [Quaint,

Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis  
All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,

With eight <sup>2</sup>tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
Are making hither with all due <sup>3</sup>expedience,

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:

Perhaps, they had ere this, but that they stay

The first departing of the king for Ireland.

If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

<sup>4</sup>Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's <sup>5</sup>gilt,

And make high majesty look like itself,

Away with me in post to Ravenspur;g

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay and be secret, and myself will go. [fear.

*Ross.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that

*Will.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. An Apartment in the  
Palace.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

*Bushy.* Madam, your majesty is too much sad:  
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,  
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the king, I did; to please myself,  
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,

Is coming towards me; and my inward soul

With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,

More than with parting from my lord, the king.

*Bush.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty  
shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so:

For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,

Divides one thing entire to many objects;

Like <sup>6</sup>perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,

Show nothing but confusion: ey'd awry,

Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,

Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail;

Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows

Of what it is not. Then, thrice gracious queen,

More than your lord's departure weep not: more's

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye, [not seen;

Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so; but yet my inward soul

Persuades me, it is otherwise: how'er it be,

I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,

As, though <sup>2</sup>nothing on no thought I think,

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd

From some forefather grief; mine is not so,

For nothing hath begot my something <sup>3</sup>woe;

Or something hath the nothing that I <sup>4</sup>guess:

'Tis in reversion that I do possess,

But what it is, that is not yet known, what

I cannot name: 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

*Green.* God save your majesty:—and well met,  
gentlemen.—

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is,

For his desigus crave haste, his haste good hope;

Then, wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have 'retir'd his

And driven into despair an enemy's hope, [power,

Who strongly hath set footing in this land.

The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,

And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd

At Ravenspur.

*Queen.* Now, God in heaven forbid!

*Green.* Ah! madam, 'tis too true: and <sup>5</sup>what is

worse, [Percy,

The lord Northumberland, his son young Henry

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,

With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northum-

berland,

And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?

*Green.* We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester

Hath broken his staff, resign'd his stewardship,

And all the household servants fled with him

To Bolingbroke.

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:

Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,

Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity

With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper-back of death,

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,

Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter the Duke of YORK, <sup>6</sup>part-armed.

*Green.* Here comes the duke of York.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck.

O! full of careful business are his looks.—

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,

Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.

Your husband, he is gone to save far off,

Whilst others come to make him lose at home:

Here am I left to underprop his land,

Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

*Serv.* My lord, your son was gone before I came.

*York.* He was?—Why, so!—go all which way

it will.—

The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.

Hold; take my ring.

\* Stout.—<sup>b</sup> Expedition.—<sup>c</sup> "Imp out," i. e., supply with new feathers.—<sup>d</sup> Gilding.—<sup>e</sup> "Perspectives" was anciently the general name for the various optical glasses that assist the sight.

<sup>f</sup> "Retired," i. e., kept back; withheld.

*Serv.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :  
To-day, as I came by, I called there ;  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is't, knave ?

*Serv.* An hour before I came the duchess died.

*York.* God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !

I know not what to do :—I would to God,  
(So my 'untruth had not provok'd him to it)  
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—  
What ! are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland ?—  
How shall we do for money for these wars ?—

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say : pray, pardon me.—

Go, fellow, [*To the Servant.*] get thee home ; provide some carts,

And bring away the armor that is there.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men ?

If I know how, or which way, to order these affairs,  
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen :

Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath

And duty bids defend ; th' other again,

Is my 'near kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin,

I'll dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go muster up your

And meet me presently at Berkley. [men,

I should to Plashy too,

But time will not permit.—All is uneven,

And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Excunt YORK and QUEEN.*]

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go for Ire-

But none returns. For us to levy power, [land,

Proportionable to the enemy,

Is all impossible.

*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the king in love

Is near the hate of those love not the king.

*Bagot.* And that's the wavering commons ; for  
their love

Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*Bushy.* Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

*Bagot.* If judgment lie in them, then so do we,

Because we ever have been near the king. [castle :

*Green.* Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you ; for little office

Will the hateful commons perform for us,

Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

Will you go along with us ?

*Bagot.* No ; I will to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

*Bushy.* That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

*Green.* Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes

Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry :

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and ever.

*Bushy.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.* I fear me, never. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Wilds in Gloucestershire.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND,*  
*with Forces.*

*Boling.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now ?

*North.* Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,

Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome ;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bedink me, what a weary way

From Ravenspur to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel :

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess ;

And hope to 'joy is little less in joy,

Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath 'been

By sight of what I have, your 'company.

*Boling.* Of much less value is my company,  
Than your good words. But who comes here ?

*Enter HARRY PERCY.*

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,

Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle ?

*Percy.* I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd  
his health of you.

*North.* Why, is he not with the queen ? [court,

*Percy.* No, my good lord : he hath forsook the

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd

The household of the king.

*North.* What was his reason ?

He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake

Together.

[or,

*Percy.* Because your lordship was proclaimed trait-

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspur,

To offer service to the duke of Hereford ;

And sent me over by Berkley, to discover

What power the duke of York had levied there ;

Then, with directions to repair to Ravenspur.

*North.* Have you forgot the duke of Hereford,

boy ?

*Percy.* No, my good lord ; for that is not forgot,

Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,

I never in my life did look on him. [duke.

*North.* Then learn to know him now : this is the

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,

Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm

To more approved service and desert.

*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure,

I count myself in nothing else so happy,

As in a soul remembering my good friends ;

And as my fortune ripens with thy love,

It shall be still thy true love's recompense :

My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

*North.* How far is it to Berkley ? And what stir

Keeps good old York there, with his men of war ?

*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yond' tuft of

trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard ;

And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Sey-

None else of name, and noble estimate. [mour ;

*Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.*

*North.* Here come the lords of Ross and Wil-

loughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

*Boling.* Welcome, my lords. I wot, your love

A banish'd traitor : all my treasury [pursues

Is but yet unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,

Shall be your love and labor's recompense. [lord.

*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble

*Will.* And far surmounts our labor to attain it.

\* Disloyalty ; treachery.

b "To joy," i. e., to rejoice.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

*Enter BERKLEY.*

*North.* It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

*Berk.* My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

*Boling.* My lord, my answer is—to<sup>a</sup> Lancaster,  
And I am come to seek that name in England;

And I must find that title in your tongue,

Before I make reply to aught you say. [ing,

*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord: 'tis not my mean-  
To raise one title of your honor out.

To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,  
From the most gracious regent of this land,  
The duke of York, to know what pricks you on  
To take advantage of the absent<sup>b</sup> time,  
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

*Enter YORK attended.*

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my words by  
you:

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle.

[*Kneels.*

*York.* Show me thy humble heart, and not thy  
Whose duty is deceivable and false. [kneec,

*Boling.* My gracious uncle— [me no uncle:

*York.* Tut, tut! Grace me no grace, nor uncle  
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace,"

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?

But then, more why,—why have they dar'd to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,

Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,

And ostentation of<sup>c</sup> despoiling arms?

Com'st thou because th' anointed king is hence?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French,

O! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,

And minister correction to thy fault!

*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:  
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree;

In gross rebellion, and detested treason:

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come

Before the expiration of thy time,

In braving arms against thy sovereign. [ford;

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Here-

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,

Look on my wrongs with an<sup>e</sup> indifferent eye:

You are my father, for, methinks, in you

I see old Gaunt alive: O! then, my father,

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd

A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties

Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away

To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?

If that my cousin king be king of England,

It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;

Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,

To rouse his<sup>2</sup> wrongers, chase them to the bay.

I am denied to sue my<sup>d</sup> livery here,  
And yet my letters patent give me leave:

My father's goods are all distraint'd, and sold;

And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do? I am a subject.

And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,

And therefore personally I lay my claim

To my inheritance of free descent. [abused.

*North.* The noble duke hath been too much

*Ross.* It stands your grace<sup>e</sup> upon to do him right.

*Will.* Base men by his endowments are made  
great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you this:

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,

And labor'd all I could to do him right;

But in this kind to come; in braving arms,

Be his own carver, and cut out his way,

To find out right with wrong,—it may not be:

And you, that do abet him in this kind,

Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is

But for his own; and for the right of that,

We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,

And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,

Because my power is weak, and all ill left;

But if I could, by him that gave me life,

I would attach you all, and make you stoop

Unto the sovereign mercy of the king:

But, since I cannot, be it known unto you,

I do remain as neuter. So, farewell;

Unless you please to enter in the castle,

And there, my lords, repose you for this night.

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept:

But we must win your grace, to go with us

To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held

By Busby, Bagot, and their complices,

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,

Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

*York.* It may be, I will go with you;—but yet

I'll pause,

For I am loath to break our country's laws.

Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:

Things past redress are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—A Camp in Wales.

*Enter SALISBURY, and a Welsh Captain.*

*Cap.* My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten

And hardly kept our countrymen together, [days.

And yet we hear no tidings from the king;

Therefore, we will disperse ourselves. Farewell.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welsh-

The king reposest all his confidence in thee. [man:

*Cap.* 'Tis thought, the king is dead: we will not

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd, [stay.

And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;

The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change:

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,

The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,

The other to enjoy by rage and war:

These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,

As well assur'd Richard, their king, is dead. [*Exit.*

*Sal.* Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,  
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,

<sup>a</sup> That is, 'Your message, you say, is to my lord of Hereford: my answer is, it is to the Duke of Lancaster.—<sup>b</sup> "The absent time," i. e., the time of the king's absence.—<sup>c</sup> "Indifferent," i. e., impartial.

<sup>d</sup> "To sue my livery," i. e., to sue for the delivery to himself of his lands.—<sup>e</sup> "It stands your grace upon," i. e., it is incumbent upon your grace.



Fall to the base earth from the firmament.  
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:  
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,  
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. *[Exit.]*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—BOLINGBROKE's Camp at Bristol.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

*Boling.* Bring forth these men.—

<sup>1</sup>*[BUSHY and GREEN stand forward.]*

Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls,  
Since presently your souls must part your bodies,  
With too much urging your pernicious lives,  
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood  
From off my hands, here in the view of men  
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.  
You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
By you unhappied and disgrac'd <sup>a</sup>clean:  
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,  
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,  
Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
With tears, drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.  
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,  
Near to the king in blood, and near in love,  
Till you did make him misinterpret me,  
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,  
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,  
<sup>b</sup>Disparc'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,  
From mine own windows torn my household coat,  
Raz'd out my <sup>c</sup>impress, leaving me no sign,  
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,  
To show the world I am a gentleman.  
This and much more, much more than twice all this,  
Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver'd  
To execution, and the hand of death. *[over]*

*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to  
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell. *[me,*  
*Green.* My comfort is, that heaven will take our  
And plague injustice with the pains of hell. *[souls,*

*Boling.* My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

*[Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND and Others, with BUSHY and GREEN.]*

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;  
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:  
Tell her I send to her my kind <sup>d</sup>commendments;  
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

*York.* A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd  
With letters of your love to her at large. *[away,*

*Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, <sup>a</sup>my lords,  
To fight with Glendower and his complices:  
Awhile to work, and after holiday. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.

*Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, Bishop of CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.*

*K. Rich.* Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?

*Aum.* Yea, my <sup>3</sup>good lord. How brooks your grace the air,

After late tossing on the breaking seas? *[Joy,*

*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well: I weep for  
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:  
As a long parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,  
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favor with my royal <sup>4</sup>hand.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;  
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,  
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.  
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;  
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—  
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones  
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms. *[you king,*

*Bishop.* Fear not, my lord: that power that made  
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

The means that heaven yields, must be embrac'd,  
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,  
The proffer'd means of succor and redress.

*Aum.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great in substance, and in power.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou  
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid *[not,*  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders and in outrage, bloody here;

But when from under this terrestrial ball  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,  
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord.

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,  
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your <sup>e</sup>power?  
*Sal.* Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,  
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth,  
O! call back yesterday, bid time return,  
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:

<sup>a</sup> "Clean," i. e., quite; completely.—<sup>b</sup> "Disparc'd," i. e., destroyed.—<sup>c</sup> Device; motto.—<sup>d</sup> Commendations.

<sup>e</sup> Force.

To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,  
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;  
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, <sup>1</sup> or fled,

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace  
so pale? [men]

*K. Rich.* But now, the blood of twenty thousand  
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;

And till so much blood thither come again,  
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?  
All souls that be safe, fly from my side;  
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself. Am I not king?  
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.  
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?  
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes  
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,  
Ye favorites of a king: are we not high?  
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle York  
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who  
comes here!

*Enter SCROOP.*

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my  
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him. [liege,

*K. Rich.* Mine ear is open, and my heart pre-  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold. [par'd:  
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;  
And what loss is it to be rid of care?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God,  
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.  
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;  
They break their faith to God, as well as us.  
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay.  
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

*Scroop.* Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tidings of calamity.  
Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;  
So high above his limits swells the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.  
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless  
scalps

Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,  
Strive to speak big, and <sup>2</sup>clasp their feeble joints  
In stiff unwieldy <sup>3</sup>armor 'gainst thy crown:  
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
Of <sup>4</sup>double-fatal yew against thy state;  
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty <sup>5</sup>bills  
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have power to tell. [ill.

*K. Rich.* Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so  
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?  
That they have let the dangerous enemy  
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?  
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.  
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him, indeed,  
my lord. [demption!]

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without re-  
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! [heart!]  
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my  
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!  
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

Again incurse their souls; their peace is made  
With heads and not with hands: those whom you  
curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,  
And lie full low, <sup>6</sup>grav'd in the hollow ground.

*Aum.* Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire,  
dead?

*Scroop.* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

*Aum.* Where is the duke, my father, with his  
power? [speak:]

*K. Rich.* No matter where. Of comfort no man  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:  
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,  
And nothing can we call our own but death,  
And that small <sup>7</sup>model of the barren earth,  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:  
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,  
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,  
All murder'd;—for within the hollow crown,  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
Keeps death his court, and there the antick sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;

Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
Were brass impregnable; and, humor'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,  
<sup>8</sup>Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this while:  
I live with bread like you, feel want,

Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,  
How can you say to me—I am a king? [woes,

*Bishop.* My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their  
But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,  
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,  
And so your follies fight against yourself.

Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:  
And fight and die is death destroying death;  
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

*Aum.* My father hath a <sup>9</sup>power, enquire of him,  
And learn to make a body of a limb.

*K. Rich.* Thou chid'st me well.—Proud Boling-  
broke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.  
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown:

An easy task it is, to win our own.—  
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?  
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky  
The state and inclination of the day;

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,  
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.  
I play the torturer, by small and <sup>10</sup>small,  
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.

<sup>1</sup> Yew is called *double-fatal* because of the poisonous quality of its leaves.—<sup>2</sup> Battle-axes.

<sup>3</sup> Buried.—<sup>4</sup> Pattern; portion.—<sup>5</sup> "Tradition," i. e., traditional practices; customary homage.—<sup>6</sup> Force.—<sup>7</sup> By little and little.

Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;  
And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his party.

*K. Rich.* Thou hast said enough.—

Beshrew thee, cousin, [*To Aumerle.*] which didst  
lead me forth

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!  
What say you now? What comfort have we now?  
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,  
That bids me be of comfort any more.  
Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;  
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.  
That power I have, discharge; and let them go  
To a car the land that hath some hope to grow,  
For I have none.—Let no man speak again  
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aum.* My liege, one word.

*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong,  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.  
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,  
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Wales. A Plain before Flint  
Castle.

*Enter, with Drum and Colors, BOLINGBROKE and  
Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.*

*Boling.* So that by this intelligence we learn,  
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed  
With some few private friends upon this coast.

*North.* The news is very fair and good, my lord:  
Richard, not far from hence, hath bid his head.

*York.* It would beseem the lord Northumberland,  
To say, king Richard:—Alack, the heavy day,  
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

*North.* Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,  
Left I his title out.

*York.* The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

*Boling.* Mistake not, uncle, farther than you  
should. [should,

*York.* Take not, good cousin, farther than you  
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er our heads.

*Boling.* I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself  
Against their will.—But who comes here?

*Enter PERCY.*

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?

*Percy.* The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

*Boling.* Royally?

Why, it contains no king.

*Percy.* Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king: king Richard lies  
Within the limits of yond<sup>a</sup> lime and stone;  
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,  
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman  
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

*North.* O! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

*Boling.* Noble lord, [*To NORTH.*]  
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle  
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.

Henry Bolingbroke  
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand,  
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,  
To his most royal person; hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,  
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,  
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted.  
If not, I'll use th<sup>e</sup> advantage of my power,  
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,  
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:  
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke  
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,  
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.  
Go; signify as much, while here we march  
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.  
Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,  
That from the castle's tatter'd battlements  
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.  
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet  
With no less terror than the elements  
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock  
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:  
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain  
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.—  
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parley sounded, and answered by a Trumpet with-  
in. Flourish. Enter on the walls King RICHARD,  
the Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and  
SALISBURY.*

*Boling.* See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,  
As doth the blushing discontented sun  
From out the fiery portal of the east,  
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
To dim his glory, and to stain the track  
Of his bright passage to the occident.

*York.* Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,  
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,  
That any<sup>1</sup> storm should stain so fair a show!

*K. Rich.* We are amaz'd; and thus long have we  
stood [*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*

To watch the<sup>2</sup> faithful bending of thy knee,  
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:  
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
To pay their awful duty to our presence?

If we be not, show us the hand of God  
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think that all, as you have done,  
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,  
And we are barren and bereft of friends,

Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf  
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike  
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,

That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
Tell Bolingbroke, for yond<sup>3</sup>, methinks, he stands,  
That every stride he makes upon my land  
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope

The purple<sup>4</sup> testament of bleeding war;  
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
Shall ill become the<sup>5</sup> flower of England's face,  
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace  
To scarlet indignation, and bedew

Her pasture's grass with faithful English blood.

*North.* The king of heaven forbid, our lord the  
Should so with civil and uncivil arms [king

<sup>a</sup> "To ear," i. e., to till; to plough.

<sup>1</sup> "To ope the purple testament of bleeding war," i. e., to ascertain what fortune war will assign him.—<sup>2</sup> "The flower of England's face," i. e., England's flowery face.

Be rush'd upon. Thy thrice-noble cousin,  
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;  
 And by the honorable tomb he swears,  
 That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones,  
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,  
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head,  
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,  
 And by the worth and honor of himself,  
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,  
 His coming hither hath no farther scope,  
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:  
 Which on thy royal party granted once,  
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
 To faithful service of your majesty.  
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just,  
 And, as a gentleman, I credit him. [returns.]

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, say,—thus the king  
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither;  
 And all the number of his fair demands  
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.  
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,  
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commendations.—

[NORTHUMBERLAND retires to BOLINGBROKE.]  
 We do debase ourself, cousin, [To AUWERLE.] do  
 To look so poorly, and to speak so fair? [we not,  
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die? [words,  
*Aum.* No, good my lord: let's fight with gentle  
 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful  
 swords. [of mine,

*K. Rich.* O God! O God! that e'er this tongue  
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
 On yond' proud man, should take it off again  
 With words of b'sooth. O! that I were as great  
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name,  
 Or that I could forget what I have been,  
 Or not remember what I must be now.  
 Swell't thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to  
 beat, <sup>2</sup> [Unbuttoning.

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.  
*Aum.* Northumberland comes back from Boling-  
 broke. [submit!]

*K. Rich.* What must the king do now? Must he  
 The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?  
 The king shall be contented. Must he lose  
 The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:  
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,  
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,  
 My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,  
 My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,  
 My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,  
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints,  
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
 A little little grave, an obscure grave:  
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;  
 For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live,  
 And, buried once, yet not upon my head?—  
 Auwerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin!—  
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears;  
 Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,  
 And make a dearth in this revolting land:  
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?  
 As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,  
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
 Within the earth; and, therein laid, there lies  
 Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.

\* Commit.—b "Of sooth," i. e., of sweetnes, kindness.—  
 c "Of common trade," i. e., of frequent resort.

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see  
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—  
 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,  
 What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty  
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?

You make a<sup>d</sup> leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

*North.* My lord, in the base court he doth attend  
 To speak with you: may't please you to come down?

*K. Rich.* Down, down, I come; like glistening  
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades. [Phaeton,

[NORTH. retires again to BOLING.

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,  
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? down, court! down,  
 king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should  
 sing. [Exeunt, from above.

*Boling.* What says his majesty?

*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart  
<sup>3</sup> Make him speak fondly, like a frantic man:  
 Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Attendants, below.

*Boling.* Stand all apart,  
 And show fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,— [Kneeling.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,  
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it:  
 Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,  
 Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up: your heart is up, I know,  
 Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

*Boling.* My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

*K. Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

*Boling.* So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
 As my true service shall deserve your love. [have,

*K. Rich.* Well you deserve:—they will deserve to  
 That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—  
 Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
 Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have I'll give, and willing too,  
 For do we must what force will have us do.—

Set on towards London.—Cousin, is it so?

*Boling.* Yea, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Then, I must not say no.  
 [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Langley. The Duke of York's  
 Garden.

Enter the QUEEN, and two Ladies.

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in this  
 To drive away the heavy thought of care? [garden,

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls. [rubs,

*Queen.* 'Twill make me think the world is full of  
 And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
 When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

*Queen.* Of sorrow, or of joy?

1 *Lady.* Of either, madam.

*Queen.* Of neither, girl;

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;

For what I have I need not to repeat,

And what I want it boots not to complain.

<sup>d</sup> "A leg," i. e., a bow.—<sup>e</sup> The base court was the lower  
 court of the castle.—<sup>f</sup> Foolishly.—<sup>g</sup> Profits.

1 *Lady*. Madam, I'll sing.

*Queen*. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;  
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

1 *Lady*. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

*Queen*. And I could sing, would weeping do me  
And never borrow any tear of thee. [good,

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so

Against a change. Woe is <sup>a</sup>forerun with woe.

[*QUEEN and Ladies retire.*

*Enter a Gardener and two Servants.*

*Gard*. Go, bind thou up yon<sup>d</sup> dangling apriecoeks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—

Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing <sup>b</sup>sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth:

All must be even in our government.—

You thus employ'd, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Serv*. Why should we, in the compass of a <sup>c</sup>pale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,

Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,

Her <sup>d</sup>knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs

Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard*. Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:

The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,

Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;

I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv*. What! are they dead?

*Gard*. They are; and Bolingbroke

Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—What pity is it,

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,

As we this garden. <sup>2</sup>At the time of year

<sup>3</sup>We wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,

Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,

With too much riches it confound itself:

Had he done so to great and growing men,

They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste

Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches

We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:

Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,

Which waste <sup>4</sup>and idle hours have quite thrown down.

1 *Serv*. What! think you, then, the king shall be  
depos'd?

*Gard*. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,

'Tis <sup>5</sup>doubt, he will be: letters came last night

To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,

That tell black tidings.

*Queen*. O! I am press'd to <sup>f</sup>death, through want  
of speaking. [Coming forward.

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,

How dares thy harsh, rude tongue sound this un-  
pleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee

To make a second fall of cursed man?

<sup>a</sup> "Woe is *forerun* with woe," i. e., woe is a *harbinger*  
to woe.—<sup>b</sup> Sprouts; twigs.—<sup>c</sup> "A pale," i. e., an enclosure.

<sup>d</sup> Knots were corresponding garden patches or beds.—

<sup>e</sup> "'Tis doubt," i. e., doubtless; there is little doubt.—<sup>f</sup> An al-  
lusion to the ancient punishment of *pressing to death*, inflict-  
ed upon prisoners refusing to plead.

Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?

Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,  
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

*Gard*. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,

To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold

Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,

And some few vanities that make him light;

But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,

Besides himself, are all the English peers,

And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so;

I speak no more than every one doth know.

*Queen*. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,

And am I last that knows it? O! thou think'st

To serve me last, that I may longest keep

Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go

To meet at London London's king in woe.—

What! was I born to this, that my sad look

Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—

Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,

Pray God, the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*

*Gard*. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no

I would my skill were subject to thy curse. [worse,

Here did she <sup>g</sup>fall a tear; here, in this place,

I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:

Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,

In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall.

*The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne;  
the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTH-  
UMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord,  
the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster,  
and Attendants.*<sup>h</sup>

*Boling*. Call forth Bagot.—

<sup>i</sup>*Enter BAGOT, guarded.*

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,

What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death;

Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd

The bloody office of his <sup>j</sup>timeless end.

*Bagot*. Then, set before my face the lord Aumerle.

*Boling*. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

*Bagot*. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,

I heard you say,—<sup>k</sup>"Is not my arm of length,

That reacheth from the restful English court,

As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?"

Against much other talk, that very time,

I heard you say, that you had rather refuse

The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,

Than Bolingbroke's return to England;

Adding withal, how blest this land would be

In this your cousin's death.

*Aum*. Princes, and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonor my fair <sup>l</sup>stars,

On equal terms to give him chastisement?

Either I must, or have mine honor soil'd

With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—

<sup>g</sup> Drop.—<sup>h</sup> Untimely.—<sup>i</sup> "My fair stars," i. e., the superior  
stars that presided at my birth. Only the inferior stars,  
according to Pliny, were supposed to be predominant at the  
birth of persons in the lower ranks of life.

There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,  
And will maintain what thou hast said is false  
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base  
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*Boling.* Bagot, forbear: thou shalt not take it up.

*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best  
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

*Fitz.* If that thy valor stand on <sup>a</sup>sympathy,  
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.  
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,  
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.  
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;  
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

*Aum.* Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

*Fitz.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

*Aum.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest; his honor is as true  
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;  
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to th' extremest point  
Of mortal breathing. Seize it if thou dar'st.

*Aum.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
And never brandish more revengeful steel  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

*Lord.* I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;  
And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to <sup>b</sup>sun. There is my honor's pawn:  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st. [at all.

*Aum.* Who <sup>c</sup>sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw  
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*Surrey.* My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*Fitz.* 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;  
And you can witness with me this is true. [true.

*Surrey.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is  
*Fitz.* Surrey, thou liest.

*Surrey.* Dishonorable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,  
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,  
Till thou, the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie  
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.  
In proof whereof, there is my honor's pawn:  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse.

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
I dare meet Surrey in a <sup>d</sup>wilderness,  
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,  
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,  
To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new <sup>e</sup>world,  
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:  
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,  
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men  
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.  
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,  
If he may be repeal'd to try his honor.

*Boling.* These differences shall all rest under gage,  
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,  
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again  
To all his lands and signories. When he's return'd,  
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

*Bishop.* That honorable day shall ne'er be seen.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross  
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;  
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself  
To Italy, and there, at Venice, gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
Under whose colors he had fought so long.

*Boling.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

*Bishop.* As surely as I live, my lord. [the bosom  
*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to  
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,  
Your differences shall all rest under gage,  
Till we assign <sup>1</sup> to you your days of trial.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*York.* Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee,  
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul  
Adopts thee here, and his high sceptre yields  
To the possession of thy royal hand.

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,  
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

*Boling.* In God's name I'll ascend the regal throne.

*Bishop.* Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best besecming me to speak the truth.  
Would God, that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge  
Of noble Richard: then, true nobleness would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
What subject can give sentence on his king?

And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?  
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crown'd, planted many years,  
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,  
And <sup>2</sup> he not present! O! <sup>3</sup>forbid it, God,  
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.  
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;

And if you crown him, let me prophesy  
The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
And future ages groan for this foul act:

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars  
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;  
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,  
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.  
O! if you raise this house against this house,  
It will the woofullest division prove,  
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.

Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,  
Least child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

*North.* Well have you argued, sir; and, for your  
Of capital treason we arrest you here.— [pains,  
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
To keep him safely till his day of trial.

May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.  
*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view  
He may surrender: so we shall proceed  
Without suspicion.

*York.* I will be his <sup>b</sup>conductor. [Exit.

*Boling.* Lords, you that here are under our arrest,  
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—  
Little are we beholding to your love, [To the Bishop.  
<sup>3</sup>And look for little at your helping hands.

<sup>a</sup> "On sympathy," i. e., on equality of blood and rank.—  
<sup>b</sup> "From sun to sun," i. e., from sunrise to sunset.—<sup>c</sup> "Who  
acts me else," i. e., Who else offers me the pledge of battle?  
—<sup>d</sup> "In a wilderness," i. e., where no help can be had  
against him.—<sup>e</sup> "In this new world," i. e., where I have just  
commenced my career.

<sup>1</sup> Nobleness.—<sup>2</sup> Forbid.—<sup>3</sup> Conductor.

*Re-enter YORK, with King RICHARD, and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.*

*K. Rich.* Alack! why am I sent for to a king,  
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:  
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
To this submission. Yet I well remember  
The "favors of these men: were they not mine?  
Did they not sometimes cry, All hail! to me?  
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve, [none.  
Found truth in all, but one: I, in twelve thousand,  
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?  
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.  
God save the king! although I be not he;  
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—  
To do what service am I sent for hither?

*York.* To do that office of thine own good will,  
Which tired majesty did make thee offer;  
The resignation of thy state and crown  
To Harry Bolingbroke.

*K. Rich.* Give me the crown.—Here, cousin,  
seize the crown; [1 *Crown brought.*  
Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side,  
Now is this golden crown like a deep well, [yours.  
That owes two buckets, filling one another;  
The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
The other down, unseen, and full of water:  
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,  
Drinking my grief, whilst you mount up on high.

*Boling.* I thought you had been willing to resign.  
*K. Rich.* My crown, I am; but still my griefs are  
You may my glories and my state depose, [mine.  
But not my griefs: still am I king of those.

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give me with your  
crown. [down.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up do not pluck my cares  
My care is loss of care, by old care done;  
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:  
The cares I give, I have, though given away;  
They "tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown?

*K. Rich.* Ay, no; no, ay;—for I must nothing be;  
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.  
Now mark me how I will undo myself.—  
I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart:  
With mine own tears I wash away my "balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
With mine own breath release all duties, rites:  
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;  
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;  
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:  
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!  
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!  
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,  
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!  
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!  
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,  
And send him many years of sunshine days!—  
What more remains?

*North.* No more, but that you read  
[Offering a paper.  
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,  
Committed by your person, and your followers,  
Against the state and profit of this land;  
That, by confessing them, the souls of men

May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

*K. Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out  
My weav'd up folly? Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,  
To read a lecture of them? If thou "would'st,  
There should'st thou find one heinous article,  
Containing the deposing of a king,  
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.—  
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,  
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,  
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,  
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates  
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin. [cles.

*North.* My lord, dispatch: read o'er these arti-

*K. Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;  
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,  
But they can see a sort of traitors here.  
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
I find myself a traitor with the rest;  
For I have given here my soul's consent,  
To undo the pompous body of a king;  
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,  
Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

*North.* My lord,— [man,

*K. Rich.* No lord of thine, thou "haught, insulting  
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title,  
No, not that name was given me at the font,  
But 'tis usurp'd.—Alack, the heavy day!  
That I have worn so many winters out,  
And know not now what name to call myself.  
O! that I were a mockery king of snow,  
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
To melt myself away in water drops!—  
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,  
And if my name be sterling yet in England,  
Let it command a mirror hither straight,  
That it may show me what a face I have,  
Since it is bankrupt of "his majesty.

*Boling.* Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.  
[Exit an Attendant.

*North.* Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth  
come. [to hell.

*K. Rich.* Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come

*Boling.* Urge it no more, my lord Northumber-  
land.

*North.* The commons will not then be satisfied.

*K. Rich.* They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,  
When I do see the very book indeed,  
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

*Re-enter Attendant with a Glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.—  
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine,  
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass!  
Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me. Was this the face the face,  
That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,  
That like the sun did make beholders wink?  
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,  
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?  
A brittle glory shineth in this face:  
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the Glass against the ground.  
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—  
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport:

\* Countenances; features.—<sup>b</sup> Owns.—<sup>c</sup> Attend.—<sup>d</sup> "My balm," i. e., my oil of consecration.

"If thou would'st," i. e., if thou would'st read a list of thy own deeds.—<sup>f</sup> "Sort," i. e., set; company.—<sup>g</sup> Haughty.—<sup>h</sup> His is used for *its*.

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  
The shadow of your face.

*K. Rich.* Say that again.  
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—  
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;  
And these external manners of lament  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,  
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;  
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,  
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st  
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
And then begone and trouble you no more.  
Shall I obtain it?

*Boling.* Name it, fair cousin.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin! I am greater than a king;  
For, when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,  
I have a king here to my flatterer.  
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Boling.* Yet ask.

*K. Rich.* And shall I have it?

*Boling.* You shall.

*K. Rich.* Why then give me leave to go.

*Boling.* Whither? [sighs.]

*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your  
*Boling.* Go, some of you; convey him to the  
Tower. [all.]

*K. Rich.* O, good! Convey?—<sup>a</sup> Conveyors are you  
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD, and Guard.*]

*Boling.* On Wednesday next we solemnly set  
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. [down  
[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle,*  
and AUMERLE.

*Abbot.* A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

*Bishop.* The woe's to come: the children yet unborn  
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn. [born

*Aum.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot? [herein,

*Abbot.* My lord, before I freely speak my mind  
You shall not only take the sacrament  
To bury mine intents, but also to effect  
Whatever I shall happen to devise.  
I see your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:  
Come home with me to supper; I will lay  
A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Street leading to the  
Tower.

*Enter QUEEN, and Attendants.*

*Queen.* This way the king will come: this is the  
To Julius Caesar's <sup>b</sup>ill-erected tower, [way  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

*Enter King RICHARD, and Guard.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—  
Ah! thou, the <sup>c</sup>model where old Troy did stand;

<sup>a</sup> "Conveyors," i. e., jugglers; thieves.—<sup>b</sup> "Ill-erected," i. e., erected for evil purposes.—<sup>c</sup> "The model where old Troy did stand," i. e., the likeness of that cheerless waste where proud Troy once stood.

Thou <sup>d</sup>map of honor; thou king Richard's tomb,  
And not king Richard; thou mostauteous <sup>e</sup>inn,  
Why should hard-favor'd grief be lodg'd in thee,  
When triumph is become an alehouse guest? [so,

*K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not  
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,  
To think our former state a happy dream;  
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are  
Shows us but this. I am sworn <sup>f</sup>brother, sweet,  
To grim necessity; and he and I  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,  
And cloister thee in some religious house:  
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

*Queen.* What! is my Richard both in shape and  
mind

Transform'd and weaken'd? Hath <sup>g</sup>this Bolingbroke  
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?  
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like  
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts? [beasts,  
*K. Rich.* A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but  
I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:  
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,  
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire  
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales  
Of woeful ages long ago <sup>h</sup>betid;  
And, ere thou bid good night, to <sup>i</sup>quit their grief,  
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.  
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And in compassion weep the fire out;  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.*

*North.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd:  
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—  
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you:

With all swift speed you must away to France.  
*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder, where-  
withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head  
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all:  
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way  
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way  
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;  
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,  
To worthy danger and deserved death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.  
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

*K. Rich.* Doubly divorce'd!—Bad men, ye violate  
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,  
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—  
Let me unkniss the oath 'twixt thee and me;

<sup>2</sup>[*They embrace.*]

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—  
Part us, Northumberland: I toward the north,  
Where shivering cold and sickness pine the climate;

<sup>d</sup> "Map," i. e., picture.—<sup>e</sup> "Inn," i. e., mansion; residence.  
—<sup>f</sup> "Sworn brother," i. e., partner.—<sup>g</sup> Passed.—<sup>h</sup> "To quit  
their grief," i. e., to requite their mournful stories.



My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,  
She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
Sent back like <sup>a</sup> Hallowmas, or <sup>1</sup> shortest day.

*Queen.* And must we be divided? must we part?

*K. Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both, and send the king with me.  
*North.* That were some love, but little policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Keep thou for me in France, I for thee here;

Better far off, than near, <sup>2</sup> being ne'er the <sup>b</sup> near.

Go; count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest moans. [being short,

*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan, the way And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,  
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kiss.*

*Queen.* Give me mine own again; 'twere no good To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [part,

[*They kiss again.*

So, now I have mine own again, begone,  
That I may strive to kill it with a groan. [lay:

*K. Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond decoy more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

*Enter York, and the Duchess.*

*Duch.* My lord, you told me, you would tell the When weeping made you break the story off, [rest,  
Of our two cousins coming into London.

*York.* Where did I leave?

*Duch.* At that sad stop, my lord,  
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,  
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,  
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
While all tongues cried—"God save thee, Bolingbroke!"

You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage; and that all the walls  
With painted imagery had said at once,—

"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespake them thus,—*"I thank you, countrymen:"*  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along. [whilst?

*Duch.* Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the

*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on gentle Richard: no man cried, God save him;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience,  
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

But heaven hath a hand in these events,

To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,

Whose state and honor I for aye allow.

*Duch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.

*York.* Aumerle that was;

But that is lost for being Richard's friend,

And, madam, you must call him <sup>c</sup> Rutland now.

I am in parliament pledge for his truth,

And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

*Enter AUMERLE.*

*Duch.* Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,  
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:  
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one. [time,

*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of  
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

*Aum.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.

*York.* You will be there, I know.

*Aum.* If God prevent it not, I purpose so.

*York.* What <sup>d</sup> seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me <sup>e</sup> then see the writing.

*Aum.* My lord, 'tis nothing.

*York.* No matter, then, who sees it:

I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me.

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,—

*Duch.* What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some bond <sup>f</sup> he's enter'd into

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day. [bond

*York.* Bound to himself? what doth he with a

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—

Boy, let me see the writing. [show it.

*Aum.* I do beseech you, pardon me: I may not

*York.* I will be satisfied: let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it and reads.*

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

*Duch.* What is the matter, my lord? [horse.

*York.* Ho! who is within there? Saddle my  
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

*Duch.* Why, what is it, my lord?

*York.* Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse.—

Now by mine honor, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain.

*Duch.*

What's the matter?

*York.* Peace, foolish woman. [Aumerle?

*Duch.* I will not peace.—What is the matter,

*Aum.* Good mother, be content: it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

*Duch.*

Thy life answer?

*York.* Bring me my boots! I will unto the king.

*Enter Servant with boots.*

*Duch.* Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.—

Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.—

[*Exit Servant.*

*York.* Give me my boots, I say.

*Duch.* Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons, or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time,

<sup>c</sup> Aumerle was soon after deprived of his dukedom, but allowed to retain the earldom of Rutland.—<sup>d</sup> The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on slips of parchment appended to them.

<sup>a</sup> Hallowmas, the first of November.—<sup>b</sup> "Ne'er the near," i. e., never the nearer.

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,  
And rob me of a happy mother's name?  
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

*York.* Thou fond, mad woman,  
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?  
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,  
And interchangeably set down their hands,  
To kill the king at Oxford.

*Duch.* He shall be none;  
We'll keep him here: then, what is that to him?

*York.* Away, fond woman! were he twenty times  
My son, I would approach him.

*Duch.* Hadst thou groan'd for him,  
As I have done, thou would'st be more pitiful.  
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect,  
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.  
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:  
He is as like thee as a man may be,  
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,  
And yet I love him.

*York.* Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*]

*Duch.* After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his  
Spur, post, and get before him to the king, [horse:  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.  
I'll not be long behind: though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:  
And never will I rise up from the ground,  
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away! be-  
gone. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE as King; PERCY, and other  
Lords.*

*Boling.* Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?  
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:  
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.  
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.  
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,  
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With unrestrained loose companions;  
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,  
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;  
While he, young wanton, and effeminate boy,  
Takes on the point of honor to support  
So dissolute a crew. [*Prince,*

*Percy.* My lord, some two days since I saw thee  
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

*Boling.* And what said the gallant?

*Percy.* His answer was,—he would unto the stewes;  
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,  
And wear it as a favor; and with that  
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

*Boling.* As dissolute, as desperate: yet through both  
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder days  
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

*Enter AUMERLE, in great haste.*

*Aum.* Where is the king?

*Boling.* What means our cousin, that he stares and  
So wildly? [*Majesty,*

*Aum.* God save your grace. I do beseech your  
To have some conference with your grace alone.

*Boling.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here  
alone.— [*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

*Aum.* For ever may my knees grow to the earth,  
[*Kneels.*

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,  
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

*Boling.* Intended, or committed, was this fault?  
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,  
To win thy after love I pardon thee.

*Aum.* Then give me leave that I may turn the key,

That no man enter till my tale be done.

*Boling.* Have thy desire. [*AUMERLE locks the door.*]

*York.* [*Within.*] My liege, beware! look to thyself:  
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

*Boling.* Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*]

*Aum.* Stay thy revengeful hand: thou hast no  
cause to fear. [*king:*

*York.* [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, fool hardy  
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*BOLINGBROKE opens the door, and locks it again.*]

*Enter YORK.*

*Boling.* What is the matter, uncle? speak;

Recover breath: tell us how near is danger,

That we may arm us to encounter it.

*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

*Aum.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past.

I do repent me; read not my name there:

My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*York.* It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king:

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*Boling.* O, heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—

O, loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou a sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,

From whence this stream through muddy passages

Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad;

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy <sup>b</sup>digressing son.

*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,

And he shall spend mine honor with his shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

Mine honor lives when his dishonor dies,

Or my sham'd life in his dishonor lies:

Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,

The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

*Duch.* [*Within.*] What ho! my liege! for God's

sake let me in. [*eager cry!*]

*Boling.* What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this

*Duch.* A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:

A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

*Boling.* Our scene is altered, from a serious thing,

And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."—

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:

I know, she's come to pray for your soul sin.

*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,

More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;

This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

*Enter DUCHESSES.*

*Duch.* O king! believe not this hard-hearted man:

Love, loving not itself, none other can. [*here:*]

*York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou <sup>c</sup>make

Shall thy old dogs once more a traitor rear?

*Duch.* Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle

liege. [*Kneels.*

*Boling.* Rise up, good aunt.

*Duch.* Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I walk upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy

*Aum.* Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

[*Kneels.*

<sup>a</sup> "Sheer," i. e., clear; transparent.—<sup>b</sup> "Digressing," i. e., deviating from the right.—<sup>c</sup> "The Beggar and the King" was the name of an old ballad.—<sup>d</sup> "What dost thou make," i. e., what dost thou do.

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.

[*Kneels.*]

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

*Duch.* Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be denied;

We pray with heart, and soul, and all besides;

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then, let them have

That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* Nay, do not say—stand up;

But, pardon first, and afterwards, stand up.

And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;

Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

*York.* Speak it in French, king: say, *a pardonnez-moi.*

*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,

That set'st the word itself against the word!

Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;

The <sup>3</sup> chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,

Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,

That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* I do not sue to stand:

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

*Boling.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

*Duch.* O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;

Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

*Boling.* I pardon him with all my heart.

*Duch.* A god on earth thou art. <sup>1</sup>[*Rises.*]

*Boling.* But for our trusty <sup>c</sup> brother-in-law, and the

With all the rest of that consorted crew, <sup>d</sup>[*abbot,*

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—

Good uncle, help to order several powers

To Oxford, or <sup>2</sup>where else these traitors <sup>3</sup>be:

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them, <sup>4</sup>so I once know where.

Uncle, farewell,—and cousin <sup>5</sup>mine, adieu:

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

*Duch.* Come, my old son; I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Sir PIERCE of EXTON, and a Servant.*

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?" Was it not so?

*Serv.* Those were his very words.

*Exton.* "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake And urg'd it twice together, did he not? [*It twice,*

*Serv.* He did.

*Exton.* And, speaking it, he <sup>a</sup>wishtly look'd on me; As who should say,—I would thou wert the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart;

Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:

I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

*Enter King RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may compare This prison, where I live, unto the world:

And, for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but myself,

I cannot do it: yet I'll hammer't out.

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;

My soul, the father: and these two beget

A generation of still-breeding thoughts,

And these same thoughts people this little world;

In humors like the people of this world,

For no thought is contented. The better sort,

As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd

With scruples, and do set the <sup>2</sup>word itself

Against the word:

As thus,—"<sup>a</sup>Come, little ones;" and then again,—

"It is as hard to come, as for a camel

To tread the postern of a <sup>6</sup>small needle's eye."

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot

Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs

Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;

And, <sup>b</sup>for they cannot, die in their own pride.

Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,

Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,

Who, sitting in the stocks, <sup>c</sup>refuge their shame

That many have, and others must sit there:

And in this thought they find a kind of ease,

Bearing their own misfortune on the back

Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I, in one person, many people,

And none contented: sometimes am I king;

Then, treason makes me wish myself a beggar,

And so I am: then, crushing penury

Persuades me I was better when a king:

Then, am I king'd again; and, by and by,

Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,

And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am,

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,

With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd

With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [*Music.*]

Ha, ha! keep time.—How sour sweet music is,

When time is broke, and no proportion kept!

So is it in the music of men's lives:

And here have I the daintiness of ear,

To check time broke in a disorder'd string,

But for the concord of my state and time,

Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;

For now hath time made me his numbering clock:

My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they <sup>4</sup>jar,

Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,

Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

Now, <sup>7</sup>for the sound, that tells what hour it is,

Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,

Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,

Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time

Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,

While I stand fooling here, his 'Jack o' the clock.

This music mads me: let it sound no more,

<sup>a</sup> "*Pardonnez-moi.*" i. e., pardon me; excuse me.—<sup>b</sup> "Chopping," i. e., chainging.—<sup>c</sup> The "brother-in-law" meant was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon, who had married Bolingbroke's sister. <sup>d</sup> That is, the abbot of Westminster.—<sup>e</sup> "Wishtly," i. e., earnestly.

<sup>f</sup> "Rid," i. e., despatch.—<sup>g</sup> By the "word" is here meant the Holy Scriptures.—<sup>h</sup> Because.—<sup>i</sup> "Re-fuge their shame," i. e., take refuge from their shame in the thought that many, &c.—<sup>j</sup> Tick.—<sup>k</sup> A "Jack o' the clock" was the figure of a man that struck the hours on the bell.

For though it hath holpe madmen to their wits,  
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.  
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!  
For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard  
Is a strange <sup>a</sup>brooch in this all-hating world.

*Enter Groom.*

*Groom.* Hail, royal prince!

*K. Rich.* Thanks, noble peer;  
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,  
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog  
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,  
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,  
With much ado, at length have gotten leave  
To look upon my <sup>b</sup>sometime royal master's face.  
O! how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld  
In London streets that coronation day,  
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!  
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,  
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd! [*friend,*  
*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle  
How went he under him?

*Groom.* So <sup>1</sup>proud, as if he had disdain'd the ground.

*K. Rich.* So proud that Bolingbroke was on his  
back?

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,  
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck  
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?  
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,  
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;  
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by <sup>c</sup>jauncing Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a Dish.*

*Keeper.* Fellow, give place: here is no longer stay.  
[*To the Groom.*

*K. Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.  
*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart  
shall say. [*Exit.*

*Keeper.* My lord, will't please you to fall to?

*K. Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

*Keeper.* My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton,  
who lately came from the king, commands the contrary. [*thee!*

*K. Rich.* The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and  
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Strikes the Keeper.*

*Keeper.* Help, help, help!

*Enter Sir PIERCE of EXTON, and Servants, armed.*

*K. Rich.* How now! what means death in this  
rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.  
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*  
Go thou and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another: EXTON strikes him down.*  
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,  
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce  
hand [*land.*  
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own  
Mount, mount, my soul! thy scat is up on high,  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*

*Exton.* As full of valor, as of royal blood:  
Both have I spilt: O, would the deed were good!  
For now the devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.  
This dead king to the living king I'll bear.—  
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.  
[*Exeunt <sup>2</sup>with the bodies.*

SCENE VI.—Windsor. An Apartment in the  
Castle.

*Flourish.* *Enter BOLINGBROKE, and YORK with  
Lords and Attendants.*

*Boling.* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear  
Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire  
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;  
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Welcome, my lord. What is the news <sup>3</sup>with you?  
*North.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happi-  
The next news is,—I have to London sent [*ness:*  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:  
The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a Paper.*

*Boling.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter FITZWATER.*

*Fitz.* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London  
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely,  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,  
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*Boling.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;  
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle.*

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, abbot of Westmin-  
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy, [*ster,*  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;  
But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
The kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

*Boling.* <sup>4</sup>Bishop of Carlisle, this shall be your  
doom:—

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,  
More than thou hast, and with it <sup>5</sup>joy thy life;  
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:  
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High sparks of honor in thee have I seen.

*Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a Coffin.*

*Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I present  
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

*Boling.* Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast  
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand [*wrought*  
Upon my head, and all this famous land. [*deed.*

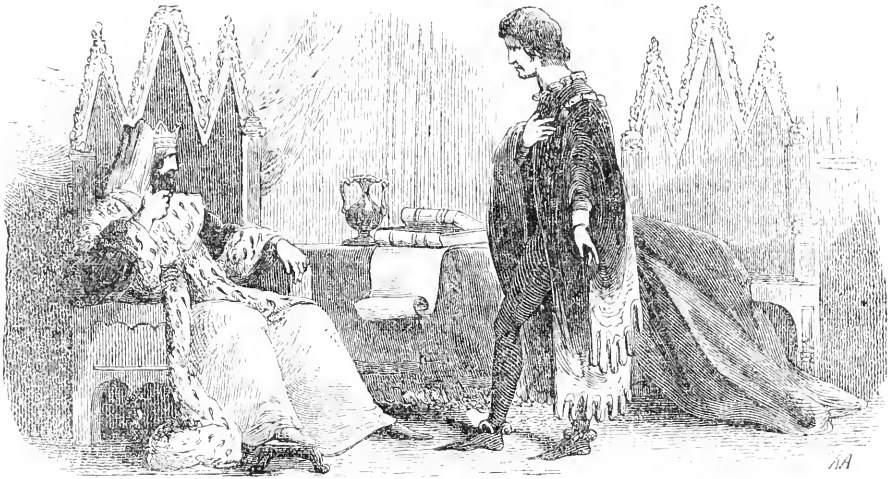
*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord, did I this

*Boling.* They love not poison that do poison need,  
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,  
But neither my good word, nor princely favor:  
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,  
And never show thy head by day nor light.—  
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:  
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,  
And put on sullen black. <sup>6</sup>Incontinent  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.  
March sadly after: grace my <sup>6</sup>mourning here,  
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> "Brooch," i. e., jewel.—<sup>b</sup> Former.—<sup>c</sup> Jauncing is hard riding.

<sup>4</sup> Enjoy.—<sup>5</sup> Immediately.

# FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.



Act III.—Scene 2.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.  
HENRY, Prince of Wales.  
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.<sup>1</sup>  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.  
SIR WALTER BLUNT.<sup>2</sup>  
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.  
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland:  
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his Son.  
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.  
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.  
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.  
OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.  
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.  
<sup>3</sup>SIR MICHAEL, a friend of the Archbishop  
of York.  
POINS.  
GADSHILL.  
PETO.  
BARDOLPH.  
LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur.<sup>4</sup>  
LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower.<sup>5</sup>  
MRS. QUICKLY, Hostess of a Tavern in East-  
cheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers,<sup>6</sup> Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Others.*

*K. Hen.* So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in a strand afar remote.  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs  
Of hostile paces: those oppos'd eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock

And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross,  
We are impress'd, and engag'd to fight,  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,  
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb  
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
For our advantage on the bitter cross.  
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,  
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:  
<sup>d</sup>Therefore we meet not now.—Then, let me hear

<sup>a</sup> Strands; shores.—<sup>b</sup> "Entrance," i. e., surface.

<sup>c</sup> "Levy," i. e., lead.—<sup>d</sup> "Therefore we meet not now," i. e., it is not on that account that we now meet.

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
What yesternight our council did decree,  
In forwarding this dear <sup>a</sup>expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many <sup>b</sup>limits of the charge set down  
But yesternight; when, all athwart, there came  
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;  
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,  
A thousand of his people butchered;  
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be  
Without much shame re-told or spoken of. [broil

*K. Hen.* It seems, then, that the tidings of this  
Brake off our business for the Holy Land. [lord;

*West.* This, match'd with other, did, my gracious  
For more uneven and unwelcome news  
Came from the north, and thus it did import.  
On Holy-rood <sup>c</sup>day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met;  
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;  
For he that brought them, in the very heat  
And pride of their contention did take horse,  
Uncertain of the issue any way.

*K. Hen.* Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
Betwix that Holmedon and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,  
<sup>d</sup>Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took  
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas, and the earl of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and <sup>e</sup>the bold Menteith;  
And is not this an honorable spoil?  
A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not? [of.

*West.* <sup>2</sup>Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast

*K. Hen.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and  
mak'st me sin,

In envy that my lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son:  
A son, who is the theme of honor's tongue;  
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;  
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonor stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O! that it could be prov'd,  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. [coz',  
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you,  
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,  
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,  
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

*West.* This is his uncle's teaching, this is Wor-  
malevolent to you in all aspects; [cester,  
Which makes him <sup>e</sup>prune himself, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

<sup>a</sup> Expedition.—<sup>b</sup> "Limits," i. e., estimates; calculations.—  
<sup>c</sup> September 14th.—<sup>d</sup> "Balk'd," i. e., heaped; laid in heaps.  
—<sup>e</sup> "Prune himself," i. e., trim himself, as birds *prune* or  
clean their feathers.

*K. Hen.* But I have sent for him to answer this;  
And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords;  
But come yourself with speed to us again,  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Than out of <sup>e</sup>anger can be uttered.

*West.* I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Apartment in  
the Palace.

*Enter HENRY, Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Now, Hal; what time of day is it, lad?

*P. Hen.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of  
old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and  
sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast  
forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would'st  
truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the  
time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack,  
and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of  
bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and  
the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-  
color'd taffeta, I see no reason why thou should'st  
be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed you come near me, now, Hal; for  
we, that take purses, go by the moon and the seven  
stars, and not by Phœbus,—he, that wandering  
knight so fair." And, I prythee, sweet wag, when  
thou art king,—as, God save thy grace,—majesty, I  
should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

*P. Hen.* What, none?

*Fal.* No, by my troth; not so much as will serve  
to be prologue to an egg and butter.

*P. Hen.* Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king,  
let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be  
called thieves of the day's <sup>b</sup>beauty: let us be Di-  
ana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of  
the moon; and let men say, we be men of good gov-  
ernment, being governed as the sea is, by our noble  
and chaste mistress the moon, under whose counte-  
nance we steal.

*P. Hen.* Thou say'st well, and it holds well, too;  
for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth  
ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea  
is, by the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold  
most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most  
dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with  
swearing—lay <sup>b</sup>by; and spent with crying—bring  
<sup>i</sup>in; now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the lad-  
der, and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge  
of the gallows.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is  
not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*P. Hen.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the  
castle. And is not a buff <sup>k</sup>jerkin a most sweet robe  
of durance?

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy  
quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to  
do with a buff jerkin?

*P. Hen.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my  
hostess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning  
many a time and oft.

<sup>i</sup> "Than out of anger can be uttered," i. e., more than an-  
ger will suffer me now to say.—<sup>j</sup> That is, "Let not us, who  
adorn the night, be called a disgrace to the day."—<sup>k</sup> "Lay  
by," i. e., be still.—"Bring in," i. e., bring in more wine.—  
<sup>k</sup> The "buff jerkin," or coat of ox-skin, was worn by sher-  
iffs' officers: it was called "a robe of durance," in respect  
to its durability.

*P. Hen.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fal.* No: I'll give thee thy due; thou hast paid all there.

*P. Hen.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it, <sup>1</sup>that it is here apparent that thou art heir apparent.—But, I pry'thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fobbed, as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a king, hang a thief.

*P. Hen.* No: thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

*P. Hen.* Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

*P. Hen.* For obtaining of suits?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Shlood, I am as melancholy as a gib <sup>2</sup>cat, or a lugged bear.

*P. Hen.* Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire <sup>3</sup>bagpipe.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou to a 'hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

*Fal.* Thou has the most unsavory similes; and art, indeed, the most <sup>4</sup>comparative, rascalless, sweet young prince.—But, Hal, I pry'thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

*P. Hen.* Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fal.* O! thou hast damnable <sup>5</sup>iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal:—God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

*P. Hen.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Fal.* Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and <sup>6</sup>baffle me.

*P. Hen.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

*Enter POINS, at a distance.*

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a <sup>7</sup>match.—O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand! to a <sup>8</sup>true man.

*P. Hen.* Good morrow, Ned.

<sup>a</sup> Gib cat, or lib cat, is the Scotch term for a gelded cat.—  
<sup>b</sup> "The drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe," is the croak of a frog.—The flesh of the hare was supposed to generate melancholy.—<sup>c</sup> "Comparative," i. e., fond of making comparisons.—<sup>d</sup> "Iteration," i. e., citation of holy texts.—<sup>e</sup> "Baffle me," i. e., treat me with ignominy.—<sup>f</sup> "Set a match," i. e., made an appointment.—<sup>g</sup> Honest.

*Poins.* Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldst him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

*P. Hen.* Sir John stands to his word: the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.

*Poins.* Then, art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

*P. Hen.* Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

*Poins.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have advisors for you all, you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

*Fal.* Hear ye, Yedward: if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

*Poins.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*P. Hen.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou can'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten <sup>9</sup>shillings.

*P. Hen.* Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

*Fal.* Why, that's well said.

*P. Hen.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

*P. Hen.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I pry'thee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* Farewell thou latter spring! Farewell, <sup>10</sup>All-hallown summer! [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

*P. Hen.* How shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

*P. Hen.* Yea, but 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll

<sup>1</sup> Masks.—<sup>2</sup> "Ten shillings" was the value of a coin called a royal or real.—<sup>3</sup> Fine weather at All-hallown tide (i. e., All-Saints, Nov. 1.) is called an "All-hallown summer."

tie them in the wood : our visors we will change, after we leave them ; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the <sup>a</sup>nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments.

*P. Hen.* Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back ; and for the third, if he'll fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper : how thirty at least he fought with ; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and in the <sup>b</sup>reproof of this lies the jest.

*P. Hen.* Well, I'll go with thee : provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

*Poins.* Farewell, my lord. [Exit POINS.]

*P. Hen.* I know you all, and will awhile uphold the unyok'd humor of your idleness :

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapors, that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
So, when this loose behavior I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's <sup>c</sup>hopes ;  
And, like bright metal on a <sup>d</sup>sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,  
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Same. Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

*K. Hen.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate, to stir at these indignities, [perate,] And you have found me ; for, accordingly, You tread upon my patience : but, be sure, I will from henceforth rather be myself, Mighty, and to be feared, than my <sup>e</sup>condition, Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down, And therefore lost that title of respect, Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves The scourge of greatness to be used on it ; And that same greatness, too, which our own hands Have help to make so portly.

*North.* My <sup>f</sup>good lord,—

[do see

*K. Hen.* <sup>g</sup>Lord Worcester, get thee gone ; for I Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

O, sir ! your presence is too bold and peremptory, And majesty might never yet endure The moody <sup>h</sup>frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us : when we need Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[Exit WORCESTER.]

You were about to speak.

[To NORTH.]

*North.*

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded, Which Harry Percy, here, at Holmedon took, Were, as he says, not with such strength denied As is deliver'd to your majesty :

Either envy, therefore, or misprision Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

*Hol.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners ; But, I remember, when the fight was done, When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil, Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword, Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd, Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd, Show'd like a stubble-land at <sup>i</sup>harvest-home : He was perfum'd like a milliner, And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held A <sup>j</sup>pounce-box, which ever and anon He gave his nose, and took't away again ; Who, therewith angry, when it next came there, Took it in <sup>k</sup>snuff :—and still he snail'd, and talk'd ; And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by, He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly, To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse Betwixt the wind and his nobility. With many holiday and lady terms He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf. I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold, To be so pester'd with a <sup>l</sup>popinjay, Out of my <sup>m</sup>grief and my impatience, Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what, He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad, To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet, And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman, Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark ! And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ; And that it was great pity, so it was, This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd Out of the bowels of the harmless earth, Which many a good <sup>n</sup>tall fellow had destroy'd So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns, He would himself have been a soldier. This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord, I answer'd indirectly, as I said ; And, I beseech you, let not his report Come current for an accusation, Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance considered, good my lord, Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said, To such a person, and in such a place, At such a time, with all the rest re-told, May reasonably die, and never rise To do him wrong, or any way impeach What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*K. Hen.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners, But with proviso, and exception, That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ; Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd The lives of those that he did lead to fight Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower, Whose daughter, as we hear, that earl of March Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,

<sup>a</sup> "For the nonce," i. e., for the once ; for the occasion.—  
<sup>b</sup> "In the reproof," i. e., in the refutation.—<sup>c</sup> Expectations.—  
<sup>d</sup> "Dark."—<sup>e</sup> "Condition," i. e., nature ; disposition.—  
<sup>f</sup> "Frontier," used metaphorically, is hostility, opposition, indicated in the countenance, as the hostility of a country is seen in the military preparation on its frontier.

<sup>g</sup> In the poet's time a courtier's beard would not be closely shaved, but *shorn or trimmed*, and would therefore show like a *stubble land new reaped*.—<sup>h</sup> A box for musk and other perfumes.—<sup>i</sup> "Took it in snuff," i. e., sniffed it up ; or, by a quibble, *took a huff at it*.—<sup>j</sup> Parrot.—<sup>k</sup> Pain.—<sup>l</sup> Brave.



Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
 Shall we buy treason, and indent with <sup>1</sup>foes,  
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,  
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost,  
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war: to prove that true,  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,  
 He did <sup>2</sup>confound the best part of an hour  
 In changing <sup>3</sup>hardiment with great Glendower.  
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they  
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood; [drink,  
 Who then, affrighted by their bloody looks,  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his <sup>4</sup>crisp head in the hollow bank  
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
 Never did base and rotten policy  
 Color her working with such deadly wounds;  
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
 Receive so many, and all willingly:  
 Then, let him not be slander'd with revolt. [him:

*K. Hen.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie  
 He never did encounter with Glendower.  
 I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone,  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
 Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,  
 We license your departure with your son.—  
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

*Hot.* And if the devil come and roar for them,  
 I will not send them.—I will after straight,  
 And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
 Albeit I make a hazard of my head. <sup>2</sup>[*Offers to go.*]

*North.* What! drunk with choler? stay, and pause  
 Here comes your uncle. [awhile:

*Re-enter WORCESTER.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer!  
 'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul  
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
 Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,  
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop if the dust,  
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
 As high if the air as this unthankful king,  
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*North.* Brother, [*To WORCESTER.*] the king hath  
 made you nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
 And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,  
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaim'd,  
 By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

*North.* He was: I heard the proclamation:  
 And then it was when the unhappy king  
 (Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth  
 Upon his Irish expedition;

From whence he intercepted did return  
 To be depos'd and shortly murdered. [mouth  
*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the world's wide  
 Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft! I pray you, did king Richard, then,  
 Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
 Heir to the crown?

*North.* He did: myself did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay, then, I cannot blame his cousin king,  
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.  
 But shall it be, that you, that set the crown  
 Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
 And for his sake wear the detested blot  
 Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,  
 That you a world of curses undergo,  
 Being the agents, or base second means,  
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—  
 O! pardon me, that I descend so low,  
 To show the line, and the predicament,  
 Wherein you range under this subtle king.  
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,  
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
 That men of your nobility and power,  
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,  
 (As both of you, God pardon it! have done)  
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
 And plant this thorn, this <sup>3</sup>canker, Bolingbroke?  
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,  
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?  
 No! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
 Your <sup>3</sup>tarnish'd honors, and restore yourselves  
 Into the good thoughts of the world again.  
 Revenge the jeering, and <sup>4</sup>disdain'd contempt,  
 Of this proud king; who studies day and night  
 To answer all the debt he owes to you,  
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
 Therefore, I say,—

*Wor.* Peace, cousin! say no more.

And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;  
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit,  
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim,  
 Send danger from the east unto the west,  
 So honor cross it, from the north to south,  
 And let them grapple!—O! the blood more stirs,  
 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,  
 To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon;  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
 And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,  
 So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
 Without corral all her dignities:  
 But out upon this <sup>5</sup>half-fac'd fellowship!

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of <sup>6</sup>figures here,  
 But not the form of what he should attend.—  
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots,  
 That are your prisoners,—

*Hot.* I'll keep them all.

By God, he shall not have a Scot of them:  
 No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.  
 I'll keep them, by this hand.

<sup>1</sup> "Indent," i. e., sign an indenture or compact.—<sup>2</sup> "Confound," i. e., lose.—<sup>3</sup> "In changing hardiment," i. e., in mutual bravery; in reciprocal acts of valor.—<sup>4</sup> Curled,

From whence he intercepted did return.—<sup>5</sup> "Disdainful."—<sup>6</sup> "Half-fac'd," i. e., contemptible.—<sup>7</sup> "Figures," i. e., shapes created by his imagination.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.  
Those prisoners you shall keep.  
*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat.  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!  
Nay, I'll have a starting shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you, cousin, a word.  
*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly <sup>a</sup>defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:  
And that same <sup>b</sup>sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,  
But that I think his father loves him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman. I will talk to you,  
When you are better temper'd to attend.  
*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool  
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd  
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.  
In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—  
A plague upon't—it is in Gloucestershire;—  
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,  
His uncle York,—where I first bow'd my knee  
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke, [purg.  
'Sblood! when you and he came back from Ravens-

*North.* At Berkeley castle.

*Hot.* You say true.—  
Why, what a <sup>c</sup>candied deal of courtesy  
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!  
Look,—“when his infant fortune came to age,”  
And,—“gentle Harry Percy,”—and, “kind cousin-  
in,”—

O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—  
Good uncle, tell your tale: I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to 't again,  
We'll stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, i'faith.  
*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons  
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,  
Will easily be granted you.—My lord,

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,  
The archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is it not?

*Wor.* True; who bears hard  
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.  
I speak not this in <sup>d</sup>estimation,  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;  
And only stays but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it:

Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.

*North.* Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st <sup>e</sup>slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.—

<sup>a</sup> Renounce; reject.—<sup>b</sup> “Sword-and-buckler” became a term of contempt, from the fact that serving men were at one time in the habit of carrying swords, with a *buckler* at their back.—<sup>c</sup> “A candied deal,” i. e., a deal of candied courtesy.—<sup>d</sup> Conjecture.—<sup>e</sup> “To ‘let slip,’ in hunting, is to loose a greyhound.

And then the power of Scotland, and of York,  
To join with Mortimer, ha?

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head;

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The king will always think him in our debt,

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay us home:

And see already how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*Hot.* He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.

*Wor.* Cousin, farewell.—No further go in this,

Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)

I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;

Where you, and Douglas, and our powers at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty. [Trust,

*North.* Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu.—O! let the hours be short,

Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Rochester. An Inn Yard.

*Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his hand.*

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day,  
I'll be hang'd: Charles' <sup>z</sup>wain is over the new chim-  
ney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

*Ost.* [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prythee, Tom, beat <sup>h</sup>Cut's saddle, put a  
few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in  
the withers out of all <sup>i</sup>cess.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as <sup>s</sup>dank here as a dog,  
and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots:  
this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler  
died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! <sup>h</sup>he never joyed since the  
price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house  
in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er  
a king in Christendom could be better bit than I  
have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan,  
and then we leak in <sup>2</sup>the chimney; and your chamber-  
lie breeds fleas like a <sup>h</sup>loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hang'd;  
come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two <sup>m</sup>razes  
of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my panner are  
quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee!  
hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear?  
An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the  
pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be  
hang'd:—hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

<sup>1</sup> “A head,” i. e., a *body* of forces.—<sup>z</sup> “Charles' wain” is the constellation of the *Great Bear*.—<sup>h</sup> *Cut* is the name of a horse.—<sup>m</sup> Measure.—<sup>k</sup> Moist; wet.—<sup>l</sup> The *loach* is a small fish supposed to breed fleas.—<sup>n</sup> “Raze,” from the Spanish *raiz*, signifies a *root*: hence the term *race-ginger*, or root-ginger.

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern quoth a!—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* [*Within.*] At hand, quoth a pick-purse.

*Gads.* That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from laboring; thou lay'st the plot how.

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: there's a<sup>b</sup> franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me, and then knowest he's no starving. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot<sup>d</sup> land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny<sup>e</sup> strikers: none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and sanguinity; burgomasters, and great<sup>2</sup> ones—yes, such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their f<sup>1</sup>boots.

*Cham.* What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

*Gads.* She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night, than to<sup>h</sup> fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our<sup>i</sup> purchase, as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

*Gads.* Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> This is a proverbial phrase, frequently used in old plays.

<sup>b</sup> A "franklin," i. e., a freeholder; a yeoman.—"Clerks of Saint Nicholas," or *old Nick*, was a cant term for thieves.—

<sup>d</sup> "Foot land-rakers," i. e., footpads.—<sup>e</sup> Thieves.—<sup>f</sup> A quibble upon *boots* and *booty*.—<sup>g</sup> "Liquored," i. e., greased, alluding to *boots*.—<sup>h</sup> Fern-seed was supposed to have the power of rendering persons invisible.—<sup>i</sup> Gain; profit.

## SCENE II.—The Road by Gadshill.

*Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS; BARDOLPH and Peto, at some distance.*

*Poins.* Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed<sup>k</sup> velvet.  
*P. Hen.* Stand close.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

*P. Hen.* Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a bawling dost thou keep?

*Fal.* Where's Poins, Hal?

*P. Hen.* He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek POINS.*]

*Fal.* I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me<sup>m</sup> medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three score and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

*P. Hen.* Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to 'colt me thus?

*P. Hen.* Thou liest: thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

*P. Hen.* Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*Fal.* Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

*Poins.* O! 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* What news?

*Gads.* Case ye, case ye; on with your visors: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, you rogue: 'tis going to the king's tavern.

*Gads.* There's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hanged.

*P. Hen.* Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if

<sup>k</sup> Velvet was sometimes stiffened with gum, and consequently was easily fretted or rubbed out.—<sup>l</sup> Square.—<sup>m</sup> An allusion to love-potions.—<sup>n</sup> "To colt," i. e., to trick; to fool.

they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

*Peto.* But how many be there of them?

*Gads.* Some eight, or ten.

*Fal.* Zounds! will they not rob us?

*P. Hen.* What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

*P. Hen.* Well, we leave that to the proof.

*Poins.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

*P. Hen.* Ned, [*Aside to Poins.*] where are our disguises?

*Poins.* Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

*Fal.* Now, my masters, happy man be his <sup>a</sup>dole, say I: every man to his business.

*Enter Travellers.*

*I Trav.* Come, neighbor: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

*Thieves.* Stand?

*Trav.* Jesu bless us!

*Fal.* Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah, whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

*I Trav.* O! we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

*Fal.* Hang ye, <sup>b</sup>gorbellied knaves. Are ye undone? No, ye fat <sup>c</sup>chuffs; I would, your store were here. On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt FAL. &c. driving the Travellers out.*]

*Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* The thieves have bound the <sup>d</sup>true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be <sup>e</sup>argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

*Poins.* Stand close; I hear them coming.

*Re-enter Thieves.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters; let us share, and then to horse before day. And the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valor in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

*P. Hen.* Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*]

*Poins.* Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and POINS set upon them. They all run away, and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*] [*Horse:*]

*P. Hen.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to The thieves are scatter'd, and possessed with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

*Poins.* How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a Letter.*

—"But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear

your house."—He could be contented,—why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;"—Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettles danger, we'll pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds! and I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will be to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action. Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

*Enter Lady PERCY.*

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady.* O, my good lord! why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth, And start so often when thou sleepest alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks, And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, "Courage!—to the field!" And thou hast Of palisadoes, <sup>b</sup>frontiers, parapets; Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin; Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all th' <sup>2</sup>occurents of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thy hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Like bubbles on a late disturbed stream: And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden <sup>3</sup>hest. O! what portents are Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, [these?] And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hol.* What, ho! is Giliams with the packet gone?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago. [*sheriff?*]

*Hol.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the

<sup>a</sup> "His dole," i. e., his lot; his portion. — <sup>b</sup> Big-paunched. — <sup>c</sup> Churls. — <sup>d</sup> Honest. — <sup>e</sup> "Argument," i. e., subject matter for conversation. — The letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O, *‘Esperance!’*

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why my horse,

My love, my horse.

*Lady.* Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you,

To b<sup>l</sup>ine his enterprize: but if you go—

*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you *‘paraquito,’* answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away!

Away, you triller!—Love?—I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world,

To play with *‘mammets,’* and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have

with me?

*Lady.* Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no? [*ride?*]

*Hot.* Come, <sup>1</sup>to the park, Kate; wilt thou see me

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no farther wise

Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;

But yet a woman; and for secrecy,

No lady closer; for I well believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*Lady.* How! so far?

*Hot.* Not an inch farther. But hark you, Kate?

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;

To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.

Will this content you, Kate?

*Lady.* It must, of force. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal?

*P. Hen.* With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four-score hogsheds. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and tell me flatly I am no proud

Jack, like Falstaff; but a *‘Corinthian,’* a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me,) and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an *‘undersinker’*; one that never spake other English in his life, than—“Eight shillings and sixpence,” and—“You are welcome!” with this shrill addition,—“Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,” or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis! that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

*Poins.* Francis!

*P. Hen.* Thou art perfect.

*Poins.* Francis!

[*Exit POINS.*]

*Enter FRANCIS.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

*P. Hen.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord.

*P. Hen.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the chinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

*Fran.* O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find it in my heart.

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* How old art thou, Francis?

*Fran.* Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

*Fran.* O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

*P. Hen.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*P. Hen.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

*Fran.* My lord?

*P. Hen.* Wilt thou rob this <sup>1</sup>leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, <sup>2</sup>knot-pated, agate-ring, <sup>3</sup>puke-stocking, <sup>4</sup>caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

*Fran.* O lord, sir, who do you mean?

<sup>a</sup> “A Corinthian,” i. e., a debauchee.—<sup>b</sup> “Breathe in your watering,” i. e., take breath when you are drinking.—<sup>c</sup> Taster.—<sup>d</sup> The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by these contemptuous epithets.—<sup>e</sup> “Knot-pated,” i. e., shorn-pated; cropped.—<sup>f</sup> “Puke-stockings” were dark-colored stockings.—<sup>g</sup> Caddis was a kind of ferret or worsted lace.

<sup>a</sup> “Esperance!” the motto of the Percy family.—<sup>b</sup> “To line,” i. e., to strengthen.—<sup>c</sup> Paroquet.—<sup>d</sup> Puppets; dolls.

*P. Hen.* Why then, your brown <sup>a</sup>bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What, sir?

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*P. Hen.* Away, you rogue! Dost not thou hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRAN.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

*P. Hen.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins!*

*Re-enter POINS.*

*Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

*Poins.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

*P. Hen.* I am now of all humors, that have show'd themselves humors, since the old days of Goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS, with Wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

[*Exit.*

*P. Hen.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—“Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.” “O my sweet Harry,” say she, “how many hast thou killed to-day?” “Give my roan horse a drench,” says he, and answers, “Some fourteen,” an hour after; “a trifle, a trifle.”—I prythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. “Rivo!” says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.*

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew <sup>b</sup>neither-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

*P. Hen.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here's <sup>d</sup>lime in this sack too: there is nothing but rogues to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack: die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could

sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*P. Hen.* How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

*P. Hen.* Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter!

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that? and Poins there?

*Poins.* 'Zounds! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*P. Hen.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

*P. Hen.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

*P. Hen.* Where is it, Jack! where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

*P. Hen.* What a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword backed liked a hand-saw: *ecce signum.* <sup>1</sup>[*Drawing it.*] I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

*P. Hen.* Speak, sirs: how was it?

*Bard.* We four set upon some dozen,—

*Fal.* Sixteen, at least, my lord.

*Bard.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Bard.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*P. Hen.* What! fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

*P. Hen.* Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward:—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

*P. Hen.* What four? thou saidst but two even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly

<sup>a</sup> *Bastard* was a kind of sweet Spanish wine.—<sup>b</sup> “Neither-stocks,” i. e., stockings.—An allusion to Falstaff's entering in a great heat.—<sup>d</sup> The vintners of London adulterated liquors with lime.

thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*P. Hen.* Seven? why, there were but four even now.

*Fal.* In buckram.

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*P. Hen.* Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon. <sup>1</sup>[*To POINS.*]

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P. Hen.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

*P. Hen.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their <sup>a</sup>points being broken,—

*Poins.* Down fell their hose.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal <sup>b</sup>green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*P. Hen.* These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain; open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whorson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

*Fal.* What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

*P. Hen.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what suggest thou to this?

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the <sup>a</sup>strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*P. Hen.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

*Fal.* Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck;—

*P. Hen.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*P. Hen.* We two saw you four set on four: you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house.—And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins.* Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

<sup>a</sup> Points were tagged laces for fastening the garments, as well as the sharp ends of weapons.—<sup>b</sup> Kendal green took its name from Kendal, in Westmoreland, formerly celebrated for its cloth manufacture.—<sup>c</sup> A keech is a round lump of fat.—<sup>d</sup> The strappado was a dreadful punishment inflicted on soldiers and criminals.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*P. Hen.* Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* O Jesu! My lord the prince,—

*P. Hen.* How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

*P. Hen.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

*P. Hen.* Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

*Fal.* Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*]

*P. Hen.* Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no;—fie!

*Bard.* Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*P. Hen.* Faith, tell me now in earnest: how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

*Peto.* Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

*P. Hen.* O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst a fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*P. Hen.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend?

*P. Hen.* Hot livers and cold purses.

*Bard.* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

*P. Hen.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of 'bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

*Fal.* My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague

<sup>a</sup> The noble and royal were two coins, the former valued at 6s. 8d., the latter at 10s.—<sup>b</sup> With the manner, i.e., in the fact.—<sup>c</sup> The fire in Bardolph's face.—<sup>d</sup> That is, drunkenness and poverty.—<sup>e</sup> Bombast is cotton for stuffing.

of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave <sup>a</sup> Annamion the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh <sup>b</sup> hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

*Poins.* O! Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen; the same; and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

*P. Hen.* He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*P. Hen.* So did he never the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

*P. Hen.* Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

*Fal.* O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

*P. Hen.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand <sup>c</sup>blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

*P. Hen.* Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

*Fal.* By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglass, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*P. Hen.* Not a whit, i' faith: I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

*P. Hen.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content.—This chair shall be my <sup>d</sup>state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

*P. Hen.* Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king <sup>e</sup>Cambyeses' vein.

*P. Hen.* Well, here is my leg.

*Fal.* And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

*Host.* O, Jesu! This is excellent sport, i' faith.

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

*Host.* O, the father! how he holds his countenance.

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my <sup>f</sup>tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Host.* O, Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good <sup>h</sup>tickle-brain!—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, <sup>i</sup>so youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a <sup>j</sup>micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the sun of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also.—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*P. Hen.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lowly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me, now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*P. Hen.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a <sup>k</sup>rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

*P. Hen.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

*P. Hen.* Now, Harry! whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Shlood, my lord, they are false.—Nay, I'll tickle thee for a young prince, i' faith.

*P. Hen.* Swearst thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of a man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that <sup>l</sup>bulk of humors, that <sup>m</sup>bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge <sup>n</sup>bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted <sup>o</sup>Mannington-ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

<sup>a</sup> *Annamion* is a demon, described as one of the four kings who rule over all the demons in the world.—<sup>b</sup> *The Welsh hook* was a helving-bill with a hook at the end.—<sup>c</sup> "Blue-caps," i. e., Scotsmen in blue bonnets.—<sup>d</sup> Chair of state.—<sup>e</sup> *Cambyeses* was a character in an old tragedy.—<sup>f</sup> "My leg," i. e., my obeisance.—<sup>g</sup> Sorrowful.

<sup>h</sup> "Tickle-brain" was the name of a strong liquor.—<sup>i</sup> "A micher," i. e., a truant boy.—<sup>j</sup> "A rabbit-sucker," i. e., a young rabbit.—<sup>k</sup> The "bolting-hutch" is a machine that separates flour from bran.—<sup>l</sup> The "bombard" was a large leathern vessel to hold beer.—<sup>m</sup> At "Mannington," in Essex, on the occasion of fairs, a large ox was roasted whole.



*Fal.* I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

*P. Hen.* That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*P. Hen.* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it: but that he is, saving your reverence, a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poinz; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and, therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*P. Hen.* I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*  
[*Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.*

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.*

*Bard.* O! my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter Hostess.*

*Host.* O Jesu! my lord, my lord!—

*P. Hen.* Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. What's the matter?

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

*P. Hen.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up. I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

*P. Hen.* Go, hide thee behind the arras:—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and a good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and Peto.*

*P. Hen.* Call in the sheriff.

*Enter Sheriff and Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry hath follow'd certain men into this house.

*P. Hen.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord; A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*P. Hen.* The man, I do assure you, is not here, For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:

And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*P. Hen.* It may be so: if he have robb'd these He shall be answerable; and so, farewell. [*men,*

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*P. Hen.* I think it is good morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

*P. Hen.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

*Peto.* Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

*P. Hen.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*Peto searches.*] What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Let's see what they be: read them.

*Peto.* [*Reads.*] Item, A capon, . . . 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, . . . 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, . . . 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper . . . 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, . . . ob.

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close: we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me to-morrow in the morning; and so good morrow, Peto.

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.*

*Mort.* These promises are fair, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, will you sit down?—And, uncle Worcester,—A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;

For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you,

His cheek looks pale, and with a rising sigh He wisheth you in heaven.

*Hot.* And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: at my nativity, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning cressets; and at my birth, The frame and huge foundation of the earth Shak'd like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

*Glend.* I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* And I say the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose as fearing you it shook. [*tremble.*

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire; the earth did

*Hot.* O! then the earth shook to see the heavens And not in fear of your nativity. [*on fire,*  
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

\* "Would take me with you," i.e., would go no faster than I can follow.—<sup>b</sup> Tapestry.

<sup>c</sup> St. Paul's Cathedral.—<sup>d</sup> Beginning; commencement.—<sup>e</sup> Cressets were lights set upon beacons, and also upon poles, which were carried in processions.

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldame earth, and \*topples down  
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,  
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous <sup>1</sup> in the frighted fields.  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,  
And all the courses of my life do show,  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—  
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?  
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh.  
I'll to dinner. [mad.]

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy! you will make him  
*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man;  
But will they come, when you do call for them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,  
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.—  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.  
O! while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

*Mort.* Come, come;  
No more of this unprofitable chat. [head]

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made  
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him  
<sup>2</sup> Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home without boots and in foul weather too!  
How <sup>3</sup> 'scap'd he agues, in the devil's name?

*Glend.* Come, here's the map: shall we divide  
According to our three-fold order ta'en? [our right,

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits, very equally.

England, from Trent and Severn, <sup>4</sup> hitherto,  
By south and east is to my part assign'd:

All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures <sup>5</sup> tripartite are drawn  
Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A business that this night may execute)  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,

And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,  
To meet your father, and the Scottish <sup>6</sup> power,

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.—  
Within that space you may have drawn together

[To Glendower.  
Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:

From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;  
For there will be a world of water shed,

\*Tumblers.—<sup>b</sup> Unsuccessful.—<sup>c</sup> "Hitherto," i. e., to this spot  
(pointing to the map).—<sup>d</sup> "Tripartite," i. e., in three copies.  
—<sup>e</sup> Force.

Upon the parting of your wives and you. [here,

*Hot.* Methinks, my <sup>1</sup> moiety, north from Burton  
In quantity equals not one of yours.

See, how this river comes me <sup>2</sup> cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land

A huge half-moon, a monstrous <sup>3</sup> cantle out.  
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,

And here the <sup>4</sup> smug and silver Trent shall run,  
In a new channel, fair and evenly:

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here. [doth.]

*Glend.* Not wind? it shall; it must: you see, it  
*Mort.* Yea, but mark, how he bears his course,

and runs me up  
With like advantage on the other side;  
<sup>5</sup> Gelding the opposed continent, as much

As on the other side it takes from you. [here,  
*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him

And on this north side win this cape of land;  
And then he runs <sup>6</sup> all straight and evenly.

*Hot.* I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.  
*Glend.* I will not have it alter'd.

*Hot.* Will not you?  
*Glend.* No, ner you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?  
*Glend.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not understand you then:  
Speak it in Welsh.

*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you,  
For I was train'd up in the English court;

Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
Many an English ditty, lovely well,

And gave the tongue a helpful <sup>7</sup> ornament;  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.  
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:  
I had rather hear a brazen <sup>8</sup> canstick turn'd,

Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry.  
<sup>9</sup> 'Tis like the fore'd gait of a shuffling nag.

*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.  
*Hot.* I do not care. [friend;

I'll give thrice so much land to any well-deserving  
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

*Glend.* The moon shines fair, you may away by  
night:

I'll haste the <sup>10</sup> writer, and withal, <sup>11</sup> I'll break  
With your <sup>12</sup> young wives of your departure hence.

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

*Mort.* Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father.  
*Hot.* I cannot choose: sometime he angers me

With telling me of the <sup>13</sup> moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;

And of a dragon, and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,

A coughing lion, and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
He held me, last night, at <sup>14</sup> the least nine hours,

In reckoning up the several devils' names,  
That were his luckies: I cried, "humph," and

"well," "go to,"  
But mark'd him not a word. O! he's as tedious

<sup>1</sup> Part.—<sup>2</sup> Bending; winding.—<sup>3</sup> Corner.—<sup>4</sup> Fine; spruce.  
—<sup>5</sup> Cutting.—<sup>6</sup> "A helpful ornament," i. e., the ornament of  
verse.—<sup>7</sup> Candlestick turned, (i. e., in a lathe).—<sup>8</sup> The writer  
of the articles.—<sup>9</sup> The moldwarp (German, *mautwurf*) is the  
mole.

As a tired horse, a railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live  
With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on <sup>a</sup>cates, and have him talk to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange <sup>b</sup>concealments; valiant as a lion,  
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,  
When you do cross his humor; 'faith, he does.  
I warrant you, that man is not alive,  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof:  
But do not use it off, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, <sup>1</sup>my willful lord, you are to blame.  
And since your coming hither have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience.  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:  
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,  
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, <sup>c</sup>opinion, and disdain:  
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation. [speed.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd: good manners be your  
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers me;  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

*Glend.* My daughter weeps: she will not part with  
She'll be a soldier too; she'll to the wars. [you;

*Mort.* Good father, tell her, that she, and my aunt  
Shall follow in your <sup>d</sup>conduct speedily. [Percy,

[GLENDOWER speaks to her in Welsh, and she  
answers him in the same.

*Glend.* She's desperate here;  
A peevish self-will'd harlotry, <sup>2</sup>and one  
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[She speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.

*Mort.* I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pour'st down from these <sup>3</sup>welling <sup>e</sup>heav-  
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame, [ens,  
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[She speaks again.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation:  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing <sup>f</sup>division, to her <sup>g</sup>lute. [mad.

*Glend.* Nay, <sup>4</sup>if thou melt, then will she <sup>e'en</sup> run

[She speaks again.

*Mort.* O! I am ignorance itself in this.

*Glend.* She bids you on the wanton <sup>h</sup>rushes lay  
you down,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;  
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,

As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:  
By that time will our <sup>i</sup>book, I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;  
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:  
come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy  
lap.

*Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose. [The Music plays.

*Hot.* Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;  
And 'tis no marvel, he is so humorous.  
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

*Lady P.* Then, should you be nothing but musical,  
For you are altogether governed by humors.  
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing  
In Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear, lady, my <sup>k</sup>brach, howl in  
Irish.

*Lady P.* Would'st thou have thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither; 'tis a woman's <sup>l</sup>fault.

*Lady P.* Now, God help thee!

*Hot.* To the Welsh lady's bed.

*Lady P.* What's that?

*Hot.* Peace? she sings.

[A Welsh Song by Lady M.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart!

You swear like <sup>5</sup>to a confit-maker's wife.

Not <sup>6</sup>yours, in good sooth; and, as true as I live;

<sup>7</sup>As God shall mend me; and, as sure as day;

And giv'st such sarenet surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'd'st farther than <sup>m</sup>Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,

A good-mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,

And such <sup>8</sup>protests of pepper-ginger-bread,

To <sup>n</sup>velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn <sup>o</sup>tailor, or be red-  
breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll  
away within these two hours; and so come in when  
ye will. [Exit.

*Glend.* Come <sup>9</sup>on, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,  
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn: <sup>10</sup>we'll seal, and part  
To horse immediately.

*Mort.* With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, Prince of Wales, and Lords.*

*K. Hen.* Lords, give us leave. The Prince of  
Wales and I, [hand,

Must have some private conference: but be near at  
For we shall presently have need of you.—

[Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing <sup>p</sup>service I have done,

<sup>a</sup> Dainties.—<sup>b</sup> "Profited in strange concealments," i. e.,  
skilled in wonderful secrets.—<sup>c</sup> Self-opinion; conceit.—  
<sup>d</sup> Guard; escort.—<sup>e</sup> "Welling heavens," i. e., tearful eyes.  
—"Division," i. e., variation.—<sup>f</sup> A compliment to Queen  
Elizabeth is probably here intended.—<sup>g</sup> Floors were former-  
ly strewn with *rushes*, in place of carpeting.

<sup>1</sup> The book is the paper of conditions before alluded to.—  
<sup>2</sup> Hound.—That is, *silence* is a "woman's fault;" spoken  
ironically.—<sup>3</sup> "Finsbury," in Moorfields, was the common  
resort of citizens.—<sup>4</sup> "Velvet-guards," i. e., trimmings of  
velvet, here put for the cockneys who wore them.—<sup>5</sup> "Tail-  
ors" were noted for their *rocal* powers: *Hotsup's* meaning  
is, "To sing is the readiest way to descend to the level of  
tailors and teachers of birds."—<sup>6</sup> Action.

That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengeance and a scourge for me;  
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,  
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,  
To punish my misreadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate, and low desires, [tempts,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean "at-  
Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art mark'd withal, and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

*P. Hen.* So please your majesty, I would, I could  
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,  
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge  
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear  
By smiling <sup>b</sup>pick-thanks and base newsmongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission. [Harry,

*K. Hen.* God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder,  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court, and princes of my blood:  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man  
Prophetically doth fore-think thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to <sup>c</sup>possession,  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,  
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;  
That men would tell their children, "This is he?"  
Others would say,— "Where? which is Boling-  
broke?"

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility,  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,  
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,  
And won by rareness such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
With shallow jesters, and rash <sup>d</sup>havin wits,  
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd; <sup>e</sup>discarded state;  
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;  
Had his great name profaned with their scorn;  
And gave his countenance, against his name,  
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push  
Of every beardless vain <sup>f</sup>comparative:  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
<sup>f</sup>Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:  
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
They surfeited with honey; and began  
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
More than a little is by much too much.

So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo in June,  
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,  
As, sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;  
But rather drow'd, and hung their eye-lids down,  
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,  
With vile participation: not an eye  
But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;  
Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*P. Hen.* I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,  
Be more myself.

*K. Hen.* For all the world,  
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurge;  
And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest <sup>g</sup>to the state,  
Than thou the shadow of succession:  
For of no right, nor color like to right,  
He doth fill fields with <sup>h</sup>harness in the realm,  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honor hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
And military title capital,  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes  
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
<sup>i</sup>Capitulate against us, and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and <sup>k</sup>dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,  
To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate.

*P. Hen.* Do not think so; you shall not find it so:  
And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
And stain my <sup>l</sup>favor in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honor and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.  
For every honor sitting on his helm,  
<sup>m</sup>Would they were multitudes; and on my head

<sup>a</sup> Undertakings. — <sup>b</sup> Sycophants; parasites. — <sup>c</sup> "Loyal to possession," i. e., true to him that then had possession of the crown. — <sup>d</sup> *Havins* are brushwood, or small hedges for the fire. — <sup>e</sup> Rival. — <sup>f</sup> "Enfeoff'd himself," i. e., gave himself up.

<sup>g</sup> In. — <sup>h</sup> Armor. — <sup>i</sup> Confederate; combine. — <sup>k</sup> Most fatal.

My shames redoubled! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty, may save  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:  
If not, the end of life cancels all <sup>a</sup>bonds;  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere break the smallest <sup>b</sup>parcel of this vow.

*K. Hen.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this!  
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

*Enter BLUNT.*

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So 's the business that I come to speak of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,  
That Douglas, and the English rebels met,  
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.  
A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
If promises be kept on every hand,  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*K. Hen.* The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,  
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;  
For this <sup>c</sup>advertisement is five days old.—  
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;  
On Thursday we ourselves will march:  
Our meeting is Bridgnorth; and, Harry, you  
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,  
Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.  
Our hands are full of business: let's away;  
Advantage feeds <sup>d</sup>him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's  
Head Tavern.

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since  
this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?  
Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's  
loose gown: I am wither'd like an old <sup>e</sup>apple-John.  
Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am  
in some <sup>f</sup>liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and  
then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have  
not forgotten what the inside of a church is made  
of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. The in-  
side of a church! Company, villainous company,  
hath been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live  
long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it.—Come, sing me a bawdy  
song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given  
as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore  
little; dined not above seven times a week; went  
to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of  
an hour; paid money that I borrowed three or four  
times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I  
live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must  
needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable  
compass, sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my

life. Thou art our <sup>g</sup>admiral, thou bearest the lantern  
<sup>h</sup>not in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou  
art the knight of the burning lamp.

*Bard.* Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No; I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it  
as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento  
mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-  
fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is  
in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any  
way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face: my  
oath should be, By this fire, that's God's angel: but  
thou art altogether given over, and wert, indeed,  
but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness.  
When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch  
my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis  
fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in  
money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph, an ever-  
lasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thou-  
sand marks in links and torches, walking with thee  
in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack  
that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me  
lights as good <sup>i</sup>cheap, at the dearest chandler's in  
Europe. I have maintained that salamander of  
yours with fire any time this two and thirty years:  
God reward me for it!

*Bard.* 'Sblood! I would my face were in your  
belly.

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-  
burned.

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, dame Partlet the <sup>j</sup>hen? have you in-  
quired yet who picked my pocket?

*Host.* Why, sir John, what do you think, sir John?  
Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have  
searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man  
by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tith of  
a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* You lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and  
lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was  
picked. Go to, you are a woman; go.

*Host.* Who I? No. I defy thee: God's light!  
I was never called so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to; I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, sir John; you do not know me, sir  
John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money,  
sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me  
of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* <sup>k</sup>Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them  
away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters  
of them.

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight  
shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir  
John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money  
lent you, four and twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it: let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas! he is poor: he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face; what call  
you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his  
cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you  
make a <sup>l</sup>younger of me? shall I not take mine ease  
in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I  
have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty  
mark.

*Host.* O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him,  
I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

*Fal.* How! the prince is a <sup>m</sup>Jack, a sneak-cup;  
'Sblood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like  
a dog, if he would say so.

<sup>a</sup> Bonds.—<sup>b</sup> Part.—<sup>c</sup> Intelligence.—<sup>d</sup> "Feeds him fat," i. e.,  
feeds himself fat.—The "apple John" is a species of apple  
that will keep two years.—<sup>e</sup> "Liking," i. e., condition; plight  
of body.

<sup>g</sup> Admiral's ship.—<sup>h</sup> "As good cheap," i. e., at as good a bar-  
gain.—<sup>i</sup> "Dame Partlet" is the name of the *hen* in the story-  
book of Reynard the Fox.—<sup>j</sup> Coarse linen.—<sup>k</sup> Dupe.—<sup>l</sup> "A  
Jack," i. e., a mean fellow.

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.*

*Fal.* How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

*Host.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well: he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Pr'ythee let her alone, and list to me.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep, here, behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

*P. Hen.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal ring of my grandfather's.

*P. Hen.* A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said, he would cudgel you.

*P. Hen.* What! he did not?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

*Host.* I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it: I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

*Fal.* What beast? why an otter.

*P. Hen.* An otter, sir John? why an otter?

*Fal.* Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

*P. Hen.* Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Indeed, sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

*P. Hen.* I say, 'tis copper: darrest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*P. Hen.* And why not, as the lion.

*Fal.* The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

\* A "drawn fox" is a hunted fox, or one drawn from his cover.—<sup>b</sup> "Maid Marian" was a man dressed like a woman; a character in the ancient morris-dance.—<sup>c</sup> Owed.

*P. Hen.* O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whore-son, impudent, <sup>d</sup>embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

*P. Hen.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee begone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

*P. Hen.* O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angled to thee.—The money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O! I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labor.

*P. Hen.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*P. Hen.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O! for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

*P. Hen.* Bardolph!

*Bard.* My lord.

[*caster,*

*P. Hen.* Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster. To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse! for thou, and I, have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall At two o'clock in the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy stands on high, And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, POINS, and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come.—

O! I could wish this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth, In this fine age were not thought flattery,

<sup>d</sup> Swollen; puffy.

Such attribution should the <sup>a</sup> Douglas have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.  
By God, I cannot flatter: I <sup>b</sup> defy  
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.  
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.  
*Doug.* Thou art the king of honor:  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,  
But I will <sup>c</sup> beard him.

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well.—

*Enter a Messenger, with Letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick.

*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,  
In such a justling time? Who leads his <sup>d</sup> power?

Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

*Wor.* I pry'thee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;  
And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole,  
Ere he by sickness had been visited:

His health was never better worth than now. [*infected*]

*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth  
The very life-blood of our enterprise:

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul <sup>e</sup> remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;

For, as he writes, there is no <sup>f</sup> quailing now,

Because the king is certainly <sup>g</sup> possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a main to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it.—Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a <sup>h</sup> main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope,

The very <sup>i</sup> list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* 'Faith, and so we should,

<sup>k</sup> Where now remains a sweet reversion:

We <sup>l</sup> now may boldly spend upon the hope

Of what is to come in:

A comfort of <sup>m</sup> retirement lives in this.

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*Wor.* But yet, I would your father had been here.

The quality and <sup>n</sup> hair of our attempt

Brooks no division: it will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike

Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.

And think, how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For, well you know, we of the <sup>o</sup> offering side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.  
This absence of your father's <sup>p</sup> draws a curtain,  
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use:—

It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,

A larger dare to our great enterprise,

Than if the earl were here: for men must think,

If we, without his help, can make a head

To push against the kingdom, with his help,

We <sup>q</sup> should o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—

Yet all goes well; yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think: there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

*Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

*Hot.* No harm: what more?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd,

The king himself in person is set forth,

Or hitherwards <sup>r</sup> intendeth speedily,

With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,

And his comrades, that <sup>s</sup> daff'd the world aside,

And bid it pass?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms,

All plum'd like <sup>t</sup> estridges, that wing the wind,

'Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd;

Glittering in golden coats, like images;

As full of spirit as the month of May,

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;

Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,

His <sup>u</sup> cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,

And vaulted with such ease into his seat,

As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,

And <sup>v</sup> witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more: worse than the sun in

March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;

They come like sacrifices in their trim,

And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,

All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,

Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,

To hear this rich <sup>w</sup> reprisal so nigh,

And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste my horse,

Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,

Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:

Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,

Meet, and we'll part, till one drop down a corse.—

O, that Glendower were come!

*Ver.* There is more news:

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

<sup>a</sup> "The Douglas" is an expression applied by way of prominence to the head of the Douglas family.—<sup>b</sup> Disdain.—<sup>c</sup> "Beard him" i. e., oppose him *face to face*.—<sup>d</sup> Forces.—<sup>e</sup> "Remov'd," i. e., whose interest is *remote*.—<sup>f</sup> Fainting; flagging.—<sup>g</sup> "Informed."—<sup>h</sup> "A main" is a *hand at dice*.—<sup>i</sup> Limit.—<sup>j</sup> Whereas.—<sup>k</sup> "Retirement," i. e., a support to which we may *retire* or fall back.—<sup>l</sup> Complexion; character.

<sup>m</sup> "The offering side," i. e., the side that *offers battle*; the *assailing side*.—<sup>n</sup> "Draws," i. e., *draws back*.—<sup>o</sup> Threw.—<sup>p</sup> Ostriches.—<sup>q</sup> Ready.—<sup>r</sup> "Cuisses," i. e., armor for the thighs.—<sup>s</sup> Bewitch.—<sup>t</sup> Prize.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.  
*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?  
*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be:

My father and Glendower being both away,  
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
 Come, let us take a <sup>a</sup>muster speedily:  
 Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying: I am out of fear  
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A public Road, near Coventry.

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry: fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an <sup>b</sup>angel.

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused <sup>c</sup>gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I pressed me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: <sup>d</sup>inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a <sup>e</sup>caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and <sup>e</sup>butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have brought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonorable ragged than <sup>f</sup>old pieced <sup>f</sup>ancient; and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had <sup>g</sup>gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red nosed inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.*

*P. Hen.* How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

*Fal.* What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord

of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*P. Hen.* I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*P. Hen.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut! good enough to <sup>h</sup>toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

*Fal.* 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learned that of me.

*P. Hen.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What, is the king encamped?

*West.* He is, sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well, [*feast,*]  
 To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a  
 Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.*

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him, then, advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well.  
 You speak it out of fear, and <sup>a</sup>a cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well-respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much,

Being men of such great <sup>i</sup>leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labor tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half himself.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy,

In general, journey-bated, and brought low;

The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours:  
 For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The Trumpet sounds a parley.*]

<sup>a</sup> "Take a muster," i.e., count our forces.—<sup>b</sup> The "angel" was a coin rated at ten shillings.—<sup>c</sup> The "gurnet" was a mean fish.—<sup>d</sup> Gun.—<sup>e</sup> Londoners and cockneys were reproached as eaters of buttered toasts.—<sup>f</sup> Standard.—<sup>g</sup> Fetters.

<sup>h</sup> "To toss," i.e., to toss upon a pike.—<sup>i</sup> Leading," i.e., experience in the conduct of armies.



*Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those some  
Envy your great deservings, and good name,  
Because you are not of our <sup>a</sup> quality,  
But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend but still I should stand so,  
So long as out of limit and true rule,  
You stand against anointed majesty.

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your <sup>b</sup> griefs; and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
Audacious cruelty! If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed,  
You shall have your desires with interest,  
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,  
Herein mislead by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind; and, well we know, the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father, <sup>1</sup> with my uncle, and myself,  
Did give him that same royalty he wears;  
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unmind'd outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gave him welcome to the shore:  
And, when he heard him swear, and vow to God,  
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his <sup>c</sup> livery, and beg his peace,  
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,  
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and <sup>d</sup> less came in with cap and knee;  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him,  
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.  
He presently, as greatness knows itself,  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur; and  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,  
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for:  
Proceeded farther; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favorites, that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut! I came not to hear this.

*Hot.* Then, to the point.

In short time after he depos'd the king;  
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;  
And, in the neck of that, <sup>e</sup> task'd the whole state;  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March  
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,

Indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeited;  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
Rated my uncle from the council-board;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,  
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
This <sup>f</sup> head of safety; and, withal, to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long-continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the king?

*Hot.* Not so, sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.  
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall mine uncle  
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell. [*love.*]

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and  
*Hot.* And, may be, so we shall.

*Blunt.* 'Pray God you do! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.

*Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir MICHAEL.*

*Arch.* Hic, good sir Michael; bear this sealed <sup>h</sup> brief,

With winged haste to the lord marshal:  
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest  
To whom they are directed. If you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Sir M.* My good lord,  
I guess their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough, you do.  
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,  
Meets with lord Harry: and, I fear, sir Michael,  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
Whose power was in the first proportion,  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
Who with them was a rated <sup>i</sup> sinew too,  
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,  
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king.

*Sir M.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear;  
There is Douglas, and lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there. [*Percy,*

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry  
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn  
The special head of all the land together:  
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt,  
And many more corivals, and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms. [*pos'd.*]

*Sir M.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well op-

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;  
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed;  
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
Dismiss his power he means to visit us,  
For he hath heard of our confederacy,  
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:  
Therefore, make haste. I must go write again  
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> Fellowship; fraternity.—<sup>b</sup> Grievances.—<sup>c</sup> "His livery," i. e., the delivery of his lands.—<sup>d</sup> "The more and less," i. e., the greater and the less.—<sup>e</sup> Taxed.

<sup>f</sup> "Engaged," i. e., pledged as a hostage.—<sup>g</sup> "This head," i. e., this armed force.—<sup>h</sup> Letter.—<sup>i</sup> "A rated sinew," i. e., a strength on which we reckoned.

## ACT V.

SCENE I — The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

*Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

*K. Hen.* How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yond' <sup>a</sup>busky hill: the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*P. Hen.* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves  
Foretels a tempest, and a blustering day.

*K. Hen.* Then, with the losers let it sympathise,  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—  
[*Trumpet sounds.*]

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

How now, my lord of Worcester! 'tis not well,  
That you and I should meet upon such terms  
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,  
And made us <sup>b</sup>doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:  
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.  
What say you to it? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-aborred war,  
And move in that obedient orb again,  
Where you did give a fair and natural light,  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege.

For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*K. Hen.* You have not sought it! <sup>1</sup>I say, how comes it then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*P. Hen.* Peace, <sup>c</sup>chewet, peace!

*Wor.* It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks  
Of favor, from myself, and all our house;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place, and in account,  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,  
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.  
To this we swore our aid; but, in short space,  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head,  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,  
What with our help, what with the absent king,  
What with the injuries of a wanton time,  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
And the contrarious winds that held the king  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,  
That all in England did repute him dead:  
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,  
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
To gripe the general sway into your hand;  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,  
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so

As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,  
Useth the sparrow, did oppress our nest,  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
That even our love durst not come near your sight,  
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing  
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly  
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:  
Whereby we stand <sup>d</sup>opposed by such means  
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,  
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth  
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

*K. Hen.* These things, indeed, you have <sup>2</sup>articulate,  
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
To face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine color, that may please the eye  
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,  
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news  
Of hurlyburly innovation:  
And never yet did insurrection want  
Such water-colors to impaint his cause;  
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

*P. Hen.* In both our armies, there is many a soul  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy: by his hopes,  
This present enterprize set off his <sup>e</sup>head,  
I do not think, a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,  
More daring, or more bold, is now alive  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry,  
And so, I hear, he doth account me too;  
Yet this before my father's majesty:  
I am content, that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight. [thee.]

*K. Hen.* And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture  
Albeit considerations infinite  
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,  
We love our people well; even those we love,  
That are misled upon your cousin's part;  
And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man  
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.  
So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
What he will do; but if he will not yield,  
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
And they shall do their office. So, be gone.  
We will not now be troubled with reply:  
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

*P. Hen.* It will not be accepted, on my life.

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
Are confident against the world in arms. [charge,

*K. Hen.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his  
For, on their answer, will we set on them;  
And God befriend us as our <sup>3</sup>case is just!

[*Exeunt KING, BLUNT, and Prince JOHN.*]

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and  
bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

*P. Hen.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that  
friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*P. Hen.* Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay

<sup>a</sup> Woody. — <sup>b</sup> Put off. — <sup>c</sup> Jackdaw.

<sup>d</sup> "Stand opposed," i. e., stand in opposition to you.—  
<sup>e</sup> "Set off his head," i. e., taken from his account.

him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honor? A word. What is in that word, honor? What is 'bat honor? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it: honor is a mere 'scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

## SCENE II.—The Rebel Camp.

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know, sir Richard. The liberal kind offer of the king. [ard,

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,  
The king should keep his word in loving us;  
He will suspect us still, and find a time  
To punish this offence in other faults:  
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;  
For treason is but trusted like the fox,  
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks;  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,  
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;  
And an adopted name of privilege,  
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.  
All his offences live upon my head,  
And on his father's: we did train him on;  
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know  
In any case the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.  
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up  
My lord of <sup>b</sup>Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [Exit.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,  
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus;  
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:  
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge  
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have  
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth, [thrown  
And Westmoreland, that was 'engag'd, did hear it,  
Which cannot choose but quickly bring him on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before  
the king,

And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O! would the quarrel lay upon our heads;  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,  
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,  
How show'd his <sup>d</sup>tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.

He gave you all the duties of a man,  
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,  
Making you ever better than his praise,  
By still dispraising praise, valued with you;  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing <sup>e</sup>cital of himself;

And chid his truant youth with such a grace,  
As if he <sup>f</sup>master'd <sup>g</sup>then a double spirit,  
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.

There did he pause: but let me tell the world,  
If he outlive the envy of this day,  
England did never <sup>h</sup>owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamored  
Upon his follies: never did I hear  
Of any prince so wild o' <sup>h</sup>liberty.

But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—  
Arm, arm, with speed!—And, fellows, soldiers,  
Better consider what you have to do, [friends,  
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen! the time of life is short;  
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;  
If die, brave death, when princes die with us.  
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on  
apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,  
For I profess not talking. Only this—

Let each man do his best: and here draw I

A sword, whose temper I intend to stain

With the best blood that I can meet withal

In the adventure of this perilous day.

Now,—<sup>i</sup>Esperance!—Percy!—and set on!—

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

And by that music let us all embrace;

<sup>2</sup>Fore heaven and earth, some of us never shall

A second time do such a courtesy.

[The Trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.

## SCENE III.—Plain near Shrewsbury.

Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarm to the  
Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meet-  
ing.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battle thus  
Thou crossdest me? what honor dost thou seek  
Upon my head?

<sup>a</sup> Painted shield.—<sup>b</sup> Westmoreland was impawned as a surety for the safe return of Worcester.—<sup>c</sup> Engaged, i. e., delivered as a hostage.

<sup>d</sup> Tasking, i. e., reproof.—<sup>e</sup> Cital, i. e., mention.—<sup>f</sup> Master'd, i. e., was master of.—<sup>g</sup> Own.—<sup>h</sup> So wild o' liberty, i. e., so wild and licentious.—<sup>i</sup> Esperance! was the motto of the Percy family.

*Doug.* Know, then, my name is Douglas ;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The lord of Stafford dear to-day has bought  
Thy likeness ; for, instead of thee, king Harry,  
This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot ;  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* O Douglas ! hadst thou fought at Holmedon  
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot. [thus,

*Doug.* All's done, all's won : here breathless lies

*Hot.* Where ? [the king.

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas ? no ; I know this face full  
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt, [well :  
"Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself.

*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, 'where'er it goes !  
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear :  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

*Hot.* The king hath many <sup>2</sup>masking in his coats.

*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats ;  
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Until I meet the king.

*Hot.* Up, and away !

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,  
I fear the shot here ; here's no scoring, but upon  
the pate.—Soft ! who art thou ? Sir Walter Blunt :  
—there's honor for you ; here's no <sup>b</sup>vanity.—I am  
as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too : God keep  
lead out of me ! I need no more weight than mine  
own bowels.—I have led my ragganuffins where  
they are peppered : there's not three of my hun-  
dred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's  
end, to beg during life. But who comes here ?

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* What ! stand'st thou idle here ? lend me  
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff [thy sword :  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. I pr'ythee, lend  
me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal ! I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe  
a while.—A Turk Gregory never did such deeds in  
arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy,  
I have made him sure.

*P. Hen.* He is, indeed ; and living to kill thee.  
I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive,  
thou get'st not my sword ; but take my pistol, if  
thou wilt.

*P. Hen.* Give it me. What, is it in the case ?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal ; 'tis hot, 'tis hot : there's that will  
sack a city. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*

*P. Hen.* What ! is't a time to jest and dally now ?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If  
he do come in my way, so : if he do not, if I come  
in his, willingly, let him make a <sup>d</sup>carbonado of me.  
I like not such grinning honor as sir Walter hath :  
give me life ; which if I can save, so ; if not, honor  
comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

<sup>a</sup> Seemingly.—<sup>b</sup> "No vanity," is used ironically, to denote  
the excess of the quality.—<sup>c</sup> "A Turk Gregory" is Pope Gregory  
the Seventh, surnamed Hildebrand.—<sup>d</sup> A carbonado is a  
piece of meat scored for the gridiron.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the KING, Prince  
HENRY, Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

*K. Hen.* I pr'ythee,  
Harry, withdraw thyself ; thou bleed'st too much.—  
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*P. John.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*P. Hen.* I do beseech your majesty, make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

*K. Hen.* I will do so.—My lord of Westmoreland,  
Lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

*P. Hen.* Lead me, my lord ? I do not need your  
help :

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive  
The prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

*P. John.* We breathe too long.—Come, cousin  
Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies : for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

*P. Hen.* By God thou hast deceived me, Lancaster,  
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,  
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*K. Hen.* I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,  
With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior.

*P. Hen.* O ! this boy  
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Another king ! they grow like Hydra's  
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those [heads.

That wear those colors on them :—what art thou,  
That counterfeits't the person of a king ?

*K. Hen.* The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves  
So many of his shadows thou hast met, [at heart,  
And not the very king. I have two boys  
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field :  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee ; and defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear thou art another counterfeit,  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :  
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight : the KING being in danger, enter  
P. HENRY.*]

*P. Hen.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art  
Never to hold it up again ! the spirits [like  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :  
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee,  
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[*They fight : DOUGLAS flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord : how fures your grace ?—  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,  
And so hath Clifton ; I'll to Clifton straight.

*K. Hen.* Stay, and breathe a while.  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion ;  
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,  
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

*P. Hen.* O God ! they did me too much injury,  
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you ;  
Which would have been as speedy in your end,  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sav'd the treacherous labor of your son.

*K. Hen.* Make up to Clifton : I'll to sir Nicholas  
Gawsey. [*Exit King HENRY*

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*P. Hen.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*P. Hen.* Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,  
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

*P. Hen.* I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honors on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS: he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS.* HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

*Hot.* O, Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my youth.

I better brook the loss of brittle life,

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O! I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust,

And food for—

[*Dies.*]

*P. Hen.* For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

But now, two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough:—this earth that bears thee dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—

But let my <sup>a</sup> favors hide thy mangled face,

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven:

Thy bignomy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph.—

[*Seeing FALSTAFF on the ground.*]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O! I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.—

<sup>c</sup> Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;

Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[*Exit.*]

*Fal.* [*Rising.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowell me to-day, I'll give you leave to <sup>d</sup> powder me, and eat

me too, to-morrow. 'Blood! 'twas time to counterfeit,

or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit:

to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man;

but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion, in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*He takes HOTSPUR on his back.*]

*Re-enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.*

*P. Hen.* Come, brother John; full bravely hast Thou maiden sword. [*thou flesh'd*]

*P. John.* But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*P. Hen.* I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and On the ground.— [*bleeding*]

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? I pry'thee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears.

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain: I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a <sup>e</sup> Jack. There is Percy: [*Throwing down the body.*] if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*P. Hen.* Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*P. John.* This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard. [*John.*—]

*P. Hen.* This is the strangest fellow, brother Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Excunt Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.*]

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, dragging out PERCY's Body.*]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, prisoners.*

*K. Hen.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—

I'll-spirited Worcester, did we not send grace,

Pardou, and terms of love to all of you?

And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

<sup>a</sup> "My favors," i. e., my scarf. <sup>b</sup> Ignominy. <sup>c</sup> Embalmed.

<sup>d</sup> "To powder," i. e., to salt.

<sup>e</sup> "A Jack," i. e., a paltry fellow.

A noble earl, and many a creature else,  
Had been alive this hour,  
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Hor.* What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Which not to be avoided falls on me. [too:

*K. Hen.* Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon  
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*  
How goes the field?

*P. Hen.* The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;  
And falling from a hill he was so bruised,  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace,  
I may dispose of him.

*K. Hen.* With all my heart.

*P. Hen.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honorable bounty shall belong.  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:

His valor, shown upon our crests to-day,  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*P. John.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,  
Which I shall put in act without delay. [power.—

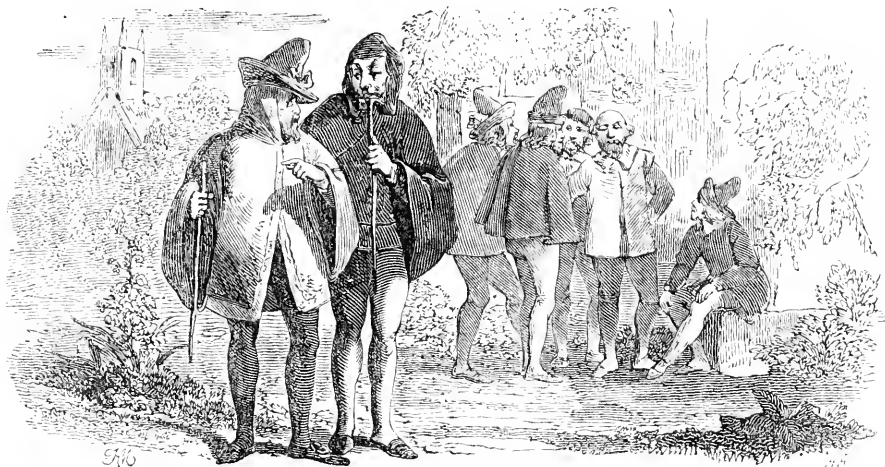
*K. Hen.* Then this remains,—that we divide our  
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,  
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,  
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

# SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.



ACT III.—Scene 2.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.  
HENRY, Prince of Wales;<sup>1</sup>  
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence;  
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER;<sup>2</sup>  
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER;<sup>3</sup>  
EARL OF WARWICK;  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND;  
GOWER; HARCOURT;  
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.  
A gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.  
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND;  
SCHOOP, Archbishop of York;  
LORD MOWBRAY;  
LORD HASTINGS;  
LORD BARDOLPH;  
SIR JOHN COLEVILLE.

} His Sons.

} Of the King's party.

} <sup>4</sup>Opposites to the King.

TRAVERS and MORTON, <sup>5</sup>Retainers of Northumberland.  
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and <sup>6</sup>a Page.  
POINS and PETO.<sup>7</sup>  
SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justices.  
DAVID, Servant to Shallow.  
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULCalf, Recruits.  
FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.  
RUMOR, <sup>8</sup>the Presenter.  
A Porter. A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.  
LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. LADY PERCY.  
HOSTESS QUICKLY. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords, and <sup>9</sup>Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.

## INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

*Enter RUMOR, painted full of Tongues.*

*Rum.* Open your ears; for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing, when loud rumor speaks?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:  
And who but Rumor, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;  
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter? Rumor is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;  
And of so easy and so plain a stop,  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
My well-known body to anatomize  
Among my household? Why is Rumor here?  
I run before king Harry's victory;  
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury  
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,  
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
To speak so true at first? my office is  
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell

\* The stops are the holes in a flute or pipe.

Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;  
And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
This have I rumor'd through the peasant towns  
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury  
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,  
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,  
And not a man of them brings other news  
Than they have learn'd of me; from Rumor's tongues  
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true  
wongs. [Exit.]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—The same.<sup>1</sup>

Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho!—Where is the earl?

<sup>2</sup> Enter Warder, above.

<sup>3</sup> Ward. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,  
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Ward. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:  
Please it your honor, knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer. <sup>4</sup> [Exit Warder.]

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute  
Should be the father of some stratagem. [now  
The times are wild: contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.]

Bard. Noble earl,  
I journey certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish.  
The king is almost wounded to the death.  
And in the fortune of my lord, your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John,  
And Westmoreland and Stafford, fled the field;  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son. O! such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not till now to dignify the times,  
Since Caesar's fortunes.

North. How is this deriv'd?  
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from  
A gentleman well-bred, and of good name, [thence;  
That freely render'd me these news for true. [sent

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I  
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way,  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come  
with you?

Tra. My lord, sir John Umfreville turn'd me back  
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,  
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard  
A gentleman, almost<sup>a</sup> forspent with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.  
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him

I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury:  
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.  
With that he gave his able horse the head,  
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,  
He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion  
Had met ill-luck!

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what:  
If my young lord your son have not the day,  
Upon mine honor, for a silken<sup>d</sup> point  
I'll give my barony: never talk of it. [Travers,

North. Why should that gentleman, that rode by  
Give, then, such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?  
He was some<sup>e</sup> hilding fellow, that had stolen  
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,  
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,  
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:  
So looks the strand, whereon th' imperious flood  
Hath left a witness'd<sup>f</sup> usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?  
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;  
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,  
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?  
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:  
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,  
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.  
This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and thus  
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;  
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds,  
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;  
But for my lord, your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.—  
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!  
He that but fears the thing he would not know,  
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes,  
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton:  
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,  
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:  
Your spirit is too true; your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.—  
I see a strange confession in thine eye:  
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,  
To speak<sup>g</sup> the truth. If he be slain, say so:  
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;  
And he doth sin that doth belic the dead,  
Not he which says the dead is not alive.  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

<sup>a</sup> That is, Northumberland's castle.—<sup>b</sup> "Some stratagem," i. e., some important or decisive event.—<sup>c</sup> Exhausted.

<sup>d</sup> A silken point is a tagged lace.—<sup>e</sup> "Hilding," i. e., base; low.—<sup>f</sup> Beach.—<sup>g</sup> "A witness'd usurpation," i. e., an attestation of its ravages.



Remember'd knolling a departing fiend.

*Bard.* I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

*Mor.* I am sorry I should force you to believe That which I would to heaven I had not seen; But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state, Rendering faint <sup>a</sup>quittance, wearied and outbreath'd, To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down The never-daunted Percy to the earth, From whence with life he never more sprung up. In <sup>b</sup>few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire Even to the dullest peasant in his camp, Being <sup>c</sup>bruited once, took fire and heat away From the best temper'd courage in his troops: For from his metal was his party steel'd; Which once in him abated, all the rest Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead. And as the thing that's heavy in itself, Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed, So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss, Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear, That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim, Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety, Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot, The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword Had three times slain th' appearance of the king, 'Gan <sup>d</sup>vail his stomach, and did grace the shame Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight, Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord, Under the conduct of young Lancaster, And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

*North.* For this I shall have time enough to mourn. In poison there is physic; and these news, Having been well, that would have made me sick, Being sick, have in some measure made me well: And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints, Like strengthless hinges, <sup>e</sup>buckle under life, Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs, Weaken'd with <sup>f</sup>grief, being now enrag'd with <sup>g</sup>grief, Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou <sup>h</sup>nice A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel, [crutch! Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly <sup>i</sup>quof! Thou art a guard too wanton for the head, Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit. Now bind my brows with iron; and approach The <sup>j</sup>rugged'st hour that time and spite dare bring, To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland. Let heaven kiss earth: now, let not nature's hand Keep the wild flood confin'd: let order die; And let this world no longer be a stage, To feed contention in a lingering act, But let one spirit of the first-born Cain Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set On bloody courses, the rude scene may end, And darkness be the burier of the dead! [lord.

*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my *Bard.* Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honor.

*Mor.* The lives of all your loving complices Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er To stormy passion, must perforce decay. You cast the event of war, my noble lord, [said,— And summ'd the account of chance, before you Let us make head. It was your presumise, That in the <sup>k</sup>dole of blows your son might drop:

<sup>a</sup> "Faint quittance," i. e., faint return of blows.—<sup>b</sup> "In few," i. e., in few words.—<sup>c</sup> "Bruited," i. e., noised abroad.—<sup>d</sup> "Ganvail his stomach," i. e., began to abate his courage.—<sup>e</sup> Bend.—<sup>f</sup> Pain; disease.—<sup>g</sup> Sorrow.—<sup>h</sup> "Nice," i. e., dainty; effeminate.—<sup>i</sup> Cap.—<sup>k</sup> Distribution.

You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge, More likely to fall in, than to get o'er: You were <sup>l</sup>advis'd, his flesh was capable Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd; Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this, Though strongly apprehended, could restrain The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen, Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth, More than that being which was like to be?

*Bard.* We all, that are engaged <sup>m</sup>to this loss, Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas, That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one; And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd, And, since we are o'er-set, venture again. Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

*Mor.* 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble I hear for certain, and dare speak the truth, [lord, The gentle archbishop of York is up, With well-appointed powers: he is a man, Who with a double surety binds his followers. My lord your son had only but the corps, But shadows and the shows of men, to fight; For that same word, rebellion, did divide The action of their bodies from their souls, And they did fight with <sup>n</sup>queasiness, constrain'd As men drink potions, that their weapons only Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls, This word, rebellion, it had froze them up, As fish are in a pond. But now, th' <sup>o</sup>archbishop Turns insurrection to religion: Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts, He's follow'd both with body and with mind, And doth enlarge his rising with the blood Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones; Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause; Tells them, he doth <sup>p</sup>bestride a bleeding land, Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke, And more, and <sup>q</sup>less, do flock to follow him.

*North.* I knew of this before; but, to speak truth, This present grief had wip'd it from my mind. Go in with me; and counsel every man The aptest way for safety, and revenge. Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed: Never so few, and never yet more need. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—London. A Street.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his Sword and Buckler.

*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my <sup>r</sup>water?

*Page.* He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but for the party that <sup>s</sup>owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to <sup>t</sup>gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one: if the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then, I have no judgment. Thou whoreson <sup>u</sup>mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never

<sup>l</sup> Aware.—<sup>m</sup> In.—<sup>n</sup> "With queasiness," i. e., against their stomachs.—<sup>o</sup> "He doth bestride a bleeding land," i. e., he stands over his country to protect her, as she lies prostrate and bleeding.—<sup>p</sup> "More and less," i. e., great and small; all ranks.—<sup>q</sup> An allusion to a species of quackery very common in Shakespeare's time.—<sup>r</sup> Owed.—<sup>s</sup> Sneer.—<sup>t</sup> Mandrake is a root supposed to have the shape of a man.

manned with an <sup>a</sup>agate till now: but I will in-set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the <sup>b</sup>juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and my slops?

*Page.* He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yours: he liked not the security.

*Fal.* Let him be damned like the glutton: may his tongue be 'hotter.—A whoreson Achitophel; a rascally yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in <sup>d</sup>hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is <sup>e</sup>thorough with them in honest taking up, then must they stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worst-horse.

*Fal.* I bought him in 'Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and <sup>g</sup>wived.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.*

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*Fal.* Wait close; I will not see him.

*Ch. Just.* What's he that goes there?

*Atten.* Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

*Ch. Just.* He that was in question for the robbery?

*Atten.* He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

*Ch. Just.* What, to York? Call him back again.

*Atten.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

*Ch. Just.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

*Atten.* Sir John,—

*Fal.* What! a young knave, and begging? Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side

but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

*Atten.* You mistake me, sir.

*Fal.* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

*Atten.* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hanged. You <sup>b</sup>hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

*Atten.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his majesty.—You would not come when I sent for you.

*Fal.* And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven mend him.—I pray you, let me speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

*Fal.* It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

*Ch. Just.* I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

*Ch. Just.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

<sup>a</sup> An *agate* is used metaphorically for a very diminutive person, in allusion to the small figures cut in agate for rings and brooches.—<sup>b</sup> Youngster.—<sup>c</sup> An allusion to the fate of the rich man begging for water to cool his tongue.—<sup>d</sup> To "bear in hand," is to keep in check, by false promises.—<sup>e</sup> "Thorough with them," i. e., in their debt, by taking up goods on credit.—<sup>f</sup> In St. Paul's Church.—<sup>g</sup> Alluding to an old proverb: "Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to St. Paul's for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade."

<sup>b</sup> "Hunt-counter," i. e., catch-pole; burn-bailiff.

*Ch. Just.* You have misled the youthful prince.

*Fal.* The young prince hath misled me : I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill : you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

*Fal.* My lord—

*Ch. Just.* But since all is well, keep it so : wake not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Ch. Just.* What ! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* A wassel <sup>a</sup>candle, my lord ; all tallow : if I did say of <sup>b</sup>wax, my growth would approve the truth.

*Ch. Just.* There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

*Ch. Just.* You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

*Fal.* Not so, my lord ; your ill <sup>c</sup>angel is light, but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot <sup>d</sup>go. I cannot tell ; virtue is of so little regard in these <sup>e</sup>easter-monger times, that true valor is turned bear-herd. <sup>f</sup>Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts <sup>g</sup>appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young : you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls ; and we that are in the <sup>h</sup>vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

*Ch. Just.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly ? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit <sup>i</sup>single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young. Fie, fie, fie, sir John.

*Fal.* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not : the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding ; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents ; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth, but in new silk, and old sack.

*Ch. Just.* Well, God send the prince a better companion !

*Fal.* God send the companion a better prince ! I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry. I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

\* A wassel candle was a large candle for a feast.—<sup>b</sup> A quibble upon the wax of a honey-comb, and the verb to wax, to increase.—<sup>c</sup> Falstaff alludes to the coin bearing the figure of an angel : an " ill angel" is therefore a clipped coin.—<sup>d</sup> " I cannot go," i. e., I cannot pass current.—<sup>e</sup> " Easter-monger times" are petty peddling times.—<sup>f</sup> " Pregnancy," i. e., readiness ; ability.—<sup>g</sup> Pertaining.—<sup>h</sup> " The vaward," i. e., the fore part ; the early part.—<sup>i</sup> " Single," i. e., simple ; silly.

*Fal.* Yea ; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day ; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily : if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it : well, I cannot last <sup>1</sup>for ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is : I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

*Ch. Just.* Well, be honest, be honest ; and God bless your expedition.

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth !

*Ch. Just.* Not a penny, not a penny : you are too impatient to bear <sup>2</sup>crosses. Fare you well : commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*]

*Fal.* If I do, fillip me with a three-man <sup>1</sup>beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery ; and the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the <sup>2</sup>diseases <sup>3</sup>prevent my curses.—Boy !

*Page.* Sir ?

*Fal.* What money is in my purse ?

*Page.* Seven groats and two-pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse : borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go, hear this letter to my lord of Lancaster ; this to the prince ; this to the earl of Westmoreland ; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair of my chin. About it : you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout ! or, a gout of this pox ! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter, if I do halt ; I have the wars for my color, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything ; <sup>3</sup>it will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, Earl Marshal, and Bardolph.*

*Arch.* Thus have you heard our cause, and <sup>4</sup>know our means ;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.—

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

*Mowb.* I well allow the occasion of our arms ;

But gladly would be better satisfied,

How, in our means, we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the king.

*Hast.* Our present musters grow upon the file

To five and twenty thousand men of choice ;

And our supplies live largely in the hope

Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns

With an incensed fire of injuries. [thus :—

*Bard.* The question then, lord Hastings, standeth

\* A quibble upon crosses, trials, and a coin called a cross.

—<sup>1</sup> A "three-man beetle" was a large beetle with three bands.—<sup>2</sup> "Prevent," i. e., anticipate.—<sup>3</sup> Profit ; interest.

Whether our present five and twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland.

*Hast.* With him, we may.

*Bard.* Ay, marry, there's the point :  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not step too far,  
Till we had his assistance by the hand ;  
For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,  
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

*Bard.* It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with  
Eating the air on promise of supply, [hope,  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much <sup>a</sup> smaller than the smallest of his thoughts ;  
And so, with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And winking leap'd into destruction.

*Hast.* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,  
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

*Bard.* Yes, in this present quality of war ;  
Indeed the instant <sup>1</sup> act, and cause on foot,  
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring  
We see th' appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,  
And, when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then, but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices, or, at <sup>2</sup> last, desist

To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,  
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,  
And set another up) should we survey

<sup>3</sup> The plot, the situation, and the model ;

<sup>4</sup> Consult upon a sure foundation ;

Question surveyors, know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo.

<sup>5</sup> A careful leader sums what force he brings  
To weigh against his opposite ; or else,  
We fortify <sup>6</sup> on paper, and in figures,  
Using the names of men, instead of men :  
Like one that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,  
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,  
Should be still-born, and that we now possess  
The utmost man of expectation,  
I think we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

*Bard.* What ! is the king but five-and-twenty  
thousand ? [Bardolph ;

*Hast.* To us, no more ; nay, not so much, lord  
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads : one power against the French,  
And one against Glendower ; perforce, a third  
Must take up us. So is the unfirm king  
In three divided, and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness. [together,

*Arch.* That he should draw his several strengths  
And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,  
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh  
Baying him at the heels : never fear that.

*Bard.* Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither ?

*Hast.* The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland :

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth ;  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I have no certain notice.

*Arch.* Let us on,  
And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice ;  
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :  
An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
O, thou fond <sup>b</sup> many ! with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,  
Before he was what thou would'st have him be ;  
And being now 'trimm'd in thine own desires,  
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.  
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,  
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,  
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times ?  
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,  
Are now become enamor'd on his grave :  
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,  
When through proud London he came sighing on  
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
Cry'st now, " O earth, yield us that king again,  
And take thou this ! " O, thoughts of men accurst !  
Past, and to come, seem best ; things present, worst.

*Mowb.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?  
*Hast.* We are time's subjects, and time bids be  
gone. [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—London. A Street.

*Enter Hostess ; Fang, and his Boy, with her ; and  
Snare following.*

*Host.* Master Fang, have you entered the action ?  
*Fang.* It is entered.

*Host.* Where's your <sup>d</sup> yeoman ? Is't a lusty yeo-  
man ? will he stand to't ?

*Fang.* Sirrah, where's Snare ?

*Host.* O lord ! ay : good master Snare.

*Snare.* Here, here.

*Fang.* Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

*Host.* Yea, good master Snare ; I have entered  
him and all.

*Snare.* It may chance cost some of us our lives,  
for he will stab.

*Host.* Alas the day ! take heed of him : he stabbed  
me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In  
good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if  
his weapon be out : he will <sup>e</sup> foine like any devil ; he  
will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

*Fang.* If I can close with him, I care not for his  
thrust.

*Host.* No, nor I neither : I'll be at your elbow.

*Fang.* An I but fist him once ; an he come but  
within my <sup>f</sup> vice.—

*Host.* I am undone by his going ; I warrant you,  
he's an infinitive thing upon my score.—Good mas-  
ter Fang, hold him sure :—good master Snare, let  
him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-cor-  
ner, (saying your manhoods) to buy a saddle ; and  
he's indicted to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lum-  
bert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman : I pray  
ye, since my <sup>g</sup> exion is entered, and my case so  
openly known to the world, let him be brought in  
to his answer. A hundred mark is a long <sup>h</sup> score  
for a poor lone woman to bear ; and I have borne,

<sup>a</sup> "Much smaller," i. e., which turned out to be much smaller, &c.

<sup>b</sup> Multitude.—<sup>c</sup> Dressed.—<sup>d</sup> A bailiff's follower was called a sergeant's yeoman.—<sup>e</sup> Thrust.—<sup>f</sup> Grasp.—<sup>g</sup> Action.

and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, und fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, PAGE, and BARDOLPH.*  
Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do, your offices, master Fang and master Snare: do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Fal.* How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

*Fang.* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

*Fal.* Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

*Host.* Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue!—Murder, murder! O, thou <sup>a</sup>honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O, thou <sup>b</sup>honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a <sup>c</sup>man-queller, and a woman-queller.

*Fal.* Keep them off, Bardolph.

*Fang.* A rescue! a rescue!

*Host.* Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

*Fal.* Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.*

*Ch. Just.* What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

*Host.* Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

*Ch. Just.* How now, sir John! what, are you brawling here? [ness?]

Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st on him?

*Host.* O! my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*Ch. Just.* For what sum?

*Host.* It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

*Fal.* I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

*Ch. Just.* How comes this, sir John?—Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?—Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

*Fal.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*Host.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a <sup>d</sup>parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby

I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

*Fal.* My Lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

*Host.* Yes, in troth, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* Pr'ythee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

*Fal.* My lord, I will not undergo this <sup>e</sup>sneap without reply. You call honorable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your sutor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

*Ch. Just.* You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

*Fal.* Come hither, hostess. [Taking her aside.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Ch. Just.* Now, master Gower! what news?

*Gow.* The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest <sup>1</sup>this paper tells.

<sup>2</sup>[C. J. reads.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman.

*Host.* Faith, you said so before.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

*Host.* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

*Fal.* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in <sup>s</sup>water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed hangings, and these fly bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humors, there is not a better vench in England. Go, wash thy face, and <sup>h</sup>draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humor with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

*Host.* Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i' faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

*Fal.* Let it alone; I'll make other shrift: you'll be a fool still.

*Host.* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

<sup>e</sup> Sneub; check.—<sup>f</sup> "In the effect of your reputation," i. e., suitably to your character.—<sup>g</sup> Water-color paintings.—<sup>h</sup> Withdraw.

<sup>a</sup> Homicidal.—<sup>b</sup> Homicide.—<sup>c</sup> Man-slayer.—<sup>d</sup> Partly gilt.

*Fal.* Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

*Host.* Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

*Fal.* No more words: let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.*]

*Ch. Just.* I have heard better news.

*Fal.* What's the news, my good lord?

*Ch. Just.* Where lay the king last night?

*Gow.* At Basingstoke, my lord.

*Fal.* I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

*Ch. Just.* Come all his forces back?

*Gow.* No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

*Fal.* Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Ch. Just.* You shall have letters of me presently: come, go along with me, good master Gower.

*Fal.* My lord!

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

*Gow.* I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, master Gower?

*Ch. Just.* What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

*Fal.* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

*Ch. Just.* Now, the lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

*Poins.* Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

*P. Hen.* 'Faith, it does me, though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

*Poins.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

*P. Hen.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these, and those that were thy peach-color'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy <sup>a</sup>linen, shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

*Poins.* How ill it follows, after you have labored so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

*P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

*Poins.* Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

*P. Hen.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*Poins.* Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

*P. Hen.* Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

*Poins.* Very hardly upon such a subject.

*P. Hen.* By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

*Poins.* The reason?

*P. Hen.* What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

*Poins.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

*P. Hen.* It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

*Poins.* Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

*P. Hen.* And to thee.

*Poins.* By this light, I am well spoken on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a <sup>d</sup>proper fellow of my hands, and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

*P. Hen.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

*Enter BARDOLPH and Page.*

*Bard.* God save your grace.

*P. Hen.* And yours, most noble Bardolph.

*Bard.* Come, you virtuous ass, [*To the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottlepot's maidenhead?

*Page.* He called me even now, my lord, through a red <sup>e</sup>lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new <sup>f</sup>red petticoat, and peeped through.

*P. Hen.* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bard.* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

*Page.* Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

*P. Hen.* Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand, and therefore I call him her dream.

*P. Hen.* A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

*Poins.* O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

*Bard.* And you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

<sup>b</sup> Outward show.—<sup>c</sup> Calls; induces.—<sup>d</sup> Brave; courageous.  
—<sup>e</sup> "A red lattice," i. e., an alehouse window.

<sup>a</sup> Bastard children, wrapt up in his old shirts.

*P. Hen.* And how doth thy master, Bardolph?  
*Bard.* Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

*Poins.* Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the "martlemas, your master?"

*Bard.* In bodily health, sir.

*Poins.* Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that he sick, it dies not.

*P. Hen.* I do allow this 'wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

*Poins.* [*Reads.*] "John Falstaff, knight,"—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger, but they say, "There is some of the king's blood spilt:" "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is, as ready as a borrower's cap; "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

*P. Hen.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japheth. But to the letter:—

*Poins.* "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting."—Why, this is a certificate.

*P. Hen.* Peace!

*Poins.* "I will imitate the honorable Romans in brevity:"—he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded,—"I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favors so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell."

"Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John with all Europe."

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

*P. Hen.* That's 'but to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

*Poins.* God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

*P. Hen.* Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

*Bard.* Yes, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old 'c frank?

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* What company?

*Page.* Ephesians, my lord; of the old 'd church.

*P. Hen.* Sup any women with him?

*Page.* None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

*P. Hen.* What 'pagan may that be?

*Page.* A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

*P. Hen.* Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

*Poins.* I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

*Bard.* I have no tongue, sir.

*Page.* And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

*P. Hen.* Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

*Poins.* I warrant you, as common as the way between St. Alban's and London.

*P. Hen.* How might we see Falstaff 'bestow himself to-night in his true colors, and not ourselves be seen?

*Poins.* Put on two leathern jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

*P. Hen.* From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—Warkworth. Before the Castle.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTHUMBERLAND, and Lady PERCY.*

*North.* I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter, Give even way unto my rough affairs: [ter, Put not you on the visage of the times, And be like them to Percy troublesome.

*Lady N.* I have given over, I will speak no more. Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

*North.* Alas, sweet wife, my honor is at pawn, And, but my going, nothing can redeem it. [wars!]

*Lady P.* O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these The time was, father, that you broke your word, When you were more endear'd to it than now; When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry, Threw many a northward look, to see his father Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain. Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honors lost, yours, and your son's: For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it! For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light, Did all the chivalry of England move To do brave acts, he was, indeed, the glass Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs, that practised not his gait; And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish, Became the accents of the valiant;

For those that could speak low, and tardily, Would turn their own perfection to abuse, To seem like him: so that, in speech, in gait, In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, in humors of blood, He was the mark and glass, copy and book, [him! That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous O miracle of men!—him did you leave,

(Second to none, unseconded by you) To look upon the hideous god of war In disadvantage; to abide a field,

Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name Did seem defensible:—so you left him.

Never, O! never, do his ghost the wrong, To hold your honor more precise and nice With others, than with him: let them alone.

The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong: Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers, To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck, Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

*North.* Beshrew your heart, Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me, With new lamenting ancient oversights.

But I must go, and meet with danger there, Or it will seek me in another place, And find me worse provided.

\* Martinmas, St. Martin's day, is Nov. 11.—<sup>b</sup> Swollen ex-crescence.—<sup>c</sup> Sty.—<sup>d</sup> "Ephesians . . . of the old church," i. e., dissolute fellows of the old sort.—<sup>e</sup> Wench.

*Lady N.*

O! fly to Scotland.

Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,  
Have of their puissance made a little taste. [king,

*Lady P.* If they get ground and vantage of the  
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,  
First let them try themselves. So did your son;

He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow,  
And never shall have length of life enough,  
To rain upon a remembrance with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,  
For recordation to my noble husband. [my mind,

*North.* Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with  
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back.—

I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,  
Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Boar's  
Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

*Enter Two Drawers.*

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's "noise"; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch!—the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poin anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old d'utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

*Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.*

*Host.* Faith, sweet heart, methinks now, you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your color, I warrant you, is as red as any rose; but, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, what's this? How do you now?

*Dol.* Better than I was. Hem.

*Host.* Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo! here comes sir John.

*Enter FALSTAFF, singing.*

*Fal.* "When Arthur first in court."—Empty the jordan.—"And was a worthy king." [Exit *Drawer*. How now, mistress Doll?

*Host.* Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

*Fal.* So is all her sex; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

*Dol.* You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*Fal.* You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

*Dol.* I make them? gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

*Fal.* "Your brooches, pearls, and owches!"—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:—

*Dol.* Yea, joy; our chains, and our jewels.

*Fal.* "Your brooches, pearls, and owches!"—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:—

*Dol.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

*Host.* By my troth, this is the old fashion: you two never meet, but you fall to some discord. You are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confumities. What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel; as they say, the emptier vessel.

*Dol.* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody—cares.

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul mouth'dst rogue in England.

*Host.* If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbors; I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best.—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now.—Shut the door, I pray you.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, hostess?

*Host.* Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-valley, sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—"Neighbor Quickly," says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then:—"Neighbor Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," said he, "you are in an ill name:"—now, he said so, I can tell whereupon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive;" "receive," says he, "no swaggering companions."—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said.—No, I'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.* He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheat-er, i'faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering: by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

\* The plant *rosemary*, the symbol of "remembrance," is here alluded to.—The "Apple-John" is an apple that will keep two years.—Sneak was a street minstrel; a noise of musicians formerly signified a concert.—d' Old utis, i. e., merry doings.

\* A "chamber," besides its common acceptation, also signifies a small piece of ordnance.—Splenetic.—Ensign.—Gamester.



*Dol.* So you do, hostess.

*Host.* Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter Pistol, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

*Pist.* God save you, sir John.

*Fal.* Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

*Fal.* She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

*Host.* Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you, mistress Dorothy: I will charge you.

*Dol.* Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

*Pist.* I know you, mistress Dorothy.

*Dol.* Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket hilt staid juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light! with two <sup>a</sup>points on your shoulder? <sup>b</sup>much!

*Pist.* I will murder your ruff for this.

*Fal.* No more, Pistol: I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

*Host.* No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

*Dol.* Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word <sup>c</sup>occupy, which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted: therefore captains had need look to't.

*Bard.* Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Fal.* Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

*Pist.* Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph; I could tear her.—I'll be revenged of her.

*Page.* Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.* I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down! fates! Have we not Hiren here?

*Host.* Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late i' faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

*Pist.* These be good humors, indeed! Shall pack-horses,

And hollow pamp'rd jades of Asia,  
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,  
Compare with Cæsars, and with <sup>d</sup>Cannibals,  
And Trojan Greeks! nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.  
Shall we fall foul for toys?

*Host.* By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Begone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.* Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins. Have we not Hiren here?

*Host.* On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the goodyear! do you think I would deny her! for God's sake, be quiet.

*Pist.* Then feed, and be fat, my fair <sup>e</sup>Calipolis.

Come, give's some sack.

*Se fortuna me tormenta, <sup>2</sup>i lo sperare me contenta.*—

Fear we broadsides! no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here, and are *et ceteras* <sup>1</sup>noth-

*Fal.* Pistol, I would be quiet. [ing?]

*Pist.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy <sup>2</sup>neif.—What! we have seen the seven stars.

*Dol.* For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

*Pist.* Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway <sup>3</sup>nags?

*Fal.* I Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you down stairs.

*Pist.* What! shall we have incision? shall we imbue?—[*Snatching up his sword.*]

Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days! Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I <sup>k</sup>say!

*Host.* Here's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

*Fal.* Get you down stairs. [Drawing.]

*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these territs and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons; put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt BARDOLPH and PISTOL.*]

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet: the rascal is gone. Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

*Host.* Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Have you turned him out of doors?

*Bard.* Yes, sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascal, to brave me!

*Dol.* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops.—Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

*Fal.* A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

*Dol.* Do, if thou darrest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter Music.*

*Page.* The music is come, sir.

*Fal.* Let them play.—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll.—A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*Dol.* I' faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and <sup>1</sup>foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

<sup>a</sup>This line is parodied from an old play.—<sup>c</sup>That is, 'Shall we stop here, and have no further entertainment?'—<sup>d</sup>Pist.  
<sup>1</sup>—<sup>b</sup>'Galloway nags,' i. e., common hackneys.—<sup>2</sup>Pitch; throw.—<sup>3</sup>Pistol makes use of fragments of old ballads and old plays.—<sup>4</sup>Thrusting.

<sup>a</sup>"Points," i. e., laces, marks of his commission.—  
<sup>b</sup>"Much!" an expression of disdain.—This word had been perverted to an obscene meaning.—<sup>d</sup>Hannibals.

*Enter behind, Prince HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.*

*Fal.* Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol.* Sirrah, what humor is the prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

*Dol.* They say, Poins has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

*Dol.* Why does the prince love him so, then?

*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-drasons; and rides the wild <sup>a</sup>mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoidupois.

*P. Hen.* Would not this nave of a <sup>b</sup>wheel have his ears cat off?

*Poins.* Let's beat him before his where.

*P. Hen.* Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

*Poins.* Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

*Fal.* Kiss me, Doll.

*P. Hen.* Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

*Poins.* And, look, whether the fiery <sup>c</sup>Trigon, his man, be not <sup>1</sup>clasping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

*Fal.* Thou dost give me flattering busses. [Heart.

*Dol.* Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant

*Fal.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuff wilt have a <sup>d</sup>kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song! come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

*Dol.* By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

*Fal.* Some sack, Francis!

*P. Hen.* *Poins.* Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*

*Fal.* Ha! a bastard son of the king's.—And art not thou Poins, his brother?

*P. Hen.* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead.

*Fal.* A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

*P. Hen.* Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Host.* O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?

*Fal.* Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Placing his hand upon DOLL.*

*Dol.* How, you fat fool? I scorn you.

*Poins.* My lord, he will drive you out of your

revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

*P. Hen.* You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentleman.

*Host.* God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou hear me?

*P. Hen.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did, when you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew, I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

*Fal.* No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

*P. Hen.* I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal, on mine honor; no abuse.

*P. Hen.* Not to dispraise me, and call me <sup>e</sup>pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal.

*Poins.* No abuse!

*Fal.* No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; none, Ned, none;—no, 'faith, boys, none.

*P. Hen.* See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentleman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

*Poins.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.* The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph <sup>2</sup>irrecoverably; and his face is Lucifer's privy kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too.

*P. Hen.* For the women?

*Fal.* For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor <sup>3</sup>souls. For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

*Host.* No, I warrant you.

*Fal.* No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

*Host.* All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

*P. Hen.* You, gentleman,—

*Dol.* What says your grace?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking heard.*

*Host.* Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

*Enter PETO.*

*P. Hen.* Peto, how now! what news?

*Peto.* The king your father is at Westminster, And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north; and as I came along I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

*P. Hen.* By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame, So idly to profane the precious time, When tempest of commotion, like the south Borne with black vapor, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

<sup>a</sup>The childish sport of *see-saw* was called "riding the wild mare."—<sup>b</sup>Falstaff is called the "nave of a wheel" from his rotundity.—<sup>c</sup>"Trigon," i. e., *triangle*; an old astrological term.—<sup>d</sup>Cloak.

<sup>e</sup>The *pantler*, in great families, was the officer who had charge of the bread.

Give me my sword, and cloak.—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARDOLPH.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently:

A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*]—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst.—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O! run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. Come.—

<sup>1</sup>She comes blubbered.—Yea—will you come, Doll?

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY in his Nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters, And well consider of them. Make good speed.

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Art at this hour asleep! O sleep! O gentle sleep!  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under high canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?  
O, thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,  
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery shrouds,  
That with the 'hurly death itself awakes?  
Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-bow in an hour so rude;  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy 'low, lie down!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

[*lords.*]

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

[*dom*]

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our king—How foul it is; what rank diseases grow, And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd, Which to his former strength may be restor'd, With good advice, and little medicine.

My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd. [fate,

K. Hen. O God! that one might read the book of And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent,

Weary of solid firmness, melt itself

Into the sea: and, other times, to see

The beauly girdle of the ocean

Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,

The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,

Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

'Tis not ten years gone,

Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,

Did feast together, and in two years after

Were they at wars: it is but eight years, since

This Percy was the man nearest my soul;

Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,

And laid his love and life under my foot;

Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,

Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,

(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember)

[*To WARWICK.*]

When Richard, with his eye brimfull of tears,

Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,

Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?

"Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which

My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;"—

Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,

But that necessity so bow'd the state,

That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss.

"The time shall come," thus did he follow it,

"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,

Shall break into corruption;"—so went on,

Foretelling this same time's condition,

And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,

Figuring the nature of the times disas'd;

The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,

With a near aim, of the main chance of things

As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,

And weak beginnings, lie intreasur'd.

Such things become the hatch and brood of time;

And, by the necessary form of this,

King Richard might create a perfect guess,

That great Northumberland, then false to him,

Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness,

Which should not find a ground to root upon,

Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things, then, necessities?

Then let us meet them like necessities;

And that same word even now cries out on us.

They say, the bishop and Northumberland

Are fifty thousand strong.

War.

It cannot be, my lord:

Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,

The numbers of the fear'd.—Please it your grace,

To go to bed; upon my soul, my lord,

The powers that you already have sent forth,

\* Noise; tumult.—<sup>1</sup>"Low," i. e., the lowly; those in humble life.

Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd  
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.  
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,  
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add  
Unto your sickness.

*K. Hen.* I will take your counsel:  
And were these inward wars once out of hand,  
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Court before Justice SHALLOW's  
House in Gloucestershire.

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY,  
SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Ser-  
vants, behind.*

*Shal.* Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me  
your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early  
stirrer, by the <sup>a</sup>rood. And how doth my good coun-  
sin Silence?

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow?  
and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daugh-  
ter Ellen?

*Sil.* Alas! a black <sup>b</sup>ouzel, cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin  
William has become a good scholar. He is at Ox-  
ford, still, is he not?

*Sil.* Indeed, sir; to my cost.

*Shal.* He must then to the inns of court shortly.  
I was once of Clement's inn; where, I think, they  
will talk of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

*Shal.* By the mass, I was called any thing; and  
I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly  
too. There was I, and little John Doit of Stafford-  
shire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pick-  
bone, and Will Squeale a Cotswold man; you had  
not four such <sup>c</sup>swinge-bucklers in all the inns of  
court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where  
the <sup>d</sup>bona-robas were, and had the best of them all  
at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now  
sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke  
of Norfolk.

*Sil.* This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon  
about soldiers?

*Shal.* The same sir John, the very same. I saw  
him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when  
he was a <sup>e</sup>crack not thus high: and the very same  
day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruit-  
erer, behind Gray's-inn. Jesu! Jesu! the mad days  
that I have spent! and to see how many of mine  
old acquaintance are dead!

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin.

*Shal.* Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure:  
death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all  
shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stam-  
ford fair?

*Sil.* Truly, cousin, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain.—Is old Double of your  
town living yet?

*Sil.* Dead, sir.

*Shal.* Jesu! Jesu! Dead!—he drew a good bow;  
—and dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt  
loved him well, and betted much money on his  
head. Dead!—he would have clapped in the clout  
at twelve <sup>f</sup>score; and carried you a forehand shaft a  
fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have  
done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of  
ewes now?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes  
may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old Double dead!

*Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.*

*Sil.* Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men,  
as I think.

*Shal.* Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

*Bard.* I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

*Shal.* I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire  
of this county, and one of the king's justices of the  
peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My captain, sir, commends him to you;  
my captain, sir John Falstaff: a <sup>g</sup>tall gentleman, by  
heaven, and a most gallant leader.

*Shal.* He greets me well, sir: I knew him a good  
backsword man. How doth the good knight? may  
I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

*Bard.* Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommo-  
dated than with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well  
said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is  
good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely,  
and ever were, very commendable. Accommoda-  
ted:—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good  
phrase.

*Bard.* Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word.  
Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not  
the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my  
sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of ex-  
ceeding good command, by heaven. Accommoda-  
ted; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommo-  
dated; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he  
may be thought to be accommodated, which is an  
excellent thing.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Shal.* It is very just.—Look, here comes good  
sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your  
worship's good hand. By my troth, you 'like well,  
and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir  
John.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good master Rob-  
ert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think.

*Shal.* No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in  
commission with me.

*Fal.* Good master Silence, it well befits you  
should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good worship is welcome.

*Fal.* Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have  
you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

*Shal.* Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's  
the roll?—let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so.  
Yea, marry, sir.—Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear  
as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me  
see; where is Mouldy?

*Moul.* Here, an it please you.

*Shal.* What think you, sir John? a good limbed  
fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldy?

*Moul.* Yea, an it please you.

*Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things  
that are mouldy lack use: very singular good!—In  
faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

*Fal.* Prick him.

[*To SHALLOW.*]

*Moul.* I was pricked well enough before, an you  
could have let me alone: my old dame will be un-  
done now, for one to do her husbandry, and her  
drudgery. You need not to have pricked me;  
there are other men fitter to go out than I.

<sup>a</sup> Cross.—<sup>b</sup> "A black ouzel," i. e., a black-bird.—<sup>c</sup> Rakes.

<sup>d</sup> Wenches.—<sup>e</sup> Boy.—<sup>f</sup> "Clapped in the clout at twelve  
score," i. e., hit the white mark at twelve score yards.

*Fal.* Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent!

*Shal.* Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside: know you where you are?—For the other, sir John!—let me see.—Simon Shadow!

*Fal.* Yea marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

*Shal.* Where's Shadow?

*Shal.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose son art thou?

*Shal.* My mother's son, sir.

*Fal.* Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

*Shal.* Do you like him, sir John?

*Fal.* Shadow will serve for summer, prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart!

*Fal.* Where's he?

*Wart.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart?

*Wart.* Yea, sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir John?

*Fal.* It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

*Fec.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* What trade art thou, Feeble?

*Fec.* A woman's tailor, sir.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir?

*Fal.* You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

*Fec.* I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

*Fal.* Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

*Fec.* I would Wart might have gone, sir.

*Fal.* I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*Fec.* It shall suffice, sir.

*Fal.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

*Shal.* Peter Bull-calf of the green!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

*Bull.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, a likely fellow.—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

*Bull.* O lord! good my lord captain,—

*Fal.* What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

*Bull.* O lord! sir, I am a diseased man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou?

*Bull.* A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

*Shal.* Here is two more called than your number;

you must have but four here, sir:—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, master Shallow.

*Shal.* O, sir John! do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?

*Fal.* No more of that, good master Shallow; no more of that.

*Shal.* Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

*Fal.* She lives, master Shallow.

*Shal.* She never could away with me.

*Fal.* Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide Master Shallow.

*Shal.* By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

*Fal.* Old, old, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old, and had Robin Nightwork by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

*Sil.* That's fifty-five year ago.

*Shal.* Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

*Fal.* We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

*Shal.* That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have. Our watch-word was, "Hem, boys!"—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner.—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come. [*Exit FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*]

*Bull.* Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten <sup>s</sup>hillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Moul.* And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Fec.* By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once;—we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

*Bard.* Well said; thou art a good fellow.

*Fec.* 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.*

*Fal.* Come, sir, which men shall I have?

*Shal.* Four, of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you.—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

*Fal.* Go to; well.

*Shal.* Come, sir John, which four will you have?

*Fal.* Do you choose for me.

*Shal.* Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy, and Bull-calf.—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

<sup>a</sup> Coins of the value of ten shillings.

*Shal.* Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

*Fal.* Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thieves, the stature, bulk, and big <sup>a</sup>assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart's;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a <sup>b</sup>caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

*Bard.* Hold, Wart; <sup>c</sup>traverse: thus, thus, thus.

*Fal.* Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald <sup>d</sup>shot.—Well said, <sup>e</sup>faith, Wart: thou'rt a good scab; hold, there's a tester for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's inn) I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's <sup>e</sup>show, there was a little <sup>f</sup>quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would he say; "bounce," would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come.—I shall never see such a fellow.

*Fal.* These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence: I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

*Shal.* Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God prosper your affair, and send us peace. At your return, visit our house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

*Fal.* Fore God, I would you would.

*Shal.* Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well. [Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.]

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [Exeunt BARDOLPH, RECRUITS, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about <sup>g</sup>Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, dueer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: he was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake. He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the <sup>h</sup>over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swarc—they were his fancies, or his <sup>i</sup>good-nights.

<sup>a</sup> Resemblance: similitude.—<sup>b</sup> A caliver was a small, light musket, or hand-gun.—<sup>c</sup> "Traverse," i. e., march!—<sup>d</sup> "Shot," i. e., shooter.—<sup>e</sup> "Arthur's show" was an exhibition of archery.—<sup>f</sup> Quick; nimble.—<sup>g</sup> Turnbull-street, or Turnmill-street, near Clerkenwell, was a famous resort of bullies, rogues, and other dissolute characters.—<sup>h</sup> Whipped.—<sup>i</sup> Titles of little poems.

And now is this Vice's <sup>k</sup>dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he <sup>l</sup>burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own <sup>m</sup>name; for you might have thrust him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin: the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two <sup>n</sup>stones to me. If the young <sup>o</sup>dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exit.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and Others.

*Arch.* What is this forest call'd? [grace.]

*Hast.* 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please your Grace. Here stand, my lords; and send discover—to know the numbers of our enemies. [Cries forth,] *Hast.* We have sent forth already.

*Arch.* 'Tis well done.—My friends and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd New-dated letters from Northumberland; Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus:—Here doth he wish his person, with such powers As might hold <sup>p</sup>sortance with his quality, The which he could not levy; whereupon He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers, That your attempts may overlive the hazard, And fearful meeting of their opposite. [Ground,]

*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we have in him touch And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

*Hast.* Now, what news?

*Mess.* West of this forest, scarcely off a mile, In goodly form comes on the enemy: And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

*Mowb.* The just proportion that we gave them out.

<sup>1</sup> Let's away on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

*Arch.* What <sup>q</sup>well-appointed leader fronts us here?

*Mowb.* I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* Health and fair greeting from our general, The prince, lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

*Arch.* Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace, What doth concern your coming?

*West.* Then, my lord, Unto your grace do I in chief address The substance of my speech. If that rebellion Came like itself, in base and abject routs, Led on by bloody youth, <sup>r</sup>guarded with <sup>s</sup>rags, And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;

<sup>k</sup> The buffoon called Vice, in the old moralities, used a wooden dagger, similar to that of the modern Harlequin.—<sup>l</sup> Broke.—<sup>m</sup> Gaunt is thin, slender.—<sup>n</sup> A philosopher's two stones, i. e., twice as good as the philosopher's stone.—<sup>o</sup> The dace and pike are both river fish, the latter noted for its voracity.—<sup>p</sup> Hold sortance, i. e., be suitable.—<sup>q</sup> Well-appointed, i. e., completely accoutred.—<sup>r</sup> "Guarded," i. e., ornamented.

I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,  
In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection  
With your fair honors. You, lord archbishop,  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;  
Whose white <sup>a</sup>investments figure innocence,  
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?  
Turning your books to <sup>1</sup> glaives,<sup>b</sup> your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet, and <sup>2</sup> report of war?

*Arch.* Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands:  
Briefly to this end.—We are all diseas'd;  
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it: of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician,  
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
Troop in the throongs of military men;  
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,  
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,  
And purge th' obstructions, which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd [suffer,  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we  
And find our <sup>c</sup>grievances heavier than our offences.  
We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet <sup>3</sup>chair  
By the rough torrent of occasion;  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show in articles,  
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,  
And might by no suit gain <sup>4</sup>an audience.  
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,  
We are denied access unto his person,  
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet appearing blood, and the examples  
Of every minute's <sup>d</sup>instance, present now,  
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms,  
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality.

*West.* When ever yet was your appeal denied?  
Wherein have you been galled by the king?  
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
And consecrate commotion's bitter <sup>e</sup>edge?

*Arch.* My brother general, the commonwealth,  
To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.

*West.* There is no need of any such redress;  
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

*Mowb.* Why not to him, in part, and to us all,  
That feel the bruises of the days before,  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honors?

*West.* O! my good lord Mowbray,

Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,  
And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
Either from the king, or in the present time,  
That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd  
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiorities,  
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

*Mowb.* What thing, in honor, had my father lost,  
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?  
The king that lov'd him, as the state stood then,  
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:  
<sup>5</sup>And when that Harry Bolingbroke, and he,  
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,  
Their armed <sup>f</sup>staves in charge, their beavers down,  
Their eyes of fire sparkling through <sup>g</sup>sights of steel,  
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;  
Then, then, when there was nothing could have  
stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
O! when the king did throw his <sup>h</sup>warder down,  
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:  
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,  
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

*West.* You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know  
not what.

The earl of Hereford was reputed, then,  
In England the most valiant gentleman:  
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have  
smil'd?

But if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;  
For all the country, in a general voice,  
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,  
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
And bless'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the king.  
But this is mere digression from my purpose.  
Here come I from our princely general,  
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,  
That he will give you audience; and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,  
That might so much as think you enemies.

*Mowb.* But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,  
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

*West.* Mowbray, you <sup>i</sup>overween, to take it so.  
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;  
For, lo! within a <sup>k</sup>ken our army lies,  
Upon mine honor, all too confident

To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
Our armor all as strong, our cause the best:  
Then, reason 'will our hearts should be as good;  
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd. [Icy.

*Mowb.* Well, by my will, we shall admit no par-

*West.* That argues but the shame of your offence:  
A rotten case abides no handling.

*Hast.* Hath the prince John a full commission,  
In very ample virtue of his father,  
To hear, and absolutely to determine  
Of what condition we shall stand upon?

*West.* That is <sup>m</sup>intended in the general's name.  
I muse you make so slight a question. [schedule,

*Arch.* Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this  
For this contains our general grievances:

<sup>a</sup> The "white investment" was the episcopal *rochet*.—  
<sup>b</sup> "Glaives," i. e., swords.—<sup>c</sup> Grievances.—<sup>d</sup> "Of every minute's instance," i. e., which every minute instances, or supplies.—<sup>e</sup> "Commotion's bitter edge," i. e., the sword of rebellion.

<sup>f</sup> "Their armed staves in charge," i. e., their lances fixed in the rest for the encounter.—<sup>g</sup> "Sights," i. e., visors.—  
<sup>h</sup> Truncheon.—<sup>i</sup> "You overween," i. e., you overrate yourself.—<sup>k</sup> "Within a ken," i. e., within sight.—<sup>l</sup> "Reason will," i. e., it is reasonable.—<sup>m</sup> Understood.

Each several article herein redress'd;  
All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
That are <sup>a</sup> insinew'd to this action,  
Acquitted by a true substantial form;  
And present execution of our wills  
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd,  
We come within our <sup>b</sup> awful banks again,  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

*West.* This will I show the general. Please you,  
lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet:  
And either end in peace, which God so frame,  
Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.

*Arch.* My lord, we will do so. [*Exit WEST.*]

*Mowb.* There is a thing within my bosom tells me,  
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

*Hast.* Fear you not that: if we can make our  
peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute,  
As our conditions shall <sup>c</sup> consist upon,  
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

*Mowb.* Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
That every slight and false-derived cause,  
Yea, every idle, <sup>d</sup> nice, and wanton reason,  
Shall to the king taste of this action:

That, were our royal <sup>e</sup> faiths martyrs in love,  
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
And good from bad find no partition.

*Arch.* No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is  
weary

Of dainty and such <sup>f</sup> picking grievances:  
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.

And therefore will he wipe his <sup>g</sup> tables clean,  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,  
That may repeat and history his loss

To new remembrance. For full well he knows,  
He cannot so precisely weed this land,  
As his misdoings present occasion:

His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.

So that this land, like an offensive wife,  
That hath enrag'd <sup>h</sup> her man to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.

*Hast.* Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods  
On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
The very instruments of chastisement:

So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true:

And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

*Mowb.* Be it so.

Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth  
your lordship,

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

*Mowb.* Your grace of York, in God's name then,  
set forward.

*Arch.* Before, and greet his grace, my lord: we  
come. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop,  
HASTINGS, and Others: from the other side, Prince  
JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers  
and Attendants.*

*P. John.* You are well encounter'd here, my cousin  
in Mowbray.—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;  
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—  
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
Encircled you to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text,

Than now to see you here an iron <sup>i</sup> man,  
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.  
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favor,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack! what mischiefs might he set abroad, [*Op.*]  
In shadow of such greatness. With you, lord bish-  
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,  
How deep you were within the books of God?

To us, the speaker in his parliament;  
To us, th' imagin'd voice of God himself;  
The very opener and intelligencer,  
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,  
And our dull <sup>j</sup> workings: O! who shall believe,  
But you misuse the reverence of your place,  
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven

As a false favorite doth his prince's name,  
In deeds dishonorable? You have taken <sup>k</sup> up,  
Under the counterfeited <sup>l</sup> seal of God,  
The subjects of his substitute, my father:

And, both against the peace of heaven and him,  
Have here up-sworn'd them.

*Arch.* Good my lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your father's peace;

But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,  
The time misorder'd doth, in common <sup>m</sup> sense,  
Crowd us, and crush us to this monstrous form

To hold our safety up. I sent your grace  
The parcels and particulars of our <sup>n</sup> griefs; [*court.*]  
The which have been with scorn show'd from the  
Whereon this Hydra-son of war is born;

Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,  
With grant of our most just and right desires,  
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

*Mowb.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
To the last man.

*Hast.* And though we here fall down,  
We have supplies to second our attempt;

If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;  
And so <sup>o</sup> success of mischief shall be born,  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,

Whiles England shall have generation. [*shallow.*]

*P. John.* You are too shallow, Hastings, much too  
To sound the bottom of the after-times. [*rectly.*]

*West.* Pleaseth your grace, to answer them di-  
How far-forth you do like their articles.

*P. John.* I like them all, and do <sup>p</sup> "allow them well:  
And swear, here, by the honor of my blood,

My father's purposes have been mistook;  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;  
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,

<sup>a</sup> Strengthened.—<sup>b</sup> "Awful," i. e., lawful; under the due  
awe of authority.—<sup>c</sup> "Consist," i. e., rest.—<sup>d</sup> Trivial.—<sup>e</sup> "Our  
royal faiths," i. e., the faith due to a king.—<sup>f</sup> Piddling; in-  
significant.—<sup>g</sup> Tablets; table-books.

<sup>h</sup> "An iron man," i. e., clad in armor.—<sup>i</sup> "Dull workings,"  
i. e., labors of thought.—<sup>k</sup> "Taken up," i. e., raised up in  
arms.—<sup>l</sup> "In common sense," i. e., in the sense of general  
danger.—<sup>m</sup> Succession.—<sup>n</sup> Approve.



Discharge your powers unto their several counties,  
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,  
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home  
Of our restored love, and amity. [ses.]

*Arch.* I take your princely word for these redress.  
*P. John.* I give it you, and will maintain my word:  
And thereupon I drink unto your grace. [the army  
*Hast.* Go, captain, [To an Officer.] and deliver to  
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part.  
I know, it will well please them: hie thee, captain.

[Exit Officer.]

*Arch.* To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

<sup>1</sup>[Drinks.]

*West.* I pledge your grace: <sup>2</sup>[Drinks.] and, if  
you knew what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely; but my love to you  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

*Arch.* I do not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

<sup>3</sup>[Drinks.]

*Mowb.* You wish me health in very happy season;  
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

*Arch.* Against ill chances men are ever merry,  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow  
Serves to say thus,—some good thing comes to-morrow.

*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.  
*Mowb.* So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[Shouts within.]

*P. John.* The word of peace is render'd. Hark,  
how they shout!

*Mowb.* This had been cheerful, after victory.

*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest,  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.

*P. John.* Go, my lord,  
And let our army be discharged too.—

[Exit WESTMORELAND.]

And, good my lord, so please you, let <sup>4</sup>your trains  
March by us, that we may peruse the men  
We should have cop'd withal.

*Arch.* Go, good lord Hastings;  
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit HASTINGS.]

*P. John.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

*West.* The leaders having charge from you to  
Will not go off until they hear you speak. [stand]

*P. John.* They know their duties.

*Re-enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispers'd already.

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses  
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,  
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting-place.

*West.* Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the  
which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray;  
Of capital treason I attach you both.

*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honorable?

*West.* Is your assembly so?

*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith?

*P. John.* I pawn'd thee none.

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,  
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honor,

I will perform with a most christian care.  
But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due  
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
<sup>a</sup>Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—  
Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd stray;  
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death:  
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Another part of the Forest.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILLE, meeting.*

*Fal.* What's your name, sir? of what condition  
are you; and of what place, I pray?

*Cole.* I am a knight, sir; and my name is Coleville  
of the dale.

*Fal.* Well then, Coleville is your name, a knight  
is your degree, and your place, the dale: Coleville  
shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the  
dungeon your <sup>5</sup>dale,—a dale deep enough; so shall  
you be still Coleville of the dale.

*Cole.* Are not you sir John Falstaff?

*Fal.* As good a man as he, sir, whoo'er I am.  
Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do  
sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep  
for thy death: therefore, rouse up fear and trembling,  
and do observance to my mercy.

*Cole.* I think, you are sir John Falstaff, and in  
that thought yield me.

*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues in this  
belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks  
any other word but my name. An I had but a belly  
of any indifference, I were simply the most active  
fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb  
undoes me.—Here comes our general.

*Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and others.*

*P. John.* The heat is past, follow no farther now.—  
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[Exit WEST.]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When everything is ended, then you come:

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,  
One time or other break some gallows' back.

*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be  
thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was  
the reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow,  
an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old  
motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded  
hither with the very extremest inch of possibility: I  
have foundered nine-score and odd posts; and here,  
travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate  
valor, taken sir John Coleville of the dale, a  
most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what  
of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly  
say with the hook-nosed fellow of <sup>b</sup>Rome, I came,  
saw, and overcame.

*P. John.* It was more of his courtesy than your  
deserving.

*Fal.* I know not: here he is, and here I yield him.  
And I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the  
rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have  
it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture  
on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot. To the  
which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show  
like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky  
of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon  
doth the cinders of the <sup>c</sup>element, which show like

<sup>a</sup> Foolishly.—<sup>b</sup> Julius Caesar.—<sup>c</sup> "The cinders of the element," a ludicrous term for the stars.

pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble.  
Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

*P. John.* Thine's too heavy to mount.

*Fal.* Let it shine then.

*P. John.* Thine's too thick to shine.

*Fal.* Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

*P. John.* Is thy name Coleville?

*Cole.* It is, my lord.

*P. John.* A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him.

*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are,  
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,  
You should have won them dearer than you have.

*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves, but  
thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis;  
and I thank thee for thee.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*P. John.* Now, have you left pursuit?

*West.* Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

*P. John.* Send Coleville, with his confederates,  
To York, to present execution.—

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.  
[*Exit COLEVILLE, guarded.*]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords.

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speech will follow you.

*Fal.* My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go  
through Glostershire; and, when you come to court,  
stand my good<sup>a</sup> lord, pray, in your good report.

*P. John.* Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my<sup>b</sup> condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* I would, you had but the wit: 'twere better  
than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young  
sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man can  
not make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks  
no wine. There's never any of these demure boys  
come to any proof, for thin drink doth so over-cool  
their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they  
fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then,  
when they marry, they get venches. They are  
generally fools and cowards, which some of us  
should be too, but for inflammation. A good sher-  
ris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me  
into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and  
dull, and cruddy vapors which environ it; makes it  
apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery,  
and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the  
voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes ex-  
cellent wit. The second property of your excellent  
sher-  
ris is the warming of the blood; which, before  
cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which  
is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but  
the sher-  
ris warms it, and makes it course from the  
inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face,  
which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of  
this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital  
commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to  
their captain, the heart, who, great, and puffed up  
with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and  
this valor comes of sher-  
ris. So that skill in the  
weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it  
a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept  
by a<sup>d</sup> devil, till sack<sup>e</sup> commences it, and sets it in

act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is  
valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit  
of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare  
land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excel-  
lent endeavor of drinking good, and good store  
of fertile sher-  
ris, that he is become very hot, and  
valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human  
principle I would teach them should be, to forswear  
thin potatoes, and to addict themselves to sack.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

How now, Bardolph?

*Bard.* The army is discharged all, and gone.

*Fal.* Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and  
there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I  
have him already 'tempering between my finger and  
my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come  
away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUM-  
PHREY, WARWICK, and others.*

*K. Hen.* Now, lords, if God doth give successful  
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors, [*End*]  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And every thing lies level to our wish:  
Only, we want a little personal strength,  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of Government.

*War.* Both which, we doubt not but your majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.

*K. Hen.* Humphrey, my son of Gloster,  
Where is the prince your brother? [*Windsor.*]

*P. Humph.* I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied?

*P. Humph.* I do not know, my lord.

*K. Hen.* Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,  
with him? [*Here.*]

*P. Humph.* No, my good lord; he is in presence  
*Cl.* What would my lord and father? [*Clarence.*]

*K. Hen.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of  
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?  
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.

Thou hast a better place in his affection,  
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,

And noble offices thou may'st effect  
Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren.

Therefore omit him not: blunt not his love,

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,

By seeming cold, or careless of his will,

For he is gracious, if he be<sup>b</sup> observ'd.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity;

Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,

As<sup>c</sup> humorous as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth,

But, being moody, give him line and scope,

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,

A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,

<sup>a</sup> "Stand my good lord," i. e., stand my friend. —<sup>b</sup> "In my condition," i. e., in my good nature. —<sup>c</sup> "Inventive; imaginative." —<sup>d</sup> It was anciently supposed that all mines of gold, &c., were guarded by evil spirits. —<sup>e</sup> "Commences it," i. e., brings it into action.

<sup>f</sup> An allusion to the old use of *soft wax* for sealing. —<sup>g</sup> Ready; prepared. —<sup>h</sup> "If he be observ'd," i. e., if respectful attention is shown him. —<sup>i</sup> Capricious; humorous.

That the united vessel of their blood,  
Mingled with venom of suggestion,  
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)  
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

*Cla.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*K. Hen.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him,  
Thomas?

*Cla.* He is not there to-day: he dines in London.

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied? can'st thou tell  
that?

*Cla.* With Poins, and other his continual followers.

*K. Hen.* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,  
And he, the noble image of my youth,  
Is overspread with them: therefore, my grief  
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.  
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,  
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days,  
And rotten times, that you shall look upon  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
When rage and hot-blood are his counsellors,  
When means and lavish manners meet together,  
O, with what wings shall his affections fly  
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

*War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.  
The prince but studies his companions,  
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,  
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word  
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,  
Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,  
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,  
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
Cast off his followers, and their memory  
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,  
Turning past evils to advantages. [comb]

*K. Hen.* 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her  
In the dead carrion. [Enter WESTMORELAND.] Who's  
here? Westmoreland?

*West.* Health to my sovereign, and new happiness  
Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:  
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,  
Are brought to the correction of your law.  
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
But peace puts forth her olive every where.  
The manner how this action hath been borne,  
Here at more leisure may your highness read,  
With every course in his particular.

[*Giving a paper.*]

*K. Hen.* O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird.  
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
The lifting up of day. [Enter HARCOURT.] Look!  
here's more news.

*Har.* From enemies heaven keep your majesty;  
And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
As those that I am come to tell you of.  
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,  
With a great power of English, and of Scots,  
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrow'n.  
The manner and rude order of the fight,  
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

[*Giving a packet.*]

*K. Hen.* And wherefore should these good news  
make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,

\*Temptation.—*b* Aconite or wolf's-bane, a poisonous herb.  
—*c* Passions; desires.—*d* The detail contained in Prince  
John's letter.

And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,  
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news,  
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.—  
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.

[*Falls back.*]

*P. Humph.* Comfort, your majesty!

*Cla.* O my royal father!

*West.* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself: look  
up!

*War.* Be patient, princes: you do know, these fits  
Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

*Cla.* No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.  
Th' incessant care and labor of his mind

Hath wrought the cure, that should confine it in,  
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

*P. Humph.* The people fear me; for they do observe  
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:  
The seasons change their manners, as the year  
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

*Cla.* The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;  
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
Say, it did so, a little time before

That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

*War.* Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

*P. Humph.* This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

*K. Hen.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence  
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[*They place the KING on a bed in an inner part  
of the room.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

Unless some dull and favorable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

*War.* Call for the music in the other room.

*K. Hen.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

*Cla.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

*War.* Less noise, less noise!

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* Who saw the duke of Clarence?

*Cla.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

*P. Hen.* How now! rain within doors, and none  
How doth the king? [abroad?]

*P. Humph.* Exceeding ill.

*P. Hen.* Heard he the good news yet?  
Tell it him.

*P. Humph.* He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

*P. Hen.* If he be sick with joy, he will recover  
Without physic. [speak low;]

*War.* Not so much noise, my lords.—Sweet prince,  
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

*Cla.* Let us withdraw into the other room.

*War.* Will't please your grace to go along with us?

*P. Hen.* No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but Prince HENRY.*]

Why doth the crown lie there, upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night, sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow with homely biggin bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety.—By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

\*Wall.—*c* "Fear me," i. e., make me afraid.—*d* "Loathly  
births," i. e., equivocal births; monsters.—*e* "As the year,"  
i. e., as if the year.—*f* An historical fact. It happened Oct.  
12, 1411.—*g* Slow; soothing.—*h* Gates.—*i* A biggin was a  
head-band of coarse cloth; so called because worn by the  
Beguines, an order of nuns.

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—  
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,  
That from this golden <sup>1</sup>ringol<sup>a</sup> hath divorce'd  
So many English kings. Thy due from me  
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,  
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:  
My due from thee is this imperial crown,  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
Derives itself to me.—Lo! here it sits.

[Putting it on his head.  
Which heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole  
Into one giant arm, it shall not force [strength  
This lineal honor from me. This from thee  
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Clas. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clas. We left the prince, my brother, here, my Who undertook to sit and watch by you. [liege,

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? He is not here. [let me see him:

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd. [my pillow?

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose [seek him out.  
My sleep my death?—  
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[Exit WARWICK.

This part of his conjoints with my disease,  
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are;  
How quickly nature falls into revolt,  
When gold becomes her object.

For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleeps with thoughts,  
Their brains with care, their bones with industry:  
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
The cauker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;  
For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises;  
When, like the bee, <sup>b</sup>tolling from every flower  
The virtuous sweets,  
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,  
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,  
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste  
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,  
Till his friend <sup>2</sup>sickness' hands <sup>d</sup>determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,  
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;  
With such a deep demeanor in great sorrow,  
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—  
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exit CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that  
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee. [thought:  
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honors  
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth,  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee!  
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,  
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.  
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,  
Were thine without offence, and at my death  
Thou hast seal'd up my <sup>e</sup>expectation:  
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.  
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;

Only compound me with forgotten dust:

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form.

Harry the fifth is crown'd!—Up, vanity!

Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence;

And to the English court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbor confines, purge you of your scum:

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more:

England shall double gild his treble guilt,

England shall give him office, honor, might;

For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog

Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!

When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

O! thou wilt be a wilderness again,

Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears, [Kneeling.

The moist impediments unto my speech,

I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,

Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard

The course of it so far. There is your crown;

And He that wears the crown immortally,

Long guard it yours! If I affect it more

Than as your honor, and as your renown,

Let me no more from this obedience rise,

Which my most true and inward dutious spirit

Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.

Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,

And found no course of breath within your majesty,

How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,

O! let me in my present wildness die,

And never live to show th' incredulous world

The noble change that I have purposed.

Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,

And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,

I spake unto the crown, as having sense, [ing,

And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depend-

Hath fed upon the body of my father;

Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.

Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,

<sup>a</sup> "Ringol," i. e., circle.—<sup>b</sup> "Tolling," i. e., taking toll.—  
<sup>c</sup> Accumulations.—<sup>d</sup> Ended.

<sup>e</sup> "Seal'd up my expectation," i. e., confirmed my opinion.  
—<sup>f</sup> Obedience.

Preserving life in medicine <sup>a</sup>potable:  
 But thou, most fine, most honor'd, most renown'd,  
 Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal  
 Accusing it, I put it on my head; [liege,  
 To try with it, as with an enemy  
 That had before my face murder'd my father,  
 The quarrel of a true inheritor:  
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,  
 Give entertainment to the <sup>1</sup>weight of it,  
 Let God for ever keep it from my head,  
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

*K. Hen.* O my son!  
 God put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,  
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
 Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,  
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
 That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,  
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,  
 I met this crown; and I myself know well  
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
 Better opinion, better confirmation;  
 For all the <sup>b</sup>soil of the achievement goes  
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,  
 But as an honor snatch'd with boisterous hand,  
 And I had many living to upbraid  
 My gain of it by their assistances;  
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,  
 Wounding <sup>c</sup>supposed peace. All these bold <sup>d</sup>fears,  
 Thou seest, with peril I have answered;  
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
 Acting that argument, and now my death  
 Changes the <sup>e</sup>mode: for what in me was <sup>2</sup>purchase,<sup>f</sup>  
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
 So, thou the garland wear'st <sup>3</sup>successively.  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
 Thou art not firm enough; since griefs are green,  
 And all <sup>3</sup>my friends, which thou must make thy  
 friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
 To be again displac'd. Which to avoid,  
 I cut <sup>4</sup>some off; and had a purpose now  
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look  
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,  
 May waste the memory of the former days.  
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive,  
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

*P. Hen.* My gracious liege,  
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
 Then plain, and right, must my possession be:  
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,  
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WARWICK,  
 Lords, and Others.*

*K. Hen.* Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

*P. John.* Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

*K. Hen.* Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
 From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,  
 My worldly business makes a period.

Where is my lord of Warwick?

*P. Hen.* My lord of Warwick!

*K. Hen.* Doth any name particular belong  
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

*War.* 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

*K. Hen.* Laud be to God!—even there my life  
 must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,

I should not die but in Jerusalem,

Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.—

But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exit.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Glostershire. A Hall in SHALLOW's House.

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

*Shal.* By cock and <sup>b</sup>pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

*Fal.* You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

*Enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* Here, sir.

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus; those <sup>i</sup>precepts cannot be served:—and, again, sir,—shall we sow the headland with wheat?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook:—are there no young pigeons?

*Davy.* Yes, sir.—Here is, now, the smith's note for shoeing, and plough irons.

*Shal.* Let it be <sup>k</sup>cast, and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hincley fair?

*Shal.* He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

*Davy.* Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

*Shal.* Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

*Davy.* No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

*Shal.* Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

*Davy.* I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the bill.

*Shal.* There are many complaints, Davy, against

<sup>a</sup> A solution of gold was thought to have medicinal virtues.  
<sup>b</sup> "Soll," i. e., stain; spot; blemish.—<sup>c</sup> "Supposed," i. e., imagined; counterfeit.—<sup>d</sup> "Terrors."—<sup>e</sup> "The mode," i. e., the state or form of things.—<sup>f</sup> "Purchase," i. e., obtained by eager pursuit.—<sup>g</sup> "Successively," i. e., by order of succession.

<sup>h</sup> "Cock and pie" was anciently a common substitute for an oath.—<sup>i</sup> Warrants.—<sup>k</sup> Cast up; computed.

that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

*Davy.* I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

*Shal.* Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph.—And welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, sir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

*Fal.* I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, it should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humor his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions) and he shall laugh without intervallums. O! it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

*Shal.* [*Within.*] Sir John!

*Fal.* I come, master Shallow: I come, master Shallow. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II.—Westminster. An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief Justice.*

*War.* How now, my lord chief justice! whither

*Ch. Just.* How doth the king? [*away!*]

*War.* Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

*Ch. Just.* I hope, not dead.

*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature, And to our purposes he lives no more. [*him:*]

*Ch. Just.* I would, his majesty had call'd me with The service that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

*Ch. Just.* I know he doth not, and do arm myself To welcome the condition of the time; Which cannot look more hidcously upon me

Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, and Others.*

*War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry: O! that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places, That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort.

*Ch. Just.* O God! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

*P. John.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

*P. Humph. Cla.* Good morrow, cousin. [*speak.*]

*P. John.* We meet like men that had forgot to

*War.* We do remember; but our argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk. [*us heavy!*]

*P. John.* Well, peace be with him that hath made

*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

*P. Humph. O!* good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed;

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face

Of seeming sorrow: it is, sure, your own. [*find,*]

*P. John.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

*Cla.* Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair,

Which swims against your stream of quality.

*Ch. Just.* Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,

Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;

And never shall you see, that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the king, my master, that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Here comes the prince.

*Enter King HENRY V.*

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow, and heaven save your majesty!

*King.* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all.

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:

Yet weep, that Harry's dead, and so will I;

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,

By number, into hours of happiness.

*P. John, &c.* We hope no other from your majesty.

*King.* You all look strangely on me;—and you

most. [*To the Chief Justice.*]

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

*Ch. Just.* I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*King.* No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

\* "In consent," i. e., in agreement; in harmony.—"Near their master," i. e., admitted to their master's confidence.—

\* The spendthrift here computes by time the operation of an action for debt.—"A sad brow," i. e., a serious face.

\* That is, a pardon obtained by beggarly supplication.—  
† Amurath IV., emperor of the Turks, died in 1596; his second son, Amurath, who succeeded him, had all his brothers strangled at a feast.—"Was this easy?" i. e., Was this a light offence?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in th' administration of his law

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment:

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at nought;

To pluck down justice from your awful bench;

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person:

Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,

And mock your workings in a second<sup>a</sup> body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,

Be now the father, and propose a<sup>b</sup> son;

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disclaim'd,

And then imagine me taking your part,

And in your power soft silencing your son.

After this cold consideration, sentence me;

And, as you are a king, speak in your<sup>c</sup> state

What I have done, that misbecame my place,

My person, or my liege's sovereignty. [well.]

*King.* You are right, justice; and you weigh this

Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword;

And I do wish your honors may increase,

Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words:—

"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,

That dares do justice on my proper son;

And not less happy, having such a son,

That would deliver up his greatness so

Into the hands of justice."—You did commit me,

For which, I do commit into your hand

Th' unstained sword that you have used to bear;

With this<sup>d</sup> remembrance,—that you use the same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,

As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.

You shall be as a father to my youth:

My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,

And I will stoop and humble my intents

To your well-practic'd, wise directions.—

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you:

My father is gone wild into his grave,

For in his tomb lie my affections,

And with his spirit<sup>e</sup> sadly I survive,

To mock the expectation of the world,

To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out

Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down

After my seeming. The tide of blood in me

Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:

Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,

Where it shall mingle with the<sup>f</sup> state of floods,

And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

Now, call we our high court a parliament,

And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,

That the great body of our state may go

In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;

That war, or peace, or both at once, may be

As things acquainted and familiar to us,

<sup>a</sup> "A second body," i. e., a representative.—<sup>b</sup> "Propose a son," i. e., imagine that you have a son.—<sup>c</sup> "In your state," i. e., in your regal character and office.—<sup>d</sup> Admonition; warning.—<sup>e</sup> Seriously; soberly.—<sup>f</sup> "The state of floods," i. e., the majestic dignity of the ocean, the chief of floods.

In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[To the Lord Chief Justice.]

Our coronation done, we will<sup>g</sup> accite,

As I before remember'd, all our state:

And (God consigning to my good intents)

No prince, nor peer, shall have cause to say,

God shorten Harry's happy life one day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Glostershire. The Garden of  
SHALLOW's House.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH,  
the Page, and DAVY.

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbor, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth.—Come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

*Fal.* This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your serving-man, and your husband.

*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down.—Come, cousin.

*Sil.* Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer. [Singing.]

And praise heaven for the merry year;

When flesh is cheap and females dear,

And lusty lads roam here and there,

So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

*Fal.* There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

*Davy.* Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: 'proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear: the heart's all.

[Exit.]  
*Shal.* Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

*Sil.* Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; [Singing.]

For women are shrews, both short and tall:

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,

And welcome merry 'shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

*Fal.* I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

*Sil.* Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

*Davy.* There is a dish of<sup>k</sup> leather-coats for you.

[Setting them before BARDOLPH.]

*Shal.* Davy,—

*Davy.* Your worship.—I'll be with you straight.—

A cup of wine, sir?

*Sil.* A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine, [Singing.]

And drink unto the leman mine;

And a merry heart lives long-a.

*Fal.* Well said, master Silence.

*Sil.* An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

*Fal.* Health and long life to you, master Silence.

*Sil.* Fill the cup, and let it come;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

<sup>g</sup> Summon.—<sup>h</sup> "Proface!" (Italian) "Much good may it do you!"—<sup>i</sup> Shrove-tide was the ancient carnival.—<sup>k</sup> "Leather-coats," i. e., apples; commonly called russetings.

*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wastest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

*Davy.* I hope to see London once ere I die.

*Bard.* An I might see you there, Davy,—

*Shal.* By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

*Bard.* Yea, sir, in a "pottle pot."

*Shal.* By God's leggin's I thank thee.—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

*Bard.* And I'll stick by him, sir.

*Shal.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look, who's at door there. Ho! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*]

*Fal.* Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*]

*Sil.* Do me <sup>b</sup>bright,  
And dub me knight:  
<sup>c</sup>*Samingo.* [*Singing.*]

Is't not so?

*Fal.* 'Tis so.

*Sil.* Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* Au't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

*Fal.* From the court? let him come in.—

*Enter PISTOL.*

How now, Pistol?

*Pist.* Sir John, God save you, sir.

*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, th' art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

*Sil.* By'r lady, I think he be, but Goodman Puff of <sup>d</sup>Barson.

*Pist.* Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,  
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;  
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,  
And golden times, and happy news of price.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

*Pist.* A "foutra" for the world, and worldlings base! I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

*Fal.* O base Assyrian knight! what is thy news? Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

*Sil.* And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [*Sings.*]

*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?  
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why then, lament therefore.

*Shal.* Give me pardon, sir:—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

*Pist.* Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

*Shal.* Under king Harry.

*Pist.* Harry the fourth? or fifth?

*Shal.* Harry the fourth.

*Pist.*

A "foutra" for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;  
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:  
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like  
The bragging Spaniard.

*Fal.* What! is the old king dead?

*Pist.* As nail in 'door: the things I speak are die.

*Fal.* Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O joyful day!—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

*Pist.* What! I do bring good news.

*Fal.* Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we ride all night.

—O, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*]  
—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something, to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow: I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my lord chief justice!

*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!  
"Where is the life that late I led," say they;  
Why, here it is: Welcome 'this pleasant day!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

*Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY, and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.*

*Host.* No, thou arrant knave: I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

*1 Bead.* The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

*Dol.* Nut-hook, "nut-hook, you lie. Come on: I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

*Host.* O the Lord, that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

*1 Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions <sup>b</sup>again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

*Dol.* I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a "censer," I will have you as soundly swinged for this,—you "blue-bottle rogue! you filthily furnished correctioner! If you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

*1 Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

*Host.* O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

*Dol.* Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a justice.

*Host.* Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

*Dol.* Goodman death! Goodman bones!

*Host.* Thou anatomy thou!

<sup>a</sup> A pottle pot was a measure containing two quarts.—<sup>b</sup> To do a man right, and to do him reason, were formerly the usual expressions in plodding heads. He who drank a bumper on his knees, to the health of his mistress, was dubbed a knight for the evening.—<sup>c</sup> It should be Domingo: quoted from Nashe's plays.—<sup>d</sup> Barston, a village in Warwickshire.—<sup>e</sup> A "foutra," i.e., a fig: a word of contempt.

<sup>f</sup> The door-nail is the nail in a door on which the knocker strikes, supposed to be dead from reiterated strokes.—<sup>g</sup> "Nut-hook" was a term of reproach for a catch poll.—<sup>h</sup> To enable her to counterfeit pregnancy.—<sup>i</sup> The censers, or firepans, had frequently the figure of some saint, in a barbarous kind of embossed work, to which allusion is here made.—<sup>k</sup> Beadles usually wore a blue livery.—<sup>l</sup> A half kirtle was a kind of apron.—<sup>m</sup> Anatomy; skeleton.



*Dol.* Come, you thin thing ; come, you rascal !

1 *Bead.* Very well. [ *Exeunt.* ]

SCENE V.—A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

*Enter two Grooms, strewing Rushes.*

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes !

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Despatch, despatch.

[ *Exeunt Grooms.* ]

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*Fal.* Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow ; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

*Pist.* God bless thy lungs, good knight.

*Fal.* Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me.—[ *To SHALLOW.* ] O ! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter ; this poor show doth better : this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* It shows my earnestness of affection.

1 *Pist.* It doth so.

*Fal.* My devotion.

2 *Pist.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night ; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

*Shal.* It is most certain.

*Fal.* But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him : thinking of nothing else ; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

*Pist.* 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all in every part.

*Shal.* 'Tis so, indeed.

*Pist.* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance, and contagious prison ;

Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand :— [ *snake,* Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Aleecto's For Doll is in ; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

*Fal.* I will deliver her.

[ *Shouts within, and trumpets sound.* ]

*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

*Enter KING and his Train, including the Chief Justice.*

*Fal.* God save thy grace, king Hal ! my royal Hal !

*Pist.* The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal aimp of fame !

*Fal.* God save thee, my sweet boy !

*King.* My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

*Ch. Just.* Have you your wits ? know you what 'tis you speak ?

*Fal.* My king ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my heart !

*King.* I know thee not, old man : fall to thy prayers ; How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester !

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body, <sup>b</sup> hence, and more thy grace ;

Leave gormandizing ; know, the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest :

Presume not that I am the thing I was ;

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self :

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots :

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil ;

And as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strength and qualities,

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on. [ *Exeunt King and his Train.* ]

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Ay, marry, sir John ; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

*Fal.* That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this : I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word : that that you heard was but a color.

*Shal.* A color, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

*Fal.* Fear no colors : go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph.—I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.*

*Ch. Just.* Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet. Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord !—

*Ch. Just.* I cannot now speak : I will hear you soon. Take them away.

*Pist.* *Se fortuna me tormenta, 3 il sperare me contenta.*

[ *Exeunt FAL, SHAL, PIST, BARD, Page, and Officers.* ]

*P. John.* I shall like this fair proceeding of the king's. He hath <sup>c</sup> intent, his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for ;

But all are banish'd, till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world.

*Ch. Just.* And so they are.

*P. John.* The king hath call'd his parliament, my

*Ch. Just.* He hath.

*P. John.* I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,

As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,

Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.

Come, will you hence ?

[ *Exeunt.* ]

## EPILOGUE.

<sup>4</sup> BY ONE THAT CAN DANCE.

First my fear, then my courtesy, last my speech. My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech, now, you undo me ; for what I have to say, is of mine own making, and what indeed

<sup>a</sup> Child ; offspring.—<sup>b</sup> Henceforward.

<sup>c</sup> "He hath intent," i. e., he designs ; he purposes.

I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt: but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gen-

tlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the <sup>3</sup> queen.

<sup>1</sup> [*End with a dance.*]

<sup>3</sup> Most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the king or queen. Hence, probably, the *virent rex et regina* at the foot of modern play-bills.

# KING HENRY V.



ACT V.—SCENE I.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.  
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER. } Brothers to the King.  
DUKE OF BEDFORD. }  
DUKE OF EXETER. Uncle to the King.  
DUKE OF YORK. Cousin to the King.  
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and  
WARWICK.  
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. BISHOP OF ELY.  
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE. }  
LORD SCROOP. } Conspirators.  
SIR THOMAS GREY. }  
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLEUELLEN,  
MACMURRIS, JAMY, Officers, in King Henry's  
army.  
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers.<sup>3</sup>

PISTOL, Nym, BARDOLPH.<sup>5</sup>  
Boy, Servant to them. A Herald.  
CHORUS.  
CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.  
LEWIS, the Dauphin.  
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.  
THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.  
RAMBERES, and GRANDPRE, French Lords.  
MONTJOY, A French Herald.  
Governor of Harfleur. Ambassadors <sup>4</sup>to England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.  
KATHARINE, Daughter of Charles and Isabel.  
ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess.<sup>6</sup>  
<sup>6</sup>Mrs. QUICKLY, a Hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

<sup>1</sup>The SCENE in England, and in France.

## <sup>2</sup>CHORUS.

Enter CHORUS, <sup>3</sup>as Prologue.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention!  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars: and at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,  
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,  
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd  
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth  
So great an object: can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram

Within this wooden <sup>4</sup>O the very <sup>5</sup>casques,  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
O! pardon, since a crooked figure may  
Attest in little place a million;  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary <sup>6</sup>forces work.  
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance:  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them

<sup>4</sup> An allusion to the circular form of the theatre. — <sup>5</sup> Helmets.  
— <sup>6</sup> "Imaginary forces," i. e., powers of imagination or fancy.

Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,  
Turning th' accomplishments of many years  
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,  
Admit me chorus to this history;  
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Antechamber in the King's Palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and Bishop of ELY.*

*Cant.* My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,  
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign  
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
But that the <sup>a</sup>scrambling and unquiet time  
Did push it out of farther <sup>b</sup>question.

*Ely.* But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

*Cant.* It must be thought on. If it pass against us,  
We lose the better half of our <sup>c</sup>possessions;  
For all the temporal lands, which men devout  
By testament have given to the church,  
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—  
As much as would maintain, to the king's honor,  
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights,  
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;  
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,  
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,  
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;  
And to the coffers of the king beside,  
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.

*Cant.* 'Twould drink the cup and all.

*Ely.* But what prevention?

*Cant.* The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

*Ely.* And a true lover of the holy church.

*Cant.* The courses of his youth promis'd it not.  
The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,  
Consideration like an angel came,  
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,  
Leaving his body as a paradise,  
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
Never was such a sudden scholar made:  
Never came reformation in a flood;  
With such a heady current, scouring faults;  
Nor never head-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
As in this king.

*Ely.* We are blessed in the change.

*Cant.* Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish  
You would desire the king were made a prelate:  
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:  
<sup>c</sup>List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music:  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;  
So that the art and practice part of life

Must be the mistress to this <sup>d</sup>theoric:  
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,  
Since his addiction was to courses vain;  
His <sup>e</sup>companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;  
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;  
And never noted in him any study,  
Any retirement, any sequestration  
From open haunts and <sup>f</sup>popularity.

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,  
Neighbor'd by fruit of baser quality:

And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation  
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,  
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet <sup>g</sup>crecive in his faculty.

*Cant.* It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,  
And therefore we must needs admit the means,  
How things are perfected.

*Ely.* But, my good lord,  
How now for mitigation of this bill  
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty  
Incline to it, or no?

*Cant.* He seems indifferent,  
Or, rather, <sup>h</sup>swaying more upon our part,  
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us;  
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—  
Upon our spiritual convocation,  
And in regard of causes now in hand,  
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,  
As touching France,—to give a greater sum  
Than ever at one time the clergy yet  
Did to his predecessors part withal.

*Ely.* How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

*Cant.* With good acceptance of his majesty;  
Save, that there was not time enough to hear  
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)  
The severals, and unhidden <sup>i</sup>passages  
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,  
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,  
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

*Ely.* What was th' impediment that broke this off?

*Cant.* The French ambassador upon that instant  
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come,  
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

*Ely.* It is.

*Cant.* Then go we in, to know his embassy,  
Which I could with a ready guess declare,  
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

*Ely.* I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in the Same.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?  
*Exe.* Not here in presence.

*K. Hen.* Send for him, good uncle.

*West.* Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

*K. Hen.* Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,  
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,  
That task our <sup>k</sup>thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and Bishop of ELY.*

*Cant.* God, and his angels, guard your sacred  
And make you long become it! [throne,

<sup>a</sup> That is, 'His theory must have been taught by art and practice.'—<sup>b</sup> Companions.—<sup>c</sup> 'Popularity,' i. e., familiarity with the common people.—<sup>d</sup> Increasing; growing.—<sup>e</sup> Inclining.—<sup>f</sup> The severals, and unhidden passages,' i. e., the particulars, and unconcealed circumstances.—<sup>g</sup> 'Task our thoughts,' i. e., keep our thoughts busied.

*K. Hen.* Sure, we thank you. My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,  
And justly and religiously unfold,  
Why the law of Salique, that they have in France,  
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.  
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,  
Or nicely charge your understanding soul,  
With opening titles <sup>a</sup> miscreant, whose right  
Suits not in native colors with the truth;  
For God doth know, how many, now in health,  
Shall drop their blood in <sup>b</sup> approbation  
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.  
Therefore, take heed how you <sup>c</sup> impawn our person,  
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:  
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;  
For never two such kingdoms did contend,  
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops  
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,  
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords  
That make such waste in brief mortality.  
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,  
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart.  
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd,  
As pure as sin with baptism. [*peers,*]

*Cant.* Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you  
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,  
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar  
To make against your highness' claim to France,  
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—  
*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,*  
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land."  
Which Salique land the French unjustly <sup>d</sup> gloze,  
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
The founder of this law, and female bar:  
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,  
That the land Salique is in Germany,  
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;  
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,  
There left behind and settled certain French;  
Who, holding in disdain the German women  
For some dishonest manners of their life,  
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female  
Should be inheretrix in Salique land:  
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,  
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.  
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law  
Was not devised for the realm of France;  
Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
Until four hundred one and twenty years  
After defunction of king Pharamond,  
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;  
Who died within the year of our redemption  
Four hundred twenty-six, and Charles the great  
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French  
Beyond the river Sala in the year  
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,  
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,  
Did, as heir general, being descended  
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,  
Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown  
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male  
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—  
To <sup>e</sup> found his title with some shows of truth,  
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,  
'Convey'd himself as th' heir to the lady Lingare,  
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son

Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth,  
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied  
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,  
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine:  
By the which marriage the line of Charles the great  
Was reunited to the crown of France.  
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,  
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear  
To hold in right and title of the female.  
So do the kings of France unto this day,  
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law.  
To bar your highness claiming from the female;  
And rather choose to hide them in a net,  
Than amply to 'imbare their crooked titles  
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

*K. Hen.* May I with right and conscience make  
this claim?

*Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign;  
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,  
When the man dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,  
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag:  
Look back into your mighty ancestors:  
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,  
From whom you claim: invoke his warlike spirit,  
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince,  
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
Making defeat on the full power of France,  
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility.  
O noble English! that could entertain  
With half their forces the full pride of France,  
And let another half stand laughing by,  
All out of work, and bold for <sup>b</sup> action.

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.  
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;  
The blood and courage, that renowned them,  
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege  
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits, and mighty enterprises. [*earth,*]  
*Exc.* Your brother kings, and monarchs of the  
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.

*West.* They know your grace hath cause, and  
means, and might;  
So hath your <sup>c</sup> highness:—never king of England  
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,  
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

*Cant.* O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,  
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:  
In aid whereof, we of the <sup>e</sup> spirituality  
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,  
As never did the clergy at one time  
Bring in to any of your ancestors. [*French,*]

*K. Hen.* We must not only arm t' invade the  
But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot; who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

*Cant.* They of those <sup>b</sup> marches, gracious sovereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers. [*only,*]

*K. Hen.* We do not mean the couraging snatchers

<sup>a</sup> Lay open.—<sup>b</sup> At the battle of Cressy.—<sup>c</sup> For action,  
i. e., for want of action.—<sup>d</sup> That is, 'Your highness hath in-  
deed what they think and know you to have.'—<sup>e</sup> Those  
marches,' i. e., the borders of England and Scotland.

<sup>a</sup> "Opening titles miscreant," i. e., displaying false titles—  
<sup>b</sup> "In approbation," i. e., in proving; in establishing by  
proof.—<sup>c</sup> Engage; pledge.—<sup>d</sup> Explain.—<sup>e</sup> "Convey'd him-  
self," i. e., derived his title.

But fear the main <sup>a</sup>intendment of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a <sup>1</sup>greedy neighbor to us :  
For you shall read, that my great grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France,  
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom  
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
With ample and brim fulness of his force ;  
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,  
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns ;  
That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook, and trembled at th' ill neighborhood.

*Cant.* She hath been then more <sup>b</sup>fear'd than  
harm'd, my liege ;

For hear her but exempl'd by herself :  
When all her chivalry hath been in France,  
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
She hath herself not only well defended,  
But taken, and impounded as a stray,  
The king of Scots ; whom she did send to France,  
To fill king Edward's <sup>2</sup>train with prisoner kings,  
And make their chronicle as rich with praise,  
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.

*West.* But there's a saying, very old and true,—

“ If that you will France win,  
Then with Scotland first begin : ”

For once the eagle, England, being in <sup>c</sup>prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel, Scot,  
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs ;  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

*Eze.* It follows then, the cat must stay at home :  
Yet that is <sup>3</sup>not a crush'd necessity,  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,  
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
Th' advised head defends itself at home :  
For government, though high, and low, and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one <sup>d</sup>consent,  
<sup>e</sup>Congreeing in a full and natural close,  
Like music.

*Cant.* Therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavor in continual motion ;  
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
Obedience : for so work the honey bees,  
Creatures that by rule in nature teach  
The <sup>4</sup>art of order to a peopled kingdom :  
They have a king, and officers of <sup>5</sup>state ;  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
To the tent-royal of their emperor :  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold,  
The <sup>6</sup>civil citizens kneading up the honey,  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,  
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to <sup>7</sup>executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—  
That many things, having full reference  
To one consent, may work contrariously ;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark ; as many ways <sup>8</sup>unite ;  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;  
As many lines close in the dial's center ;  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,

End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat. Therefore, to France, my liege.  
Divide your happy England into four ;  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.  
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,  
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,  
Let us be worried, and our nation lose  
The name of hardiness, and policy.

*K. Hen.* Call in the messengers sent from the  
Dauphin. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Now are we well resolv'd : and, by God's help,  
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
France being ours, we'll lend it to our awe,  
Or break it all to pieces : or there we'll sit,  
Ruling in large and ample <sup>h</sup>empire,  
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombleless, with no remembrance over them ;  
Either our history shall, with <sup>i</sup>a full mouth,  
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

*Enter Ambassadors of France.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for, we hear,  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

*Amb.* May't please your majesty, to give us leave  
Freely to render what we have in charge ;  
Or shall we sparingly show you far off,  
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy ?

*K. Hen.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,  
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,  
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons ;  
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness  
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

*Amb.* Thus then, in few.  
Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, <sup>8</sup>Edward third.  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says, that you savor too much of your youth,  
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France  
That can be with a nimble <sup>1</sup>galliard won :  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,

Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,  
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

*K. Hen.* What treasure, uncle ?

*Eze.* Tennis-balls, my liege. <sup>10</sup>[*Opening it.*]

*K. Hen.* We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant  
with us.

His present, and your pains, we thank you for :  
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,  
Shall strike his father's crown into the <sup>k</sup>hazard.  
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,  
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
With <sup>l</sup>chases. And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.  
We never valu'd this poor <sup>m</sup>seat of England,  
And therefore, living <sup>n</sup>hence, did give ourself  
To barbarous licence ; as 'tis ever common,  
That men are merriest when they are from home.  
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state ;

<sup>a</sup> Dominion.—<sup>1</sup>A *galliard* was an ancient dance.—<sup>k</sup> The hazard is a place in the tennis-court, into which the ball is sometimes struck.—<sup>l</sup>A term at tennis.—<sup>m</sup>“ This poor seat,” i. e. the throne.—<sup>n</sup>“ Living hence,” i. e., withdrawing from the court.

<sup>a</sup>“ The main intendment,” i. e., the general disposition.  
—<sup>b</sup> Frightened.—<sup>c</sup>“ In prey,” i. e., in *quest* of prey.—<sup>d</sup> Harmony ; concord.—<sup>e</sup> Agreeing.—<sup>f</sup> Grave.—<sup>g</sup> Executioners.

Be like a king, and show my <sup>1</sup>soul of greatness,  
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France:  
 For <sup>2</sup>here I have laid by my majesty,  
 And plodded like a man for working days,  
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,  
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
 And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his  
 Hath turn'd his balls to <sup>3</sup>gun-stones; and his soul  
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
 That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows  
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;  
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,  
 And some are yet unborn, and unborn,  
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.  
 But this lies all within the will of God,  
 To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,  
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,  
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
 My rightful hand in a well hallow'd cause.  
 So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,  
 His jest will savor but of shallow wit,  
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—  
 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

*Erc.* This was a merry message.

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.  
 Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,  
 That may give furtherance to our expedition;  
 For we have now no thought in us but France,  
 Save those to God, that run before our business.  
 Therefore, let our proportions for these wars  
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,  
 That may with <sup>3</sup>seasonable swiftness add  
 More feathers to our wings; for, God before,  
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.  
 Therefore, let every man now task his thought,  
 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Chor.* Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:  
 Now <sup>4</sup>strive the armorers, and honor's thought  
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man.  
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;  
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
 With winged heels, as English mercuries:  
 For now sits Expectation in the air;  
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,  
 Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.  
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence  
 Of this most dreadful preparation,  
 Shake in their fear, and with pale policy  
 Seek to divert the English purposes.  
 O England! model to thy inward greatness,  
 Like little body with a mighty heart,  
 What might'st thou do, that honor would thee do,  
 Were all thy children kind and natural.  
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out  
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
 With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men,  
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge, and the second,  
 Henry lord Scroop of Marham, and the third,  
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,

\* *Balls of stone* supplied the place of bullets, when ordnance was first used.

Have, for the <sup>5</sup>gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)  
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France:  
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die.  
 If hell and treason hold their promises,  
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
 Linger your patience on; and well digest  
 Th' abuse of distance, <sup>6</sup>and so force a play.  
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
 The king is set from London; and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.  
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit.  
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe.  
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,  
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.  
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,  
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—London. Eastcheap.

*Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Well met, corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

*Bard.* What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

*Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be <sup>7</sup>smites;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

*Bard.* I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my <sup>8</sup>rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

*Bard.* It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

*Nym.* I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot <sup>9</sup>tell.

*Enter PISTOL and Mrs. QUICKLY.*

*Bard.* Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife.—Good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

*Pist.* Base <sup>10</sup>tike, call'st thou me host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Quick.* No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, lady! if he be not <sup>11</sup>hewn now!—we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

*Bard.* Good lieutenant—good corporal, offer nothing here.

*Nym.* Fish!

*Pist.* Fish for thee, Iceland dog; thou prick-eared cur of Iceland! <sup>12</sup>[*Draws his sword.*]

*Quick.* Good corporal Nym, show thy valor, and put up your sword.

<sup>10</sup> Gold.—<sup>11</sup> "My rest," i. e., my determination.—<sup>12</sup> "I cannot tell," i. e., I know not what to say or think of it.—<sup>13</sup> A tike was a large dog, now called a mongrel.

*Nym.* Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.<sup>1</sup>

*Pist.* *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;

The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, <sup>2</sup>perdy;

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!

I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:

For I can <sup>3</sup>take, and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow.

*Nym.* I am not <sup>4</sup>Barbasen; you cannot conjure me. I have an humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humor of it.

*Pist.* O braggart vile, and damned furious wight! The grave doth gape, and doting death is near; Therefore <sup>5</sup>exhale.<sup>2</sup>

*Bard.* Hear me; hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*]

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate. Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give; Thy spirits are most tall.

<sup>3</sup>[*Pistol and Nym sheathe their swords.*]

*Nym.* I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humor of it.

*Pist.* *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I defy thee again.

O hound of <sup>6</sup>Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the <sup>7</sup>spital go,

And from the powdering tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's <sup>8</sup>kind,

Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her spouse:

I have, and I will hold, the <sup>9</sup>quondam Quickly

For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's enough.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and your hostess.—He is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith he's very ill.

*Bard.* Away, you rogue.

*Quick.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

<sup>4</sup>[*Exeunt Mrs. Quickly and Boy.*]

*Bard.* Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

*Pist.* Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

*Nym.* You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

*Pist.* Base is the slave that pays.

*Nym.* That now I will have; and that's the humor of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound. Push home.

<sup>4</sup>[*Draw again.*]

*Bard.* By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will. [*course.*]

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their

*Bard.* Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

*Nym.* I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

*Pist.* A <sup>5</sup>noble shalt thou have, and present pay;

<sup>1</sup> Par Dieu. —<sup>2</sup> "I can take," i. e., I can understand you. —<sup>3</sup> The name of a demon. —<sup>4</sup> "Exhale," i. e., breathe your last! —<sup>5</sup> "Hound of Crete," i. e., bloodhound. —<sup>6</sup> Hospital. —<sup>7</sup> "Of Cressid's kind," i. e., of Cressid's nature: see play of Troilus and Cressida. —<sup>8</sup> Formerly. —<sup>9</sup> The noble was worth six shillings and eightpence.

And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.— Is not this just? for I shall suter be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

<sup>5</sup>[*Sheathes his sword.*]

Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

*Nym.* Well then, that's the humor of it.

<sup>6</sup>[*They shake hands.*]

*Re-enter Mrs. Quickly.*

*Quick.* As ever you come of women, come in quickly to sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The king hath run bad humors on the knight, that's the even of it.

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right;

His heart is fracted and corroborate.

*Nym.* The king is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humors, and careers.

*Pist.* Let us condole the knight, for lambkins we will live. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

*Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.*

*Bed.* 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

*Ecc.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*West.* How smooth and even they do bear them— As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, [*scelves,*]

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

*Bed.* The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

*Ecc.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dall'd and cloy'd with gracious favors; That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard. My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Mar- sham.—

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts: Think you not, that the powers we bear with us Will cut their passage through the force of France, Doing the execution, and the act, For which we have in <sup>1</sup>head assembled them?

*Scroop.* No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best. [*suaded*]

*K. Hen.* I doubt not that: since we are well per We carry not a heart with us from hence, That grows not in a fair consent with ours; Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish Success and conquest to attend on us.

*Cam.* Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd, Than is your majesty: <sup>2</sup>there's not a subject, That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness Under the sweet shade of your government.

*Grey.* True: those that were your father's enemies, Have steep'd<sup>3</sup> their galls in honey, and do serve you With hearts<sup>4</sup> create of duty and of zeal.

*K. Hen.* We therefore have great cause of thank— And shall forget the office of our hand, [*fulness,* Sooner than <sup>5</sup>quittance of desert and merit, According to the weight and worthiness.

*Scroop.* So service shall with steeld sinews toil, And labor shall refresh itself with hope,

<sup>1</sup> "In head," i. e., in force. —<sup>2</sup> Agreement; accord. —<sup>3</sup> "Create," i. e., compounded; made up. —<sup>4</sup> Recompense.



To do your grace incessant services.

*K. Hen.* We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter, Enlarge the man committed yesterday, That rail'd against our person: we consider, It was excess of wine that set him on; And, on 'our more <sup>a</sup> advice, we pardon him.

*Scroop.* That's mercy, but too much security: Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example Breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.

*K. Hen.* O! let us yet be merciful, <sup>2</sup> my lord.

*Cam.* So may your highness, and yet punish too.  
*Grey.* <sup>3</sup> You show great mercy, if you give him life After the taste of much correction.

*K. Hen.* Alas! your too much love and care of me Are heavy <sup>b</sup> orisons 'gainst this poor wretch. If little faults, proceeding on <sup>c</sup> distemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye, When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man, Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear And tender preservation of our person, [care, Would have him punish'd. And now to our French Who are the <sup>d</sup> state commissioners? [causes:

*Cam.* I once, my lord:

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

*Scroop.* So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* And I, my royal sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours:— [knight,

There yours, lord Scroop of Marsham:—and, sir Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:— Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—

<sup>5</sup> [They read and start.

My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter, We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen!

What see you in those papers, that you lose So much complexion?—look ye, how they change: Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there, That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood Out of appearance?

*Cam.* I do confess my fault, And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

*Grey, Scroop.* To which we all appeal.

*K. Hen.* The mercy that was <sup>a</sup> quick in us but late, By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy; For your own reasons turn into your bosoms, As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.— See you, my princes, and my noble peers, These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—

You know, how apt our love was to accord To furnish him with all appurtenments Belonging to his honor; and this man Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd, And sworn unto the practices of France, To kill us here in Hampton: to the which, This knight, no less for bounty bound to us Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But O! What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop? thou cruel, Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature! Thou that did'st bear the key of all my counsels, That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold, Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use? May it be possible, that foreign hire Could out of thee extract one spark of evil, That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,

That, though the truth of it stands off as <sup>e</sup> gross As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it. Treason and murder ever kept together, As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose, Working so <sup>f</sup> grossly in a natural <sup>g</sup> course, That admiration did not <sup>h</sup> whoop at them: But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder: And whatsoever cunning fiend it was, That wrought upon thee so preposterously, Hath got the voice in hell for excellence, And other devils, that suggest by treasons, Do botch and bungle up damnation With patches, colors, and with forms, being fetch'd From glistening semblances of piety: But he that <sup>i</sup> temper'd thee bade thee stand up, Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason, Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus, Should with his lion gait walk the whole world, He might return to vasty <sup>j</sup> Tartar back, And tell the legions—I can never win A soul so easy as that Englishman's.

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected The sweetness of <sup>k</sup> alliance! Show men dutiful! Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned? Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family? Why, so didst thou: seem they religious? Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet; Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger; Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood; Garnish'd and deck'd in modest <sup>l</sup> complement; Not working with the eye without the ear, And but in purged judgment trusting neither? Such, and so finely <sup>m</sup> bolted, didst thou seem; And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot, To mark the full-fraught man, and best <sup>n</sup> indued, With some suspicion. I will weep for thee, For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like Another fall of man.—Their faults are open: Arrest them to the answer of the law, And God acquit them of their practices.

*Etc.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop, of Marsham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

*Scroop.* Our purposes God justly hath discover'd, And I repent my fault more than my death; Which I beseech your highness to forgive, Although my body pay the price of it.

*Cam.* For me,—the gold of France did not seduce, Although I did admit it as a motive, The sooner to effect what I intended: But God be thanked for prevention; Which I in <sup>o</sup> sufferance heartily will rejoice, Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

*Grey.* Never did faithful subject more rejoice At the discovery of most dangerous treason, Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself, Prevented from a damned enterprise. My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

*K. Hen.* God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,

<sup>e</sup> "Stands off as gross," i. e., is as apparent.—<sup>f</sup> Plainly; evidently.—<sup>g</sup> "That admiration did not whoop at them," i. e., that they excited no exclamation of surprise.—<sup>h</sup> "That temper'd thee," i. e., that ruled thee.—<sup>i</sup> Tartarus.—<sup>k</sup> "Of alliance," i. e., of the mutual confidence of man and man.—<sup>l</sup> Behavior; deportment.—<sup>m</sup> "So finely bolted," i. e., so refined.—<sup>n</sup> Endowed; gifted.—<sup>o</sup> "Which I in sufferance," i. e., at which prevention, in suffering, I will heartily rejoice.

<sup>a</sup> "On our more advice," i. e., on further consideration.—<sup>b</sup> Prayers.—<sup>c</sup> "On distemper," i. e., from intemperance.—<sup>d</sup> Living.

Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers  
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;  
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
 His princes and his peers to servitude,  
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
 And his whole kingdom unto desolation.  
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge;  
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws  
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,  
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death;  
 The taste whereof, God, of his merry, give you  
 Patience to endure, and true repentance  
 Of all your dear offences.—Bear thee hence.

[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.*]

Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof  
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorions.  
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,  
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light  
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way  
 To hinder our beginnings: we doubt not now,  
 But every rub is smoothened on our way.  
 Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver  
 Our puissance into the hand of God,  
 Putting it straight in expedition.  
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:  
 No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—London. Mrs. QUICKLY's House,  
 in Eastcheap.

*Enter* PISTOL, Mrs. QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH,  
 and Boy.

*Quick.* Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me  
 bring thee to Staines.

*Pist.* No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—

Bardolph, be blythe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;  
 Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,  
 And we must yearn therefore.

*Bard.* 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he  
 is, either in heaven, or in hell.

*Quick.* Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Ar-  
 thur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom.  
 'A made a fine end and went away, an it had been  
 any christom child; 'a parted ev'n just between  
 twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o' the tide: for  
 after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play  
 with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I  
 knew there was but one way; for his nose was as  
 sharp as a pen 'on a table of green frieze. How  
 now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! he of good  
 cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or  
 four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a  
 should not think of God; I hoped, there was no  
 need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.  
 So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put  
 my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were  
 as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and  
 so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any  
 stone.

*Nym.* They say, he cried out of sack.

*Quick.* Ay, that 'a did.

*Bard.* And of women.

*Quick.* Nay, that 'a did not.

*Boy.* Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils  
 incarnate.

*Quick.* 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a  
 color he never liked.

*Boy.* 'A said once, the devil would have him about  
 women.

*Quick.* 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women;  
 but then he was 'rheumatic, and talked of the whore  
 of Babylon.

*Boy.* Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick  
 upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black  
 soul burning in hell?

*Bard.* Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that  
 fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

*Nym.* Shall we shog? the king will be gone from  
 Southampton.

*Pist.* Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips  
 Look to my chattels, and my movables:  
 Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay;"  
 Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,  
 And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:  
 Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy <sup>d</sup> crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,  
 Let us to France: like horse-leeches, my boys,  
 To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

*Boy.* And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

*Pist.* Touch her soft mouth, and march.

*Bard.* Farewell, hostess.

[*Kissing her.*]

*Nym.* I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it; but  
 adieu.

*Pist.* Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee  
 command.

*Quick.* Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—France. A Room in the French  
 King's Palace.

*Flourish.* *Enter the French King attended; the  
 Dauphin, the Duke of BURGUNDY, the Constable,  
 and Others.*

*Fr. King.* Thus come the English with full power  
 upon us,

And more than carefully it us concerns,  
 To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,  
 Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,  
 And you, prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,  
 To line, and new repair, our towns of war  
 With men of courage, and with means defendant:  
 For England his approaches makes as fierce,  
 As waters to the sucking of a gulph.

It fits us, then, to be as provident  
 As fear may teach us, out of late examples  
 Left by the fatal and neglected English  
 Upon our fields.

*Dau.* My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;  
 For peace itself should not so 'dull a kingdom,  
 (Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)  
 But that defences, musters, preparations,  
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,  
 As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,  
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France:  
 And let us do it with no show of fear;  
 No, with no more, than if we heard that England  
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance:  
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,  
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne  
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,  
 That fear attends her not.

*Con.*

O peace, prince Dauphin!  
 You are too much mistaken in this king.  
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,  
 With what great state he heard their embassy,  
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,

<sup>a</sup> Mrs. Quickly means *lunatic*.—<sup>d</sup> "Clear thy crystals," i. e.  
 dry thine eyes.—<sup>e</sup> "Dull," i. e., render torpid, inactive.

<sup>a</sup> Accompany.—<sup>b</sup> Chorus.

How modest in <sup>a</sup>exception, and, withal,  
How terrible in constant resolution,  
And you shall find, his vanities <sup>b</sup>forespent  
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;  
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

*Dan.* Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;  
But though we think it so, it is no matter:  
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems,  
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;  
Which, of a weak and niggardly <sup>c</sup>projection,  
Doth like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting  
A little cloth.

*Fr. King.* Think we king Harry strong;  
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.  
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,  
And he is bred out of that bloody <sup>d</sup>strain,  
That haunted us in our familiar paths:  
Witness our too much memorable shame,  
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand  
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;  
Whilst that his 'mighty sire, on mountain standing,  
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,  
Saw his heroic seed, and smil'd to see him,  
Mangle the work of nature, and deface  
The patterns that by God, and by French fathers  
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem  
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear  
The native mightiness and <sup>e</sup>fate of him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Ambassadors from Harry King of England  
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present audience. Go,  
and bring them.

*[Exit Mess. and certain Lords.]*

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs  
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to  
threaten

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short, and let them know  
Of what a monarchy you are the head:  
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.

*Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.*

*Fr. King.* From our brother of England?

*Eze.* From him; and thus he greets your majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,  
That you divest yourself, and lay apart  
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,  
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long  
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,  
And all wide-stretched honors that pertain,  
By custom and the ordinance of times,  
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,  
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,  
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,  
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
He sends you this most memorable <sup>f</sup>line,

*[Giving a pedigree.]*

In every branch truly demonstrative;  
Willing you overlook this pedigree,  
And when you find him evenly deriv'd  
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,

<sup>a</sup> "How modest in exception," i. e., how diffident in making objections.—<sup>b</sup> Past; forepassed.—<sup>c</sup> Contrivance.—<sup>d</sup> Lineage.—<sup>e</sup> The "fate of him," is what is allotted him by destiny.—<sup>f</sup> "Spend their mouths," i. e., bark.—<sup>g</sup> That is, this genealogy; this deduction of his lineage.

Edward the third, he bids you then resign  
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
From him, the native and true challenger.

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows?

*Eze.* Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown  
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:  
Therefore, in fierce tempest is he coming,  
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,  
That, if requiring fail, he will compel:  
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy  
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war  
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head  
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,  
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,  
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,  
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.  
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;  
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

*Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this farther:  
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
Back to our brother of England.

*Dau.* For the Dauphin,  
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

*Eze.* Scorn, and defiance, slight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may not misbecome  
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.  
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness  
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,  
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,  
That caves and wombly vaultages of France  
Shall <sup>h</sup>chide your trespass, and return your mock  
In second accent of his ordinance.

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair return,  
It is against my will; for I desire  
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,  
As matching to his youth and vanity,  
I did present him with the Paris balls.

*Eze.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,  
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe.  
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,  
As we his subjects have in wonder found,  
Between the promise of his greener days,  
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time,  
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read  
In your own losses, if he stay in France. *[full.]*

*Fr. King.* To-morrow shall you know our mind at

*Eze.* Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king  
Come here himself to question our delay,  
For he is footed in this land already. *[conditions.]*

*Fr. King.* You shall be soon despatch'd with fair  
A night is but small breath, and little pause,  
To answer matters of this consequence.

<sup>2</sup> *[Flourish. Exit.]*

## ACT III.

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Chor.* Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,  
In motion of no less celerity  
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen  
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:  
Play with your fancies, and in them behold,  
Upou the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;  
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give

<sup>1</sup> "Chide," i. e., resound; echo.—<sup>2</sup> Well-furnished.

To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,  
<sup>1</sup>Blown with th' invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think,  
 You stand upon the <sup>2</sup>rivage, and behold  
 A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;  
 For so appears this fleet majestic,  
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!  
 Grapple your minds to sterneage of this <sup>3</sup>navy;  
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,  
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,  
 Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:  
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?  
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:  
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.  
 Suppose, th' ambassador from the French comes back;  
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him  
 Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,  
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
 The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner  
 With <sup>4</sup>linstock now the devilish cannon touches,  
 [Alarm; and <sup>5</sup>Chambers go off.  
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,  
 And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

## SCENE I.—France. Before Harfleur.

*Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.*

*K. Hen.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends,  
 once more;  
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!  
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
 As modest stillness, and humility;  
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger:  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage:  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
 Let it pry through the <sup>6</sup>portage of the head,  
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
 As fearfully, as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty his <sup>7</sup>confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;  
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
 To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English!  
 Whose blood is <sup>8</sup>fet from fathers of war-proof,  
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,  
 And sleath'd their swords for lack of argument.  
 Dishonor not your mothers: now attest,  
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.  
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
 And teach them how to war.—And you, good yeomen,  
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
 The mettle of your pasture: let us swear  
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,  
 For there is none of you so mean and base,  
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the <sup>9</sup>k slips,  
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:  
 Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,

Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!  
 [Exeunt. Alarm, and Chambers go off.

## SCENE II.—The Same.

*Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.*

*Bard.* On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

*Nym.* Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knoecks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a <sup>1</sup>case of lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it. [abound;

*Pist.* The plain song is most just, for humors do

Knocks go and come,

<sup>2</sup>To all and some

God's vassals <sup>3</sup>feel the same;

And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Do win immortal fame.

*Boy.* Would I were in an alchouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

*Pist.* And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I <sup>4</sup>now.

*Boy.* <sup>5</sup>And as duly,

But not as truly,

As bird doth sing on bough.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [Driving them forward.

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke, to men of <sup>6</sup>mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;

Abate thy rage, great duke! [chuck!

Good <sup>7</sup>bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet

*Nym.* These be good humors!—your honor wins bad humors.

[FLUELLEN drives out NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH.

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard, that men of few words are the <sup>8</sup>best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it <sup>9</sup>purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry <sup>10</sup>coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit.]

<sup>1</sup>Bank; shore.—<sup>2</sup>That is, 'Let your minds follow this navy.'—<sup>3</sup>The *linstock* was a match, consisting of linen fastened to a stock or stick.—<sup>4</sup>*Chambers* are small pieces of ordnance.—<sup>5</sup>The eye is here compared to the *portage*, or *port-holes*, in a ship of war.—<sup>6</sup>Project.—<sup>7</sup>Worn; wasted.—<sup>8</sup>Fetched.—<sup>9</sup>Matter; subject.—<sup>10</sup>*Slips* are contrivances of leather to start two dogs at the same time.

<sup>1</sup>"A case of lives," i. e., a pair of lives.—<sup>2</sup>"To men of mould," i. e., to men of earth, poor mortal men.—<sup>3</sup>"Bawcock" (Fr. *beau coq*), i. e., jolly cock.—<sup>4</sup>"The best men," i. e., the bravest men.—<sup>5</sup>*Purchase* was the cant term for gain, profit by cheating.—<sup>6</sup>"Carry coals," i. e., pocket affronts.

*Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

*Flu.* To the mines? tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged himself four yards under the countermine. By Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

*Gow.* The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

*Flu.* It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

*Gow.* I think it be.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.*

*Gow.* Here 'a come; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

*Flu.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

*Jamy.* I say, gude day, captain Fluellen.

*Flu.* God-den to your worship, goot captain James.

*Gow.* How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

*Mac.* By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the wars, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

*Jamy.* It sall be very gude, gude feith, gude captains bath: and I sall quit you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

*Mac.* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

*Jamy.* By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the bief and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

*Mac.* Of my nation! What ish my nation? ish a

villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

*Flu.* Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

*Mac.* I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish sa' me, I will cut off your head.

*Gow.* Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

*Jamy.* An! that's a foul fault. [*A Parley sounded.*]

*Gow.* The town sounds a parley.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.

*Enter King HENRY, his Train and Forces. The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls.*

*K. Hen.* How yet resolves the governor of the town? This is the latest parley we will admit:

Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves,

Or, like to men proud of destruction,

Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,

A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,

If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,

Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;

And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range

With conscience wide as hell, moving like grass

Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,

Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all <sup>b</sup> fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand

Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,

When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command

Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,

As send precepts to the Leviathan

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town, and of your people,

Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;

Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds

Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.

If not, why, in a moment look to see

The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand

Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards,

And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,

Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,

Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

*Gow.* Our expectation hath this day an end.

The Dauphin, whom of succor we entreated,

Returns us that his powers are not yet ready

To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,

\* Requite; answer.

<sup>b</sup> Cruel; savage.—“O'erblows,” i. e., drives off.

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.  
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours,  
For we no longer are defensible.

*K. Hen.* Open your gates!—Come, uncle Exeter,  
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,

<sup>1</sup> [*Gates opened.*]

And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French;  
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,  
The winter coming on, and sickness growing  
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.  
To-night in Harfleur will be your guest;  
To-morrow for the march are we 'address.

[*Flourish.* The KING, &c. enter the TOWN.

SCENE IV.—Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.*

*Kath.* Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles  
bien le langage.

*Alice.* Un peu, madame.

*Kath.* Je te prie, m'enseigne; il faut que j'ap-  
prenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en  
Anglois?

*Alice.* La main? elle est appelée, de hand.

*Kath.* De hand. Et les doigts?

*Alice.* Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les doigts;  
mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils  
sont appelé de fingres; ouy, de fingres.

*Kath.* La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres.  
Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux  
mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous  
les ongles?

*Alice.* Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.

*Kath.* De nails. Ecoutez; dites moi, si je parle  
bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.

*Alice.* C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon  
Anglois.

*Kath.* Dites moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

*Alice.* De arm, madame.

*Kath.* Et le coude.

*Alice.* De elbow.

*Kath.* De elbow. Je m'en suisz la répétition de  
tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris d's à présent.

*Alice.* Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

*Kath.* Excusez moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de  
fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

*Alice.* De elbow, madame.

*Kath.* O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; de  
elbow. Comment appelez vous le col?

*Alice.* De nick, madame.

*Kath.* De nick: Et le menton?

*Alice.* De chin.

*Kath.* De sin. Le col, de nick: le menton, de sin.

*Alice.* Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en vérité, vous  
prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angle-  
terre.

*Kath.* Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace  
de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

*Alice.* N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay  
enseigné?

*Kath.* Non, je réciterai à vous promptement. De  
hand, de fingre, de nails,—

*Alice.* De nails, madame.

*Kath.* De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

*Alice.* Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

*Kath.* Ainsi d's je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin:  
Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe?

*Alice.* De foot, madame; et de con.

*Kath.* De foot, et de con? O Seigneur Dieu!  
ces sont mots de son nauvais, corruptible, grosse, et  
impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user.

*Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs  
de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et  
de con, néanmoins. Je réciterai une autre fois ma  
leçon ensemble:* de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm,  
de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de con.

*Alice.* Excellent, madame!

*Kath.* C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous à  
dîner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the  
Same.

*Enter the French KING, the Dauphin, Duke of Bour-  
bon, the Constable of France, and others.*

*Fr. King.* 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river  
Somme.

*Con.* And if he be not fought withal, my lord,  
Let us not live in France: let us quit all,  
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

*Dau.* O Dieu vivant! Shall a few sprays of us,  
The emptying of our father's<sup>b</sup> luxury,  
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,  
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,  
And overlook their grafters?

[*Bastards.*]

*Bour.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman  
Mort de ma vie! if they march along  
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
To buy a<sup>c</sup> shlobbery and a ditty farm  
In that<sup>d</sup> nook-shotten isle of Albion.

[*mettle?*]

*Con.* Dieu de batailles! where have they this  
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,  
A drench for<sup>e</sup> sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,  
Deceit their cold blood to such valiant heat?

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
Seem frosty? O! for honor of our land,  
Let us not hang like roping icicles  
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people  
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,  
Poor we may call them, in their native lords.

*Dau.* By faith and honor,

Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,  
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give  
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,  
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

*Bour.* They bid us to the English dancing-schools,  
And teach<sup>f</sup> lavoltas high, and swift<sup>g</sup> corantos;  
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,  
And that we are most lofty runaways.

*Fr. King.* Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed  
him hence:

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—  
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honor, edg'd  
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.  
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;  
Yon dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,  
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;  
Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vandemont,  
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,  
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois,  
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,  
For your great<sup>h</sup> states, now quit you of great shames.  
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land  
With<sup>i</sup> pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:  
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow  
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat  
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.  
Go, down upon him,—you have power enough,—  
And in a captive chariot into Rouen

<sup>b</sup> Lust.—<sup>c</sup> Wet; moist.—<sup>d</sup> A "nook-shotten isle" is an  
island shooting out into promontories.—<sup>e</sup> "Sur-rein'd," i. e.,  
overridden.—<sup>f</sup> The tarolta (Fr. la volte) was an old sprightly  
dance.—<sup>g</sup> Dances.—<sup>h</sup> Flags; streamers.

Bring him our prisoner.

*Con.* This becomes the great.  
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,  
His soldiers sick, and furnish'd in their march,  
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,  
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
And for 'achievement offer us his ransom.

*Fr. King.* Therefore, lord constable, haste on  
Montjoy;

And let him say to England, that we send  
To know what willing ransom he will give.—  
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

*Dau.* Not so, I do beseech your majesty. [*us.*—

*Fr. King.* Be patient, for you shall remain with  
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all,  
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The English Camp in Picardy.

*Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*Gow.* How now, captain Fluellen? come you from  
the bridge?

*Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent services  
committed at the bridge.

*Gow.* Is the duke of Exeter safe?

*Flu.* The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as  
Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honor  
with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my  
life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is  
not (God be praised, and plessed!) any hurt in the  
world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with ex-  
cellent discipline. There is an ancient, lieutenant,  
there, at the bridge,—I think, in my very con-  
science, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony,  
and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but  
I did see him do as gallant service.

*Gow.* What do you call him?

*Flu.* He is called ancient Pistol.

*Gow.* I know him not.

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Flu.* Here is the man.

*Pist.* Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors:  
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

*Flu.* Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some  
love at his hands.

*Pist.* Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,  
And buxom valor, hath, by cruel fate  
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind,  
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

*Flu.* By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune  
is painted blind, with a <sup>b</sup>muffler afore her eyes, to  
signify to you that fortune is blind; and she is  
painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which  
is the moral of it, that she is turning, and incon-  
stant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot,  
look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which  
rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet  
makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is  
an excellent moral. [*him;*

*Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on  
For he hath stol'n a <sup>c</sup>pax, and hanged must 'a be.  
A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,  
And let not hemph his wine-pipe suffocate.  
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,

For <sup>pax</sup> of little price:

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice,  
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:  
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flu.* Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your  
meaning.

*Pist.* Why then, rejoice therefore.

*Flu.* Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to re-  
joice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I  
would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and  
put him to execution, for discipline ought to be  
used. [*friendship*

*Pist.* Die and be damn'd; and <sup>d</sup>fico for thy

*Flu.* It is well.

*Pis.* The fig of <sup>e</sup>Spain!

[*Exit PISTOL, <sup>2</sup>making the sign.*

*Flu.* Very good.

*Gow.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I  
remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

*Flu.* I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave words at  
the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day.  
But it is very well, what he has spoke to me; that  
is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

*Gow.* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now  
and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his  
return into London under the form of a soldier.  
And such fellows are perfect in the great command-  
ers' names, and they will learn you by rote where  
services were done;—at such and such a <sup>f</sup>sconce,  
at such a breach, at such a convey; who came off  
bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms  
the enemy stood on: and this they con perfectly in  
the phrase of war, which they trick up with <sup>2</sup>new  
coined oaths: and what a beard of the general's  
<sup>3</sup>cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among  
foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful  
to be thought on. But you must learn to know such  
slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously  
mistook.

*Flu.* I tell you what, captain Gower; I do per-  
ceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make  
show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat,  
I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you,  
the king is coming, and I must speak with him from  
the pridge.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers <sup>4</sup>sick  
and tattered.*

*Flu.* Got pless your majesty!

*K. Hen.* How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from  
the bridge?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of  
Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge:  
the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant  
and most prave passages. Marry, th' adversary  
was have possession of the pridge, but he is en-  
forced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master  
of the pridge. I can tell your majesty, the duke is  
a prave man.

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?

*Flu.* The perdition of th' adversary hath been  
very great, reasonably great: marry, for my part, I  
think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that  
is like to be executed for robbing a church; one  
Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face  
is all <sup>b</sup>bubukles, and <sup>c</sup>whelks, and <sup>k</sup>knobs, and  
flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and

<sup>a</sup> "For achievement," i. e., instead of achieving a victory over us.—<sup>b</sup> A muffer was a fold of linen for concealing the face of a woman.—<sup>c</sup> The pax was a little image of Christ, or a metallic plate with a crucifix engraved on it, which the people used to kiss after the service, the ceremony being considered the kiss of peace.

<sup>d</sup> A fig.—<sup>e</sup> An allusion to the Spanish and Italian mode of poisoning by means of figs.—<sup>f</sup> A sconce was a fortification made round, in fashion of a head: hence the head is ludicrously called a sconce.—<sup>2</sup> The old English were very curious in the fashion or cut of their beards.—<sup>3</sup> Pimples.—<sup>4</sup> Pustules.—<sup>5</sup> Protuberances.

it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language, for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* You know me by my <sup>a</sup> habit.

*K. Hen.* Well then, I know thee: what shall I  
*Mont.* My master's mind. [know of thee?

*K. Hen.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our <sup>b</sup> cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master: so much my office.

*K. Hen.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*Mont.* Montjoy. [back,

*K. Hen.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now, But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth, Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage, My people are with sickness much enfeebled; My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have, Almost no better than so many French: Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God, That I do brag thus!—this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent. Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am: My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk, My army but a weak and sickly guard; Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himself, and such another neighbor, Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy.

<sup>1</sup> [Giving a chain.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself: If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolor: and so, Montjoy, fare you well. The sum of all our answer is but this: We would not seek a battle, as we are, Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it: So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [Exit MONTJOY.

*Glo.* I hope they will not come upon us now.

*K. Hen.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night. Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves, And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—The French Camp, near Agincourt.

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES, the Duke of ORLEANS, the Dauphin, and others.*

*Con.* Tut! I have the best armor of the world. Would it were day!

*Orl.* You have an excellent armor; but let my horse have his due.

*Con.* It is the best horse of Europe.

*Orl.* Will it never be morning?

*Dau.* My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armor—

*Orl.* You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

*Dau.* What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were <sup>2</sup> air; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the ear sings when he touches it: the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

*Orl.* He's of the color of the nutmeg.

*Dau.* And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him; but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

*Con.* Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

*Dau.* It is the prince of palfreys: his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of Nature!"—

*Orl.* I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

*Dau.* Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

*Orl.* Your mistress bears well.

*Dau.* Me well; which is the prescript praise, and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

*Con.* Nay, for methought yesterday, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

*Dau.* So, perhaps, did yours.

*Con.* Mine was not bridled.

*Dau.* Oh! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a <sup>3</sup> kern of Ireland, your French horse off, and in your strait trowsers.

*Con.* You have good judgment in horsemanship.

*Dau.* Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

*Con.* I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

<sup>a</sup> "By my habit," i. e., by his herald's coat.—<sup>b</sup> "Upon our cue," i. e., in our turn.—<sup>c</sup> Impediment; hinderance.—<sup>d</sup> "God before," i. e., God being our guide.

<sup>e</sup> "Kern of Ireland," i. e., an Irish boor.—<sup>f</sup> Trowsers.



*Dau.* I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

*Con.* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

*Dau.* *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée aubourbier*: thou makest use of anything.

*Con.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

*Ram.* My lord constable, the armor, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

*Con.* Stars, my lord.

*Dau.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

*Con.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*Dau.* That may be; for you bear a many superfluous, and 'twere more honor some were away.

*Con.* Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

*Dau.* Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

*Con.* I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

*Ram.* Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

*Con.* You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

*Dau.* 'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*]

*Orl.* The Dauphin longs for morning.

*Ram.* He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think he will eat all he kills.

*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

*Orl.* He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

*Con.* Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

*Orl.* He never did harm, that I heard of.

*Con.* Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.

*Con.* I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

*Orl.* What's he?

*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

*Orl.* He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his luckey: 'tis a hooded valor, and when it appears it will 'bate.

*Orl.* Ill will never said well.

*Con.* I will cap that proverb with—there is flattery in friendship.

*Orl.* And I will take up that with—give the devil his due.

*Con.* Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—a pox of the devil.

*Orl.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much—a fool's bolt is soon shot.

*Con.* You have shot over.

*Orl.* 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The lord Grandpré.

*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

*Orl.* What a wretched and <sup>b</sup>peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge.

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

*Orl.* That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

*Ram.* That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

*Orl.* Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

*Con.* Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and, then, give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

*Con.* Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it? [*Ten.*]

*Orl.* It is now two o'clock: but, let me see; by We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Chor.* Now entertain conjecture of a time,  
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.  
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,  
The hum of either army <sup>c</sup>stilly sounds,  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch:  
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's <sup>d</sup>umber'd face:  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,  
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.  
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy <sup>e</sup>morning's nam'd.  
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
The confident and <sup>e</sup>over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice;  
And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate  
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,  
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will behold  
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!  
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,  
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,  
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.

<sup>b</sup> Foolish. — <sup>c</sup> Lowly; gently. — <sup>d</sup> Shadowed; shaded. —  
<sup>e</sup> Over-saucy.

\* Fall off; lessen.

Upon his royal face there is no note,  
How dread an army hath enrounded him,  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color  
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night;  
But freshly looks, and over-bears<sup>a</sup> attain't,  
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;  
That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.  
A largess universal, like the sun,  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,  
Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
A little touch of Harry in the night.  
And so our scene must to the battle fly;  
Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace—  
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—  
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see;  
<sup>b</sup>Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.

## SCENE I.—The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger;

The greater, therefore, should our courage be.—  
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!  
There is some soul of goodness in things evil  
Would men observingly distil it out,  
For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,  
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:  
Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
And preachers to us all; admonishing,  
That we should<sup>c</sup> dress us fairly for our end.  
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham:  
A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,  
Since I may say, now lie I like a king. [pains,

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present  
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:  
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,  
The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move  
With casted<sup>d</sup> slough and fresh<sup>e</sup> legerity.  
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,  
Commend me to the princes in our camp;  
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[Exit GLOSTER and BEDFORD.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;  
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:  
I and my bosom must debate a while,  
And, then, I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[Exit ERPINGHAM.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st  
cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,  
A lad of life, an' imp of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy. [ish crew?

Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Corn-

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,  
Upon Saint David's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your  
cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The<sup>h</sup> fico for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [Exit.

K. Hen. It<sup>i</sup> sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So, in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak  
lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal  
world, when the true and ancient prerogatives and  
laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take  
the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the  
Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no  
tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp:  
I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the  
wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and  
the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be other-  
wise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all  
night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a  
prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we  
should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a  
prating coxcomb? in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[Exit GOWER and FLUELLEN.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,  
There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

<sup>1</sup> Enter JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and  
MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morn-  
ing which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause  
to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day,  
but I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who  
goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind  
gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our  
estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that  
look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should; for,  
though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a

<sup>a</sup> Weariness.—<sup>b</sup> "Minding," i. e., calling to remembrance.  
—<sup>c</sup> Prepare; make ready.—<sup>d</sup> Slough is the skin which ser-  
pents annually throw off.—<sup>e</sup> Lightness; nimbleness.

<sup>f</sup> Jolly fellow.—<sup>g</sup> Child; offspring.—<sup>h</sup> "The fico," i. e., a  
fig.—<sup>i</sup> Agrees.

man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human<sup>a</sup> conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

*Bates.* He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck: and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

*K. Hen.* By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

*Bates.* Then, I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

*K. Hen.* I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just, and his quarrel honorable.

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Bates.* Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

*Will.* But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make: when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—"We died at such a place;" some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children<sup>b</sup> rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

*K. Hen.* So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native<sup>c</sup> punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle: war is his ven-

geance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish: then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore, should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

*Will.* 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head: the king is not to answer it.

*Bates.* I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

*K. Hen.* I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

*Will.* Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

*K. Hen.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

*Will.* You<sup>d</sup> pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

*K. Hen.* Your reproof is something too<sup>e</sup> round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

*Will.* Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

*K. Hen.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thee again?

*K. Hen.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

*Will.* Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

*K. Hen.* There.

*Will.* This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

*K. Hen.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou dar'st as well be hanged.

*K. Hen.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

*Will.* Keep thy word: fare thee well.

*Bates.* Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

*K. Hen.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt Soldiers.* Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and Our sins, lay on the king!—we must bear all. O hard condition! twin-born with greatness, Subject to the breath of every fool, Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing! What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect, That private men enjoy?

<sup>a</sup>Qualities.—<sup>b</sup>"Rawly," i. e., in immaturity; young and helpless.—<sup>c</sup>"Native punishment," i. e., the punishment they are born to.

<sup>d</sup>"You pay him," i. e., you bring him to account; you punish him.—<sup>e</sup>"Too round," i. e., too rough; too unceremonious.

And what have kings, that privates have not too,  
 Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?  
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
 Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?  
 What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?  
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth!  
 What is thy soul<sup>1</sup> but adulation?  
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form?  
 Creating awe and fear in other men,  
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,  
 Than they in fearing.  
 What drink'st thou off, instead of homage sweet,  
 But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,  
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.  
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
 With titles blown from adulation?  
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:  
 I am a king, that find thee; and I know,  
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
 The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,  
 The <sup>a</sup>farced title running 'fore the king,  
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
 That beats upon the high shore of this world;  
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
 Not all these laid in bed majestical,  
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with <sup>2</sup>distasteful bread,  
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,  
 But, like a lucky, from the rise to set,  
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night  
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
 Doth rise and help <sup>b</sup>Hyperion to his horse,  
 And follows so the ever running year  
 With profitable labor to his grave:  
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,  
<sup>3</sup>Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
 Enjoys it, but in gross brain little <sup>c</sup>wots,  
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 Whose hours the peasant best <sup>d</sup>advantages.

*Enter ERPINGHAM.*

*Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,  
 Seek through your camp to find you.

*K. Hen.* Good old knight,  
 Collect them all together at my tent:  
 I'll be before thee.

*Erp.* I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* O, God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts:  
 Possess them not with fear: take from them now  
 The sense of reckoning, if th' opposed numbers  
 Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord!  
 O! not to-day, think not upon the fault  
 My father made in compassing the crown.  
 I Richard's body have interred new,  
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,  
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood.  
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up  
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built  
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests  
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;  
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,

<sup>a</sup> "The farced title running 'fore the king," i. e., 'the  
 tumid, puffy titles with which a king's name is introduced.'—

<sup>b</sup> The sun.—<sup>c</sup> Knows.—<sup>d</sup> "Best advantages," i. e., best reaps  
 the advantage of.

Since that my penitence comes after all,  
 Imploring pardon.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* My liege!

*K. Hen.* My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;  
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee.—  
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—The French Camp.

*Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.*

*Orl.* The sun doth gild our armor: up, my lords!  
*Dau.* *Montez à cheval!*—My horse! *valet!* lac-  
 quay! ha!

*Orl.* O brave spirit!

*Dau.* *« Via! — les eaux et la terre!*

*Orl.* *Rien puis? l'air et le feu!*

*Dau.* *Ciel! Cousin Orleans.*

*Enter Constable.*

Now, my lord Constable! [*neigh.*]

*Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present service  
*Dau.* Mount them, and make incision in their hides,  
 That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
 And doubt them with superfluous courage: Ha!

*Ram.* What, will you have them weep our horses'  
 blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The English are embattled, you French peers.

*Con.* To horse, you gallant princes! straight to  
 Do but behold you poor and starved band, [horse!  
 And your fair show shall suck away their souls,  
 Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.  
 There is not work enough for all our hands;  
 Scarcely blood enough in all their sickly veins,  
 To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,  
 That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,  
 And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,  
 The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.  
 'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,  
 That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,  
 Who in unnecessary action swarm  
 About our squares of <sup>4</sup>battles, were <sup>5</sup>enow  
 To purge this field of such a <sup>6</sup>hilding foe,  
 Though we upon this mountain's basis by  
 Took stand for idle speculation:  
 But that our honors must not. What's to say?  
 A very little little let us do,  
 And all is done. Then, let the trumpets sound  
 The <sup>7</sup>tucket-sonnance, and the note to mount:  
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,  
 That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

*Enter GRANDPRE.*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my lords of  
 France?

You! island carrions, desperate of their bones,  
 Ill-favor'dly become the morning field:  
 Their ragged <sup>1</sup>curtains poorly are let loose,  
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.  
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,  
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.  
 The horsemen sit like fixed <sup>2</sup>candlesticks,  
 With torch-staves in their <sup>3</sup>hands; and their poor jades  
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,  
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,

<sup>1</sup> "I'a!" (an Italian word of encouragement), *On!*  
*Away!*—<sup>2</sup> Enough.—<sup>3</sup> Mean; despicable.—<sup>4</sup> "The tucket-  
 sonnance," i. e., an introductory flourish.—<sup>5</sup> Colors.—<sup>6</sup> Fix'd  
 candlesticks," i. e., ancient candlesticks in the form of human  
 figures.

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal<sup>a</sup> bit  
Lies, foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;  
And their executors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.  
Description cannot suit itself in words,  
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,  
In life so lifeless as it shows itself. [for death.

*Con.* They have said their prayers, and they stay

*Dau.* Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,  
And give their fasting horses provender,  
And after fight with them?

*Con.* I stay but for my guard. On, to the field!  
I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!  
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The English Camp.

*Enter*<sup>1</sup> all the English Host: GLOSTER, BEDFORD,  
EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

*Glo.* Where is the king?

*Bed.* The king himself is rode to view their battle.

*West.* Of fighting men they have full threescore  
thousand.

*Exe.* There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

*Sal.* God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.  
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,  
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—  
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—  
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck  
go with thee!

*Exe.* Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:  
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,  
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valor.

[Exit SALISBURY.

*Bed.* He is as full of valor, as of kindness;  
Princely in both.

*West.* O! that we now had here

*Enter King HENRY.*

But one ten thousand of those men in England,  
That do no work to-day.

*K. Hen.* What's he, that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are<sup>2</sup> enow  
To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honor.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;

It yearns me not if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires;

But, if it be a sin to covet honor,

I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor,

As one man more, methinks, would share from me,

For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart; his passport shall be made,

And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company,

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:

He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He, that shall live this day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,

And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:  
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,

But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,

Familiar in their mouths as household words,—

Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

This story shall the good man teach his son,

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered;

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:

For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,

Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,

This day shall gentle his condition:

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,

Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,

And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:

The French are<sup>3</sup> bravely in their battles set,

And will with all expedience charge on us.

*K. Hen.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.

*West.* Perish the man whose mind is backward  
now! [land, cousin?

*K. Hen.* Thou dost not wish more help from Eng-

*West.* God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,  
Without more help, might fight this royal battle.

*K. Hen.* Why, now thou hast<sup>4</sup> unwish'd five thou-  
sand men,

Which likes me better than to wish us one.—

You know your places: God be with you all!

*Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee, king  
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, [Harry,

Before thy most assured overthrow?

For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,

Thou needs must be engulged. Besides, in mercy,

The Constable desires thee thou wilt<sup>5</sup> mind

Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire [bodies

From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor  
Must lie and fester.

*K. Hen.* Who hath sent thee now?

*Mont.* The Constable of France.

*K. Hen.* I pray thee, bear my former answer back:

Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man, that once did sell the lion's skin

While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,

Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,

Shall witness live in<sup>6</sup> brass of this day's work;

And those that leave their valiant bones in France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,

They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet them,

And draw their honors reeking up to heaven,

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,

The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.

Mark, then, rebounding valor in our English;

That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,

Break out into a second course of mischief,

Killing in<sup>7</sup> reflex of mortality.

Let me speak proudly:—Tell the Constable,

We are but warriors for the working-day;

<sup>a</sup> That is, shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman.—

<sup>1</sup> "Bravely," i. e., in a *braving* manner.—Expedition.—

<sup>2</sup> "Unwish'd," i. e., wished away.—<sup>3</sup> Remind.—<sup>4</sup> "In brass,"

i. e., in brazen plates, anciently let into tombstones.

<sup>a</sup> "Gimnal-bit," i. e., double-linked bit.—<sup>b</sup> Enough.

Our gayness and our <sup>a</sup>gilt are all <sup>b</sup>besmirch'd  
With rainy marching in the painful field;  
There's not a piece of feather in our host,  
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly)  
And time hath worn us into slovenry;  
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;  
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night  
They'll be in fresher robes, <sup>c</sup>for they will pluck  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
And turn them out of service. If they do this,  
As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then  
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor;  
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;  
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,  
Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,  
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

*Mont.* I shall, king Harry: and so fare thee well.  
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* I fear, thou wilt once more come <sup>d</sup>here  
for a ransom.

*Enter the Duke of York.*

*York.* My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg  
The leading of the <sup>e</sup>vaward. [*March away:*]

*K. Hen.* Take it, brave York. <sup>f</sup>Now, soldiers,  
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—The Field of Battle.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, Pistol, and Boy.*

*Pist.* Yield, cur.

*Fr. Sol.* Je pense, que vous êtes le gentilhomme de  
bonne qualité.

*Pist.* Quality? *Callino, castore me!* art thou a  
gentleman? What is thy name? <sup>g</sup>discuss.

*Fr. Sol.* O seigneur Dieu!

*Pist.* O! seigneur Dew should be a gentleman.

<sup>h</sup>Perpend my words, O seigneur Dew, and mark:—  
O seigneur Dew, thou diest on point of 'fox,  
Except, O seigneur, thou do give to me  
Egregious ransom.

*Fr. Sol.* O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

*Pist.* Mow shall not serve, I will have forty moys;  
For I will fetch thy <sup>i</sup>rim out at thy throat,  
In drops of crimson blood.

*Fr. Sol.* Est il impossible d'échapper la force de  
ton bras?

*Pist.* Brass, cur?

Thou damned and <sup>j</sup>luxurious mountain goat,  
Offer'st me brass?

*Fr. Sol.* O pardonnez moi!

*Pist.* Say'st thou me so? is that a tun of <sup>k</sup>moys?—  
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French,  
What is his name.

*Boy.* Escoutez; comment êtes vous appelé?

*Fr. Sol.* Monsieur le Fer.

*Boy.* He says his name is master Fer.

*Pist.* Master Fer! I'll fer him, and <sup>l</sup>firk him,  
and ferret him.—Discuss the same in French unto  
him.

*Boy.* I do not know the French for fer, and ferret,  
and firk.

*Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

*Fr. Sol.* Que dit-il, monsieur?

*Boy.* Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites

vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette  
heure de couper votre gorge.

*Pist.* Oui, couper le gorge, par ma foi, pensant,  
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;  
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

*Fr. Sol.* O! je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu,  
me pardonner. Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne mai-  
son: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents  
écus.

*Pist.* What are his words?

*Boy.* He prays you to save his life: he is a gen-  
tleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he  
will give you two hundred crowns.

*Pist.* Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I  
The crowns will take.

*Fr. Sol.* Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

*Boy.* Encore qu'il est contre son serment de par-  
donner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les écus  
que vous l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la  
liberté, le franchisement.

*Fr. Sol.* Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille re-  
merciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé  
entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave,  
vaillant, et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

*Pist.* Expound unto me, boy.

*Boy.* He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand  
thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath  
fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most  
brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy seigneur of Eng-  
land.

*Pist.* As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—  
Follow me! [*Exit Pistol.*]

*Boy.* Suivez vous le grand capitaine. I did never  
[*Exit French Soldier.*]

know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart:  
but the <sup>m</sup>song is true,—“the empty vessel makes  
the greatest sound.” Bardolph, and Nym, had ten  
times more valor than this roaring devil <sup>n</sup>the old  
play, that every one may pare his nails with a  
wooden dagger, and they are both hanged; and so  
would this be, if he durst steal anything adventur-  
ously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the lug-  
gage of our camp: the French might have a good  
prey of us, if <sup>o</sup>they knew of it, for there is none to  
guard it, but boys. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field of Battle.

<sup>p</sup>Retreat sounded. *Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS,  
BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, and others.*

*Con.* O diable! [*du!*]

*Orl.* O seigneur!—le jour est perdu! tout est per-  
du. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame  
Sit mocking in our plumes.—O <sup>q</sup>méchante fortune!—  
Do not run away. [*A short Alarum.*]

*Con.* Why, all our ranks are broke.

*Dau.* O <sup>r</sup>perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.  
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

*Orl.* Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

*Bour.* Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but  
shame!

<sup>s</sup>Let us not fly:—in!—Once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no <sup>t</sup>gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminate.

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!  
Let us in heaps go offer up our lives.

*Orl.* We are enough, yet living in the field,

<sup>a</sup> Gilding.—<sup>b</sup> Soiled.—<sup>c</sup> Vanguard.—<sup>d</sup> “Discuss,” i. e., ex-  
plain.—<sup>e</sup> “Perpend,” i. e., consider; attend to.—<sup>f</sup> Fox was  
an old cant word for a sword, so called from a famous sword-  
cutter named Fox.—<sup>g</sup> “Rim,” i. e., diaphragm.—<sup>h</sup> Lascivious.  
—<sup>i</sup> Pistol's moys are probably intended in his mind for moi-  
dors.—<sup>j</sup> “Firk,” i. e., beat; scourge.—<sup>k</sup> Explain.

<sup>m</sup> Lasting.—<sup>n</sup> “No gentler,” i. e., who has no more gentility.

To smother up the English in our throngs,  
If any order might be thought upon.

*Bour.* The devil take order now. I'll to the throng;  
Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarums.* Enter King HENRY and Forces;  
EXETER, and others.

*K. Hen.* Well have we done, thrice-vaillant countrymen:

But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

*Exc.* The duke of York commends him to your majesty. [hour

*K. Hen.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting; From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

*Exc.* In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,  
Loading the plain; and by his bloody side,  
(Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds)  
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes,  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

He cries aloud,—“Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!  
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly a-breast,  
As in this glorious and well-foughten field,  
We kept together in our chivalry!”

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up;  
He smil'd me in the face,<sup>a</sup> rought me his hand,  
And, with a feeble gripe, says, “Dear my lord,  
Commend my service to my sovereign.”

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;  
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd  
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;  
But I had not so much of man in me,  
But all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears.

*K. Hen.* I blame you not;  
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—[*Alarums.*  
But, hark! what new alarm is this same?—  
The French have reinforce'd their scatter'd men:—  
Then, every soldier kill his prisoners!  
Give the word through. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarums.* Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

*Flu.* Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered. In your conscience now, is it not?

*Gow.* 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 'tis a gallant king.

*Flu.* Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower. What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

*Gow.* Alexander the great.

*Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The

pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

*Gow.* I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

*Flu.* I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Clytus.

*Gow.* Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

*Flu.* It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

*Gow.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Flu.* That is he. I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

*Gow.* Here comes his majesty.

*Alarums.* Enter King HENRY, with a part of the English Forces<sup>a</sup> and Prisoners; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

*K. Hen.* I was not angry since I came to France Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond<sup>b</sup> hill: If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field; they do offend our sight. If they'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them<sup>b</sup> skirr away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings. Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have; And not a man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy.—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

*Exc.* Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

*Glo.* His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

*K. Hen.* How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? Com'st thou again for ransom?

*Mont.*

No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable licence,  
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,  
To<sup>3</sup> look our dead, and then to bury them;  
To sort our nobles from our common men;  
For many of our princes, woe the while!  
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;  
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs  
In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds

<sup>a</sup> Reached.

<sup>b</sup> Scour.

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage  
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,  
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,  
To view the field in safety, and dispose  
Of their dead bodies.

*K. Hen.* I tell thee truly, herald,  
I know not if the day be ours, or no;  
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,  
And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.* The day is yours.

*K. Hen.* Praised be God, and not our strength,  
for it!

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

*Mont.* They call it Agincourt.

*K. Hen.* Then call we this the field of Agincourt,  
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't  
please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward  
the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the  
chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in  
France.

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your majesty says very true. If your <sup>1</sup>maj-  
esty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot  
service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing  
leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your majesty  
knows, to this hour is an honorable padge of the  
service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no  
scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honor:

For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your maj-  
esty's Welsh blood out of your body, I can tell you  
that: Got pless it, and preserve it, as long as it  
pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my countryman.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, I am your majesty's country-  
man, I care not who know it; I will confess it to  
all the world: I need not to be ashamed of your  
majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is  
an honest man.

*K. Hen.* God keep me so!—Our heralds go with  
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead, [him:  
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to WILLIAMS. *Exeunt MONTJOY and others.*

*Eee.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. Hen.* Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in  
thy cap?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of  
one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

*K. Hen.* An Englishman?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, a rascal that  
swaggered with me last night; who, if 'a live, and  
ever daue to challenge this glove, I have sworn to  
take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my  
glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a sol-  
dier, he would wear, if alive) I would strike it out  
soudly.

*K. Hen.* What think you, captain Fluellen? is it  
fit this soldier keep his oath?

*Flu.* He is a "craven and a villain else, an't please  
your majesty, in my conscience.

*K. Hen.* It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of  
great <sup>b</sup>sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

*Flu.* Though he be as goot a gentleman as the  
tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is ne-  
cessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and  
his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his repu-  
tation is as arrant a villain, and a "Jack-sauce, as  
ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his  
earth, in my conscience, la.

*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou  
meet'st the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Hen.* Who serv'st thou under?

*Will.* Under Captain Gower, my liege.

*Flu.* Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowl-  
edge, and literated in the wars.

*K. Hen.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*Will.* I will, my liege.

[Exit.

*K. Hen.* Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favor for  
me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and my-  
self were down together, I plucked this glove from  
his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend  
to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou en-  
counter any such apprehend him, an thou dost me  
love.

*Flu.* Your grace does me as great honors, as can  
be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would  
fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall  
find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but  
I would fain see it once, and please Got of his  
grace, that I might see.

*K. Hen.* Knowest thou Gower?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, and please you.

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him  
to my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him.

[Exit.

*K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, and my brother  
Gloster.

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The glove, which I have given him for a favor,

May haply purchase him a box o' the ear:

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word)

Some sudden mischief may arise of it,

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE VIII.—Before King HENRY's Pavilion.

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

*Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

*Flu.* Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I pesceeh  
you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot  
toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowl-  
edge you dream of.

*Will.* Sir, know you this glove?

*Flu.* Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

*Will.* I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.

*Flu.* 'Sblood! an arrant traitor, as any's in the  
universal world, or in France, or in England.

*Gow.* How now, sir! you villain!

*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsworn?

*Flu.* Stand away, captain Gower: I will give  
treason his payment into ploys, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no traitor.

*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in  
his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend  
of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

*War.* How now, how now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My lord of Warwick, here is, praised be  
God for it! a most contagious treason come to light,  
look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day.  
Here is his majesty.

\* Coward.—<sup>b</sup> "Great sort," i.e., high rank.—<sup>c</sup> Saucy Jack.



*Enter King HENRY, and EXETER.*

*K. Hen.* How now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

*Will.* My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

*Flu.* Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

*K. Hen.* Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

*Flu.* And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

*K. Hen.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*Will.* All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I had made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me. [crowns,

*K. Hen.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow, And wear it for an honor in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns.—And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a goot will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter an English Herald.*

*K. Hen.* Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

*Her.* Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[*Delivers a Paper.*]

*K. Hen.* What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

*Exe.* Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king; John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciquart; Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*K. Hen.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number, And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead.<sup>2</sup> [Reads. One hundred twenty-six: added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:

<sup>a</sup> "Thy glove," i. e., 'the glove that thou hast now in thy cap' it was the king's glove, which he had given to Williams.

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries; The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires, And gentlemen of blood and quality. The names of those their nobles that lie dead,— Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France; Jaques Chatillon, admiral of France; The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures; Great-master of France, the brave sir Guischaud Dauphin;

John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant, The brother to the duke of Burgundy; And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls, Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix, Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale. Here was a royal fellowship of death!—

Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald presents another Paper.*]

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:

None else of name, and of all other men

But five and twenty. O God! thy arm was here.

<sup>2</sup>[*Kneeling.*]

And not to us, but to thy arm alone, [gem, Ascribe we all.—<sup>1</sup>[*Rising.*] When, without strata- But in plain shock, and even play of battle, Was ever known so great and little loss, On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God, For it is only thine!

*Exe.*

'Tis wonderful!

*K. Hen.* Come, go we in procession to the village: And be it death, proclaimed through our host, To boast of this, or take that praise from God, Which is his only.

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, and please your majesty, to tell how many is killed? [ment,

*K. Hen.* Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

*K. Hen.* Do we all holy rites:

Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.

The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,

And then to Calais; and to England then,

Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Chor.* Vouchsafe<sup>a</sup> all those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them: and<sup>6</sup> for such as have, I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse Of time, of numbers, and due course of things, Which cannot in their huge and proper life Be here presented. Now, we bear the king Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen, Heave him away upon your winged thoughts, Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys, Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd Which, like a mighty<sup>b</sup> whiffier, fore the king [sea, Seems to prepare his way. So, let him land, And solemnly see him set on to London. So swift a pace hath thought, that even now You may imagine him upon Blackheath; Where, that his lords desire him, to have borne His bruised helmet, and his bended sword, Before him, through the city, he forbids it,

<sup>a</sup> A *Whiffier* is an officer who walks first in processions.

Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,  
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,  
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold  
In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,  
How London doth pour out her citizens.  
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,  
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,  
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,  
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:  
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,  
Were now the general of our gracious empress  
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit,  
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,  
Did they this Harry. Now, in London place him.  
As yet the lamentation of the French  
Invites the king of England's stay at home:  
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,  
To order peace between them; and omit  
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,  
Till Harry's back-return again to France:  
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd  
The interim, by remembering you, 'tis past.  
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,  
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions, and causes, why and wherefore, in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, prugging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no pretter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkeycocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you! [Trojan.]

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?  
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [Strikes him. Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?]

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [Striking him again.] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire

of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat, and eat I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good.—Hold you; there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes; verily, and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[Exit.]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you hgleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fure ye well.

[Exit.]

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the hospital Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs

Honor is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,

And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French King's Palace.

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen ISABEL, the Princess KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c., the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are Unto our brother France, and to our sister, [met. Health and fair time of day:]—joy and good wishes To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—

\* Stunned.—<sup>b</sup> Scoffing; sneering.—<sup>c</sup> Disposition; temper.  
—<sup>d</sup> Huswife, i. e., jilt; hussy.—<sup>e</sup> Ho-pital.—<sup>f</sup> That is, Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting!

\* Token.—<sup>b</sup> Similitude.—<sup>c</sup> "The general of our gracious empress," i. e., the Earl of Essex.—<sup>d</sup> Spited; transixed.—<sup>e</sup> "The emperor's coming," i. e., the Emperor Sigismund.—<sup>f</sup> That is, 'To have me put thee to death.'

And, as a branch and member of this royalty,  
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,  
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy:—  
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.

*Fr. King.* Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—  
So are you, princes English, every one.

*Q. Isa.* So happy be the issue, brother England,  
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,  
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;  
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them  
Against the French, that met them in their bent,  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality, and that this day  
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

*K. Hen.* To cry amen to that thus we appear.

*Q. Isa.* You English princes all, I do salute you.

*Bar.* My duty to you both, on equal love.  
Great kings of France and England, that I have  
labor'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors,  
To bring your most imperial majesties  
Unto this<sup>a</sup> bar and royal interview,  
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.  
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,  
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,  
You have congregated, let it not disgrace me,  
If I demand before this royal view,  
What rub, or what impediment, there is,  
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,  
Dear nurse of arts,<sup>1</sup> plenty, and joyful births,  
Should not in this best garden of the world,  
Our fertile France,<sup>2</sup> lift up her lovely visage?  
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,  
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
Corrupting in its own fertility.  
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,  
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,  
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas  
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
Do root upon, while that the coulter rusts,  
That should<sup>3</sup> deracinate such savagery:  
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The flockled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,  
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems,  
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
Losing both beauty and utility;  
And<sup>4</sup> all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,  
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.  
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,  
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,  
The sciences that should become our country,  
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,  
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—  
To swearing, and stern looks,<sup>5</sup> c<sup>6</sup> diffus'd attire,  
And every thing that seems unnatural.  
Which to reduce into our former<sup>4</sup> favor,  
You are assembled; and my speech entreats,  
That I may know the<sup>6</sup> let, why gentle peace  
Should not expel these inconveniences,  
And bless us with her former qualities. [peace,

*K. Hen.* If, duke of Burgundy, you would the  
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections  
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
With full accord to all our just demands;  
Whose tenors and particular effects  
You have, c<sup>7</sup>sh<sup>8</sup>delu'd briefly, in your hands.

*Bar.* The king hath heard them; to the which, as  
There is no answer made. [yet,

*K. Hen.* Well then, the peace,  
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

*Fr. King.* I have but with a<sup>9</sup> cursory eye  
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace  
To appoint some of your council presently

To sit with us once more, with better heed  
To re-survey them, we will suddenly  
Pass,<sup>4</sup> or accept, and peremptory answer.

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—  
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloucester,—  
Warwick,—and Huntingdon,—go with the king;  
And take with you free power, to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
Shall see<sup>5</sup> advantage for our dignity,  
Any thing in, or out of, our demands,  
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,  
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

*Q. Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them.  
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,  
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

*K. Hen.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with  
She is our capital demand, compris'd [us:  
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but King Henry, Katharine,  
and her Gentlewoman.*

*K. Hen.* Fair Katharine, and most fair!  
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,  
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,  
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

*Kath.* Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot  
speak your English.

*K. Hen.* O fair Katharine! if you will love me  
soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear  
you confess it brokenly with your English tongue.  
Do you like me, Kate?

*Kath.* *Pardonnez moi*, I cannot tell what is—like me.

*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate; and you are  
like an angel.

*Kath.* *Que dît-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

*Alice.* *Ouy, vraiment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi dît il.*

*K. Hen.* I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not  
blush to affirm it.

*Kath.* *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont  
pleines de tromperies.*

*K. Hen.* What says she, fair one? that the tongues  
of men are full of deceits?

*Alice.* *Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full  
of deccits: dat is de princess.*

*K. Hen.* The princess is the better English-woman.  
I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understand-  
ing: I am glad thou canst speak no better English;  
for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a  
plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my  
farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince  
it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if  
you urge farther than to say—Do you in faith? I  
wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith,  
do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you,  
lady?

*Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

*K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to verses, or  
to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me:  
for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and  
for the other, I have no strength in<sup>8</sup> measure, yet a  
reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a  
lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with  
my armor on my back, under the correction of brag-  
ging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife:

<sup>a</sup> "This bar," i.e., this barrier; this place of congress.—

<sup>b</sup> Root out.—<sup>c</sup> Disordered; dishevelled.—<sup>d</sup> "Favor," here,  
means comeliness of appearance.—<sup>e</sup> Hinderance.

<sup>f</sup> Cursory; hasty.—<sup>g</sup> Dancing.

or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off; but, before God, Kate, I cannot look <sup>a</sup>greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urgings. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou can'st love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and <sup>b</sup>uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will <sup>c</sup>fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou wouldst have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king, and what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

*Kath.* Is it possible that I should love de enemy of France?

*K. Hen.* No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

*Kath.* I cannot tell vat is dat.

*K. Hen.* No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off.—*Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi*, (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*done vostre est France, et vous êtes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

*Kath.* *Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

*K. Hen.* No, 'faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at once. But, Kate, dost thou understand this much English? Canst thou love me?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*K. Hen.* Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me merrily, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall

not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

*Kath.* I do not know dat.

*K. Hen.* No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavor for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse*.

*Kath.* Your majesté have fausse French enough to deceivre de most sage damoiselle dat is en France.

*K. Hen.* Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honor I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and <sup>1</sup>untempting effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

*Kath.* Dat is, as it shall please de *roi mon père*.

*K. Hen.* Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it shall also content me.

*K. Hen.* Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

*Kath.* *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

*K. Hen.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nocces il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

*K. Hen.* Madam my interpreter, what says she?

*Alice.* Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France,—I cannot tell what is *baiser*, in English.

*K. Hen.* To kiss.

*Alice.* Your majesty *entend* better *que moi*.

*K. Hen.* It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

*Alice.* *Ouy, vraiment.*

*K. Hen.* O, Kate! nice customs curtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak <sup>d</sup>list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-

<sup>a</sup> "Greenly," i. e., like a young lover; awkwardly. —  
<sup>b</sup> "Uncoined," i. e., like plain metal, yet *without impression*. —  
<sup>c</sup> Shrink; fall away.

<sup>d</sup> "The weak list," i. e., the slight barrier.

faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

*Enter the French King and Queen, Burgundy, Bedford, Gloster, Exeter, Westmoreland, and other French and English Lords.*

*Bur.* God save your majesty. My royal cousin, Teach you our princess English?

*K. Hen.* I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

*Bur.* Is she not apt?

*K. Hen.* Our tongue is rough, coz, and my <sup>a</sup> condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

*Bur.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

*K. Hen.* Yet they do wink, and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

*Bur.* They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

*K. Hen.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

*Bur.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

*K. Hen.* This <sup>b</sup>moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

*Bur.* As love is, my lord, before it loves.

*K. Hen.* It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

*Fr. King.* Yes, my lord, you see them perspective: the cities turned into a maid, for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath <sup>1</sup>not entered.

*K. Hen.* Shall Kate be my wife?

*Fr. King.* So please you.

*K. Hen.* I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her; so the maid, that stood in the way of my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

*Fr. King.* We have consented to all terms of reason.

*K. Hen.* Is't so, my lords of England?

*West.* The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

*Eac.* Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—

Where your majesty demands,—that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher fils Henry roi d'Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ*.

*Fr. King.* Nor this I have not, brother, so denied, But your request shall make me let it pass.

*K. Hen.* I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance Let that one article rank with the rest; And, thereupon, give me your daughter. [*raise up*

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son; and from her blood Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale, With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction Plant neighborhood and christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

*All. Amen!* [*ness all,*

*K. Hen.* Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me wit- That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*

*Q. Isa.* God, the best maker of all marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal, That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage, Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms, To make divorce of their incorporate league; That English may as French, French Englishmen, Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

*All. Amen!* [*day,*

*K. Hen.* Prepare we for our marriage:—on which My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, And all the peers' for surety of our leagues. Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

<sup>2</sup>[*Scennet. Exeunt.*

*Enter CHORUS, <sup>3</sup>as Epilogue.*

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,

Our <sup>d</sup>bending author hath pursu'd the story;

In little room confining mighty men,

Mangling by starts the full course of their glory. Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd

This star of England. Fortune made his sword, By which the world's best garden he achiev'd, And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king

Of France and England, did this king succeed; Whose state so many had the managing,

That they lost France, and made his England bleed; Which oft our stage hath shown, and for their sake, In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

<sup>c</sup> *Præclarissimus* for *præcarissimus*.—<sup>d</sup> "Bending author," i. e., bending beneath the weight of his subject.

<sup>a</sup> Temper.—<sup>b</sup> Condition.

# FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.



ACT II.—Scene 4.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DUKE OF GLOSTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.

DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, Regent of France.

<sup>1</sup> DUKE OF EXETER.

HENRY BEAUFORT, <sup>2</sup> Bishop of Winchester.

JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset.<sup>3</sup>

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, <sup>4</sup> Duke of York.

EARLS OF WARWICK, SALISBURY, and SUFFOLK.

<sup>5</sup> TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury :

JOHN TALBOT, his Son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE. SIR WILLIAM LUCY. SIR

WILLIAM GLANDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower. Mayor of London.

VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.

BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, <sup>6</sup> and King of Naples.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY and ALENÇON. BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Governor of Paris. Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter. An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier.<sup>7</sup>

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants, both on the English and French.

SCENE, partly in England, and partly in France.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

*Dead March. The Corpse of King HENRY the Fifth is discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the Earl of WARWICK, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.*

*Bol.* Hung be the heavens with <sup>a</sup> black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,  
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,  
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,  
That have <sup>b</sup> consented unto Henry's death!

Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!  
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

*Glo.* England ne'er had a king, until his time.

Virtue he had deserving to command:

His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;

His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the practice of hanging the stage with black when a tragedy was to be acted.

<sup>b</sup> "Consented unto," i. e., conspired together to promote.

More dazzled and drove back his enemies,  
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.  
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:  
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered. [blood?]

*Eze.* We mourn in black: why mourn we not in  
Henry is dead, and never shall revive.  
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;  
And death's dishonorable victory  
We with our stately presence glorify,  
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.  
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,  
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?  
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French  
Conjurors and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,  
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

*Win.* He was a king, bless'd of the King of kings.  
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day  
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.

The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:  
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

*Glo.* The church? where is it? Had not church-  
men pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:  
None do you like but an effeminate prince,  
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

*Win.* Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,  
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.  
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,  
More than God, or religious churchmen may.

*Glo.* Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;  
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,  
Except it be to pray against thy foes. [in peace.]

*Bed.* Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds  
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us.—  
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,  
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.  
Posterity, await for wretched years,  
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,  
Our isle be made a<sup>b</sup> nourish of salt tears,  
And none but women left to wail the dead.—  
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;  
Prosper thy realm, keep it from civil broils!  
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!  
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,  
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright<sup>c</sup> Cassiope.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My honorable lords, health to you all.  
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,  
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:  
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,  
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost. [corse?]

*Bed.* What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's  
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns  
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

*Glo.* Is Paris lost? Is Rouen yielded up?  
If Henry were recall'd to life again, [ghost.]  
These news would cause him once more yield the

*Eze.* How were they lost? what treachery was  
us'd?

*Mess.* No treachery; but want of men and money.  
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—  
That here you maintain several factions;  
And whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,  
You are disputing of your generals.  
One would have lingering wars with little cost;  
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;  
A third man thinks, without expense at all,  
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.  
Awake, awake, English nobility!  
Let not sloth dim your honors new-begot:

Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;  
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

*Eze.* Were our tears wanting to this funeral,  
These tidings would call forth<sup>c</sup> her flowing tides.

*Bed.* Me they concern; regent I am of France.—  
Give me my steeled coat! I'll fight for France.—  
Away with those disgraceful wailing robes!  
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,  
To weep their<sup>d</sup> intermissive miseries.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*2 Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mis-  
France is revolted from the English king, [chance.]  
Except some petty towns of no import:

The Dauphin, Charles, is crowned king in Rheims;  
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;  
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;  
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

*Eze.* The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!  
O! whither shall we fly from this reproach?

*Glo.* We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.—  
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out. [ness?]

*Bed.* Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forward-  
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,  
Wherewith already France is over-run.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

*3 Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,  
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,  
I must inform you of a dismal fight,  
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

*Win.* What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

*3 Mess.* O no; wherein lord Talbot was o'er-  
thrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.  
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,  
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,  
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,  
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French  
Was round encompassed and set upon.

No leisure had he to enrank his men;  
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;  
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,  
They pitched in the ground confusedly,  
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.  
More than three hours the fight continued;  
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,  
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.

Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;  
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he<sup>2</sup> flew.  
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;  
All the whole army stood amaz'd on him.

His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,  
A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out amain,  
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.

Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,  
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:  
He being in the<sup>3</sup> rearward, plac'd behind  
With purpose to relieve and follow them,  
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.

Hence grew the general wreck and massacre:  
Enclosed were they with their enemies.  
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,  
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;

Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,  
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

*Bed.* Is Talbot slain? then, I will slay myself,  
For living idly here in pomp and ease,  
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,  
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

*3 Mess.* O, no! he lives; but is took prisoner.

<sup>a</sup> There was a notion long prevalent that life might be destroyed by metrical charms.—<sup>b</sup> Nurse.

<sup>c</sup> "Her," i. e., England's.—<sup>d</sup> "Their intermissive miseries." i. e., miseries which have had but a short intermission.

And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford :  
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

*Bed.* His ransom there is none but I shall pay.  
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne ;  
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend :  
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—  
Farewell, my masters ; to my task will I,  
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,  
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal ;  
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,  
Whose bloody deeds shall cause all Europe quake.

*3 Mess.* So you had need ; for Orleans is besieg'd.  
The English army is grown weak and faint ;  
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,  
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,  
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

*Exc.* Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry s<sup>w</sup>orn,  
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,  
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

*Bed.* I do remember it ; and here take my leave,  
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*]

*Glo.* I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,  
To view th' artillery and munition ;  
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*]

*Exc.* To Eltham will I, where the young king is,  
Being ordain'd his special governor ;  
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*]

*Win.* Each hath his place and function to attend :  
I am left out ; for me nothing remains.  
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office :  
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,  
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

*Flourish.* Enter CHARLES, with his Forces ; ALEN-  
CON, REIGNIER, and others.

*Char.* Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,  
So in the earth, to this day is not known.  
Late did he shine upon the English side ;  
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.  
What towns of any moment but we have ?  
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans ;

<sup>2</sup>The whites, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,  
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month. [*Beves.*]

*Alen.* They want their porridge, and their fat bull—  
Either they must be dieted like mules,  
And have their provender tied to their mouths,  
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

*Reig.* Let's raise the siege. Why live we idly here ?  
Tailbot is taken whom we wont to fear ;  
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,  
And he may well in fretting spend his gall ;  
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

*Char.* Sound, sound alarm ! we will rush on them.  
Now, for the honor of the <sup>3</sup>forborne French !  
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,  
When he sees me go back one foot, or <sup>4</sup>flee.

[*Excant.*]

*Alarums ; Excursions ; afterwards a Retreat.*

*Re-enter CHARLES, ALENCON, REIGNIER, and others.*

*Char.* Who ever saw the like ? what men have I !—  
Dogs ! cowards ! dastards !—I would ne'er have fled,  
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

*Reig.* Salisbury is a desperate homicide ;  
He fighteth as one weary of his life :

The other lords, like lions wanting food,  
Do rush upon us as their hungry <sup>5</sup>prey.

*Alen.* Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,  
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,

<sup>a</sup> " Their hungry prey," i. e., the prey for which they are hungry.

During the time Edward the third did reign.  
More truly now may this be verified ;  
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,  
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !  
Lean raw-bou'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose  
They had such courage and audacity ?

*Char.* Let's leave this town ; for they are hair-  
brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them be more eager :  
Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth  
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

*Reig.* I think, by some odd <sup>b</sup>gimmals, or device,  
Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on ;  
Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.  
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

*Alen.* Be it so.

*Enter the Bastard of Orleans.*

*Bast.* Where's the prince Dauphin ? I have news  
for him.

*Char.* <sup>c</sup>Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

*Bast.* Methinks, your looks are sad, your <sup>d</sup>cheer  
appall'd :

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?  
Be not dismay'd, for succor is at hand :  
A holy maid hither with me I bring,  
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,  
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,  
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.  
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,  
Exceeding the nine <sup>e</sup>sibyls of old Rome ;  
What's past and what's to come, she can descry.  
Speak, shall I call her in ? Believe my words,  
For they are certain and unfallible.

*Char.* Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But  
first, to try her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place :  
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.

By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. [*Retires.*]

*Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard of Orleans, and others.*

*Reig.* Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous  
feats ? [*me ?*]

*Puc.* Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile  
Where is the Dauphin ?—Come, come from behind ;  
I know thee well, though never seen before.  
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me :  
In private will I talk with thee apart.—

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.  
*Reig.* She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

<sup>6</sup>[*They retire.*]

*Puc.* Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,  
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.  
Heaven and our <sup>g</sup>gracious Lady hath it pleas'd  
To shine on my contemptible estate :

Lo ! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,  
God's mother deign'd to appear to me ;

And in a vision full of majesty,  
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,  
And free my country from calamity.

Her aid she promis'd, and assured success :

In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;  
And, whereas I was black and swart before,  
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,  
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible see,  
And I will answer unpremeditated :

<sup>b</sup> A *gimnal* is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another : here it is taken at large for an *engine*.—<sup>c</sup> *Bastard* was not formerly a term of reproach.—

<sup>d</sup> Countenance.—<sup>e</sup> By "the nine sibyls" are probably meant the nine sibylline books brought to one of the Tarquins.



My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,  
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

<sup>a</sup> Resolve on this; thou shalt be fortunate,  
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

*Char.* Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.  
Only this proof I'll of thy valor make:

In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,  
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;

<sup>1</sup> Or, I renounce all confidence in you.

*Puc.* I am prepar'd. Here is my keen-edg'd sword,  
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;  
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-  
yard,

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

*Char.* Then, come o' God's name: I fear no woman.

*Puc.* And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from <sup>2</sup> no man.  
[*They fight.*]

*Char.* Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,  
And fightest with the sword of Deborah. [weak.]

*Puc.* Christ's mother helps me, else I were too

*Char.* Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help  
Impatiently I burn with thy desire; [me.]

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:

'Tis the French Dauphin sueth thus to thee.

*Puc.* I must not yield to any rites of love,

For my profession's sacred, from above:

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,  
Then will I think upon a recompense. [thrill.]

*Char.* Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate

*Reig.* My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

<sup>3</sup> [*They talk apart.*]

*Alen.* Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock,

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

*Reig.* Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no  
mean? [know:]

*Alen.* He may mean more than we poor men do  
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

*Reig.* My lord, where are you? what devise you  
on? <sup>4</sup> [To him.]

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

*Puc.* Why, no, I say: distrustful recreants!

Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

*Char.* What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.

*Puc.* Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:

Expect Saint Martin's <sup>5</sup> summer, halcyon days,

Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship,

Which Cæsar and his <sup>6</sup> fortunes bare at once.

*Char.* Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?

Thou with an eagle art inspired, then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet St. Philip's <sup>7</sup> daughters were like thee.

Bright star of Venus fall'n down on the earth,

How may I <sup>8</sup> reverent worship thee enough?

*Alen.* Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

*Reig.* Woman, do what thou canst to save our  
honors.

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd. [it:]

*Char.* Presently we'll try.—Come, let's away about  
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> "Resolve on this," i.e., be convinced of this.—<sup>b</sup> "Expect Saint Martin's summer," i.e., expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather after winter has begun.—<sup>c</sup> "St. Philip's daughters," i.e., the four daughters of Philip mentioned Acts xxi. 9.

## SCENE III.—London. Tower Hill.

*Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, with his  
Serving-men.*

*Glo.* I am come to survey the Tower this day;  
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is <sup>a</sup> conveyance.—  
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?  
Open the gates! 'Tis Gloster that <sup>1</sup> now calls.

[*Servants knock.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Ward.* [Within.] Who's there, that knocks so  
imperiously?

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster. [let in.]

<sup>2</sup> *Ward.* [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may not be

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

<sup>1</sup> *Ward.* [Within.] The Lord protect him! so  
we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd. [mine?]

*Glo.* Who will'd you <sup>2</sup> so? or whose will stands but

There's none protector of the realm but I.—

Break <sup>3</sup> up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

*GLOSTER'S Men rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to  
the gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.*

*Wood.* [Within.] What noise is this? what traitors  
have we here?

*Glo.* Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Open the gates! here's Gloster that would enter:

*Wood.* [Within.] Have patience, noble duke; I  
may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment,

That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in. [me?]

*Glo.* Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,

Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector:

<sup>2</sup> We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

*Enter WINCHESTER, <sup>10</sup> and Servants in tawney coats.*

*Win.* How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means  
this? [shut out?]

*Glo.* 'Pill'd priest, dost thou command mo <sup>11</sup> be

*Win.* I do, thou most usurping <sup>2</sup> proditor,

And not protector, of the king or realm.

*Glo.* Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,

Thou that contriv'st to murder our dead lord;

Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to <sup>3</sup> sin.

I'll <sup>4</sup> canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,

If thou proceed in this thy insolence. [foot:]

*Win.* Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,

To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

*Glo.* I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back.

Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth

I'll use to carry thee out of this place. [face.]

*Win.* Do what thou dar'st; I'll beard thee to thy

*Glo.* What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—

Draw, men, for all this <sup>12</sup> is a privileg'd place;

Blue coats to tawney coats. Priest, beware your  
beard;

[*GLOSTER and his Men attack the Bishop.*]

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,

In spite of pope or dignities of church;

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

*Win.* Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

<sup>a</sup> "Conveyance," i.e., theft; stealing.—<sup>b</sup> "Break up," i.e., break open.—<sup>c</sup> "Pill'd," i.e., bald; alluding to his shaven crown.—<sup>d</sup> "Traitor."—<sup>e</sup> The public streets were under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester.—<sup>f</sup> To canvass was to toss in a sieve.

*Glo.* Winchester goose! I cry—a rope! a rope!—  
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?—  
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—  
Out, tawney coats!—out, <sup>a</sup>scarlet hypocrite!

*Here GLOSTER's Men beat out the Cardinal's Men,  
and enter, in the hurly-burly, the Mayor of London  
and his Officers.*

*May.* Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,  
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!  
*Glo.* Peace, mayor! thou knowest little of my wrongs.

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,  
Hath here distraint'd the Tower to his use.

*Win.* Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;  
One that still motions war, and never peace,  
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;  
That seeks to overthrow religion,  
Because he is protector of the realm;  
And would have armor, here, out of the Tower,  
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

*Glo.* I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*]

*May.* Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,  
But to make open proclamation.—

Come, officer: as loud <sup>1</sup>as thou canst cry.

*Off.* All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace, and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

*Glo.* Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;  
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

*Win.* Gloster, we'll meet, to thy dear cost be sure:  
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

*May.* I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.—  
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

*Glo.* Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

*Win.* Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;  
For I intend to have it <sup>2</sup>off ere long. [*Exeunt.*]

*May.* See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—

Good God! that nobles should such <sup>b</sup>stomachs bear!  
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans.

*Enter, on the Walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.*

*M. Gun.* Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

*Son.* Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,  
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim. [*by me:*]

*M. Gun.* But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd  
Chief master-gunner um I of this town;  
Something I must do to procure me <sup>c</sup>grace.

The prince's <sup>d</sup>espials have informed me,  
How th' English, in the suburbs close trench'd,  
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars  
In yonder tower to overpeer the city;

And thence discover, how, with most advantage,  
They may vex us with shot, or with assault.  
To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;  
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,

If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,  
For I can stay no longer on my post.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,

And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*]

*Son.* Father, I warrant you; take you no care:  
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

*Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords  
SALISBURY, and TALBOT; Sir WILLIAM GLANS-  
DALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.*

*Sal.* Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd?

How wert thou handled, being prisoner,  
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd,  
Discourse, I pry'thee, on this turret's top.

*Tal.* The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,  
Called the brave lord <sup>3</sup>of Ponton de Santrailes;  
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms by far,  
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:

Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death,  
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd:

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart:

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,

If I now had him brought into my power.

*Sal.* Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

*Tal.* With scoffs, and scorn, and contumelious  
In open market-place produc'd they me, [*taunts.*]

To be a public spectacle to all:

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,

The scare-crow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me,

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,  
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly;

None durst come near for fear of sudden death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;

So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,

That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,

That walk'd about me every minute-while,

And if I did but stir out of my bed,

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

*Sal.* I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now, it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I can count every one,

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:

Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,

Let me have your express opinions,  
Where is best place to make our battery next.

*Gar.* I think, at the north gate; for there stand  
lords.

*Glan.* And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

*Tal.* For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,  
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the Town. SALISBURY, and Sir*

*THO. GARGRAVE fall.*]

*Sal.* O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

*Gar.* O Lord! have mercy on me, woeful man.

*Tal.* What chance is this, that suddenly hath  
cross'd us?—

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thine eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—

Accurs'd tower! accurs'd fatal hand,

That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;

Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;

Whilst any trumpet did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth  
fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the Bishop's habit.—<sup>b</sup> "Such stomachs,"  
i. e., such haughty pride.—<sup>c</sup> Favor.—<sup>d</sup> Spies.

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,  
 If Salisbury want mercy at thy hands!—  
 Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—  
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?  
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.  
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;  
 Thou shalt not die, whiles——  
 He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,  
 As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,  
 Remember to avenge me on the French."—  
 Plantagenet, I will; and, Nero-like,  
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:  
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*An Alarum: it thunders and lightens.*]

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?  
 Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd  
 head:

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,  
 A holy prophetess, new risen up,  
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*SALISBURY lifts himself up and groans.*]

*Tal.* Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!  
 It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—  
 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you,  
 Pucelle or a puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,  
 Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,  
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—  
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,  
 And then we'll try 'what dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. Before one of the Gates.

*Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursues the Dauphin, and drives him: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.*

*Tal.* Where is my strength, my valor, and my force?  
 Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;  
 A woman clad in armor chaseth them.

*Enter LA PUCELLE.*

Here, here she comes.—I'll have a bout with thee;  
 Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:  
 Blood will I draw on thee; thou art a witch,  
 And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

*Puc.* Come, come; 'tis only I that must disgrace  
 thee. [*They fight.*]

*Tal.* Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?  
 My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,  
 And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,  
 But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

*Puc.* Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come;  
 I must go victual Orleans forthwith.  
 O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.  
 Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;  
 Help Salisbury to make his testament:  
 This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*PUCELLE enters the Town, with Soldiers.*]

*Tal.* My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;  
 I know not where I am, nor what I do.  
 A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,  
 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:  
 So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,  
 Are from their hives and houses driven away.  
 They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;

\* "Pucelle or puzzel," i. e., maid or dirty wench.—<sup>b</sup> The superstition of those times taught, that he who could draw a witch's blood was free from her power.—<sup>c</sup> An allusion to Hannibal's stratagem to escape, by fixing bundles of lighted twigs on the horns of oxen.

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short Alarum.*]

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,  
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat;  
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:  
 Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,  
 Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,  
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*]

It will not be.—Retire into your trenches:

You all consented unto Salisbury's death,  
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—  
 Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans

In spite of us, or aught that we could do.

O! would I were to die with Salisbury.

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his Forces.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same.

*Flourish. Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.*

*Puc.* Advance our waving colors on the walls!

Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves.

Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

*Char.* Divinest creature, bright Astraea's daughter,  
 How shall I honor thee for this success?

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,  
 That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—  
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—

Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

*Reig.* Why ring not out the bells aloud through-  
 out the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires

And feast and banquet in the open streets,

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us. [*Joy.*]

*Alen.* All France will be replete with mirth and  
 When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

*Char.* 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won,

For which I will divide my crown with her;

And all the priests and friars in my realm

Shall in procession sing her endless praise.

A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear,

Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:

In memory of her, when she is dead,

Her ashes, in an urn more precious

Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,

Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,

But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

Come in; and let us banquet royally,

After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same.

*Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.*

*Serg.* Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant.

If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,

Near to the walls, by some apparent sign

Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

[*Exit Sergeant.*]

*1 Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. Thus are poor ser-  
 (When others sleep upon their quiet beds) [vitors  
 Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

\* "The court of guard," i. e., the guard-room.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, with scaling Ladders; their Drums beating a dead march.*

*Tal.* Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,  
By whose approach the regions of Artois,  
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,  
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,  
Having all day carous'd and banqueted.  
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,  
As fitting best to a quittance their deceit,  
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery. [his fame,

*Bed.* Coward of France!—how much he wrongs  
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,  
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

*Bur.* Traitors have never other company.  
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?  
*Tal.* A maid, they say.

*Bed.* A maid, and be so martial?  
*Bur.* Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;  
If underneath the standard of the French,  
She carry armor, as she hath begun. [spirits;  
*Tal.* Well, let them practise and converse with  
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name  
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

*Bed.* Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.  
*Tal.* Not all together: better far, I guess,  
That we do make our entrance several ways,  
That if it chance the one of us do fail,  
The other yet may rise against their force.

*Bed.* Agreed. I'll to you corner.  
*Bur.* And I to this.  
*Tal.* And here will Talbot mount, or make his  
grave.—

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right  
Of English Henry, shall this night appear  
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the Walls, crying St.*

*George! a Talbot! and all enter the Town.*

*Sent.* [Within.] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make  
assault!

<sup>1</sup> *Frenchmen leap over the Walls in their skirts. Enter, several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.*

*Alen.* How now, my lords! what, all unready so?

*Bast.* Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

*Reig.* 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our

Hearing alarms at our chamber doors. [beds,

*Alen.* Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise

More venturous, or desperate than this.

*Bast.* I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

*Reig.* If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favor him.

*Alen.* Here cometh Charles: I marvel, how he  
sped.

*Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.*

*Bast.* Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

*Char.* Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

*Puc.* Wherefore is Charles impatient with his

At all times will you have my power alike? [friend?

Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,

Or will you blame, and lay the fault on me?—

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

*Char.* Duke of Alençon, this was your default,

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

*Alen.* Had all your quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,  
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

*Bast.* Mine was secure.

*Reig.* And so was mine, my lord.

*Char.* And for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels:

Then, how, or which way, should they first break in?

*Puc.* Question, my lords, no further of the case,

How, or which way: 'tis sure, they found some place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made;

And now there rests no other shift but this,—

To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,

And lay new <sup>b</sup>platforms to endamage them.

*Alarm.* *Enter an English Soldier, crying, a Talbot! a Talbot! They fly, leaving their Clothes behind.*

*Sold.* I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;

For I have loaden me with many spoils,

Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Orleans. Within the Town.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and others.*

*Bed.* The day begins to break, and night is fled,  
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.  
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.

*Tal.* Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;

And here advance it in the market-place,

The middle centre of this cursed town.—

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;

For every drop of blood was drawn from him,

There have at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And that hereafter ages may behold

What ruin happen'd in revenge of him

Within their chiefest temple I'll erect

A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:

Upon the which, that every one may read,

Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,

The treacherous manner of his mournful death,

And what a terror he had been to France.

But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,

I c'muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace,

His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,

Nor any of his false confederates.

*Bed.* 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds

They did, amongst the troops of armed men,

Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

*Bur.* Myself, as far as I could well discern

For smoke, and dusky vapors of the night,

Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;

When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,

That could not live asunder, day or night.

After that things are set in order here,

We'll follow them with all the power we have.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* All hail, my lords! Which of this princely

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts [train

So much applauded through the realm of France?

*Tal.* Here is the Talbot; who would speak with

him?

*Mess.* The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,

With modesty admiring thy renown,

By me entreats, great lord, thou would'st vouchsafe

To visit her poor castle where she <sup>d</sup>lies;

<sup>a</sup> Requite; repay.

<sup>b</sup> Plans; schemes.—<sup>c</sup> Wonder.—<sup>d</sup> Dwells.

That she may boast she hath beheld the man  
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

*Bur.* Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars  
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,  
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—  
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit. [men

*Tal.* Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of  
Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ru'd.—  
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,  
And in submission will attend on her.—  
Will not your honors bear me company?

*Bed.* No, truly, it is more than manners will;  
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests  
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

*Tal.* Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,  
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy. [my mind.

Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*—You perceive  
*Capt.* I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—Auvergne. Count of the Castle.

*Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.*

*Count.* Porter, remember what I gave in charge;  
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

*Port.* Madam I will. [*Exit.*

*Count.* The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,  
I shall as famous be by this exploit,  
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.  
Great is the rumor of this dreadful knight,  
And his achievements of no less account:  
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,  
To give their censure of these rare reports.

*Enter Messenger and TALBOT.*

*Mess.* Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,  
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come. [man?

*Count.* And he is welcome.—What! is this the  
*Mess.* Madam, it is.

*Count.* Is this the scourge of France?  
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,  
That with his name the mothers still their babes?  
I see report is fabulous and false:  
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,  
A second Hector for his grim aspect,  
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.  
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:  
It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp  
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

*Tal.* Madam, I have been told to trouble you;  
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,  
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

*Count.* What means he now?—Go ask him,  
whither he goes.

*Mess.* Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves  
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

*Tal.* Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,  
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

*Re-enter Porter, with Keys.*

*Count.* If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.  
*Tal.* Prisoner! to whom?

*Count.* To me, blood-thirsty lord;  
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.  
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,  
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;  
But now the substance shall endure the like,  
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,  
That hast by tyranny these many years,  
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,  
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

*Tal.* Ha, ha, ha!

[turn to moan.

*Count.* Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall  
*Tal.* I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,  
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,  
Whereon to practise your severity.

*Count.* Why, art not thou the man?

*Tal.*

I am indeed.

*Count.* Then have I substance too.

*Tal.* No, no, I am but shadow of myself;  
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;  
For what you see, is but the smallest part  
And least proportion of humanity.

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,  
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,  
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

*Count.* This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;  
He will be here, and yet he is not here:  
How can these contrarieties agree?

*Tal.* That will I show you, lady, presently.

*He winds his Horn. Drums strike up; a Peal of  
Ordinance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,  
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,  
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,  
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,  
And in a moment makes them desolate.

*Count.* Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse:  
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,  
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.  
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;  
For I am sorry, that with reverence  
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

*Tal.* Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue  
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake  
The outward composition of his body.  
What you have done hath not offended me:

No other satisfaction do I crave,  
But only, with your patience, that we may  
Taste of your wine, and see what eates you have;  
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

*Count.* With all my heart; and think me honored  
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WAR-  
WICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and a  
Lawyer.*

*Plan.* Great lords, and gentlemen, what means  
this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

*Suf.* Within the Temple hall we were too loud:  
The garden here is more convenient.

*Plan.* Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth,  
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

*Suf.* Faith, I have been a truant in the law,  
And never yet could frame my will to it;  
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

*Som.* Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, be-  
tween us. [*pitch,*

*War.* Between two hawks, which flies the higher  
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,  
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,  
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,  
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,  
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;  
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,  
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

<sup>a</sup> Judgment; opinion.—<sup>b</sup> Wrinkled.

<sup>c</sup> Foolish; weak.—<sup>d</sup> "For the nonce," i. e., for the occa-  
sion.—<sup>e</sup> Reported.—<sup>f</sup> Subtleties.

*Plan.* Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance:  
The truth appears so naked on my side,  
That any purblind eye may find it out.

*Som.* And on my side it is so well apparell'd,  
So clear, so shining, and so evident,  
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

*Plan.* Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,

In dumb <sup>a</sup>significants proclaim your thoughts.

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,  
And stands upon the honor of his birth,  
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

*Som.* Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

*War.* I love no <sup>b</sup>colors; and, without all color

Of base insinuating flattery,  
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

*Suf.* I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;  
And say withal, I think he held the right. [more,

*Ver.* Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no  
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side  
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,  
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

*Som.* Good master Vernon, it is well <sup>c</sup>objected:  
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

*Plan.* And I.

*Ver.* Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,  
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,  
Giving my verdict on the white rose side,

*Som.* Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;  
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,  
And fall on my side so, against your will.

*Ver.* If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,  
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,  
And keep me on the side where still I am.

*Som.* Well, well, come on: who else?

*Law.* Unless my study and my books be false,  
The argument you held was wrong in you;  
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

*Plan.* Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

*Som.* Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,  
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red. [roses;

*Plan.* Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our  
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing  
The truth on our side.

*Som.* No, Plantagenet,  
'Tis not for fear, but anger; <sup>1</sup>and thy cheeks  
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,  
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

*Plan.* Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

*Som.* Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

*Plan.* Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,  
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

*Som.* Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding-  
That shall maintain what I have said is true, [roses,  
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

*Plan.* Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,  
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

*Suf.* Turn not thy scorn this way, Plantagenet,

*Plan.* Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him  
and thee.

*Suf.* I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

*Som.* Away, away, good William De-la-Poole.  
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

*War.* Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,  
Somerset:

His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,  
Third son to the third Edward, king of England.

<sup>a</sup>That is, *dumb signs*.—<sup>b</sup>"No colors," i. e., no deceits: a play upon the word.—<sup>c</sup>"Well objected," i. e., justly proposed.

Spring crestless <sup>d</sup>yeomen from so deep a root?

*Plan.* He <sup>e</sup>braves him on the place's <sup>f</sup>privilege,  
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

*Som.* By him that made me, I'll maintain my words  
On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard earl of Cambridge,  
For treason executed on our late king's days?

And by his treason stand'st not thou attained,  
Corrupted, and <sup>g</sup>exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

*Plan.* My father was attached, not attained,

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your <sup>h</sup>partaker Poole, and you yourself,

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this <sup>i</sup>apprehension:

Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

*Som.* <sup>j</sup>Ah! thou shalt find us ready for thee still,

And know us by these colors for thy foes;

For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

*Plan.* And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As <sup>k</sup>cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,

Until it wither with me in my grave,

Or flourish to the height of my degree.

*Suf.* Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition:

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

*Som.* Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious  
Richard. [Exit.

*Plan.* How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure  
it! [house,

*War.* This blot, that they object against your

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,

Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;

And if thou be not then crested York,

I will not live to be accounted Warwick.

Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,

Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,

Will I upon thy party wear this rose.

And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,

Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,

Shall send, between the red rose and the white,

<sup>l</sup>Ten thousand souls to death and deadly night.

*Plan.* Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That on my behalf would pluck a flower.

*Ver.* In your behalf still will I wear the same.

*Law.* And so will I.

*Plan.* Thanks, gentle sir:

Come, let us four to dinner. I dare say,

This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, <sup>m</sup>blind, brought in a Chair by  
Two Keepers.

*Mor.* Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—

Even like a man new haled from the rack,

So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;

And these grey locks, the <sup>n</sup>pursuivants of death,

Nestor-like aged in <sup>o</sup>a cage of care,

Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,

Wax dim, as drawing to their <sup>p</sup>exigent:

Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,

And pitiless arms, like to a wither'd vine

<sup>d</sup>"Crestless yeomen," i. e., those who have no right to arms.—<sup>e</sup>The Temple, being a religious house, was a sanctuary.—<sup>f</sup>Excluded.—<sup>g</sup>"Partaker," i. e., accomplice.—

<sup>h</sup>Opinion.—<sup>i</sup>Badge.—<sup>k</sup>Pursuivants are officers who attend on herads.—<sup>l</sup>End.

That droops his sapless branches to the ground :  
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,  
Unable to support this lump of clay,  
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
As witting I no other comfort have.—  
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

1 *Keeper*. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come :  
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber,  
And answer was return'd that he will come.

<sup>1</sup> [*Exit Keeper*.]

*Mor*. Enough ; my soul shall then be satisfied.—  
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.  
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,  
Before whose glory I was great in arms,  
This loathsome sequestration have I had ;  
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,  
Depriv'd of honor and inheritance :  
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,  
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.  
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,  
That so he might recover what was lost.

*Enter* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, <sup>2</sup> and *Keeper*.

1 *Keeper*. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

*Mor*. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come ?

*Plan*. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,  
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

*Mor*. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,  
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.

O ! tell me, when my lips do touch his <sup>3</sup> cheek,  
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,  
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd ?

*Plan*. First, lean thine aged back against mine  
And in that ease I'll tell thee my <sup>a</sup> disease. [*arm*,  
This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me ;  
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,  
And did upbraid me with my father's death :

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,  
Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,  
In honor of a true Plantagenet,

And for alliance' sake, declare the cause

My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

*Mor*. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,  
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth  
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,  
Was curs'd instrument of his decease.

*Plan*. Discover more at large what cause that was :  
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

*Mor*. I will, if that my fading breath permit,  
And death approach not ere my tale be done.

Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,  
Depos'd his <sup>b</sup> nephew Richard, Edward's son,

The first-begotten, and the lawful heir

Of Edward, king the third of that descent :

During whose reign the Percies of the north,  
Finding his usurpation most unjust,

Endeavor'd my advancement to the throne.

The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,  
Was for that young king Richard thus remov'd,

(Leaving no heir begotten of his body)

I was the next by birth and parentage ;

For by my mother I deriv'd am

From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son

To king Edward the third, whereas he

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,

Being but fourth of that heroic line.

But mark : as, in this <sup>c</sup> haughty great attempt

They labored to plant the rightful heir,  
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.  
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,  
(Succeeding his father Bolingbroke) did reign,  
Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd  
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,  
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,  
Again, in pity of my hard distress,  
Levied an army, <sup>d</sup> weening to redeem,  
And have install'd me in the diadem ;  
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,  
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

*Plan*. Of which, my lord, your honor is the last.

*Mor*. True ; and thou seest, that I no issue have,  
And that my fainting words do warrant death.

Thou art my heir : the rest, I wish thee gather ;

But yet be wary in thy studious care.

*Plan*. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.  
But yet, methinks, my father's execution

Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

*Mor*. With silence, nephew, be thou politic :

Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,

And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.

But now thy uncle is removing hence,

As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd

With long continuance in a settled place.

*Plan*. O, uncle ! would some part of my young years  
Might but redeem the passage of your age.

*Mor*. Thou dost, then, wrong me ; as the slaugh-  
terer doth,

Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;

Only, give order for my funeral.

And so farewell ; and fair be all thy hopes,

And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war !

[*Dies*.]

*Plan*. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul !

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,

And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—

Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast ;

And what I do imagine, let that rest.—

Keepers, convey him hence ; and I myself

Will see his burial better than his life.—

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out* MORTIMER.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,

Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort :

And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,

Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,

I doubt not but with honor to redress ;

And therefore haste I to the parliament,

Either to be restored to my blood,

Or make <sup>4</sup> my will th' advancer of my good. [*Exit*.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. The Parliament-House.

*Flourish*. *Enter* King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER,  
WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK ; the Bishop  
of WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and  
others. GLOSTER offers to put up a <sup>a</sup> Bill ; WIN-  
CHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

*Win*. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,  
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd ?

Humphrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,

Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,

Do it without invention, suddenly ;

As I with sudden and extemporal speech

<sup>a</sup> Uneasiness ; discontent.—<sup>b</sup> Nephew is here used for cousin.  
<sup>c</sup> High ; lofty.

<sup>d</sup> Thinking.—<sup>e</sup> " A Bill," i. e., articles of accusation.

Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

*Glo.* Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,

Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonor'd me.

Think not, although in writing I prefer

The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,

That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able

*Verbatim* to rehearse the method of my pen:

No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,

Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,

As very infants prattle of thy pride.

Thou art a most pernicious usurer,

Forward by nature, enemy to peace;

Lascivious, wanton, more than well becoms

A man of thy profession, and degree:

And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,

In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,

As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?

Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,

The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt

From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

*Win.* Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, ambitious, proud,

As he will have me, how am I so poor?

Or how haps it, I seek not to advance

Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?

And for dissension, who preserveth peace

More than I do, except I be provok'd?

No, my good lords, it is not that offends;

It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:

It is, because no one should sway but he;

No one but he should be about the king;

And that engenders thunder in his breast,

And makes him roar these accusations forth.

But he shall know, I am as good——

*Glo.* As good? Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

*Win.* Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,

But one imperious in another's throne?

*Glo.* Am I not the protector, saucy priest?

*Win.* And am not I a prelate of the church?

*Glo.* Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,

And useth it to patronage his theft.

*Win.* Unreverent Gloster!

*Glo.* Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

*Win.* Rome shall remedy this.

*War.* Room thither then.

My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

*Som.* Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Methinks, my lord should be religious,

And know the office that belongs to such.

*War.* Methinks, his lordship should be humbler:

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

*Som.* Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

*War.* State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his grace protector to the king?

*Plan.* Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;

<sup>3</sup>[*Aside.*

Lest he be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

*K. Hen.* Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,

The special watchmen of our English weal,

I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity.

O! what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye should jar.

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,

Civil dissension is a viperous worm,

That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[*A noise within: Down with the lawney coats!*

What tumult's this?

*War.* An uproar, I dare warrant,  
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again: Stones! Stones!*

*Enter the Mayor of London, and some Citizens.*

*May.* O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,

Pity the city of London, pity us!

The bishop's and the duke of Gloster's men,

Forbidden late to carry any weapon,

Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;

And banding themselves in contrary parts,

Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,

That many have their giddy brains knock'd out.

Our windows are broke down in every street,

And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER, and*

*WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.*

*K. Hen.* We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,

To hold your slaughtering hands, and keep the peace.

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

*1 Serv.* Nay, if we be

Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

*2 Serv.* Do what ye dare; we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

*Glo.* You, of my household, leave this peevish broil,

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

*1 Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man

Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,

Inferior to none but to his majesty;

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,

So kind a father of the commonweal,

To be disgraced by an ink-horn mate,

We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,

And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

*3 Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails

Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[*Skirmish again.*

*Glo.* Stay, stay!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,

Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

*K. Hen.* O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold

My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?

Who should be pitiful, if you be not?

Or who should study to preserve a peace,

If holy churchmen take delight in broils? [ter;

*War.* Yield, lord protector; and yield, Winches-

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,

To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.

You see what mischief, and what murder too,

Hath been enacted through your enmity;

Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

*Win.* He shall submit, or I will never yield.

*Glo.* Compassion on the king commands me stoop;

Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest

Should ever get that privilege of me.

*War.* Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,

As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:

Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

*Glo.* Here, Winchester; I offer thee my hand.

<sup>10</sup>[*Winchester refuses it.*

*K. Hen.* Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you

preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin;

And will not you maintain the thing you teach,

But prove a chief offender in the same?

*War.* Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly b'gird.

For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent:

<sup>a</sup> "An inkhorn mate," i. e., a bookish person; a pedant.

<sup>b</sup> "Hath a kindly gird," i. e., feels an emotion of kindness.



What! shall a child instruct you what to do?

*Win.* Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;  
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

<sup>1</sup> [*Gives his hand.*]

*Glo.* Ay; but I fear me, with a hollow heart.

[*Aside.*]

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;

This token serveth for a flag of truce,  
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers.

So help me God, as I dissemble not!

*Win.* So help me God, as I intend it not! [*Aside.*]

*K. Hen.* O, loving uncle, and kind duke of Gloster,  
How joyful am I made by this contract!—

Away, my masters: trouble us no more,  
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern  
affords.

[*Exeunt Mayor, 2 Citizens, Servants, &c.*]

*War.* Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,  
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet

We do exhibit to your majesty. [*prince,*

*Glo.* Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick:—for, sweet

And if your grace mark every circumstance,  
You have great reason to do Richard right;  
Especially for those occasions

At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

*K. Hen.* And those occasions, uncle, were of force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,

That Richard be restored to his blood.

*War.* Let Richard be restored to his blood;

So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

*Win.* As will the rest, so willet Winchester.

*K. Hen.* If Richard will be true, not that alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give,

That doth belong unto the house of York,

From whence you spring by lineal descent.

*Plan.* Thy <sup>3</sup> honor'd servant vows obedience,

And humble service, till the point of death.

*K. Hen.* Stoop then, and set your knee against  
my foot;

And in <sup>4</sup> requerdon of that duty done,

I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,

And rise created princely duke of York.

*Plan.* And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall:

And as my duty springs, so perish they

That grudge one thought against your majesty.

*All.* Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of  
York!

*Som.* Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!

[*Aside.*]

*Glo.* Now will it best avail your majesty,

To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France.

The presence of a king engenders love

Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends,

As it disseminates his enemies. [*goes;*

*K. Hen.* When Gloster says the word, king Henry  
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

*Glo.* Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but EXETER.*]

*Eze.* Ay, we may march in England, or in France,  
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.

This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,

Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,

And will at last break out into a flame:

As fester'd members rot but by degrees,

Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,

So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy,

Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—

That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all,

And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:

Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish

His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen.

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed  
like Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.*

*Puc.* These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,  
Through which our policy must make a breach.  
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;  
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,  
That come to gather money for their corn.

If we have entrance, (as I hope we shall)

And that we find the slothful watch but weak,

I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,

That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

I *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;

Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*]

*Guard.* [*Within.*] *Qui est là?*

*Puc.* *Païsans, les pauvres gens de France;*

Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

*Guard.* Enter; go in: the market-bell is rung.

<sup>4</sup> [*Opening the gates.*]

*Puc.* Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the  
ground. [*PUCELLE, &c. enter the City.*]

*Enter CHARLES, Bastard of ORLEANS, ALENÇON,  
and Forces.*

*Char.* Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem,

And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

*Bast.* Here enter'd Pucelle, and her <sup>5</sup> practisants.

Now she is there, how will she specify

Where is the best and safest passage in?

*Alen.* By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;

Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,—

No way to <sup>6</sup> that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter LA PUCELLE on a Battlement, holding out a  
Torch burning.*

*Puc.* Behold! this is the happy wedding torch,

That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,

But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

*Bast.* See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;

The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

*Char.* Now shine it like a comet of revenge,

A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

*Alen.* Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends:

Enter, and cry *The Dauphin!* presently,

And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*]

*Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and English Soldiers.*

*Tal.* France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy

If Talbot but survive thy treachery. [*tears,*

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,

Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,

That hardly we escap'd the <sup>7</sup> pride of France.

[*Exeunt to the Town.*]

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, BED-  
FORD, brought in sick in a Chair, with TALBOT,  
BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then, enter*

*on the Walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard,*

*ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.*

*Puc.* Good morrow, gallants. Want ye corn for

I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast, [*bread?*

Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

<sup>8</sup> 'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?

<sup>9</sup> "Practisants," i. e., confederates in stratagems.—<sup>10</sup> "No  
way to that," i. e., no way equal to that.—<sup>11</sup> "The pride," i. e.,  
the haughty power.

<sup>a</sup> Recompense.—<sup>b</sup> "Breed," i. e., propagate itself.

*Bur.* Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan!  
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,  
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

*Char.* Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

*Bed.* O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this [treason.

*Puc.* What will you do, good grey-beard? break  
And run a tilt at death within a chair? [a lance,

*Tal.* Foul fiend of France, and hag of hell's de-  
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours, [spite,

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,  
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,  
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame. [peace:

*Puc.* Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy  
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*Talbot, and the rest, consult together.*

God speed the parliament! who shall 'be speaker?

*Tal.* Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

*Puc.* Beshke, your lordship takes us then for fools,  
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

*Tal.* I speak not to that railing Hecate,  
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

*Alen.* Signior, no.

*Tal.* Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!  
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,

And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

*Puc.* Away, captains! let's get us from the walls,  
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.—

God be wi' you, my lord: we came, but to tell you  
That we are here.

[*Excunt LA PUCELLE, &c. from the Walls.*

*Tal.* And there will we be too, ere it be long,  
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame.—

Vow, Burgundy, by honor of thy house,  
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,

Either to get the town again, or die;  
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,

And as his father here was conqueror,  
As sure as in this late betray'd town

Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,  
So sure I swear to get the town, or die.

*Bur.* My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

*Tal.* But ere we go, regard this dying prince,  
The valiant duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,

We will bestow you in some better place,  
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

*Bed.* Lord Talbot, do not so dishonor me:  
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,

And will be partner of your weal, or woe. [you.

*Bur.* Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade  
*Bed.* Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,

That stout Pendaragon, in his litter, sick,  
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.

Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,  
Because I ever found them as myself.

*Tal.* Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—  
Then, be it so:—heavens keep old Bedford safe!—

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,  
But gather we our forces out of hand,

And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Excunt BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces, leav-  
ing BEDFORD, and others.*

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE,*

*and a Captain.*

*Cap.* Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such  
haste?

*Fast.* Whither away? to save myself by flight:  
We are like to have the overthrow again.

*Cap.* What? will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

*Fast.* Ay,

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

*Cap.* Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

*Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, LA*

*PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c. and exeunt,  
flying.*

*Bed.* Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,  
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,  
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.*

*Alarums. Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.*

*Tal.* Lost, and recover'd in a day again!

This is 'double honor, Burgundy;  
Yet heavens have glory for this victory.

*Bur.* Warlike and 'matchless Talbot, Burgundy  
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects

Thy noble deeds, as valor's monument. [now?

*Tal.* Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle  
I think her old familiar is asleep: [gleeks?

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his  
What, all 'a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some 'order in the town,  
Placing therein some expert officers,

And then depart to Paris to the king;  
For there young Henry with his nobles lies.

*Bur.* What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

*Tal.* But yet, before we go, let's not forget  
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,

But see his 'exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:  
A braver soldier never couched lance,

A gentler heart did never sway in court;  
But kings, and mightiest potentates must die,

For that's the end of human misery. [*Excunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. The Plains near the City.

*Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENÇON, LA*

*PUCELLE, and Forces.*

*Puc.* Dismay not, princes, at this accident,  
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remedied.

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,  
And like a peacock sweep along his tail,

We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,  
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

*Char.* We have been guided by thee hitherto,  
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:

One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

*Bast.* Search out thy wit for secret policies,  
And we will make thee famous through the world.

*Alen.* We'll set thy statue in some holy place,  
And have thee reverence'd like a blessed saint:

Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

*Puc.* Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise.

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,  
We will entice the duke of Burgundy

To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

*Char.* Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,  
France were no place for Henry's warriors;

Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
But be 'extirpated from our provinces. [France,

*Alen.* For ever should they be 'expuls'd from  
And not have title of an earldom here.

*Puc.* Your honors shall perceive how I will work,

'Scoffs.—b "All a-mort," i.e., quite cast down.—c "Take  
some order," i.e., make some necessary dispositions.—d Fu-

neral rites.—e Extirpated; rooted out.—f Expelled.

To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drums heard afar off.*]

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive  
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over, TALBOT  
and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colors spread,  
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY  
and Forces.

Now, in the rearward comes the duke, and his:  
Fortune in favor makes him lag behind.  
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*]

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,  
Stay; let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,  
And see <sup>1</sup>her cities and her towns defac'd  
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her <sup>2</sup>lovely babe,

When death doth close his tender dying eyes,

See, see, the pining malady of France:

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,

Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.

O! turn thy edged sword another way;

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.

One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,

And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,  
Or nature makes me suddenly relent. [thee,

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on  
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then but English Henry will be lord,

And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,

Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe,

And was he not in England prisoner?

But, when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free, without his ransom paid,

In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.

See, then, thou tightest against thy countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord:

Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty words of  
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot, [hers

And made me almost yield upon my knees.—

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:

My forces and my power of men are yours.—

So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!  
<sup>3</sup>[*Aside.*]

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes  
us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,  
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,  
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Paris. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords,  
VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, and  
some of his Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honorable peers,  
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,  
I have a while given truce unto my wars,  
To do my duty to my sovereign:  
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd  
To your obedience fifty fortresses,  
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,  
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—  
Lays fall his sword before your highness' feet;  
And with submissive loyalty of heart,  
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,  
First to <sup>4</sup>his God, and next unto your grace.

K. Ken. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,  
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious  
When I was young, (as yet I am not old) [lord.

I do remember how my father said,  
A stouter champion never handled sword.

Long since we were <sup>5</sup>resolved of <sup>6</sup>that truth,

Your faithful service, and your toil in war;

Yet never have you tasted our reward,

Or been <sup>7</sup>reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,

Because till now we never saw your face:

Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,

We hero create you earl of Shrewsbury,

And in our coronation take your place.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King HENRY, GLOSTER,*

TALBOT, and Nobles.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
Disgracing of these <sup>8</sup>colors, that I wear

In honor of my noble lord of York,

Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage

The envious barking of your saucy tongue

Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honor as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Striking him.*]

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,

That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,

Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave

I may have liberty to vengeance this wrong,

When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;

And after meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room of State.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

<sup>6</sup>[*Sound Trumpets.*]

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[*Governor kneels.*]

<sup>5</sup>Convinced.—<sup>7</sup>Rewarded.—<sup>8</sup>“These colors,” i. e., the badge of a rose.

That you elect no other king but him,  
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends,  
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend—  
Malicious practices against his state:  
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[*Exeunt Gov. and his Tram.*]

*Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.*

*Fast.* My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,  
To haste unto your coronation,  
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,  
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

[*Gives it.*]

*Tal.* Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!  
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,  
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg;

[*Plucking it off.*]

Which I have done, because unworthily  
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—  
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest.  
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,  
When but in all I was six thousand strong,  
And that the French were almost ten to one,  
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,  
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:  
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;  
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,  
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.  
Then, judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;  
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear  
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no?

*Glo.* To say the truth, <sup>2</sup>his fact was infamous,  
And ill beseeeming any common man,  
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

*Tal.* When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,  
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,  
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,  
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;  
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,  
But always resolute in worst extremes.  
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,  
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,  
Profaning this most honorable order;  
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)  
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain  
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

*K. Hen.* Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st  
thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight.  
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

[*Exit FASTOLFE.*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter  
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy. [*His style?*]  
*Glo.* What means his grace, that he hath chang'd  
No more but, plain and bluntly,—“To the king!”

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Portend some alteration in good will? [*cause,—*  
What's here? [*Reads.*] “I have upon especial  
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,  
“Together with the pitiful complaints

“Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

“Forsaken your perniciuous faction, [*France.*”

“And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of  
O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so?  
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

*K. Hen.* What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

*Glo.* He doth, my lord; and is become <sup>3</sup>thy foe.

*K. Hen.* Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

*Glo.* It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

*K. Hen.* Why then, lord Talbot, there, shall talk  
with him,  
And give him chastisement for this abuse.—

How say you, my lord? are you not content?

*Tal.* Content, my liege? Yes; but that I'm <sup>4</sup>pre-  
vented,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

*K. Hen.* Then gather strength, and march unto  
him straight.

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;

And what offence it is to flout his friends.

*Tal.* I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,  
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*]

*Enter VERNON and BASSET.*

*Ver.* Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

*Bass.* And me, my lord; grant me the combat too!

*York.* This is my servant: bear him, noble prince.

*Som.* And this is mine: sweet Henry, favor him.

*K. Hen.* Be patient, lords, and give them leave to  
speak.—

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

*Ver.* With him, my lord; for he hath done me  
wrong.

*Bass.* And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

*K. Hen.* What is that wrong whereof you both  
complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

*Bass.* Crossing the sea from England into France,

This fellow, here, with envious carping tongue

Upbraided me about the rose I wear;

Saying, the sanguine color of the leaves

Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,

When stubbornly he did <sup>5</sup>repugn the truth,

About a certain question in the law,

Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;

With other vile and ignominious terms:

In confutation of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my lord's worthiness,

I crave the benefit of law of arms.

*Ver.* And that is my petition, <sup>6</sup>royal lord:

For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,

Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,

And he first took exceptions at this badge,

Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower

<sup>7</sup>Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

*York.* Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

*Som.* Your private grudge, my lord of York, will

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. [*Out,*

*K. Hen.* Good Lord! what madness runs in brain-  
sick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,

Such factious emulations <sup>8</sup>still arise.—

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

*York.* Let this dissension first be tried by fight,

And then your highness shall command a peace.

*Som.* The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.

*York.* There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

*Ver.* Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

*Bass.* Confirm it so, mine honorable lord.

*Glo.* Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife,

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!

Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,

With this immodest clamorous outrage

To trouble and disturb the king and us?

And you, my lords, methinks, you do not well,

To bear with their perverse objections;

Much less to take occasion from their mouths

\* Intend; design.—<sup>b</sup> Mean; dastardly.—<sup>c</sup> High-spirited.

<sup>d</sup> Anticipated.—<sup>e</sup> Resist.—<sup>f</sup> Discovered.

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves :

Let me persuade you take a better course. [friends.

*Exc.* It grieves his highness : good my lords, be  
*K. Hen.* Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favor,  
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—  
And you, my lords, remember where we are ;  
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.  
If they perceive dissension in our looks,  
And that within ourselves we disagree,  
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd  
To wilful disobedience, and rebel ?  
Beside, what infamy will there arise,  
When foreign princes shall be certified,  
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,  
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France ?  
O ! think upon the conquest of my father,  
My tender years ; and let us not forego  
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.  
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.  
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[*Putting on a red Rose.*

That any one should therefore be suspicious  
I more incline to Somerset than York :  
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.  
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,  
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.  
But your discretions better can persuade,  
Than I am able to instruct or teach :  
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,  
So let us still continue peace and love.—  
Cousin of York, we institute your grace  
To be our regent in these parts of France :  
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite  
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;  
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,  
Go cheerfully together, and digest  
Your angry choler on your enemies.  
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,  
After some respite, will return to Calais ;  
From thence to England ; where I hope ere long  
To be presented by your victories  
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Execut King Henry, Glo., Som.,  
Win., Sup., and Basset.*

*War.* My lord of York, I promise you, the king  
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

*York.* And so he did ; but yet I like it not,  
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

*War.* Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not ;  
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

*York.* And, if I <sup>a</sup> wist he did,—But let it rest ;  
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Execut York, Warwick, and Vernon.*

*Exc.* Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy  
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out, [voice ;  
I fear, we should have seen decipher'd there  
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,  
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.  
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees  
This jarring discord of nobility,  
This shoudering of each other in the court,  
This factious bandying of their favorites,  
But that it doth presage some ill event.  
Tis <sup>b</sup> much, when sceptres are in children's hands,  
But more, when <sup>c</sup> envy breeds <sup>d</sup> unkind division :  
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*

<sup>a</sup> "If I wist he did," i. e., if I thought he did.—<sup>b</sup> "Tis much," i. e., 'tis an alarming circumstance.—<sup>c</sup> Malice.—<sup>d</sup> Unnatural.

SCENE II.—France. Before Bourdeaux.

*Enter Talbot, with his Forces.*

*Tal.* Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter :  
Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the  
General of the French Forces, and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,  
Servant in arms to Harry king of England ;  
And thus he would.—Open your city gates,  
Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,  
And do him homage as obedient subjects,  
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power ;  
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;  
Who, in a moment, even with the earth  
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,  
If you forsake the offer of their love.

*Gen.* Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge,  
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.  
On us thou canst not enter but by death ;  
For, I protest, we are well fortified,  
And strong enough to issue out and fight :  
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,  
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.  
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd  
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,  
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,  
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil.  
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.  
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,  
To <sup>e</sup>rive their dangerous artillery  
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.  
Lo ! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,  
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit :  
This is the latest glory of thy praise,  
That I, thy enemy, <sup>f</sup>due thee withal ;  
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,  
Finish the process of his sandy hour,  
These eyes, that see thee now well colored,  
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark ! hark ! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,  
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul ;  
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Execut General, &c., from the walls.*

*Tal.* He fables not ; I hear the enemy.—  
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—  
O, negligent and heedless discipline !  
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale !  
A little herd of England's timorous deer,  
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs !  
If we be English deer, be then in <sup>g</sup>blood ;  
Not <sup>h</sup>rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,  
But rather moody mad, and desperate stags,  
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,  
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay :  
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,  
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—  
God, and Saint George, Talbot, and England's right,  
Prosper our colors in this dangerous fight !

[*Execut.*

SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony.

*Enter York, with Forces ; to him, a Messenger.*

*York.* Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,  
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin ?

<sup>e</sup> "To rive," i. e., to discharge.—<sup>f</sup> Endue.—<sup>g</sup> "Be then in blood," i. e., be then in high spirits.—<sup>h</sup> A rascal deer is the term of chase for a lean, poor deer.

*Moss.* They are return'd, my lord; and give it out, That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power, To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along, By your \*espials were discovered Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led, Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

*York.* A plague upon that villain Somerset, That thus delays my promised supply Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege! Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid, And I am <sup>b</sup>lowed by a traitor villain, And cannot help the noble chevalier. God comfort him in this necessity! If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.*

*Lucy.* Thou princely leader of our English strength, Never so needful on the earth of France, Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot, Who now is girdled with a waist of iron, And hemm'd about with grim destruction. To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York! Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honor.

*York.* O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place! So should we save a valiant gentleman, By forfeiting a traitor and a coward. Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep, That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

*Lucy.* O, send some succor to the distress'd lord!

*York.* He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word: We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get; All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset. [soul!]

*Lucy.* Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's And on his son, young John; whom two hours since I met in travel toward his warlike father. This seven years did not Talbot see his son, And now they meet where both their lives are done.

*York.* Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have, To bid his young son welcome to his grave? Away! vexation almost stops my breath, That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can, But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away, 'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

[*Exit YORK with his Forces.*]

*Lucy.* Thus, while the vulture of sedition Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders, Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror, That ever-living man of memory, Henry the fifth. Whiles they each other cross, Lives, honors, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.—Other Plains of Gascony.

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Army; an Officer of TALBOT'S with him.*

*Som.* It is too late; I cannot send them now. This expedition was by York, and Talbot, Too rashly plotted: all our general force Might with a sally of the very town Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot Hath sullied all his gloss of former honor, By this unheeded, desperate, wild adventure. York set him on to fight, and die in shame, That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

*Off.* Here is sir William Lucy, who with me Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.*

*Som.* How now, sir William! whither were you sent? [lord Talbot;]

*Lucy.* Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Who, <sup>c</sup>ring'd about with bold adversity, Cries out for noble York and Somerset, To beat assailing death from his weak legions: And whiles the honorable captain there Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs, And, in advantage <sup>d</sup>lingering, looks for rescue, You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honor, Keep off aloof with worthless <sup>e</sup>emulation. Let not your private discord keep away The levied succors that should lend him aid, While he, renowned noble gentleman, Yields up his life unto a world of odds. Orleans, the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy, Alençon, Reignier, compass him about, And Talbot perisheth by your default. [aid.]

*Som.* York set him on, York should have sent him

*Lucy.* And York as fast upon your grace exclaims; Swearing that you withhold his levied host, Collected for this expedition. [horse.]

*Som.* York lies: he might have sent and had the I owe him little duty, and less love, And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

*Lucy.* The fraud of England, not the force of France,

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot! Never to England shall he bear his life, But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

*Som.* Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen Within six hours they will be at his aid. [straight:]

*Lucy.* Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, or slain, For fly he could not, if he would have fled, And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

*Som.* If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

*Lucy.* His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE V.—The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

*Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.*

*Tal.* O young John Talbot! I did send for thee, To tutor thee in stratagems of war, That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd, When sapless age, and weak unable limbs, Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.

But,—O, malignant and ill-boding stars!—Now thou art come unto a feast of death, A terrible and unavoids danger: Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse, And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape By sudden flight. Come, dally not; begone.

*John.* Is my name Talbot? and am I your son? And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother, Dishonor not her honorable name, To make a bastard, and a slave of me: The world will say he is not Talbot's blood, That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

*Tal.* Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.

*John.* He that flies so will ne'er return again.

*Tal.* If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

*John.* Then let me stay; and father, do you fly: Your loss is great, so your regard should be; My worth unknown, no loss is known in me. Upon my death the French can little boast, In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost. Flight cannot stain the honor you have won,

<sup>c</sup> "Environné," <sup>d</sup> "In advantage lingering," i. e., protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post. — <sup>e</sup> "Worthless emulation," i. e., envious rivalry. — <sup>f</sup> "Unavoidable." — <sup>g</sup> "Your regard," i. e., your care of your own safety.

\* Spies. — <sup>b</sup> Baffled; vanquished.

But mine it will, that no exploit have done :

You fled for vantage every one will swear,

But if I fly, they'll say it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will stay,

If the first hour I shrink, and run away.

Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,

Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

*Tal.* Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb ?

*John.* Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

*Tal.* Upon my blessing I command thee go.

*John.* To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

*Tal.* Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

*John.* No part of him but will be shamed in me.

*Tal.* Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it. [it ?]

*John.* Yes, your renowned name : shall flight abuse

*Tal.* Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

*John.* You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly. [die ?]

*Tal.* And leave my followers here, to fight, and my age was never tainted with such shame.

*John.* And shall my youth be guilty of such blame ?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Then can yourself in twain divide :

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I ;

For live I will not, if my father die.

*Tal.* Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son, Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die, And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [Exit.

#### SCENE VI.—A Field of Battle.

*Alarum ; Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

*Tal.* Saint George and victory ! fight, soldiers, fight !

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,

And left us to the rage of France's sword.

Where is John Talbot ?—pause and take thy breath ; I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

*John.* O, twice my father ! twice am I thy son :

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done ;

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,

To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

*Tal.* When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,

It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire

Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,

Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,

And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.

The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood

From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood

Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,

And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood ; and, in disgrace,

Bespoke him thus : " Contaminated, base,

And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,

Mean and right poor ; for that pure blood of mine,

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy :"—

Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,

Art thou not weary, John ? How dost thou fare ?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,

Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry ?

Fly to revenge my death, when I am dead ;

The help of one stands me in little stead.

O ! too much folly is it, well I wot,

\* Appointed ; limited.

To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,

To-morrow I shall die with mickle age :

By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,

'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day :

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,

My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.

All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay ;

All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away. [smart ;

*John.* The sword of Orleans hath not made me

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,

(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame)

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,

The coward horse that bears me fall and die !

And b like me to the peasant boys of France,

To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance !

Surely, by all the glory you have won,

An if I fly I am not Talbot's son :

Then, talk no more of flight, it is no boot,

If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

*Tal.* Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,

Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet :

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,

And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [Exit.

#### SCENE VII.—Another part of the Same.

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a 2 Soldier.*

*Tal.* Where is my other life ?—mine own is gone :

O, where's young Talbot ? where is valiant John ?—

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,

Young Talbot's valor makes me smile at thee.—

When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,

His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,

And like a hungry lion did commence

Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience ;

But when my angry guardant stood alone,

Tendering my ruin, and assail'd of none,

Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,

Suddenly made him from my side to start

Into the clust'ring battle of the French :

And in that sea of blood my boy did drench

His overmounting spirit ; and there died

My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

*Enter Soldiers, bearing the Body of JOHN TALBOT.*

*3 Sold.* O, my dear lord ! lo, where your son is borne ! [to scorn,

*Tal.* Thou antick, death, which laugh'st us here

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,

Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,

Two Talbots, winged through the <sup>4</sup>lither sky,

In thy despite shall scape mortality.—

O ! thou whose wounds become hard-favor'd death,

Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath :

Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no ;

Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—

Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks ; as who should say,

Had death been French, then death had died to-day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms.

My spirit can no longer bear these harms.

Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [Dies.

*Alarums. Exit 4 Soldiers, leaving the two Bodies.*

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard,*

*LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

*Char.* Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,

b " Like me," i. e., reduce me to a level with.—c " Tendering my ruin," i. e., watching me with tenderness in my fall.

—d Flexible ; yielding.

We should have found a bloody day of this.

*Bast.* How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging  
"wood,

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

*Puc.* Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,  
"Thou maiden youth be vanquish'd by a maid:"

But with a proud, majestic high scorn,  
He answered thus: "Young Talbot was not born

To be the pillage of a <sup>b</sup>giglot wench."

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight. [knight.

*Bur.* Doubtless, he would have made a noble  
Sec, where he lies inlensed in the arms

<sup>1</sup>Of the still bleeding nurser of his harms. [der,

*Bast.* Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asun-  
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

*Char.* O, no! forbear; for that which we have fled  
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended; a French Her-  
ald preceding.*

*Lucy.* Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,  
To know who <sup>2</sup>hath the glory of the day.

*Chor.* On what submissive message art thou sent?

*Lucy.* Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French  
word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,

And to survey the bodies of the dead.

*Char.* For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.  
<sup>3</sup>But tell me briefly whom thou seekest now.

*Lucy.* But where's the great Alcides of the field,  
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?

Creoted, for his rare success in arms,

Grent earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,

Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Shef-

The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge; [field,

Knight of the noble order of St. George,

Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece;

Great marshal to Henry the sixth

Of all his wars within the <sup>4</sup>realms of France?

*Puc.* Here is a silly stately style indeed!

The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,

Writes not so tedious a style as this,—

Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,

Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

*Lucy.* Is Talbot slain? the Frenchman's only  
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?

O! were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,

That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.

O! that I could but call these dead to life,

It were enough to fright the realm of France.

Were but his picture left among you here,

It would <sup>5</sup>amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies, <sup>6</sup>that I bear them forth,

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

*Puc.* I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.

For God's sake, let him have 'em; <sup>7</sup>keep them here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

*Char.* Go, take their bodies hence.

*Lucy.* I'll bear them hence:

But from their <sup>7</sup>very ashes shall be rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afear'd.

*Char.* So we be rid of them, <sup>8</sup>do what thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:

All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.*

*K. Hen.* Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,  
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

*Glo.* I have, my lord; and their intent is this:—  
They humbly sue unto your excellence,

To have a godly peace concluded of  
Between the realms of England and of France.

*K. Hen.* How doth your grace affect their motion?

*Glo.* Well, my good lord; and as the only means  
To stop effusion of <sup>9</sup>much Christian blood,

And 'stablish quietness on every side.

*K. Hen.* Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,  
It was both impious and unnatural,

That such <sup>4</sup>immanity and bloody strife

Should reign among professors of one faith.

*Glo.* Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,

And surer bind, this knot of amity,

The earl of Armagnac, near <sup>10</sup>kin to Charles,

A man of great authority in France,

Proffers his only daughter to your grace

In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

*K. Hen.* Marriage, uncle? alas! my years are  
And fitter is my study and my books, [young,

Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

Yet, call th' ambassadors; and, as you please,

So let them have their answers every one:

I shall be well content with any choice,

Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WIN-  
CHESTER, as a Cardinal.*

*Etc.* What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,

And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?

Then, I perceive that will be verified,

Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—

"If once he come to be a cardinal,

He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

*K. Hen.* My lords ambassadors, your several suits  
Have been consider'd and debated on.

Your purpose is both good and reasonable;

And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd,

To draw conditions of a friendly peace;

Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean

Shall be transported presently to France.

*Glo.* And for the proffer of my lord, your master,  
I have inform'd his highness so at large,

As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,

Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—

He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

*K. Hen.* In argument and proof of which contract,  
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—  
<sup>11</sup>[*Gives it.*

And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,

And safely brought to Dover; where, in shipp'd,

Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King HENRY and Train; GLOSTER,*

*EXETER, and Ambassadors.*

*Win.* Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive  
The sum of money, which I promised

Should be deliver'd to his holiness

For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

*Leg.* I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.  
<sup>12</sup>[*Exit.*

*Win.* Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.

Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,

That, neither in birth, or for authority,

<sup>a</sup> "Raging wood," i.e., raving mad.—<sup>b</sup> Wanton.—<sup>c</sup> Dismay.

<sup>d</sup> Inhumanity; cruelty.



The bishop will be overborne by thee :  
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,  
Or sack this country with a mutiny. <sup>1</sup>[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—France. Plains in Anjou.

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.*

*Char.* These news, my lords, may cheer our droop—  
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt, [ing spirits.  
And turn again unto the warlike French.

*Alen.* Then, march to Paris, royal Charles of France,  
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

*Puc.* Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us ;  
Else ruin combat with their palaces !

*Enter a Scout.*

*Scout.* Success unto our valiant general,  
And happiness to his accomplices ! [speak.

*Char.* What tidings send our scouts ? I prythee,

*Scout.* The English army, that divided was  
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,  
And means to give you battle presently.

*Char.* Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is ;  
But we will presently provide for them.

*Bur.* I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there :  
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

*Puc.* Of all base passions fear is most accus'd.—  
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine ;  
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

*Char.* Then on, my lords ; and France be fortunate !  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—The Same. Before Angiers.

*Alarums ; Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.*

*Puc.* The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen  
fly.—

Now help, ye charming spells, and <sup>a</sup>periapts ;  
An ye, choice spirits, that admonish me,  
And give me signs of future accidents : [Thunder.  
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
Under the lordly monarch of the north,  
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize !

*Enter Fiends.*

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof  
Of your accustomed diligence to me.  
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd  
Out of the powerful regions under earth,  
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk, and speak not.*]

O ! hold me now with silence over-long.

<sup>b</sup>Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,  
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,

In earnest of a farther benefit,  
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[*They hang their heads.*]

No hope to have redress ?—My body shall  
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,  
Entreat you to your wanted furtherance ?  
Then take my soul ; my body, soul, and all,  
Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*]

See ! they forsake me. Now the time is come,  
That France must <sup>c</sup>vail her lofty-plumed crest,  
And let her head fall into England's lap.  
My ancient incantations are too weak,  
And hell too strong for me to buckle with.  
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> Periapts were charms worn about the neck as preservatives from disease or danger.—<sup>b</sup> Whereas.—<sup>c</sup> "Vail," i. e., lower.

*Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting ; LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.*

*York.* Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast :  
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,  
And try if they can gain your liberty.—

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace !

See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,

As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

*Puc.* Chang'd to a worse shape thou canst not be.

*York.* O ! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man :

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

*Puc.* A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and  
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd [thee !

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds !

*York.* Fell, <sup>d</sup>banning hag ! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

*Puc.* I prythee, give me leave to curse a while.

*York.* Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in*

*Lady MARGARET.*

*Suf.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

O, fairest beauty ! do not fear, nor fly,  
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands :

I kiss these fingers [Kissing her hand] for eternal  
And lay them gently on thy tender side. [peace,

Who art thou ? say, that I may honor thee.

*Mar.* Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,  
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

*Suf.* An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,

Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,

Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*]

O, stay !—I have no power to let her go :

My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy <sup>3</sup>stream,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

Fie, De la Poole ! <sup>e</sup>disable not thyself ;

Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy prisoner ?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?

Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,

Confounds the tongue, and <sup>f</sup>mocks the sense of touch.

*Mar.* Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,

What ransom must I pay before I pass ?

For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

*Suf.* How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,  
Before thou make a trial of her love ? [*Aside.*]

*Mar.* Why speak'st thou not ? what ransom must  
I pay ?

*Suf.* She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd ;  
She is a woman, therefore to be won. [*Aside.*]

*Mar.* Wilt thou accept a ransom, yea, or no ?

*Suf.* Fond man ! remember that thou hast a wife ;  
Then, how can Margaret be thy paramour ? [*Aside.*]

*Mar.* I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

*Suf.* There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling car.

*Mar.* He talks at random : sure, the man is mad.

*Suf.* And yet a dispensation may be had.

*Mar.* And yet I would that you would answer me.

*Suf.* I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom ?

Why, for my king : tush ! that's a wooden 'thing.

<sup>d</sup> Cursing.—<sup>e</sup> Dispraise ; impeach.—<sup>f</sup> "A wooden thing," i. e., an awkward business ; an undertaking not likely to succeed.

*Mar.* He talks of wood : it is some carpenter.

*Suf.* Yet so my <sup>a</sup> fancy may be satisfied, <sup>1</sup> [*Aside.*  
And peace established between these realms.  
But there remains a scruple in that, too ;  
For though her father be the king of Naples,  
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,  
And our nobility will scorn the match.

*Mar.* Hear ye, captain ? Are you not at leisure ?

*Suf.* It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much :

<sup>2</sup> [*Aside.*

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—

Madam, I have a secret to reveal. [*knight,*

*Mar.* What though I be enthralld ? he seems a  
And will not any way dishonor me. [*Aside.*

*Suf.* Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

*Mar.* Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French,  
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*

*Suf.* Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

*Mar.* Tush ! women have been captivate ere now.

[*Aside.*

*Suf.* Lady, <sup>3</sup> pray tell me, wherefore talk you so ?

*Mar.* I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid pro quo*.

*Suf.* Say, gentle princess, would you not <sup>4</sup> then  
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen ? [*between*

*Mar.* <sup>5</sup> A queen in bondage is more vile to me

Than is a slave in base servility,

For princes should be free.

*Suf.* And so shall you,  
If happy England's royal king be <sup>6</sup> true.

*Mar.* Why, what concerns his freedom unto me ?

*Suf.* I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen ;  
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,

And set a precious crown upon thy head,

If thou wilt condescend to be my—

*Mar.* What ?

*Suf.* His love.

*Mar.* I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

*Suf.* No, gentle madam ; I unworthy am

To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,

And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, madam ; are you so content ?

*Mar.* And if my father please, I <sup>7</sup> give consent.

*Suf.* Then, call our captains, and our colors forth !

And, madam, at your father's castle walls

We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*

*A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the Walls.*

*Suf.* See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.

*Reig.* To whom ?

*Suf.* To me.

*Reig.* Suffolk, what remedy ?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,

Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

*Suf.* Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord :

Consent, and for thy honor give consent,

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,

And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

*Reig.* Speak Suffolk as he thinks ?

*Suf.* Fair Margaret knows,

That Suffolk doth not flatter, <sup>8</sup> *face*, or feign.

*Reig.* Upon thy princely warrant I descend

To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit, from the Walls.*

*Suf.* And here I will expect thy coming <sup>9</sup> down.

*Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.*

*Reig.* Welcome, brave earl, into our territories :

Command in Anjou what your honor pleases.

*Suf.* Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,  
Fit to be made companion with a king :

What answer makes your grace unto my suit ?

*Reig.* Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,  
To be the princely bride of such a lord,  
Upon condition I may quietly  
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,  
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,  
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

*Suf.* That is her ransom, I deliver her ;  
And those two counties, I will undertake,  
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

*Reig.* And I again, in Henry's royal name,  
As deputy unto that gracious king,  
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

*Suf.* Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,  
Because this is in traffic of a king :

And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over, then, to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.

So, farewell, Reignier. Set this diamond safe

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

*Reig.* I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

*Mar.* Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise,  
and prayers,

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

*Suf.* Farewell, sweet madam ! But hark you,  
Margaret ;

No princely commendations to my king ?

*Mar.* Such commendations as become a maid,

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

*Suf.* Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again,—

No loving token to his majesty ?

*Mar.* Yes, my good lord ; a pure unspotted heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

*Suf.* And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

*Mar.* That for thyself : I will not so presume,

To send such <sup>10</sup> peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*

*Suf.* O, wert thou for myself !—But, Suffolk, stay ;

Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth :

There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.

Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise :

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,

<sup>11</sup> Mid natural graces that extinguish art ;

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,

That when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,

Thou may'st bemoan him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Camp of the Duke of YORK,  
in Anjou.

*Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.*

*York.* Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to  
burn.

*Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded ; and a Shepherd.*

*Shep.* Ah, Joan ! this kills thy father's heart out—  
Have I sought every country far and near, [*Right.*

And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

Must I behold thy <sup>12</sup> timeless cruel death ?

Ah, Joan ! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.

*Puc.* Decrepit <sup>13</sup> *miser* ! base ignoble wretch !

I am descended of a gentler blood :

Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine. [*so :*

*Shep.* Out, out !—My lords, an please you, 'tis not

I did beget her, all the parish knows :

Her mother liveth yet, can testify,

She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

*War.* Graceless ! wilt thou deny thy parentage ?

<sup>a</sup> Love.—<sup>b</sup> Think.—<sup>c</sup> "Face," i. e., play the hypocrite.

<sup>d</sup> Silly ; foolish.—<sup>e</sup> Untimely.—<sup>f</sup> *Miser*, here, simply means  
a miserable creature.

*York.* This argues what her kind of life hath been ;  
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

*Shep.* Fie, Joan ! that thou wilt be so <sup>a</sup> obstacle !  
God knows, thou art a <sup>b</sup> collop of my flesh,  
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear :  
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

*Puc.* Peasant, avaunt !—You have suborn'd this  
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

*Shep.* 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,  
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.  
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.—  
Wilt thou not stoop ? Now cursed be the time  
Of thy nativity ! I would, the milk  
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,  
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake ;  
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,  
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee.  
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab ?

O ! burn her, burn her : hanging is too good. [*Exit.*  
*York.* Take her away ; for she hath lived too long,  
To fill the world with vicious qualities. [*demn'd ;*

*Puc.* First, let me tell you whom you have con-  
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issu'd from the progeny of kings :  
Virtuous, and holy ; chosen from above,  
By inspiration of celestial grace,  
To work exceeding miracles on earth.  
I never had to do with wicked spirits :  
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it straight a thing impossible  
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.  
No ; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been  
A virgin from her tender infancy,  
Chaste and immaculate in very thought ;  
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,  
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

*York.* Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution !

*War.* And hark ye, sirs ; because she is a maid,  
Spare her for no fagots, let there be enow :  
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,  
That so her torture may be shortened.

*Puc.* Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts ?—  
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,  
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—  
I am with child, ye bloody homicides :  
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,  
Although ye hale me to a violent death. [*child ?*

*York.* Now, heaven forefend ! the holy maid with  
*War.* The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought !  
Is all your strict preciseness come to this ?

*York.* She and the Dauphin have been juggling :  
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

*War.* Well, go to : we will have no bastards live ;  
Especially, since Charles must father it.

*Puc.* You are deceiv'd ; my child is none of his :  
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

*York.* Alençon, that notorious Machiavel !  
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

*Puc.* O ! give me leave ; I have deluded you :  
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,  
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

*War.* A married man : that's most intolerable.

*York.* Why, here's a girl ! I think, she knows not  
There were so many, whom she may accuse. [*well,*

*War.* It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

*York.* And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—  
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee :  
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

*Puc.* Then lead me hence :—with whom I leave  
my curse.

May never glorious sun reflex his beams  
Upon the country where you make abode ;  
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death  
Environ you, till mischief, and despair  
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves !  
[*Exit, guarded.*

*York.* Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,  
Thou foul accursed minister of hell !

*Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, attended.*

*Car.* Lord regent, I do greet your excellence  
With letters of commission from the king.  
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,  
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,  
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace  
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;  
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,  
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

*York.* Is all our travail turn'd to this effect ?  
After the slaughter of so many peers,  
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,  
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,  
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,  
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?

Have we not lost most part of all the towns,  
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,  
Our great progenitors had conquered ?—  
O, Warwick, Warwick ! I foresee with grief  
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

*War.* Be patient, York ! if we conclude a peace,  
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,  
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended ; ALENÇON, Bastard.  
REIGNIER, and others.*

*Char.* Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,  
That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,  
We come to be informed by yourselves  
What the conditions of that league must be.

*York.* Speak, Winchester ; for boiling choler chokes  
The hollow passage of my <sup>1</sup> prison'd voice,  
By sight of these our <sup>2</sup> baleful enemies.

*Win.* Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus :—  
That, in regard king Henry gives consent,  
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,  
To ease your country of distressful war,  
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,  
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.  
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear  
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,  
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,  
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

*Alen.* Must he be then as shadow of himself ?  
Adorn his temples with a <sup>3</sup> coronet,  
And yet, in substance and authority,  
Retain but privilege of a private man ?  
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

*Char.* 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd  
With more than half the Gallian territories,  
And therein reverence'd for their lawful king :  
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,  
Deduct so much from that prerogative,  
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole ?  
No, lord ambassador ; I'll rather keep  
That which I have, than, coveting for more,  
Be cast from possibility of all. [*means*

*York.* Insulting Charles ! hast thou by secret  
Used intercession to obtain a league,  
And now the matter grows to compromise,  
Stand'st thou aloof upon <sup>2</sup> comparisons ?

<sup>a</sup> Obstinate.—<sup>b</sup> Child.

<sup>c</sup> Compassion ; pity.—<sup>d</sup> Baneful.—<sup>e</sup> *Coronet* is here used for crown.

Either accept the title thou usurp'st,  
Of benefit proceeding from our king,  
And not of any challenge of desert,  
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

*Reig.* My lord, you do not well in obstinacy  
To cavil in the course of this contract:  
If once it be neglected, ten to one,  
We shall not find like opportunity.

*Alen.* To say the truth, it is your policy  
[*Aside to CHARLES.*

To save your subjects from such massacre,  
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen  
By our proceeding in hostility;  
And, therefore take this compact of a truce,  
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

*War.* How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand? [terest

*Char.* It shall; only reserv'd, you claim no in-  
In any of our towns of garrison.

*York.* Then swear allegiance to his majesty;  
As thou art knight, never to disobey,  
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,  
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*CHARLES, and his Nobles, give tokens of fealty.*  
So; now dismiss your army when ye please:  
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,  
For here we 'interchange a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK;  
GLOSTER and EXETER following.*

*K. Hen.* Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,  
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:  
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,  
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;  
And like as rigor of tempestuous gusts  
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,  
So am I driven by breath of her renown,  
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive  
Where I may have fruition of her love.

*Suf.* Tush! my good Lord, this superficial tale  
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:  
The chief' perfections of that lovely dame,  
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)  
Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
Able to ravish any dull conceit.  
And, which is more, she is not so divine,  
So full replete with choice of all delights,  
But with as humble lowliness of mind,  
She is content to be at your command;  
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,  
To love and honor Henry as her lord.

*K. Hen.* And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.  
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,  
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

*Glo.* So should I give consent to flatter sin.  
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd  
Unto another lady of esteem;  
How shall we, then, dispense with that contract,  
And not deface your honor with reproach?

*Suf.* As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths:  
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd  
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
By reason of his adversary's odds.  
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,  
And therefore may be broke without offence. [that?

*Glo.* Why, what, I pray, is Margaret, more than  
Her father is no better than an earl,  
Although in glorious titles he excel?

*Suf.* Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,

The king of Naples and Jerusalem;  
And of such great authority in France,  
As his alliance will confirm our peace,  
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

*Glo.* And so the earl of Armagnac may do,  
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

*Exe.* Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,  
Where Reiguiet sooner will receive, than give.

*Suf.* A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,  
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,  
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,  
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.  
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,  
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.  
Marriage is a matter of more worth,  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:

Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,  
Must be companion of his nuptial bed;

And therefore, lords, since he affects her best,  
The most of all these reasons bindeth us,

In our opinions she should be preferred.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?

Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,  
But Margaret that is daughter to a king?

Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
Approves her fit for none but for a king:

Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,  
(More than in women commonly is seen)

Will answer our hope in issue of a king;

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,

Is likely to beget more conquerors,

If with a lady of so high resolve,

As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.

Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,  
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

*K. Hen.* Whether it be through force of your report  
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that

My tender youth was never yet attaint

With any passion of inflaming love,

I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,

I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,

Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,

As I am sick with working of my thoughts.

Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;

Agree to any covenants, and procure

That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come

To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd

King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.

For your expenses and sufficient charge,

Among the people gather up a tenth.

Be gone, I say; for till you do return,

I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—

And you, good uncle, banish all offence:

If you do censure me by what you were,

Not what you are, I know it will excuse

This sudden execution of my will.

And so conduct me, where from company

I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

*Glo.* Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.*

*Suf.* Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,

With hope to find the like event in love,

But prosper better than the Trojan did.

Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;

But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [*Exit.*

\* "At a triumph," i. e., at a tournament, mask, or revel.

b "By attorneyship," i. e., by the intervention of another man's choice.—c Judge.—d Sorrow.

# SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.



ACT I.—Scene 4.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.  
 HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, his Uncle.  
 CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester.<sup>1</sup>  
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.  
 EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.  
 DUKE OF SOMERSET,  
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK, } of the King's  
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, } Party.  
 LORD CLIFFORD,<sup>2</sup> and his Son, }  
 EARL OF SALISBURY, } of the York Faction.  
 EARL OF WARWICK, }  
 LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower. LORD  
 SAY. SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his  
 Brother. SIR JOHN STANLEY.  
 WALTER WHITMORE.

A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate.  
 Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with SUFFOLK.<sup>3</sup> VAUX.  
 HUME and SOUTHWELL, <sup>4</sup>Priests.  
 BOLINGBROKE, a Conjuror. A Spirit raised by him.  
 THOMAS HORNER, an Armorer. PETER, his  
 Man.  
 Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.  
 SIMPCOX, an Imposter. Two Murderers.  
 JACK CADE.<sup>5</sup>  
 GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH, the Weaver  
 MICHAEL, &c., <sup>6</sup>Cade's Followers.  
 ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.  
 MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.  
 ELEANOR, DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.  
 MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch. Wife to SIMPCOX.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; <sup>7</sup>Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers;  
 Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, <sup>8</sup>in various parts of England.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

*Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others, following.*

*Suf.* As by your high imperial majesty  
 I had in charge at my depart for France,  
 As procurator to your excellence,  
 To marry princess Margaret for your grace;  
 So, in the famous ancient city Tours,

In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,  
 The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and  
 Alençon, [bishops,  
 Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend  
 I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:  
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,  
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
 Deliver up my title in the queen  
 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance  
 Of that great shadow I did represent;  
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd. [Margaret:  
*K. Hen.* Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Mar-  
 I can express no kinder sign of love,  
 Than this kind kiss.—O Lord! that lends me life,  
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;

For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts. [lord,

*Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gracious  
The mutual conference that my mind hath had  
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,  
In courtly company, or at my beads,  
With you mine <sup>a</sup>alderlievest sovereign,  
Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,  
And over-joy of heart doth minister. [speech,

*K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish, but her grace in  
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys:  
Such is the fullness of my heart's content.  
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

*All.* Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

*Q. Mar.* We thank you all. [Flourish.

*Suf.* My lord protector, so it please your grace,  
Here are the articles of contracted peace,  
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,  
For eighteen months, concluded by consent.

*Glo.* [Reads.] "Imprimis: It is agreed between  
the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole,  
marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry, king of  
England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the  
lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of  
Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her  
queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next  
ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and  
the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered  
to the king her father"— [Pausing.

*K. Hen.* Uncle, how now?

*Glo.* Pardon me, gracious lord;  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no farther.

*K. Hen.* Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

*Car.* [Reads.] "Item: It is farther agreed between  
them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine  
shall be released and delivered over to the king  
her father; and she sent over of the king of Eng-  
land's own proper cost and charges, without having  
any dowry."

*K. Hen.* They please us well.—Lord marquess,  
kneel <sup>2</sup>thce down:

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,  
We here discharge your grace from being regent  
Of the parts of France, till term of eighteen months  
Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favor done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.  
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*

*Glo.* Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,  
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,  
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
His valor, coin, and people, in the wars?  
Did he so often lodge in open field,  
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,  
To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
To keep by policy what Henry got?  
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?

Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,  
With all the learned council of the realm,  
Studied so long, sat in the council-house  
Early and late, debating to and fro  
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?  
And hath his highness in his infancy  
Been crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?  
And shall these labors, and these honors, die?  
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?  
O peers of England! shameful is this league:  
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,  
Blotting your names from books of memory,  
Razing the characters of your renown,  
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,  
Undoing all, as all had never been. [course?

*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate dis-  
tress peroration with such <sup>b</sup>circumstance?

For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

*Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,  
Hath given the duchies of Anjou, and Maine,  
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

*Sal.* Now, by the death of him that died for all,  
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—  
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

*War.* For grief, that they are past recovery;  
For, were there hope to conquer them again,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.  
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
And are the cities that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?  
Mort Dieu!

*York.* For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate  
That dims the honor of this warlike isle!  
France should have torn and rent my very heart,  
Before I would have yielded to this league.  
I never read but England's kings have had  
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;  
And our king Henry gives away his own,  
To match with her that brings no vantages.

*Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,  
For costs and charges in transporting her! [France.  
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in  
Before—

*Car.* My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot.  
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

*Glo.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind:  
'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike,  
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.  
Rancor will out: proud prelate, in thy face  
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—  
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,  
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. [Exit.

*Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.  
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;  
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,  
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.  
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,  
And heir apparent to the English crown:  
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,  
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.  
Look to it, lords: let not his smothering words  
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.  
What though the common people favor him,

<sup>a</sup> "Alderlievest," i. e., best beloved.

<sup>b</sup> "Such circumstance," i. e., such circumstances of aggra-  
vation.

Calling him "Humphrey the good Duke of Gloster;"  
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—  
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"

With—"God preserve the good duke Humphrey!"  
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
He will be found a dangerous protector.

*Buck.* Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,  
He being of age to govern of himself?—

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,  
And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,  
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

*Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay;  
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*]

*Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's  
And greatness of his place be grief to us, [*Pride,*  
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.

His insolence is more intolerable  
Than all the princes in the land beside:  
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

*Buck.* Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,  
Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*]

*Sal.* Pride went before, ambition follows him.

While these do labor for their own preferment,  
Behoves it us to labor for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey, duke of Gloster,  
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Of have I seen the haughty cardinal,  
More like a soldier, than a man of the church,

As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,  
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,  
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,

Have won the greatest favor of the commons,  
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey:—

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline;

Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd, and honor'd, of the people.—

Join we together, for the public good,

In what we can to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,

While they do tend to profit of the land.

*War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,

And common profit of his country.

*York.* And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

*Sal.* Then let's make haste away, and look into  
the main.

*War.* Unto the main? O father! Maine is lost;

That Maine, which by main force<sup>2</sup> did Warwick win,

And would have kept, so long as breath did last.

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*]

*York.* Anjou and Maine are given to the French;

Paris is lost; the state of Normandy

Stands on a tickle point now they are gone.

Suffolk concluded on the articles,

The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,

To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.

I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?

'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,

And purchase friends, and give to courtézans.

Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;

While as the silly owner of the goods

Weeps over them, and wrings his<sup>3</sup> helpless hands,

And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,

\* Ticklish.

While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,  
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:  
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,  
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.  
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ire-  
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood, [*land,*  
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd.

Unto the prince's heart of <sup>o</sup> Calydon.

Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!

Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,

Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come when York shall claim his own;

And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,

And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,

For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,

Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,

Nor wear the diadem upon his head,

Whose church-like humors fit not for a crown.

Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:

Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,

To pry into the secrets of the state,

Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,

With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fill'd in jars:

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,

With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,

And in my standard bear the arms of York,

To grapple with the house of Lancaster;

And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,

Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke of  
GLOSTER'S House.

*Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.*

*Duch.* Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?

Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,

As frowning at the favors of the world?

Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,

Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?

What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,

Enchas'd with all the honors of the world?

If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,

Until thy head be circled with the same.

Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious gold.—

What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;

And having both together heav'd it up,

We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,

And never more abase our sight so low,

As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

*Glo.* O Nell! sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:

And may that thought, when I imagine ill

Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,

Be my last breathing in this mortal world.

My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

*Duch.* What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll  
requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

*Glo.* Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in  
court,

Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,

But, as I think, 't was by the cardinal;

And on the pieces of the broken wand

Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,

And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.

<sup>2</sup> *Melcager*; whose life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in torments.

This was my dream: what it doth bode God knows.

*Duch.* Tut! this was nothing but an argument,  
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove  
Shall lose his head for his presumption.  
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:  
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,  
In the cathedral church of Westminster, <sup>a</sup> crown'd;  
And in that chair where kings and queens were  
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,  
And on my head did set the diadem.

*Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.  
Presumptuous dame! <sup>a</sup> ill-nurture'd Eleanor!  
Art thou not second woman in the realm,  
And the protector's wife, below'd of him?  
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?  
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,  
From top of honor to disgrace's feet?  
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

*Duch.* What, what, my lord! are you so choleric  
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?  
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,  
And not be check'd.

*Glo.* Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,  
You do prepare to ride unto St. Albans,  
<sup>b</sup> Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

*Glo.* I go.—Come, Neil; thou wilt ride with us?

*Duch.* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

*[Exit GLOSTER and Messenger.]*

Follow I must; I cannot go before,  
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.  
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,  
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:  
And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in fortune's pageant.—  
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,  
We are alone; here's none but I, thou, and I.

*Enter Hume.*

*Hume.* Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

*Duch.* What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

*Hume.* But, by the grace of God, and Hume's  
Your grace's title shall be multiplied. <sup>c</sup> [advice,

*Duch.* What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet  
confer'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,  
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer,  
And will they undertake to do me good? <sup>d</sup> [highness

*Hume.* This they have promised,—to show your  
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,  
That shall make answer to such questions,  
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

*Duch.* It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.  
When from St. Albans we do make return,  
We'll see these things effected to the full.  
Here, Hume, take this reward: make merry, man,  
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

*[Exit Duchess.]*

*Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duchess'  
gold,

Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast:

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,

And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;  
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,  
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humor,  
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,  
And buz these conjurations in her brain.  
They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;  
Yet am I <sup>2</sup> Suffolk's, and the cardinal's broker.  
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near  
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.  
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,  
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,  
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.  
<sup>d</sup> Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PETER, and others, with Petitions.*

*1 Pet.* My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in <sup>3</sup> sequel.

*2 Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man. Jesu bless him!

*Enter SUFFOLK and Queen MARGARET.*

*1 Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the Queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

*2 Pet.* Come back, fool! this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

*Suf.* How now, fellow! would'st any thing with me?

*1 Pet.* I pray my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord protector.

*Q. Mar.* "To my lord protector!" are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

*1 Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

*Suf.* Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed.—What's yours?—What's here? *[Reads.]* "Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."—How now, sir knave?

*2 Pet.* Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

*Peter.* *[Presenting his petition.]* Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

*Q. Mar.* What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

*Peter.* That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

*Suf.* Who is there? *[Enter Servants.]*—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the king. *[Exit Servants with PETER.]*

*Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace,  
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

*[Tears the Petition.]*

Away, base <sup>e</sup> cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. *[Exit Petitioners.]*

*Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise, Is this the fashion in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What! shall king Henry be a pupil still,

Under the surly Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours,

<sup>a</sup> Ill-educated.—<sup>b</sup> Whereas is used for where, whereto.—<sup>c</sup> "Sir John," a title frequently bestowed on the clergy.

<sup>d</sup> "Sort how it will," i. e., let the issue be as it will.—<sup>e</sup> Scoundrels.



Thou ran'st a tilt in honor of my love,  
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,  
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,  
In courage, courtship, and proportion;  
But all his mind is bent to holiness,  
To number *Ave-Marias* on his beads:  
His champions are the prophets and apostles;  
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;  
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves  
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.  
I would, the college of the cardinals  
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,  
And set the triple crown upon his head:  
That were a state fit for his holiness.

*Suf.* Madam, be patient: as I was cause  
Your highness came to England, so will I  
In England work your grace's full content.

*Q. Mar.* Beside the haught protector, have we  
Beaufort,

The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,  
And grumbling York: and not the least of these,  
But can do more in England than the king.

*Suf.* And he of these that can do most of all,  
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:  
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

*Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so  
much,

As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife:  
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,  
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife.  
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:  
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,  
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.  
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?  
Contemptuous base-born <sup>a</sup>callat as she is,  
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,  
The very train of her worst wearing gown  
Was better worth than all my father's lands,  
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

*Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;  
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,  
That she will light to listen to their lays,  
And never mount to trouble you again.  
So, let her rest; and, madam, list to me,  
For I am bold to counsel you in this.  
Although we fancy not the cardinal,  
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,  
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.  
As for the duke of York, this late <sup>b</sup>complaint  
Will make but little for his benefit:  
So, one by one, <sup>c</sup>we will weed all the realm,  
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter King HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET; Duke  
and Duchess of GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT,  
BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

*K. Hen.* For my part, noble lords, I care not which;  
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

*York.* If York have ill demean'd himself in France,  
Then let him be <sup>c</sup>denay'd the regentship.

*Som.* If Somerset be unworthy of the place,  
Let York be regent: I will yield to him.

*War.* Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,  
Dispute not that York is the worthier.

*Car.* Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

*War.* A cardinal's not my better in the field.

*Buck.* All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

*War.* Warwick may live to be the best of all.

*Sal.* Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buck-  
ingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

*Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

*Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself

To give his <sup>d</sup>censure. These are no women's matters.

*Q. Mar.* If he be old enough, what needs your grace  
To be protector of his excellence?

*Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm,

And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

*Suf.* Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.

Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)

The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:

The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,

And all the peers and nobles of the realm

Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty. [bags

*Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's

Are lank and lean with thy extortions. [tire,

*Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's at-  
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

*Buck.* Thy cruelty, in execution

Upon offenders hath exceeded law,

And left thee to the mercy of the law.

*Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,

If they were known, as the suspect is great,

Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her Fan.

Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?

[Giving the Duchess a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy, madam: was it you? [man:

*Duch.* Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-wo-

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten <sup>e</sup>commandments in your face.

*K. Hen.* Sweet aunt, be quiet: 'twas against her  
will. [time;

*Duch.* Against her will! Good king, look to't in

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.

Though in this place most master wear no breeches,

She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [Aside.

[Exit Duchess.

*Buck.* Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:

She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,

She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM

Re-enter GLOSTER.

*Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being overblown

With walking once about the quadrangle,

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lie open to the law;

But God in mercy so deal with my soul,

As I in duty love my king and country.

But to the matter that we have in hand.—

I say, my sovereign, York is meekest man

To be your regent in the realm of France.

*Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave

To show some reason, of no little force,

That York is most unmeet of any man.

*York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:

Next, if I be appointed for the place,

My lord of Somerset will keep me there,

Without discharge, money, or furniture,

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.

Last time I danc'd attendance on his will,

Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

*War.* That can I witness; and a fouler fact

Did never traitor in the land commit.

*Suf.* Peace, headstrong Warwick!

*War.* Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

<sup>a</sup> Drab; trull. — <sup>b</sup> The complaint of Peter, the armorer's  
man, against his master. — <sup>c</sup> Denied.

<sup>d</sup> "His censure," i. e., his opinion, judgment. — <sup>e</sup> The marks  
of her ten fingers and thumbs.

*Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.*

*Suf.* Because here is a man accus'd of treason :  
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

*York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

*K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

*Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the man  
That doth accuse his master of high treason.  
His words were these:—that Richard, duke of York,  
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,  
And that your majesty was an usurper.

*K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words?

*Hor.* An't shall please your majesty, I never said  
nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I  
am falsely accused by the villain.

*Pet.* By these ten bones, my lords, [*Holding up  
his hands.*] he did speak them to me in the garret  
one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's  
armor.

*York.* Base dung-hill villain, and mechanical,  
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—  
I do beseech your royal majesty,  
Let him have all the rigor of the law.

*Hor.* Alas! my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the  
words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did  
correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow  
upon his knees he would be even with me. I have  
good witness of this: therefore, I beseech your maj-  
esty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's  
accusation.

*K. Hen.* Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

*Glo.* This doom, my gracious lord, if I may  
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French, [*Judge.*]  
Because in York this breeds suspicion;  
And let these have a day appointed them  
For single combat in convenient place,  
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.  
This is the law, and this duke Humfrey's doom.

*Som.* I humbly thank your royal majesty.

*Hor.* And I accept the combat willingly.

*Pet.* Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's  
sake, pity my case! the spite of this man prevail-  
eth against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I  
shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my  
heart!

*Glo.* Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang'd.

*K. Hen.* Away with them to prison; and the day  
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—  
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. The Duke of  
GLOSTER'S Garden.

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL,  
and BOLINGBROKE.*

*Hume.* Come, my masters: the duchess, I tell you,  
expects performance of your promises.

*Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore provided.  
Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

*Hume.* Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

*Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman  
of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient,  
master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be  
busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name,  
and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*] Mother Jourdain, be  
you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John  
Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

*Enter Duchess above.*

*Duch.* Well said, my masters, and welcome all.  
To this<sup>b</sup> gear; the sooner the better.

<sup>a</sup> By exorcise. Shake-speare invariably means to raise spirits,  
and not to lay them.—<sup>b</sup> "Gear," i. e., matter; business.

*Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their  
times,

Deep night, dark night,<sup>a</sup> and silence of the night,  
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;  
The time when screech-owls cry, and<sup>c</sup> ban-dogs howl,  
And spirits walk, and ghosts break<sup>d</sup> ope their graves,  
That time best fits the work we have in hand.  
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,  
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the Ceremonies belonging, and  
make the Circle:*<sup>e</sup> BOLINGBROKE reads, Conju-  
ro, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly;  
then the Spirit riseth.*]

*Spir.* Adsum.

*M. Jourd.* Asmath!

By the eternal God, whose name and power  
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;  
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

*Spir.* Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said and  
done! [*Come?*]

*Boling.* First, of the king: what shall of him be-  
*Spir.* The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;  
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.*]

*Boling.* What fates await the duke of Suffolk?

*Spir.* By water shall he die, and take his end.

*Boling.* What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

*Spir.* Let him shun castles:

Safer shall he be on the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

*Boling.* Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:  
<sup>6</sup> Foul fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*]

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their  
Guards.*

*York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their  
trash.

Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—

What! madam, are you there? the king and com-  
mon-weal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well<sup>d</sup> guardon'd for these good deserts.

*Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,  
Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

*Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you  
this? [*Showing her the Papers.*]

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,

And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:

Stafford, take her to thee.—

[*Exit Duchess from above.*]

We'll see your trinkets here are all forth-coming;

All.—Away!

[*Exeunt Guards, with SOUTH., BOLING., &c.*]

*York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd  
her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

[*Reads.*]

"The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death."

Why, this is just

*Asio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere<sup>e</sup> posse.*

Well, to the rest:

"Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?—

By water shall he die, and take his end."

<sup>e</sup> A ban-dog, or bound-dog, was one that was kept chained  
for his fierceness.—<sup>d</sup> Rewarded.—<sup>e</sup> Why this is just *Asio te,  
Æacida*, etc., i. e., 'This is just like the old oracle of double  
meaning: I say that you, the son of Æacus, the Romans will  
conquer'; which might be taken either way, as to the result.

"What shall betide the duke of Somerset?—  
 Let him shun castles;  
 Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,  
 Than where castles mounted stand."  
 Come, come, my lords;  
 These oracles are hardly attain'd,  
 And hardly understood.  
 The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans;  
 With him the husband of this lovely lady: [them;  
 Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry  
 A sorry breakfast for my lord protector. [York,  
*Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of  
 To be the post in hope of his reward.  
*York.* At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's  
 within there, ho!

*Enter a Servant.*

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,  
 To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away. [Exit.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Saint Albans.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.*

*Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the <sup>a</sup>brook,  
 I saw not better sport these seven years' day;  
 Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,  
 And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

*K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon  
 And what a pitch she flew above the rest. [made,  
 To see how God in all his creatures works!  
 Yea, man and birds are <sup>b</sup>fain of climbing high.

*Suf.* No marvel, an it like your majesty,  
 My lord protector's hawks do tower so well:  
 They know their master loves to be aloft,  
 And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

*Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,  
 That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

*Car.* I thought as much: he'd be above the clouds.

*Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by that?  
 Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

*K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy!

*Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and  
 thoughts

<sup>c</sup>Beate on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:  
 Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,  
 That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

*Glo.* What, cardinal, is your wise-head grown  
 Tantrous and mischievous too? [I so peremptory?  
 Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

<sup>2</sup>And with such holiness you well can do it.

*Suf.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes  
 So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

*Glo.* As who, my lord?

*Suf.* Why, as you, my lord;  
 An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

*Glo.* Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

*Q. Mar.* And thy ambition, Gloster.

*K. Hen.* I pry'thee, peace,  
 Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,  
 For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

*Car.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make  
 Against this proud protector with my sword.

*Glo.* 'Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!

[*Aside to the Cardinal.*  
*Car.* Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*

*Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter;  
 In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*

*Car.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou  
 dar'st,

This evening on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*

*K. Hen.* How now, my lords!

*Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,

Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

We had had more sport.—Come with thy <sup>2</sup>two-hand  
 sword. [*Aside to Glo.*

*Glo.* True, uncle.

*Car.* Are you advis'd, the east side of the grove.

*Glo.* Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*

*K. Hen.* Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

*Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown

For this, or all my <sup>a</sup>fence shall fail. [*Aside.*

*Car.* *Medice teipsum:*

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. [*Aside.*

*K. Hen.* The winds grow high; so do your stom-  
 achs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter one, crying, "A Miracle!"*

*Glo.* What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

*One.* A miracle! a miracle!

*Suf.* Come to the king: <sup>3</sup>tell him what miracle.

*One.* Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;

A man that ne'er saw in his life before. [souds

*K. Hen.* Now, God be prais'd, that to believing

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his brethren;*

*and SIMPEX, borne between two persons in a Chair;*

*his Wife and <sup>4</sup>the Multitude following.*

*Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,

To present your highness with the man.

*K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

<sup>5</sup>Though by his sight his sin be multiplied. [king;

*Glo.* Stand by, my masters; bring him near the

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

*K. Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What! hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

*Simp.* Born blind, an't please your grace.

*Wife.* Ay, indeed, was he.

*Suf.* What woman is this?

*Wife.* His wife, an't like your worship.

*Glo.* Hadst thou been his mother, thou could'st  
 have better told.

*K. Hen.* Where wert thou born?

*Simp.* At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

*K. Hen.* Poor soul! God's goodness hath been  
 great to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine? [ly chance,

*Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

A hundred times, and offer'd, in my sleep,

By good Saint Alban; who said,—<sup>6</sup>"Sander, come;

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

*Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

*Car.* What! art thou lame?

*Simp.* Ay, God Almighty help me!

*Suf.* How cam'st thou so?

*Simp.* A fall off of a tree.

<sup>a</sup> "Flying at the brook," i. e., hawking at waterfowl.—

<sup>b</sup> Fond.—<sup>c</sup> "Beat on," i. e., are intent on.

<sup>d</sup> The two-hand sword was sometimes called the long sword.

<sup>e</sup> Fence is the art of defence.

*Wife.* A plum-tree, master.

*Glo.* How long hast thou been blind?

*Simp.* O! born so, master.

*Glo.* What! and would'st climb a tree?

*Simp.* But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

*Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear. [venture so.]

*Glo.* 'Mass, thou lov'st plums well, that would'st

*Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb with danger of my life.

*Glo.* A subtle knave; but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open  
In my opinion yet thou seest not well. [them.—]

*Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God,  
and Saint Alban. [of?]

*Glo.* Say'st thou me so? What color is this cloak

*Simp.* Red, master; red as blood. [gown of?]

*Glo.* Why, that's well said. What color is my

*Simp.* Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet. [is of?]

*K. Hen.* Why then, thou know'st what color jet

*Suf.* And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

*Glo.* But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.

*Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.

*Glo.* Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

*Simp.* Alas! master, I know not.

*Glo.* What's his name? <sup>1</sup>[Pointing to one.]

*Simp.* I know not.

*Glo.* Nor his?

*Simp.* No, indeed, master.

*Glo.* What's thine own name?

*Simp.* Sander Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

*Glo.* Then, Sander, sit thou there, the lyingest  
knave

In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,  
Thou might'st as well have known all our names, as  
To name the several colors we do wear. [thus]

Sight may distinguish of colors; but suddenly  
To nominate them all, it is impossible.—

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;  
And would ye not think <sup>2</sup>his cunning to be great,  
That could restore this cripple to his legs?

*Simp.* O, master, that you could!

*Glo.* My masters of Saint Albans, have you not  
beadles in your town, and things called whips?

*May.* Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

*Glo.* Then send for one presently.

*May.* Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit an Attendant.]

*Glo.* Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [A  
stool brought out.] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save  
yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and  
run away.

*Simp.* Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone;  
You go about to torture me in vain.

*Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.*

*Glo.* Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.  
Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same  
stool.

*Bead.* I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with  
your doublet quickly.

*Simp.* Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not  
able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps  
over the stool, and runs away; and the  
People follow and cry, "A Miracle!"]

*K. Hen.* O God! seest thou this, and bearest so  
long?

*Q. Mar.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

*Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

*Wife.* Alas! sir, we did it for pure need. [town.]

*Glo.* Let them be whipp'd through every market

Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.]

*Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

*Suf.* True, made the lame to leap, and fly away.

*Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;  
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

*K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Bucking-  
ham?

*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A <sup>3</sup>sort of naughty persons, <sup>4</sup>lewdly bent,  
Under the countenance and confederacy  
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,  
The ringleader and head of all this rout,  
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,  
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers,  
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;  
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,  
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,  
And other of your highness' privy council,  
As more at large your grace shall understand.

<sup>2</sup>[Giving a paper.]

*Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means  
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;  
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

*Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave t' afflict my heart.  
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;  
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,  
Or to the meanest groom. [ones;]

*K. Hen.* O God! what mischiefs work the wicked  
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

*Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;  
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

*Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,  
How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal;  
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.  
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;  
Noble she is, but if she have forgot  
Honor, and virtue, and convers'd with such  
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,  
I banish her, my bed, and company,  
And give her, as a prey to law, and shame,  
That hath dishonor'd Gloster's honest name.

*K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repose us here:  
To-morrow, toward London, back again,  
To look into this business thoroughly,  
And call these foul offenders to their answers;  
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,  
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause pre-  
vails. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—London. The Duke of York's  
Garden.

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

*York.* Now, my good lords of Salisbury and War-  
Our simple supper ended, give me leave, [wick,  
In this close walk, to satisfy myself  
In craving your opinion of my title,  
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

*Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at <sup>4</sup>the full.

*War.* Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,  
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

*York.* Then thus:—

Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:  
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;  
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,  
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,

\* Sort is here used for company.—<sup>3</sup>"Lewdly," i. e., wick-  
edly; knavishly.—<sup>4</sup>"Your lady is forthcoming," i. e., your  
lady is in custody.

Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;  
The fifth was Edmond Langley, duke of York;  
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;  
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.  
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,  
And left behind him Richard, his only son;  
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd as king,  
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,  
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,  
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,  
Seized on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;  
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,  
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,  
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

*War.* Father, the duke hath told the<sup>1</sup> very truth:  
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

*York.* Which now they hold by force, and not by right;

For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,  
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

*Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without an heir.  
*York.* The third son, duke of Clarence, from whose line

I claim the crown, had issue—Philippe, a daughter,  
Who married Edmond Mortimer, earl of March,  
Edmond had issue—Roger, earl of March:  
Roger had issue—Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.

*Sal.* This Edmond, in the reign of Bolingbroke,  
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;  
And but for Owen Glendower had been king,  
Who kept him in captivity, till he died.  
But to the rest.

*York.* His eldest sister, Anne,  
My mother, being heir unto the crown,  
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was  
To Edmond Langley, Edward the third's fifth son,  
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir [son].  
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son  
Of Edmond Mortimer; who married Philippe,  
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:  
So, if the issue of the elder son  
Succeed before the younger, I am king. [this?]

*War.* What plain proceeding is more plain than  
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,  
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.  
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:  
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,  
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—  
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;  
And, in this private<sup>2</sup> plot, be we the first,  
That shall salute our rightful sovereign  
With honor of his birthright to the crown.

*Both.* Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

*York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your  
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd  
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;  
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,  
But with advice, and silent secrecy.

Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,  
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,  
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,  
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,  
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,  
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey.  
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,  
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

*Sal.* My lord, break we off: we know your mind  
at full. [wick]

*War.* My heart assures me, that the earl of War-  
shall one day make the duke of York a king.

*York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,  
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick  
The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Hall of Justice.

*Trumpets sounded.* Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Duchess of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

*K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,  
Gloster's wife.

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great:  
Receive the sentence of the law, for<sup>2</sup> sin  
Such as by God's book<sup>3</sup> is adjudg'd to death.—  
You four, from hence to prison back again;

[*To JOURD.* &c.

From thence, unto the place of execution:  
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,  
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—  
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,  
Despoiled of your honor in your life,  
Shall, after three days' open penance done,  
Live in your country here, in banishment,  
With sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man. [death

*Duch.* Welcome is banishment; welcome were my  
*Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee:  
I cannot justify whom the law condemns—

[*Exeunt the Duchess, and the other prisoners guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonor in thine age  
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.—  
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;  
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

*K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster. Ere  
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself [thou go,  
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,  
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.  
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less behov'd,  
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

*Q. Mar.* I see no reason why a king of years  
Should<sup>4</sup> be protected like a child<sup>5</sup> by peers.  
God and king Henry govern England's helm.  
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

*Glo.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff;  
<sup>6</sup>To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh.

As willingly do I the same resign,  
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine:  
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,  
As others would ambitiously receive it.  
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,  
May honorable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit*]

*Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret  
queen;

And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,  
That bears so shrewd a main: two pulls at once,—  
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;  
This staff of honor<sup>7</sup> brought:—there let it stand,  
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

*Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his  
sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her<sup>7</sup> proudest days.

*York.* Lords, let him<sup>8</sup> go.—Please it your majesty,  
This is the day appointed for the combat;  
And ready are the appellant and defendant,  
The armorer and his man, to enter<sup>9</sup> lists,  
So please your highness to behold the fight. [*fore,*

*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely, there—

<sup>1</sup> Reached.—<sup>2</sup> "Let him go," i. e., let him pass out of your thoughts.

<sup>3</sup> "This private plot," i. e., this sequestered spot.

Left I the court to see this quarrel tried.

*K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:

Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

*York.* I never saw a fellow worse <sup>a</sup>bestead,  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,  
The servant of this armorer, my lords.

*Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbors, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a <sup>b</sup>sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbor Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbor, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbor, here's a cup of <sup>c</sup>charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbor: drink, and fear not your man.

*Hor.* Let it come, 't faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

*Peter.* I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

*Sal.* Come, leave your drinking <sup>1</sup>both, and fall to blows.—

Sirrah, what's thy name?

*Peter.* Peter, forsooth.

*Sal.* Peter! what more?

*Peter.* Thump.

*Sal.* Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

*Hor.* Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen. And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.

*York.* Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarm to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and PETER strikes down his Master.*]

*Hor.* Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*]

*York.* Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

*Peter.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.

*K. Hen.* Go, <sup>2</sup> and take hence that traitor from our sight;

For by his death we do perceive his guilt:

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—

Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*]

# SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning Cloaks.*

*Glo.* Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a  
And after summer evermore succeeds [cloud;]  
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:  
So, cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—  
Sirs, what's o'clock?

*Serv.* Ten, my lord.

*Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me  
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:  
<sup>d</sup>Unceath may she endure the flinty streets,  
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.  
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook  
The abject people, gazing on thy face  
With <sup>e</sup>cnivous looks, laughing at thy shame,  
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.  
But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare  
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with verses written upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.*

*Serv.* So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

*Glo.* No, stir not for your lives: let her pass by.

*Duch.* Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?  
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze:  
See, how the giddy multitude do point,  
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.  
Ah, Gloster! hide thee from their hateful looks;  
And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,  
And flout thine enemies, both mine and thine.

*Glo.* Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.

*Duch.* Ah, Gloster! teach me to forget myself;  
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,  
And thou a prince, protector of this land,  
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,  
<sup>f</sup>Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,  
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice  
To see my tears, and hear my <sup>h</sup>deep-fet groans.  
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;  
And when I start the envious people laugh,  
And bid me be 'advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?  
Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,

Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:

To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.

Sometime I'll say I am duke Humphrey's wife,

And he a prince, and ruler of the land;

Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,

As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,

To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame:

Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;

For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—

And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all lin'd bushes to betray thy wings;

And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,

Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

*Glo.* Ah, Nell! forbear; thou aimest all awry:

I must offend before I be attainted;

<sup>a</sup> "Worse bestead," i. e., in a worse plight.—<sup>b</sup> According to the old law of duels, knights fought with the lance and sword, but those of inferior rank with an ebony staff, the end of which was fastened a bag crammed hard with sand.  
—<sup>c</sup> Charneco was a kind of sweet wine.

<sup>d</sup> "Unceath," i. e., not easily.—<sup>e</sup> Malicious.—<sup>f</sup> Curse.—  
<sup>g</sup> "Mail'd up in shame," i. e., wrapped up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance.—<sup>h</sup> Deep-fetched.—<sup>i</sup> "Be advised," i. e., be careful.

And had I twenty times so many foes,  
And each of them had twenty times their power,  
All these could not procure me any <sup>a</sup>scathe,  
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.  
Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?  
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,  
But I in danger for the breach of law.  
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;  
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:  
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

*Enter a Herald.*

*Her.* I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

*Glo.* And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?  
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

*[Exit Herald.]*

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master Sheriff,  
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

*Sher.* An't please your grace, here my commission  
And sir John Stanley is appointed now [stays;  
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

*Glo.* Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

*Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

*Glo.* Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray  
You use her well. The world may laugh <sup>b</sup>again;  
And I may live to do you kindness, if  
You do it her: and so, sir John, farewell. [well?]

*Duch.* What! gone, my lord, and bid me not fare-

*Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

*[Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.]*

*Duch.* Art thou gone <sup>1</sup>so? All comfort go with  
For none abides with me: my joy is death; [thee,  
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,  
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—

Stanley, I prythee, go, and take me hence;  
I care not whither, for I beg no favor,  
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

*Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;  
There to be us'd according to your state.

*Duch.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:  
And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully?

*Stan.* Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady:  
According to that state you shall be used.

*Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,  
Although thou hast been <sup>c</sup>conduct of my shame!

*Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

*Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharg'd.—  
Come, Stanley, shall we go? [sheet,

*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this  
And go we to attire you for our journey.

*Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:  
No; it will hang upon my richest robes,  
And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury.

*A Sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King HENRY,  
Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK,  
YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.*

*K. Hen.* I <sup>d</sup>muse, my lord of Gloster is not come:  
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,  
While'ther occasion keeps him from us now.

*Q. Mar.* Can you not see, or will you not observe  
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself;  
How insolent of late he is become,  
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?  
We know the time since he was mild and affable;  
And if we did but glance a far-off look,  
Immediately he was upon his knee,  
That all the court admir'd him for submission:  
But meet him now, and, he it in the morn,  
When every one will give the time of day,  
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,  
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,  
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin,  
But great men tremble when the lion roars;  
And Humphrey is no little man in England.

First note, that he is near you in descent,  
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me <sup>e</sup>seemeth, then, it is no policy,  
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,  
And his advantage following your decease,

That he should come about your royal person,  
Or be admitted to your highness' council.

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,  
And, when he please to make commotion,  
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;  
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,  
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

The reverend care I bear unto my lord  
Made me <sup>f</sup>collect these dangers in the duke.

If it be <sup>g</sup>fond, call it a woman's fear;  
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,  
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the duke.

My <sup>2</sup>lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,  
Reprove my <sup>3</sup>allegations if you can,  
Or else conclude my words effectual.

*Suf.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke;  
And had I first been put to speak my mind,  
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.

The duchess by his subornation,  
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:  
Or if he were not privy to those faults,

Yet, by <sup>h</sup>reputing of his high descent,  
As next the king he was successive heir,  
And such high vaunts of his nobility,

Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,  
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,  
And in his simple show he harbors treason.

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:  
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man  
Unsound'd yet, and full of deep deceit.

*Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

*York.* And did he not, in his protectorship,  
Levy great sums of money through the realm  
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?

By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

*Buck.* Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,  
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Hum-

phrey.

*K. Hen.* My lords, at once: the care you have of us,  
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?

Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent  
From meaning treason to our royal person,  
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.

The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,  
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

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<sup>a</sup> Harm; mischief.—<sup>b</sup> "May laugh again," i. e., may smile upon me again.—<sup>c</sup> Conductor.—<sup>d</sup> Wonder.

<sup>e</sup> "Me seemeth," i. e., it seemeth to me.—<sup>f</sup> Observe.—<sup>g</sup> Foolish.—<sup>h</sup> "By reputing of," i. e., by valuing himself upon.

*Q. Mar.* Ah! what's more dangerous than this fond affiance?  
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,  
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.  
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,  
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.  
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?  
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all  
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter SOMERSET.*

*Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!  
*K. Hen.* Welcome, lord Somerset. <sup>1</sup>What's the news from France?  
*Som.* That all your interest in those territories  
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost. [he done.  
*K. Hen.* Cold news, lord Somerset; but God's will  
*York.* Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,  
[Aside.

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.  
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,  
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;  
But I will remedy this <sup>a</sup>gear ere long,  
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* All happiness unto my lord the king!  
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.  
*Suf.* Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too  
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art. [soon,  
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

*Glo.* Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,  
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:  
A heart unsupported is not easily daunted.  
The purest spring is not so free from mud.  
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.  
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

*York.* 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes  
of France,  
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;  
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

*Glo.* Is it but thought so? What are they that  
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay, [I think it?  
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.  
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,  
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England,  
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,  
Or any great I hoarded to my use,  
Be brought against me at my trial day.  
No: many a pound of mine own proper store,  
Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,  
And never ask'd for restitution.

*Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

*Glo.* I say no more than truth, so help me God!  
*York.* In your protectorship you did devise  
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,  
That England was defam'd by tyranny. [tector,

*Glo.* Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was pro-  
prietor was all the fault that was in me;  
For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
And lowly words were ransom for their fault:  
Unless it were a bloody murderer,  
Or foul felonious thief that deceiv'd poor passengers,  
I never gave them condign punishment.

Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd  
Above the felon, or what trespass else. [swer'd;

*Suf.* My lord, these faults are <sup>a</sup>easily, quickly an-  
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.  
I do arrest you in his highness' name;  
And here commit you to my lord cardinal

To keep, until your farther time of trial.

*K. Hen.* My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,  
That you will clear yourself from all <sup>3</sup>suspect:  
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

*Glo.* Ah, gracious lord! these days are dangerous:  
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,  
And charity chas'd hence by rancor's hand;  
Foul subornation is predominant,  
And equity exil'd from your highness' land.  
I know, their complot is to have my life;  
And if my death might make this island happy,  
And prove the period of their tyranny,  
I would expend it with all willingness;  
But mine is made the prologue to their play,  
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
Will not conclude their plott'd tragedy.  
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,  
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;  
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue  
The envious load that lies upon his heart;  
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,  
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,  
By false <sup>b</sup>accuse doth level at my life.—

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,  
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,  
And with your best endeavor have stir'd up  
My <sup>c</sup>liefeest liege to be mine enemy.—  
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together:  
Myself had notice of your conventicles,  
And all to make away my guiltless life.  
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,  
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;  
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—  
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

*Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable.  
If those that care to keep your royal person  
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,  
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,  
And the offender granted scope of speech,  
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

*Suf.* Hath he not twit our sovereign lady, here,  
With ignominious words, though clerically couch'd,  
As if she had suborned some to swear  
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

*Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.  
*Glo.* Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed.  
Besrew the winners, for they played me false;  
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

*Buck.* He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all  
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner. [day.—

*Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

*Glo.* Ah! thus king Henry throws away his crutch,  
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:  
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.  
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!  
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with GLOSTER.*

*K. Hen.* My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth  
best,

Do, or undo, as if myself were here. <sup>4</sup>[*Rising.*

*Q. Mar.* What! will your highness leave the par-  
liament? [grief,

*K. Hen.* Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd with  
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;  
My body round engirt with misery,  
For what's more miserable than discontent?—  
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see  
The map of honor, truth, and loyalty;  
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,  
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

<sup>a</sup> "This gear," i. e., this matter; this business.

<sup>b</sup> Accusation.—<sup>c</sup> Dearest.



What lowering star now envies thy estate,  
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,  
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?  
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:  
And as the butcher takes away the calf,  
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,  
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;  
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:  
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
Looking the way her harmless young one went,  
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;  
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,  
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes  
Look after him, and cannot do him good,  
So mighty are his vowed enemies.  
His fortunes I will weep; and 'twixt each groan,  
Say—"Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none."

[Exit.]

Q. Mar. <sup>1</sup>Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,  
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show  
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;  
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering <sup>a</sup>bank,  
With shining checker'd <sup>b</sup>slough, doth sting a child,  
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.  
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,  
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good)  
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,  
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy,  
But yet we want a color for his death:  
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind that were no policy:  
The king will labor still to save his life;  
The commons haply rise to save his life:

As yet we have but trivial argument,  
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah! York, no man alive so fair as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath <sup>2</sup>most reason for his death.—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, <sup>3</sup>lord Suffolk,  
Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,  
Wer't not all one an empty eagle were set  
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,  
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, tis true: and wer't not madness, then,  
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?  
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,  
His guilt should be but idly posted over,  
Because his purpose is not executed?  
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,  
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,  
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,  
As Humphrey's prov'd by reasons to my liege.  
And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him:  
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,  
Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,  
So he be dead; for that is good deceit  
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, <sup>4</sup>resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done,  
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;  
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—  
Seeing the deed is meritorious,  
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—

Say but the word, and I will be his <sup>d</sup>priest. [folk,  
Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suff-  
Ere you can take due <sup>e</sup>order for a priest.

Say, you consent, and <sup>e</sup>censure well the deed,  
And I'll provide his executioner;  
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand; the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,  
It <sup>f</sup>skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come again,  
To signify that rebels there are up,  
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.  
Send succors, lords, and stop the rage betime,  
Before the wound do grow incurable;  
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick <sup>g</sup>expedient stop.  
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither.

'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;  
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his <sup>h</sup>far-fet policy,  
Had been the regent there instead of me,  
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.

I rather would have lost my life betimes,  
Than bring a burden of dishonor home,  
By staying there so long, till all were lost.  
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:  
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win. [fire,

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging  
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—

No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:—  
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,  
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a  
shame take all.

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil <sup>i</sup>kernes of Ireland are in arms,  
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:

To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
Collected choicely, from each county some,  
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why our authority is his consent,  
And what we do establish, he confirms:  
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,  
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.  
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,  
That henceforth, he shall trouble us no more:  
And so break off; the day is almost spent.  
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,  
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,  
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[Exeunt all but YORK.]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful  
And change misdoubt to resolution: [thoughts,  
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art  
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.  
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,  
And find no harbor in a royal heart. [thought,  
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on

<sup>a</sup> "In a flowering bank," i. e., in the flowers growing on a bank.—<sup>b</sup> Skin.—<sup>c</sup> "Mates," i. e., confounds; overcomes.

<sup>d</sup> "His priest," i. e., his attendant at the last scene.—<sup>e</sup> "Censure well the deed," i. e., judge well of it; have a good opinion of it.—<sup>f</sup> "It skills not," i. e., it matters not.—<sup>g</sup> Expeditious.—<sup>h</sup> Far-fetched.—<sup>i</sup> Boors.

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.  
 My brain, more busy than the laboring spider,  
 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.  
 Well, nobles, well; 'tis politically done,  
 To send me packing with an host of men:  
 I fear me you but warm the starved snake,  
 Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.  
 'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:  
 I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,  
 You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.  
 Whiles I in Ireland<sup>1</sup> march a mighty band,  
 I will stir up in England some black storm,  
 Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;  
 And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage  
 Until the golden<sup>2</sup> circuit on my head,  
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,  
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred<sup>3</sup> flaw.  
 And, for a minister of my intent,  
 I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,  
 John Cade of Ashford,  
 To make commotion, as full well he can,  
 Under the title of John Mortimer.  
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade  
 Oppose himself against a troop of<sup>4</sup> kernes;  
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts  
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:  
 And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen  
 Him caper upright, like a wild<sup>5</sup> Morisco,  
 Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.  
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,  
 Hath he conversed with the enemy,  
 And undiscover'd come to me again,  
 And given me notice of their villainies.  
 This devil here shall be my substitute;  
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,  
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:  
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,  
 How they affect the house and claim of York.  
 Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,  
 I know, no pain they can inflict upon him  
 Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.  
 Say, that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,  
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,  
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;  
 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
 And Henry put apart,<sup>6</sup> then next for me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Bury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, <sup>3</sup> running over the Stage.

1 Mur. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,  
 We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 Mur. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?  
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

1 Mur. Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?

1 Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead. [house;]

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my  
 I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand.  
 Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,  
 According as I gave directions?

1 Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.

Suf. Away! be gone. [Exeunt Murderers.]

Sound Trumpets. Enter King HENRY, Queen  
 MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET,  
 Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:

Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,  
 If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.]

K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you  
 Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster, [all,  
 Than from true evidence, of good esteem,  
 He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,

That faultless may condemn a noble man!

Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg; these words content  
 me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest  
 thou?

Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend! [night,

Car. God's secret judgment!—I did dream to-  
 The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[The King swoons.]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the  
 king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go; help, help!—O, Henry, ope  
 thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord? [fort!

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, com-

K. Hen. What! doth my lord of Suffolk comfort  
 Came he right<sup>1</sup> now to sing a raven's note, [me?

Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:

Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

Upon thine eye-balls murderous tyranny

Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.—

Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;

For in the shade of death I shall find joy,

In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,

Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:

And for myself, foe as he was to me,

Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me?

For it is known, we were but hollow friends;

It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:

So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy,

To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What! dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leper; look on me.

What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?

Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?

Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:

<sup>a</sup> "The golden circuit," i. e., the crown.—<sup>b</sup> Gust of wind.  
<sup>c</sup> Kernes were light-armed Irish foot-soldiers. Kern also  
 signified a boor, a rustic.—<sup>d</sup> "Morisco," i. e., a Moor in a  
 morris dance.

<sup>e</sup> "Right now," i. e. just now.

Erect his statue, then, and worship it,  
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.  
 Was I for this high wreck'd upon the sea,  
 And twice by awkward wind from England's bank  
 Drove back again unto my native clime?  
 What boded this, but well-forewarning wind  
 Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.  
 What did I then, but curs'd th' ungentle gusts;  
 And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;  
 And bade them blow towards England's blessed shore,  
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.  
 Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,  
 But left that hateful office unto thee:  
 The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,  
 Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore,  
 With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:  
 The splitting rocks cover'd in the sinking sands,  
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,  
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret.  
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,  
 When from the shore the tempest beat us back,  
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm;  
 And when the dusky sky began to rob  
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,  
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,—  
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—  
 And threw it towards thy land. The sea receiv'd it,  
 And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:  
 And even with this I lost fair England's view,  
 And bade mine eyes be packing with my heart,  
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.  
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue  
 (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)  
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,  
 When he to madding Dido would unfold  
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?  
 Am I not witch'd like her, or thou not false like him?  
 Ah me! I can no more. Die, Margaret,  
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.  
*The Commons press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
 That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd  
 By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.  
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees  
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,  
 And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
 Until they hear the order of his death. [true;

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too  
 But how he died, God knows, not Henry.  
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
 And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,  
 With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK goes into an inner Room, and  
 SALISBURY retires.]

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay my  
 thoughts!

My thoughts that labor to persuade my soul,  
 Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.  
 If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,  
 For judgment only doth belong to thee.  
 Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to <sup>2</sup>rain  
 Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,  
 To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
 And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;  
 But all in vain are these mean obsequies,

And to survey his dead and earthy image,  
 What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*The Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open,  
 and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his Bed;  
 WARWICK and others standing by it.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign; view this  
 body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;  
 For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,

<sup>3</sup> And, seeing him, I see my life in <sup>2</sup> death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live  
 With that dread King, that took our state upon him  
 To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,  
 I do believe that violent hands were laid  
 Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!  
 What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face.  
 Oft have I seen a timely-parted <sup>4</sup> ghost,  
 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,  
 Being all descended to the laboring heart;  
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;  
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth  
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But see, his face is black, and full of blood;  
 His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,  
 Staring full ghastly like a strangled man: [gling;  
 His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with strug-  
 His hands abroad <sup>5</sup> display'd, as one that grasp'd,  
 And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.  
 Look on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;  
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,  
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.

It cannot be but he was murder'd here;  
 The least of all these signs were probable. [death?

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to  
 Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection,  
 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Hum-  
 phrey's foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:  
 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend,  
 And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen  
 As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,  
 And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
 But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?  
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,  
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?  
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy. [your knife?

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's  
 Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;  
 But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,  
 That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,  
 That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.—  
 Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,  
 That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[Exeunt Cardinal, Sox., and others.]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk  
 dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,  
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
 Though Suffolk dares him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;

<sup>a</sup> "I see my life in death," i. e., I see my life endangered by his death.—<sup>b</sup> "A timely-parted ghost," i. e., the body of one who had died a natural death.—<sup>c</sup> "His hands abroad displayed," i. e., his fingers widely distended.

For every word you speak in his behalf  
Is slander to your royal dignity.

*Suf.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor,  
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,  
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,  
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee  
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,  
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st;  
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:  
And, after all this fearful homage done,  
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,  
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

*Suf.* Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,  
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

*War.* Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.  
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,  
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

*K. Hen.* What stronger breast-plate than a heart  
untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

*Q. Mar.* What noise is this?

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their  
Weapons drawn.*

*K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords! your wrathful  
weapons drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—

Why, what tumultuous clamor have we here?

*Suf.* The traitorous Warwick, with the men of  
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign. [Bury,

*Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; [*Speaking to those within.*]  
the king shall know your mind.—

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,  
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,  
Or banished fair England's territories,  
They will by violence tear him from your palace,  
And torture him with grievous lingering death.  
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;  
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;  
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,  
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,  
As being thought to contradict your liking,  
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.  
They say, in care of your most royal person,  
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,  
And charge, that no man should disturb your rest,  
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,  
Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,  
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,  
That slyly glided towards your majesty,  
It were but necessary you were wak'd;  
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,  
The mortal<sup>a</sup> worm might make the sleep eternal:  
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,  
That they will guard you, wh'er you will or no,  
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;  
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,  
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,  
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

*Commons.* [*Within.*] An answer from the king,  
my lord of Salisbury!

*Suf.* 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,  
Could send such message to their sovereign;  
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd.  
To show how<sup>b</sup> quaint an orator you are:  
But all the honor Salisbury hath won,  
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,  
Sent from a<sup>c</sup> sort of tinkers to the king.

*Commons.* [*Within.*] An answer from the king,  
or we will all break in!

*K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,  
I thank them for their tender loving care,  
And had I not been<sup>d</sup> cited so by them,  
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;  
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy  
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:  
And therefore, by his majesty I swear,  
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,  
He shall not breathe infection in this<sup>d</sup> air  
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

*Q. Mar.* O Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

*K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,  
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.  
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,  
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable.—  
If after three days' space thou here be'st found  
On any ground that I am ruler of,  
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—  
Come, Warwick, come; good Warwick, go with me,  
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.*]

*Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!  
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,  
Be playfellows to keep you company.  
There's two of you; the devil make a third,  
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

*Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,  
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave. [wretch!]

*Q. Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted  
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

*Suf.* A plague upon them! wherefore should I  
curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,  
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
As curse, as harsh, and horrible to hear,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.  
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;  
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;  
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;  
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:  
And even now my burden'd heart would break,  
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!  
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!  
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!  
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!  
Their softest touch, as 'sharp as lizards' stings!  
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss,  
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!  
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell— [thyself;

*Q. Mar.* Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st  
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,  
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,  
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

*Suf.* You bade me<sup>e</sup> ban, and will you bid me leave?  
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,

<sup>b</sup> Dexterous.—<sup>c</sup> "A sort," i. e., a company.—<sup>d</sup> "Breathe infection in this air," i. e., contaminate this air with his infected breath.—<sup>e</sup> Curse.

<sup>a</sup> "The mortal worm," i. e., the deadly serpent.

Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

*Q. Mar.* O! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;  
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
To wash away my woeful monuments.  
O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,  
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,  
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.  
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;  
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,  
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.

I will repeat thee, or, be well assur'd,  
Adventure to be banished myself;  
And banished I am, if but from thee.  
Go; speak not to me: even now be gone.—  
O! go not yet.—Even thus two friends condemn'd  
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,  
Loather a hundred times to part than die.  
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee.

*Suf.* Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,  
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.  
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence:  
A wilderness is populous enough,  
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;  
For where thou art, there is the world itself,  
With every several pleasure in the world,  
And where thou art not, desolation.  
I can no more.—Live thou to joy thy life;  
Myself<sup>1</sup> to joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

*Enter VAUX.*

*Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news,  
*Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty, [I pr'ythee?  
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;  
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,  
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,  
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.  
Sometime he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost  
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,  
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,  
The secrets of his overcharged soul:  
And I am sent to tell his majesty,  
That even now he cries aloud for him.

*Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit VAUX.*

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?  
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,  
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?  
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,  
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?  
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.  
Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is  
coming:

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live;  
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,  
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;  
<sup>a</sup> Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,  
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:  
So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,  
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.  
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;  
From thee to die, were torture more than death.

<sup>a</sup> Whereas.

O! let me stay, befall what may befall. [*rosive,*

*Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful cor-  
It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;  
For wheresoe'r thou art in this world's globe,  
I'll have an <sup>b</sup> Iris that shall find thee out.

*Suf.* I go.

*Q. Mar.* And take my heart with thee.

*Suf.* A jewel, lock'd in the woeful'st<sup>c</sup> casket  
That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:

This way fall I to death.

*Q. Mar.*

This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE III.—London. Cardinal BEAUFORT's Bed-  
chamber.

*Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and  
others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with  
him.*

*K. Hen.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to  
thy<sup>3</sup> king. [*treasure,*

*Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's  
Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

*K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

*War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

*Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—

O! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.—

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

*K. Hen.* O, thou eternal mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

O! beat away the busy meddling fiend,

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair.

*War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him  
grin.

*Sal.* Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

*K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, 4if't God's good pleas-  
ure be.

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

<sup>6</sup>[*Car. dies.*

He dies, and makes no sign.—O God, forgive him!

*War.* So had a death argues a monstrous life.

*K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,

And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

*Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a Boat, a  
Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER  
WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, dis-  
guised; and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

*Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and<sup>c</sup> remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the sen,  
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades

<sup>b</sup> Iris was the messenger of Juno.—<sup>c</sup> Pitiful.

That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
 Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings  
 Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws  
 Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.  
 Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;  
 For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,  
 Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,  
 Or with their blood stain this discolored shore.—  
 Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—  
 And, thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—  
 The other, [*Pointing to Suffolk,*] Walter Whit-  
 more, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.  
*Mast.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

*Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.  
*Cap.* What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—  
 Cut both the villains' throats!—for die you shall:  
 Can lives of those which we have lost in fight,  
 Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

*Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,  
 And, therefore, to revenge it shalt thou die;

[*To Suff.*]

And so should these, if I might have my will.

*Cap.* Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.

*Suf.* Look on my George: I am a gentleman.

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

*Whit.* And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death af-  
 fright?

[*death.*]

*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is  
 A cunning man did calculate my birth,  
 And told me that by *water* I should die:  
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;  
 Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

*Whit.* *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;  
 Never yet did base dishonor blur our name,  
 But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;  
 Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,  
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,  
 And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on Suffolk.*]

*Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,  
 The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

*Whit.* The duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

*Suf.* Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:  
 Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

*Cap.* But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

*Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,  
 The honorable blood of Lancaster,  
 Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?  
 Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,  
 And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup,  
 Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,  
 When I have feasted with queen Margaret?  
 Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;  
 Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.

How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,  
 And duly waited for my coming forth.  
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,  
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

*Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the foul-tongu'd  
 slave?

*Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

*Suf.* Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long boat's side  
 Strike off his head.

*Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.

*Cap.* Yes, Poole.

*Suf.* Poole?

*Cap.* Poole, Sir Poole, lord?

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt  
 Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.  
 Now, will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,  
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm: [ground;  
 Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the  
 And thou, that smil'st at good duke Humphrey's death,  
 Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,  
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,  
 For daring to affy a mighty lord  
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,  
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,  
 And, like ambitious Sylla, overgor'd  
 With goblets of thy mother's bleeding heart.  
 By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:

The false revolting Normans thorough thee  
 Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy  
 Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,  
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,  
 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,  
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms:

And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,  
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,  
 And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny,—

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colors  
 Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,

Under the which is writ—*In vitis nubibus.*

The commons, here in Kent, are up in arms;

And to conclude, reproach, and beggary,

Crept into the palace of our king,  
 And all by thee.—Away!—Convey him hence.

*Suf.* O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder  
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!

Small things make base men proud: this villain, here,  
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more  
 Than Barchus the strong Illyrian pirate.

Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.

It is impossible, that I should die

By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:

I go of message from the queen to France;

I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

*Cap.* Walter!—

*Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

*Suf.* *Pend gelidus timor occupat artus*:—it is thee  
 I fear.

[*thee.*]

*Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave  
 What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him; speak him  
 fair.

*Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,  
 Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favor.

Far be it we should honor such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear:

More can I bear, than you dare execute.

*Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

\* Such a jaded groom," i. e., such a low fellow.

"To affy," i. e., to betroth in marriage.—Edward III. bore for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud.—A *pinnace* formerly signified a ship of small burden, built for speed.

*Suf.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,  
That this my death may never be forgot.—  
Great men oft die by vile <sup>a</sup>bezonians:  
A Roman sworder and banditto slave  
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand  
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders  
Pompey the great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit Suf., with Whit., and others.*]

*Cap.* And as for these whose ransom we have set,  
It is our pleasure one of them depart:  
Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*]

*Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK'S Body.*

*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,  
Until the queen, his mistress, bury it. [*Exit.*]

*1 Gent.* O, barbarous and bloody spectacle!  
His body will I bear unto the king:  
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;  
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the Body.*]

### SCENE II.—Blackheath.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.*

*Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though made  
of a lath: they have been up these two days.

*John.* They have the more need to sleep now then.

*Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means  
to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a  
new nap upon it.

*John.* So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well,  
I say, it was never merry world in England, since  
gentlemen came up.

*Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in  
handicrafts-men.

*John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather  
aprons.

*Geo.* Nay more; the king's council are no good  
workmen.

*John.* True; and yet it is said,—labor in thy voca-  
tion: which is as much as to say,—let the magis-  
trates be laboring men; and therefore should we be  
magistrates.

*Geo.* Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign  
of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

*John.* I see them! I see them! There's Best's  
son, the tanner of Wingham.

*Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies to  
make dog's leather of.

*John.* And Dick, the butcher.

*Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and in-  
iquity's throat cut like a calf.

*John.* And Smith, the weaver.

*Geo.* Argo, their thread of life is spun.

*John.* Come, come; let's fall in with them.

*Drum.* *Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and others in great number.*

*Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our supposed  
father,—

*Dick.* Or rather, of stealing a <sup>b</sup>cade of herrings.

[*Aside.*]

*Cade.* —For our enemies shall fall before us, in-  
spired with the spirit of putting down kings and  
princes,—Command silence. [*Noise.*]

*Dick.* Silence!

*Cade.* My father was a Mortimer,—

*Dick.* He was an honest man, and a good brick-  
layer. [*Aside.*]

*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

*Dick.* I knew her well; she was a midwife.

[*Aside.*]

*Cade.* My wife descended of the Lucies,—

*Dick.* She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and  
sold many laces. [*Aside.*]

*Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with  
her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

[*Aside.*]

*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honorable house.

*Dick.* Ay, by my faith, the field is honorable, and  
there was he born under a hedge; for his father had  
never a house, but the <sup>c</sup>cage. [*Aside.*]

*Cade.* Valiant I am.

*Smith.* 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

[*Aside.*]

*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

*Dick.* No question of that, for I have seen him  
whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*]

*Cade.* I fear neither sword nor fire.

*Smith.* He need not fear the sword, for his coat  
is of proof.<sup>1</sup>

*Dick.* But, methinks, he should stand in fear of  
fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

[*Aside.*]

*Cade.* Be brave then; for your captain is brave,  
and vows reformation. There shall be in England  
seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-  
hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make  
it felony, to drink small beer. All the realm shall  
be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey  
go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will  
be)—

*All.* God save your majesty!

*Cade.* I thank you, good people:—there shall be  
no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and  
I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may  
agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

*Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the law-  
yers.

*Cade.* Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a  
lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent  
lamb should be made parchment? that parchment,  
being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some  
say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax,  
for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never  
mine own man since. How now! who's there?

*Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.*

*Smith.* The clerk of Chatham: he can write and  
read, and cast account.

*Cade.* O monstrous!

*Smith.* We took him setting of boys' copies.

*Cade.* Here's a villain!

*Smith.* He's a book in his pocket, with red letters  
in't.

*Cade.* Nay then, he is a conjurer.

*Dick.* Nay, he can make <sup>d</sup>obligations, and write  
court-hand.

*Cade.* I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man,  
of mine honor; unless I find him guilty, he shall  
not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee:  
what is thy name?

*Clerk.* Emmanuel.

*Dick.* They use to write it on the top of letters.—  
'Twill go hard with you.

*Cade.* Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy  
name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest  
plain-dealing man?

*Clerk.* Sir, I thank God, I have been so well  
brought up that I can write my name.

*All.* He hath confessed: away with him! he's a  
villain, and a traitor.

<sup>a</sup> A *bezonian* is a mean low person.—<sup>b</sup> A "*cade*," i. e., a barrel.

<sup>c</sup> Little places for harlots and vagabonds, set commonly  
in the market-place, were called *cages*.—<sup>d</sup> Bonds.

*Cade.* Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

*Enter MICHAEL.*

*Mich.* Where's our general?

*Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow.

*Mich.* Fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

*Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

*Mich.* No.

*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*] — Rise up sir John Mortimer. [*Rises.*] Now have at him.

*Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his Brother, with Drum and Forces.*

*Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down: Home to your cottages, forsake this groom. The king is merciful, if you revolt.

*W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

*Cade.* As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass <sup>a</sup> not: It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

*Staf.* Villain! thy father was a plasterer; And thou thyself a sheerman, art thou not?

*Cade.* And Adam was a gardener.

*W. Staf.* And what of that? [*March.*]

*Cade.* Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of Marston, Married the duke of Clarence's daughter, did he not?

*Staf.* Ay, sir.

*Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.

*W. Staf.* That's false.

*Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true. The elder of them, being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away; And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer when he came to age. His son am I: deny it, if you can.

*Dick.* Nay, 'tis too true; therefore, he shall be king. *Smith.* Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it: therefore, deny it not.

*Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words, That speaks he knows not what?

*All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore, get ye gone.

*W. Staf.* Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

*Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*] —Go to, sirrah: tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

*Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

*Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an enunch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

*Staf.* O, gross and miserable ignorance!

*Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this; can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

*All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

*W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

*Staf.* Herald, away; and, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends, May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors.—<sup>2</sup> All you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS and Forces.*]

*Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty. [*Me.—* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman: Spare none but such as go in clouted <sup>b</sup> shoon, For they are thrifty honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

*Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.

*Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come; march! forward! [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—Another Part of Blackheath.

*Alarums.* The two Parties enter, and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.

*Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

*Dick.* Here, sir.

*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred <sup>3</sup> years, lacking one.

*Dick.* I desire no more.

*Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; <sup>4</sup> [*Putting on STAFFORD's armor.*] and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

*Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails, and let out the prisoners.

*Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come; let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, reading a Supplication; the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and Lord SAY with him: at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's Head.*

*Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind, <sup>5</sup> [*Aside.*]

And makes it fearful and degenerate; Think, therefore, on revenge, and cease to weep. But who can cease to weep, and look on this? Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast; But where's the body that I should embrace?

*Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

*K. Hen.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat; For God forbid, so many simple souls Should perish by the sword! And I myself, Rather than bloody war shall cut them short, Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—But stay, I'll read it over once again.

*Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face <sup>6</sup> [*Aside.*]

Rul'd like a wandering planet over me, And could it not enforce them to relent, That were unworthy to behold the same?

*K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

<sup>a</sup> "I pass not," i. e., I care not.

<sup>b</sup> Shoes.



*Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

*K. Hen.* How, now, madam!

<sup>1</sup> Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,

Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

*Q. Mar.* No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

*Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,

Descended from the duke of Clarence' house,

And calls your grace usurper openly,

And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:

Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death

Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,

They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

*K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not what they do.

*Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenilworth, Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

*Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive, These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

*K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee, Therefore away with us to Kenilworth.

*Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger.

The sight of me is odious in their eyes;

And therefore in this city will I stay,

And live alone as secret as I may.

*Enter another Messenger.*

<sup>2</sup> *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge: Fly and forsake their houses. [*the citizens*]

The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,

To spoil the city, and your royal court.

*Buck.* Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.

*K. Hen.* Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succor us.

*Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

*K. Hen.* Farewell, my lord: [*To Lord SAY.*] trust not the Kentish rebels.

*Buck.* Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

*Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence, And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—The Same. The Tower.

*Enter Lord SCALES, and others, walking on the Walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

*Scales.* How now! is Jack Cade slain?

<sup>1</sup> *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honor from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

*Scales.* Such aid as I can spare, you shall command, But I am troubled here with them myself:

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,

And thither I will send you Matthew Gough.

Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;

And so farewell: <sup>2</sup> rebellion never thrives. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI.—The Same. Cannon Street.

*Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes his Staff on London-stone.*

*Cade.* Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and com-

mand, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier, running.*

*Sold.* Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

*Cade.* Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

*Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

*Dick.* My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

*Cade.* Come then, let's go fight with them. But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VII.—The Same. Smithfield.

*Alarm.* *Enter, on one side, CADE, and his Company; on the other, the Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.*

*Cade.* So, sirs.—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court: down with them all.

*Dick.* I have a suit unto your lordship.

*Cade.* Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

*Dick.* Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

*John.* Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aside.*]

*Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*]

*Cade.* I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away! burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

*John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*]

*Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in common.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty <sup>3</sup>fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the Lord SAY.*

*Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou <sup>4</sup>say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to

<sup>1</sup> A fifteen was the fifteenth part of all the personal property of each subject.—<sup>2</sup> Say is a kind of thin woollen stuff or serge.

call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer: moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged <sup>a</sup> them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a <sup>b</sup> foot-cloth, dost thou not?

*Say.* What of that?

*Cade.* Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honestest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

*Dick.* And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

*Say.* You men of Kent,—

*Dick.* What say you of Kent?

*Say.* Nothing but this: 'tis *bonna terra, mala gens*.

*Cade.* Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin. [will.]

*Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,  
Is term'd the civil<sup>st</sup> place of all this isle;  
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;  
The people liberal, valiant, active, <sup>1</sup> worthy,  
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.  
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;  
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

Justice with favor have I always done;  
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.  
When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you?  
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,  
Because my book prefer'd me to the king:  
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,  
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,  
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,  
You cannot but forbear to murder me.  
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings  
For your behoof.—

*Cade.* Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

*Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have I Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

*Geo.* O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks? [good.]

*Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching for your *Cade.* Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

*Say.* Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes, Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

*Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the <sup>2</sup> help of hatchet.

*Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?

*Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

*Cade.* Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

*Say.* Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth, or honor; speak?

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless <sup>3</sup> blood-shedding,  
This breast from harboring foul deceitful thoughts.  
O, let me live!

*Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a <sup>4</sup> familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o'

God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them them both upon two poles thither.

*All.* It shall be done.

[prayers,

*Say.* Ah, countrymen! if when you make your God should be so odurate as yourselves,

How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

*Cade.* Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some with Lord SAY.*

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

*Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

*Cade.* Marry, presently.

*All.* O brave!

*Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of Lord SAY and his Son-in-law.*

*Cade.* But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive. <sup>3</sup> [*Jowl them together.*] Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

*Alarum.* Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.

*Cade.* Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! —[*A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.*

*Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king  
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;  
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,  
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye <sup>4</sup> repent,  
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you,  
Or let a <sup>5</sup> rebel lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,  
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!  
Who hateth him, and honors not his father,  
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,  
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

*All.* God save the king! God save the king!

*Cade.* What! Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse 'light upon you all!

*All.* We'll follow Cade: we'll follow Cade.

<sup>a</sup> That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.—<sup>b</sup> A foot-cloth was a kind of housing which covered the body of the horse.—<sup>c</sup> "Guiltless blood-shedding," i. e., shedding innocent blood.—<sup>d</sup> "A familiar," i. e., a demon who was supposed to attend at call.

*Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,  
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?  
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,  
And make the meaneſt of you earls and dukes?  
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;  
Nor knows he how to live, but by the ſpoil,  
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.  
We'r not a ſhame, that whilst you live at jar,  
The fearful French, whom you late vanquiſhed,  
Should make a ſtart o'er ſeas, and vanquiſh you?  
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,  
I ſee them lordſing in London ſtreets,  
Crying—*Villagcois!* unto all they meet.  
Better ten thouſand baſe-born Cades miſcarry,  
Than you ſhould ſtoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.  
To France, to France! and get what you have loſt:  
Spare England, for it is your native coaſt.  
Henry hath money, you are ſtrong and manly:  
God on our ſide, doubt not of victory.

*All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king,  
and Clifford.

*Cade.* Was ever feather ſo lightly blown to and  
fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth  
hales them to an hundred miſchiefs, and makes them  
leave me deſolate. I ſee them lay their heads  
together, to ſurpriſe me: my ſword, make way for  
me, for here is no ſtaying.—In deſpite of the devils  
and hell, have through the very miſt of you; and  
heavens and honor be witneſs, that no want of reſo-  
lution in me, but only my followers' baſe and igno-  
minious treaſons, makes me betake me to my heels.

[*Exit.*

*Buck.* What! is he fled? go ſome, and follow him;  
And he, that brings his head unto the king,  
Shall have a thouſand crowns for his reward.—

[*Excunt ſome of them.*

Follow me, ſoldiers: we'll deviſe a mean

To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Excunt.*

#### SCENE IX.—Kenilworth Caſtle.

*Sound Trumpets, Enter King HENRY, Queen MAR-  
GARET, and SOMERSET, on the Terrace of the  
Caſtle.*

*K. Hen.* Was ever king that joy'd an earthly  
throne,

And could command no more content than I?

No ſooner was I crept out of my cradle,

But I was made a king, at nine months old:

Was never ſubject long'd to be a king,

As I do long and wiſh to be a ſubject.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.*

*Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majeſty!

*K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade,  
ſurpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

*Enter, below, a number of CADE'S Followers, with  
Halters about their Necks.*

*Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,  
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,  
Expect your highneſs' doom, of life, or death.

*K. Hen.* Then, heaven, ſet ope thy everlaſting  
gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praiſe!—

Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,

And ſhow'd how well you love your prince and coun-

Continue ſtill in this ſo good a mind, [*try:*

And Henry, though he be unfortunate,

Assure yourſelves, will never be unkind:

And ſo, with thanks, and pardon to you all,

I do diſmiſs you to your ſeveral countries.

*All.* God ſave the king! God ſave the king!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Pleaſe it your grace to be advertis'd,  
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland,  
And with a puiſſant, and united power  
Of Gallowglaſſes, and ſtout <sup>2</sup>Irish <sup>3</sup>kernes,  
Is marching hitherward in proud array;  
And ſtill proclaimeth, as he comes along,  
His arms are only to remove from thee  
The duke of Somereſet, whom he terms a traitor.

*K. Hen.* Thus ſtands my ſtate, 'twixt Cade and  
York diſtreſs'd,

Like to a ſhip, that, having ſcap'd a tempeſt,  
Is ſtraightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate.  
But <sup>b</sup>now is Cade driven back, his men diſpers'd,  
And now is York in arms to ſecond him.—

I pray thee, Buckingham, <sup>2</sup>then go and meet him,

And aſk him, what's the reaſon of theſe arms?

Tell him, I'll ſend duke Edmund to the Tower;—

And, Somereſet, we will commit thee thither,

Until his army be diſmiſs'd from him.

*Som.* My lord,

I'll yield myſelf to priſon willingly,

Or unto death to do my country good.

*K. Hen.* In any caſe, be not too rough in terms,  
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

*Buck.* I will, my lord; and doubt not ſo to deal,  
As all things ſhall redound unto your good.

*K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern  
better;

For yet may England curſe my wretched reign.

[*Excunt.*

#### SCENE X.—KENT. IDEN'S Garden.

*Enter CADE.*

*Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myſelf; that have  
a ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh! Theſe five  
days have I hid me in theſe woods, and durſt not  
peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now  
am I ſo hungry, that if I might have a leaſe of my  
life for a thouſand years, I could ſtay no longer.  
Wherefore, <sup>4</sup>o'er a brick-wall have I climb'd into  
this garden, to ſee if I can eat graſs, or pick a ſallet  
another while, which is not amiſs to cool a  
man's ſtomach this hot weather. And, I think,  
this word ſallet was born to do me good: for, many  
a time, but for a <sup>5</sup>sallet, my brain-pan had been  
cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when  
I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath ſerved  
me inſtead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the  
word ſallet muſt ſerve me to feed on.

*Enter IDEN, with Servants.*

*IDEN.* Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,  
And may enjoy ſuch quiet walks as theſe?

This ſmall inheritance, my father left me,

Contenteth me, and ſo worth a monarchy.

I ſeek not to wax great by others' waning,

Or gather wealth I care not with what eny;

Sufficieth that I have maintain my ſtate,

And ſends the poor well pleaſed from my gate.

*Cade.* Here's the god of the ſoil come to ſeize  
me for a ſtray, for entering his fee-ſimple without  
leave. A villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a  
thouſand crowns of the king by carrying my head  
to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an oſtrich,  
and ſwallow my ſword like a great pin, ere thou and  
I part.

*IDEN.* Why, rude companion, whatſo'er thou be,  
I know thee not; why then ſhould I betray thee?

<sup>a</sup> The *kernes* and *Gallowglaſſes* were two orders of foot  
ſoldiers among the Irish.—<sup>b</sup> But now, I c., but juſt now  
—<sup>c</sup> A *sallet* is a kind of helmet.

Is't not enough, to break into my garden,  
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,  
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,  
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

*Cade.* Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever  
was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me  
well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet,  
come thou and thy fine men, and if I do not leave  
you as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may  
never eat grass more.

*Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England  
That Alexander Iden, <sup>2</sup>squire of Kent, [stands,  
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine;  
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.  
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;  
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;  
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon:  
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;  
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,  
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.  
As for words, whose greatness answers words,  
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

*Cade.* By my valor, the most complete champion  
that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or  
cut not out the burly-boned clown in chimes of beef  
ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my  
knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They  
fight. CADE falls.*] O! I am slain. Famine, and  
no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come  
against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost,  
and I'd defy them all. Withier, garden; and be hence-  
forth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house,  
because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

*Iden.* Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous  
traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,  
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:  
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,  
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,  
To emblaze the honor that thy master got.

*Cade.* Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy vic-  
tory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best  
man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I,  
that never feared any, am vanquished by famine,  
not by valor. [*Dies.*]

*Iden.* How much thou wrong'st <sup>a</sup>me, heaven be  
my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!  
And as I thrust thy body with my sword,  
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.  
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels  
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,  
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;  
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,  
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exit, dragging out the body.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Same.* <sup>3</sup>The Fields between  
Dartford and Blackheath.

*The King's Camp on one side: on the other, enter  
YORK attended, with Drum and Colors; his Irish  
Forces at some distance.*

*York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim  
his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:  
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,  
To entertain great England's lawful king.  
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?  
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;  
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:  
I cannot give due action to my words,  
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance <sup>b</sup> it.  
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,  
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?  
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

*Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee  
well. [*greeting.*]

*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy  
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,  
To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—  
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,  
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,  
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

*York.* Scarce can I speak, my cholier is so great.  
<sup>5</sup>[*Aside.*]

O! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,  
I am so angry at these abject terms;  
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,  
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.  
I am far better born than is the king,  
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;  
But I must make fair weather yet a while,  
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—<sup>6</sup>  
O Buckingham, I pry'thee, pardon me,  
That I have given no answer all this while:  
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.  
The cause why I have brought this army hither,  
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,  
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part;  
But if thy arms be to no other end,  
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:  
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

*York.* Upon thine honor, is he prisoner?

*Buck.* Upon mine honor, he is prisoner.

*York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my  
powers.—

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:  
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,  
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.  
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,  
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,  
As pledges of my fealty and love;  
I'll send them all, as willing as I live:  
Lands, goods, horse, armor, any thing I have  
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

*Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission:  
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

*Enter King HENRY, attended.*

*K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm  
That thou be marcheth with thee arm in arm? [to us,  
*York.* In all submission and humility,  
York doth present himself unto your highness.

*K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces thou dost  
bring?

*York.* To have the traitor Somerset from hence;  
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,  
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter IDEN, with CADE's Head.*

*Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,

<sup>a</sup> "How much thou wrong'st me," i. e., by undervaluing  
my prowess.

<sup>b</sup> "Balance it," i. e., balance my hand.

May pass into the presence of a king,  
Lo! I present your grace a traitor's head,  
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

*K. Hen.* The head of Cade!—Great God, how  
just art thou!—

O! let me view his visage being dead,  
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.  
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

*Iden.* I was, an't like your majesty. [degree?

*K. Hen.* How art thou call'd, and what is thy  
*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;  
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

*Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss,  
He were created knight for his good service.

*K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down: [*He kneels.*] rise up  
a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;

And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,  
[*Rising.*

And never live but true unto his liege. [the queen:

*K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with  
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Enter Queen MARGARET and SOMERSET.*

*Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide  
his head,

But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

*York.* How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,  
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—

False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,  
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,

And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

*Som.* O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.

Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace. [of these,

*York.* Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask

If they can brook I bow a knee to man?

Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[*Exit an Attendant.*

I know, ere they will have me go to a ward,

They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

*Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come again,

To say, if that the bastard boys of York

Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

*York.* O! blood-spotted Neapolitan,

Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,

The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,

Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those

That for my surety will refuse the boys.

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with  
Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also,  
old CLIFFORD and his Son.*

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it  
good. [bail.

*Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to deny their

*Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord the  
king! [Kneels.

*York.* I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with  
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look: [thee?  
We are thy sovereign, Clifford; kneel again;  
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

*Clif.* This is my king, York: I do not mistake;  
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do.—  
To bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

*K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious  
humor

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

*Clif.* He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,  
And chop away that factious pate of his.

*Q. Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey:

His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

*York.* Will you not, sons?

*Edw.* Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

*Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons  
shall.

*Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

*York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;

I am thy king, and thou a false-hearted traitor.—

Call hither to the stake my two brave<sup>b</sup> bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these<sup>a</sup> fell-looking curs;

Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

*Drums.* *Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with  
Forces.*

*Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to  
And manacle the<sup>c</sup> bear-ward in their chains, [death,  
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

*Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, having suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:

And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

*Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,  
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

*York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

*Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn your-  
selves. [bow?—

*K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to

Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—

What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

O! where is faith? O! where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

Where shall it find a harbor in the earth?—

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

And shame thine honorable age with blood?

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

*Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself

The title of this most renowned duke;

And in my conscience do repute his grace

The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

*K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

*Sal.* I have. [an oath?

*K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such

*Sal.* It is great sin to swear unto a sin,

But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

Who can be bound by any solemn vow

To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her custom'd right,

And have no other reason for this wrong,

<sup>b</sup> The Novils, curls of Warwick, had a bear and a ragged  
staff for their crest.—Bear-keeper.

<sup>a</sup> Custody; confinement.

But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

*Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

*K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

*York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

*Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

*War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again, To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,

Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;

And that I'll write upon thy <sup>a</sup>burgonet,

Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

*War.* Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,

This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,

(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,

That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm)

Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,

And tread it underfoot with all contempt,

Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

*Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,

To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

*Rich.* Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,

For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

*Y. Clif.* Foul <sup>b</sup>stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

*Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

#### SCENE II.—Saint Albans.

*Alarums: Exeursions. Enter WARWICK.*

*War.* Clifford of Cumberland! 'tis Warwick calls;  
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,  
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,  
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!  
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter YORK.*

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

*York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;  
But match to match I have encounter'd him,  
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
Even of the bony beast he lov'd so well.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.

*York.* Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other  
For I myself must hunt this deer to death. [*chace,*

*War.* Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou  
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day, [*fight'st.*—  
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[*Exit WARWICK.*]

*Clif.* What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

*York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in love,  
But that thou art so fast mine enemy. [*esteem,*

*Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and  
But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

*York.* So let it help me now against thy sword,  
As I in justice and true right express it.

*Clif.* My soul and body on the action both!—

*York.* A dreadful 'lay!—address thee instantly.

*Clif.* *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*They fight, and CLIFFORD falls and dies.*]

*York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*]

*Enter young CLIFFORD.*

*Y. Clif.* Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:

Ho that is truly dedicate to war,

Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

The name of valor.—O! let the vile world end,  
[*Seeing his Father's body.*]

And the <sup>d</sup>premised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds

To 'cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to 'achieve

The silver livery of <sup>e</sup>advised age,

And, in thy <sup>b</sup>reverence, and thy chair-days, thus

To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,

My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;

No more will I their babes: tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;

And Beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaima,

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:

Meet I an infant of the house of York,

Into as many <sup>i</sup>goblets will I cut it,

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;

[*Taking up the Body.*]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,

So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;

But then, Æneas bare a living load,

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*]

*Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET, fighting: SOMERSET is slain.*

*Rich.* So, lie thou there;—

For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,

The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset

Hath made the wizard famous in his death.

Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:

Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*]

*Alarums: Exeursions. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and others, flying.*

*Q. Mar.* Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away! [*garet, stay,*

*K. Hen.* Can we outrun the heavens? good Mar-

*Q. Mar.* What are you made of? you'll nor fight,

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence, [*nor fly:*

To give the enemy way; and to secure us

By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,

(As well we may, if not through your neglect)

We shall to London get; where you are lov'd,

And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,

May readily be stopp'd.

*Enter young CLIFFORD.*

*Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischief set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;

But fly you must: uncurable discomfit

Reigns in the hearts of all our present <sup>k</sup>parts.

<sup>a</sup> A *burgonet* is a helmet.—<sup>b</sup> Stigmatic, i. e., one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma.—<sup>c</sup> A dreadful lay, i. e., a tremendous stake.

<sup>d</sup> Premised flames, i. e. flames sent before their time.—  
<sup>e</sup> "To cease," i. e., to put a stop to.—<sup>f</sup> "To achieve," i. e., to arrive at.—<sup>g</sup> Circumspect; cautious.—<sup>h</sup> "In thy reverence," i. e., in that period of life which is entitled to command reverence.—<sup>i</sup> Mouthfuls.—<sup>k</sup> Parts is used for party.

Away, for your relief; and we will live  
To see their day, and them our fortune give.  
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Albans.

*Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK,*  
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and *Soldiers, with Drum and Colors.*

*York.* <sup>1</sup>Old Salisbury, who can report of him?  
That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
Aged contusions and all <sup>2</sup>bruise of time,  
And, like a gallant in the <sup>3</sup>bloom of youth,  
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day  
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,  
If Salisbury be lost.

*Rich.* My noble father,  
Three times to-day I help him to his horse  
Three times <sup>a</sup>bestrid him; thrice I led him off,  
Persuaded him from any farther act:  
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;  
And like rich hangings in a homely house,  
So was his will in his old feeble body.

<sup>a</sup> "Bestrid him," i. e., defended him when fallen by *striding* over him.

But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;

By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:  
God knows how long it is I have to live,  
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day  
You have defended me from imminent death.—  
Well, lords, we have not got that which we <sup>b</sup>have:  
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,  
Being opposites of such repairing <sup>c</sup>nature.

*York.* I know our safety is to follow them;  
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,  
To call a present court of parliament:  
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth.—  
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

*War.* After them? nay, before them, if we can.  
Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:  
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,  
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—  
Sound, drums and trumpets!—and to London all;  
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>b</sup> That is, 'We have not secured that which we have acquired.'—<sup>c</sup> That is, 'Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally, and recover themselves from this defeat.'

# THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.



Act V.—Scene 2.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.  
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.  
LEWIS XI., King of France.  
DUKE OF SOMERSET, }  
DUKE OF EXETER }  
EARL OF OXFORD, }  
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, }  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND, }  
LORD CLIFFORD, }  
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York. }  
EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards }  
King Edward IV., }  
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland, }  
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence, }  
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, }  
DUKE OF NORFOLK, }  
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE, }  
EARL OF WARWICK, }  
EARL OF PEMBROKE, }  
LORD HASTINGS, }  
LORD STAFFORD, }

1 on King Henry's side.  
his Sons.  
of the Duke of York's party.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, }  
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, }  
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.  
LORD RIVERS, Brother to Lady Grey. SIR  
WILLIAM STANLEY. SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY. SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE. Tutor to  
Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of  
the Tower. A Nobleman. Two Keepers.  
A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his  
Father. A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.  
LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.  
BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry  
and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen,  
&c.

SCENE, during part of the Third Act, in France; during the rest of the Play in England.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. The Parliament-House.

*Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party break in. Then, enter the Duke of York, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white Roses in their Hats.*

*War.* I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

*York.* While we pursued the horsemen of the north,  
He slyly stole away, and left his men:

Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,

Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,  
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,  
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,  
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

*Edw.* Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,  
Is either slain, or wounded dangerously:  
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;  
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody Sword.*  
*Mont.* And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's  
blood, [To YORK, showing his.



Whom I encounter'd as the battles joined.

*Rich.* Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's Head.*]

*York.* Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—

But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

*Nor.* Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head!

*War.* And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne,

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,

I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,

And this the regal seat: possess it, York;

For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

*York.* Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

For hither we have broken in by force.

*Nor.* We'll all assist you: he, that flies, shall die.

*York.* Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords:—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

*War.* And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

[*They retire.*]

*York.* The queen this day here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council.

By words or blows here let us win our right.

*Rich.* Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

*War.* The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,

And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

*York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute, I mean to take possession of my right.

*War.* Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,

Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his <sup>a</sup> bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—

Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[*Warwick leads YORK to the Throne, who seats himself.*]

[*Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, with red Roses in their Hats.*]

*K. Hen.* My lords, look where the sturdy rebels sit, Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,

Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,

To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father:—

And thine, lord Clifford: <sup>1</sup> you have vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favorites, and his friends.

*North.* If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

*Clif.* The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

[*Clown:* West. What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck him My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

*Clif.* Patience is for poltroons, such as he:

He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

*North.* Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

*K. Hen.* Ah! know you not, the city favors them, And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

*Exe.* But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

*K. Hen.* Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,

<sup>a</sup> Hawks had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to dare the birds; that is, to fright them from rising.

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

[*They advance to the Duke.*]

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:

I am thy sovereign.

*York.* I am thine.

[*Of York.*]

*Exe.* For shame! come down: he made thee duke

*York.* 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

*Exe.* Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

*War.* Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown

In following this usurping Henry.

*Clif.* Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

*War.* True, Clifford; that is Richard, duke of York.

*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

*York.* It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

*War.* Be duke of Lancaster: let him be king.

*West.* He is both king and duke of Lancaster; And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

*War.* And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget, That we are those which chas'd you from the field,

And slew your fathers, and with colors spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates.

*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

*West.* Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,

Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

*Clif.* Urge it no more; lest that instead of words

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,

As shall revenge his death before I stir. [threats.

*War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless

*York.* Will you, we show our title to the crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

*K. Hen.* What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;

Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March.

I am the son of Henry the fifth,

Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

*War.* Talk not of France, <sup>b</sup> sith thou hast lost it all.

*K. Hen.* The lord protector lost it, and not I:

When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

*Rich.* You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

*Edw.* Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.

*Mont.* Good brother, [*To YORK.*] as thou lov'st and honor'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

*Rich.* Sound drums and trumpets, and the king

*York.* Sons, peace! [will fly.

*K. Hen.* Peace thou, and give king Henry leave to speak.

*War.* Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords; And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live. [throne,

*K. Hen.* Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly

Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colors—often borne in France,

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—

Shall be my winding sheet.—Why fittist you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his.

*War.* Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

*K. Hen.* Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

*York.* 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

*K. Hen.* I know not what to say: my title's weak.— [Aside.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

<sup>b</sup> Since.

*York.* What then?

*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king;  
For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth,  
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

*York.* He rose against him, being his sovereign,  
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

*War.* Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,  
Think you, 'twere <sup>a</sup> prejudicial to his crown?

*Exc.* No; for he could not so resign his crown,  
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

*K. Hen.* Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

*Exc.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

*York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

*Exc.* My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

*K. Hen.* All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

*North.* Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,  
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

*War.* Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.

*North.* Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern  
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, [power,  
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,  
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

*Clif.* King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,  
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

*K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

*York.* Henry of Lancaster, resign <sup>1</sup> my crown.—  
What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?

*War.* Do right unto this princely duke of York,  
Or I will fill the house with armed men,  
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,  
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*]

*K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, hear me but one  
Let me for this my life-time reign as king. [word.

*York.* Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,  
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

*K. Hen.* I am content: Richard Plantagenet,  
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

*Clif.* What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

*War.* What good is this to England, and himself?

*West.* Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

*Clif.* How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

*West.* I cannot stay to hear these articles.

*North.* Nor I.

*Clif.* Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

*West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
In whose cold blood no spark of honor bides.

*North.* Be thou a prey unto the house of York,  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

*Clif.* In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,  
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD,  
and WESTMORELAND.*]

*War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

*Exc.* They seek <sup>b</sup> revenge, and therefore will not

*K. Hen.* Ah, Exeter! [yield.

*War.* Why should you sigh, my lord?

*K. Hen.* Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,  
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may, I here entail  
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

[*To YORK.*]

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honor me as thy king and sovereign;

And neither by treason, nor hostility,

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

*York.* This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[*Coming from the Throne.*]

*War.* Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him. [sons!

*K. Hen.* And long live thou, and these thy forward

*York.* Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

*Exc.* Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*]

*York.* Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to my <sup>c</sup> castle.

*War.* And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

*Nor.* And I to Norfolk with my followers.

*Mont.* And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt YORK, and his Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK,  
MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

*K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

*Enter Queen MARGARET and the Prince of WALES.*

*Exc.* Here comes the queen, whose looks <sup>d</sup> bewray  
her anger:

I'll steal away.

*K. Hen.* Exeter, so will I. [Going.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

*Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?

Had'st thou but lov'd him half so well as I,

Or felt that pain which I did for him once,

Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,

Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,

And disinherited thine only son.

*Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me.

If you be king, why should not I succeed! [son:—

*K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet  
The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforce'd me.

*Q. Mar.* Enforce'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be  
forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,

And given unto the house of York such head,

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

T' entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,

And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;

The duke is made protector of the realm;

And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds

The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.

Had I been <sup>e</sup> queen, which once I was,

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,

Before I would have granted to that act;

But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honor:

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colors,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;

And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,

And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away:

Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

*K. Hen.* Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hast spoke too much already: get  
thine gone.

*K. Hen.* Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

*Q. Mar.* Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

*Prince.* When I return with victory from the field,

<sup>a</sup> "Prejudicial to his crown," i. e., detrimental to the rights of hereditary royalty.—<sup>b</sup> "They seek revenge," i. e., they are not induced by principle, but by passion.

<sup>c</sup> Sandal Castle, in Yorkshire.—<sup>d</sup> Betray.

I'll see your grace; till then, I'll follow her.

*Q. Mar.* Come, son; away! we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen MARGARET, and the Prince.*]

*K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,

Hath made her break out into terms of rage.

Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle

<sup>a</sup>Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!

The loss of those three <sup>b</sup>lords torments my heart:

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—

Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.

*Exc.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.

*Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.*

*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

*Edw.* No; I can better play the orator.

*Mont.* But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter YORK.*

*York.* Why, how now, sons, and brother! at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

*Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.

*York.* About what? [us;]

*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and The crown of England, father, which is yours.

*York.* Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.

*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe, It will outrun you, father, in the end.

*York.* I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

*Edw.* But for a kingdom any oath may be broken: I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

*Rich.* No; God forbid, your grace should be for-

*York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war. [sworn.

*Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

*York.* Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.

*Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority over him that swears:

Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think,

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,

Within whose circuit lies Elysium,

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed

Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

*York.* Richard, enough: I will be king, or die.—

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—

Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,

And tell him privily of our intent.—

You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,

<sup>c</sup>Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,

But that I seek occasion how to rise,

And yet the king not privy to my drift,

Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger.*

But, stay.—What news? Why com'st thou in such post? [lords,

*Mess.* The queen, with all the northern earls and <sup>1</sup>Intends here to besiege you in your castle.

She is hard by with twenty thousand men,

And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

*York.* Ay, with my sword. What, think'st thou, that we fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me:

My brother Montague shall post to London.

Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

Whom we have left protectors of the king,

With powerful policy strengthen themselves,

And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

*Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not: And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.*

*York.* Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour; [uncles,

The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

*Sir John.* She shall not need, we'll meet her in the

*York.* What, with five thousand men? [field.

*Rich.* Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A March afar off.*]

*Edw.* I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,

And issue forth, and bid them battle straight. [great,

*York.* Five men to twenty!—though the odds be

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle.

*Alarums; Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, and his Tutor.*

*Rut.* Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands? Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

*Enter CLIFFORD, and Soldiers.*

*Clif.* Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,

Whose <sup>d</sup>father slew my father, he shall die.

*Tut.* And I, my lord, will bear him company.

*Clif.* Soldiers, away with him.

*Tut.* Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child, Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*]

*Clif.* How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear, That makes him close his eyes:—I'll open them.

*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws:

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,

And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—

Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threatening look.

Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;

Be thou revenge'd on men, and let me live.

*Clif.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood [enter.

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should

*Rut.* Then let my father's blood open it again:

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,

Were not revenge sufficient for me.

No; if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,

<sup>a</sup> "Tire," i. e., feed.—<sup>b</sup> That is, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford.—<sup>c</sup> "Witty," i. e., of sound judgment.

<sup>d</sup> "Whose father," i. e., the father of which brat, namely, the Duke of York.

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.  
The sight of any of the house of York  
Is as a fury to torment my soul;  
And till I root out their accursed line,  
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.  
Therefore—

*Rut.* O! let me pray before I take my death.—  
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!

*Clif.* Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

*Rut.* I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

*Clif.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.*

But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,  
Lest, in revenge thereof, 'sith God is just,  
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah! let me live in prison all my days,  
And when I give occasion of offence,  
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clif.* No cause?

Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.

[CLIFFORD stabs him.

*Rut.* *Dû faciant, laudis summa sit ista & tue!*

[Dies.

*Clif.* Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,  
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood  
Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both.

[Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—The Same.

*Alarums. Enter York.*

*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:  
My 'uncles both are slain in rescuing me;  
And all my followers to the eager foe  
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,  
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.  
My sons—God knows, what hath bechuned them,  
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves  
Like men born to renown by life or death.  
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,  
And thrice cried,—“Courage, father! fight it out!”  
And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt  
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:  
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,  
Richard cried,—“Charge! and give no foot of  
ground!”  
And cried,—“A crown, or else a glorious tomb!  
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!”  
With this, we charg'd again; but, out alas!  
We 'bodg'd again: as I have seen a swan  
With bootless labor swim against the tide,  
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short Alarum within.

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,  
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;  
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury.  
The sands are number'd that make up my life;  
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—  
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.  
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

*North.* Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

*Clif.* Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm  
With downright payment show'd unto my father.

Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,  
And made an evening at the noon-tide 'prick.

*York.* My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth  
A bird that will revenge upon you all;  
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,  
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear?

*Clif.* So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;  
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*York.* O, Clifford! but bethink thee once again,  
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;  
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,  
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

*Clif.* I will not bandy with thee word for word,  
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

*Q. Mar.* Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand  
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.— [Causes  
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumber-  
land.

*North.* Hold, Clifford! do not honor him so much  
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:  
What valor were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?  
It is war's prize to take all vantages,  
And ten to one is no impeach of valor.

[They lay hands on York, who struggles.

*Clif.* Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.

*North.* So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK is taken prisoner.

*York.* So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd  
booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

*North.* What would your grace have done unto  
him now? [Berland,

*Q. Mar.* Brave warriors, Clifford and Northum-

ber, make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That 'raught at mountains with outstretched arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—  
What! was it you, that would be England's king?  
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,  
And made a preachment of your high descent?  
Where are your mess of sons to back you now,  
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?  
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,  
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,  
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?  
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?  
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood  
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point  
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;  
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

[Throwing it.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,  
I should lament thy miserable state.

I pry'thee, grieve to make me merry, York:  
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,  
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?  
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;  
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.  
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.  
Thou would'st be fce'd, I see, to make me sport:  
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—  
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.  
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a paper Crown on his Head.

\* Since.—“Heaven grant that this may be your greatest  
boast.”—*Ovid. Epist.*—“My nuckles,” i. e., Sir John and Sir  
Hugh Mortimer.—“Bodg'd,” i. e., boggled; failed.

\* That is, the noontide point on the dial.—“Raught,” i. e.,  
reached.—\* Handkerchief.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.  
 Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;  
 And this is he was his adopted heir.—  
 But how is it, that great Plantagenet  
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?  
 As I bethink me, you should not be king,  
 Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.  
 And will you <sup>a</sup>pale your head in Henry's glory,  
 And rob his temples of the diadem,  
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
 O! 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable.—  
 Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!  
 And whilst we breathe take time to <sup>b</sup>do him dead.  
*Clif.* That is my office for my father's sake.  
*Q. Mar.* Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.  
*York.* She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves  
 of France;

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth,  
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,  
 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,  
 Upon thy woes whom fortune captivates?  
 But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,  
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
 I would essay, proud queen, to make thee blush:  
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,  
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not  
 shameless.

Thy father bears the <sup>c</sup>type of king of Naples,  
 Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,  
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.  
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?  
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;  
 Unless the adage must be verified,  
 That beggars mounted run their horse to death.  
 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
 But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.  
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;  
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.  
 'Tis <sup>d</sup>government that makes them seem divine;  
 The want thereof makes thee abominable.  
 Thou art as opposite to every good,  
 As the Antipodes are unto us,  
 Or as the south to the <sup>e</sup>septentrion.  
 O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!  
 How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?  
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;  
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
 Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:  
 Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy  
 For raging wind blows up incessant showers, [will;  
 And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.—  
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,  
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,  
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-  
 woman.

*North.* Beshrew me, but his <sup>f</sup>passions move me so,  
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

*York.* That face of his  
 The hungry cannibals would not have touch'd,  
 Would not have stain'd <sup>1</sup>the rose's hues with blood:  
 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
 O! ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.  
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:  
 This cloth thou dipp'st in blood of my sweet boy,  
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;

<sup>2</sup>[*Throwing it back to her.*]

<sup>a</sup> Impale; encircle.—<sup>b</sup> "To do him dead," i. e., to kill him.  
 —<sup>c</sup> "The type," i. e., the crown; the symbol of royalty.—  
<sup>d</sup> "Government," i. e., self-government; regularity of be-  
 havior.—<sup>e</sup> The north.—<sup>f</sup> "His passions," i. e., his *griefs*.

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;—  
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
 And say,—“Alas! it was a piteous deed.”—  
 There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;  
 And in thy need such comfort come to thee,  
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—  
 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:  
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!  
*North.* Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,  
 I should not, for my life, but weep with him,  
 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul. [Berland?  
*Q. Mar.* What! weeping-ripe, my lord Northum-  
 berland? Think but upon the wrong he did us all,  
 And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

*Clif.* Here's for my oath; here's for my father's  
 death. [Stabbing him.

*Q. Mar.* And here's to right our gentle-hearted  
 king. [Stabbing him.

*York.* Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!  
 My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [Dies.

*Q. Mar.* Off with his head, and set it on York  
 So York may overlook the town of York. [Gates:  
 [Flourish. *Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in  
 Herefordshire.

*A March.* Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with  
 their Power.

*Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;  
 Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,  
 From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.  
 Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;  
 Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;  
 Or had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard  
 The happy tidings of his good escape.—  
 How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

*Rich.* I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd  
 Where our right valiant father is become.  
 I saw him in the battle range about,  
 And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.  
 Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,  
 As doth a lion in a herd of <sup>1</sup>neat:

Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,  
 Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,  
 The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.  
 So far'd our father with his enemies;  
 So fled his enemies my warlike father:  
 Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.  
 See, how the morning opens her golden gates,  
 And takes her farewell of the glorious <sup>2</sup>sun:  
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
 Trimm'd like a youngker, prancing to his love!

*Edw.* Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, each one a perfect <sup>3</sup>sun,  
 Not separated with the <sup>4</sup>racking clouds,  
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.  
 See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,  
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable:  
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun!  
 In this the <sup>5</sup>heavens figure some event.

<sup>a</sup> "Bore him," i. e., demeaned himself.—<sup>b</sup> "A herd of  
 neat," i. e., of *neat cattle*, cows, oxen, &c.—<sup>c</sup> Aurora takes  
 for a time her *farewell* of the sun, when she dismisses him  
 to his diurnal course.—<sup>d</sup> This circumstance is mentioned by  
 the historians Hall and Holinshed.—<sup>e</sup> "The racking clouds,"  
 i. e., the clouds in rapid tumultuary motion.

*Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange; the like yet never I think, it cites us, brother, to the field, [heard of. That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet, Each one already blazing by our <sup>2</sup>meeds, Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together, And over-shine the earth, as this the world. Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear Upon my target three fair shining suns. [speak it; *Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I You love the breeder better than the male.

*Enter a Messenger in haste.*

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

*Mess.* Ah! one that was a woful looker on, When as the noble duke of York was slain, Your princely father, and my loving lord.

*Edw.* O! speak no more, for I have heard too much.

*Rich.* Say, how he died, for I will hear it all.

*Mess.* Environed he was with many foes; And stood against them, as the <sup>1</sup>hope of Troy Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy. But Hercules himself must yield to odds; And many strokes, though with a little axe, How down, and fell the hardest-timber'd oak. By many hands your father was subdu'd; But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen, Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite; Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept, The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks, A napkin steeped in the harmless blood Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain: And, after many scorns, many foul taunts, They took his head, and on the gates of York They set the same; and there it doth remain, The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

*Edw.* Sweet duke of York! our prop to lean upon, Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay. O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain The flower of Europe for his chivalry; And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him, For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee. Now, my soul's palace is become a prison: Ah! would she break from hence, that this my body Might in the ground be closed up in rest, For never henceforth shall I joy again; Never, O! never, shall I see more joy.

*Rich.* I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart; Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden, For self-same wind, that I should speak withal, Is <sup>1</sup>and ting coars than live an <sup>1</sup>ay least, And bura me up with flames that tears would quench. To weep is to make less the depth of grief. Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death, Or die renowned by attempting it. [thee;

*Edw.* His name that valiant duke hath left with His dukedom and his chair with me <sup>1</sup>are left.

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird, Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun: For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say; Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March.* *Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with their Army.*

*War.* How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

*Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance, Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,

The words would add more anguish than the wounds. O, valiant lord! the duke of York is slain.

*Edw.* O, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet, Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption, Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

*War.* Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears; And now, to add more measure to your woes, I come to tell you things <sup>2</sup>sith then befallen. After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought, Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp, Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run, Were brought me of your loss, and his depart. I, then in London, keeper of the king, Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends, March'd towards Saint Albans to intercept the queen, Bearing the king in my behalf along; For by my scouts I was advis'd, That she was coming with a full intent To dash our late decree in parliament, Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession. Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met; Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought; But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king, Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen, That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen, Or whether 'twas report of her success, Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigor, Who thunders to his captives blood and death, I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth, Their weapons like to lightning came and went: Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight, Or like a lazy thrasher with a fail, Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends. I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause, With promise of high pay, and great rewards, But all in vain; they had no heart to fight, And we in this no hope to win the day; So that we fled: the king unto the queen. Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself, In haste, poste-haste, are come to join with you; For in the marches here, we heard, you were, Making another head to fight again. [wick!

*Edw.* Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle War—And when came George from Burgundy to England?

*War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the And for your brother, he was lately sent [soldiers; From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy, With aid of soldiers to this needful war. [led:

*Rich.* 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit, But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

*War.* Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear; For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head, And wring the awful sceptre from his fist, Were he as famous, and as bold in war, As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

*Rich.* I know it well, lord Warwick; blame me not: 'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.

But in this troublous time what's to be done? Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns, Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords. [out,

*War.* Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you And therefore comes my brother Montague.

Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen, With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland, And of their feather many more proud birds,

<sup>1</sup> Merit.—<sup>2</sup> "The hope of Troy," i. e., Hector.

<sup>3</sup> Since.

Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.  
He swore consent to your succession,  
His oath enrolled in the parliament;  
And now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside  
May make against the house of Lancaster:  
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.  
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,  
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,  
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,  
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,  
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain,  
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
And once again cry—Charge! upon our foes;  
But never once again turn back, and fly. [speak.

*Rich.* Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick  
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,  
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

*Edw.* Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;  
And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)  
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

*War.* No longer earl of March, but duke of York:  
The next degree is, England's royal throne;  
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd  
In every borough as we pass along;  
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,  
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.  
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—  
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,  
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

*Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,  
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,  
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

*Edw.* Then strike up, drums!—God, and Saint  
George, for us!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*War.* Now now! what news?

*Mess.* The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,  
The queen is coming with a puissant host,  
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

*War.* Why then, it a sorts: brave warriors, let's  
away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before York.

*Flourish.* *Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET,  
the Prince of WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Drums and Trumpets.*

*Q. Mar.* Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of  
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy, [York.  
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:  
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

*K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear  
their wreck:

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—  
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault;  
Not wittingly have I infing'd my vow.

*Clif.* My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.  
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;  
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;  
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:  
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
And raise his issue like a loving sire;

\* "It sorts," i. e., it falls out right; things are as they  
should be.

Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,  
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
Which argued thee a most unloving father.  
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight,  
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?  
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.  
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy  
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,  
And long hereafter say unto his child,—  
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,  
My careless father fondly gave away."

Ah! what a shame were this. Look on the boy;  
And let his manly face, which promiseth  
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

*K. Hen.* Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,  
Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,  
That things ill got had ever bad success?

And happy always was it for that son,  
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,  
And would my father had left me no more;

For all the rest is held at such a rate,  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—

Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know,  
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

*Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes  
are nigh,

And this soft carriage makes your followers faint.  
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:

Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—  
Edward, kneel down.

*K. Hen.* Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

*Prince.* My gracious father, by your kingly leave,  
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,  
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

*Clif.* Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.  
*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Royal commanders, be in readiness:  
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,  
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;

And, in the towns, as they do march along,  
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.

<sup>d</sup> Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

*Clif.* I would, your highness would depart the field:  
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our  
fortune. [I'll stay.

*K. Hen.* Why, that's my fortune too; therefore  
North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

*Prince.* My royal father, cheer these noble lords,  
And hearten those that fight in your defence.

Unsheath your sword, good father: cry, "Saint  
George!"

*March.* *Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WAR-  
WICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for  
And set thy diadem upon my head, [grace,

<sup>b</sup> Foolishly.—<sup>c</sup> The king quotes two proverbs; the one—  
'Ill-gotten goods never prosper'; the other—'Happy the  
child whose father went to the devil.' This last he must be  
supposed to use interrogatively, as disputing the truth of it:  
'Was it always happy for that son?' &c. This interpreta-  
tion sets the king's reasoning right.—<sup>d</sup> 'Darraign your bat-  
tle,' i. e., arrange your order of battle.

Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

*Q. Mar.* Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy:  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,  
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

*Ede.* I am his king, and he should bow his knee:  
I was adopted heir by his consent;  
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,  
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,  
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

*Clif.* And reason too:

Who should succeed the father, but the son?

*Rich.* Are you there, butcher?—O! I cannot speak.

*Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,  
Or any he the proudest of thy sort. [not?]

*Rich.* 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it

*Clif.* Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

*Rich.* For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

*War.* What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

[dare you speak?]

*Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick!

When you and I met at Saint Albans last,

Your legs did better service than your hands.

*War.* Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

*Clif.* You said so much before, and yet you fled.

*War.* 'Twas not your valor, Clifford, drove me thence. [stay.]

*North.* No, nor your manhood that durst make you

*Rich.* Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

*Clif.* I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?

*Rich.* Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,  
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;  
But ere sun-set I'll make thee curse the deed.

*K. Hen.* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak. [lips.]

*Q. Mar.* Defy them then, or else hold close thy

*K. Hen.* I pry thee, give no limits to my tongue:

I am a king, and privileg'd to speak. [here,]

*Clif.* My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting  
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

*Rich.* Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword.

By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,

That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

*Ede.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,

That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

*War.* If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;

For York in justice puts his armor on. [right,]

*Prince.* If that be right, which Warwick says is  
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

*Rich.* Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;

For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

*Q. Mar.* But thou art neither like thy sire, nor  
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic, [dam:]

Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,

As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

*Rich.* Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,

Whose father bears the title of a king,

(As if a channel should be call'd the sea) [traught,

Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-  
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

*Ede.* A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,

To make this shameless callat know herself.—

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Although thy husband may be Menelaus;

And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd

By that false woman, as this king by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of France,

And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;

And, had he match'd according to his state,

He might have kept that glory to this day;

But, when he took a beggar to his bed,

And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,

Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,

That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,

And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.

For what bath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,

And we, in pity of the gentle king,

Had slipp'd our claim until another age. [spring,]

*Geo.* But when we saw our sunshine made thy

And that thy summer bred us no increase,

We set the axe to thy usurping root:

And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,

Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,

We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

*Ede.* And in this resolution I defy thee;

Not willing any longer conference,

Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.—

Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colors wave,

And either victory, or a welcome grave.

*Q. Mar.* Stay, Edward.

*Ede.* No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay;

These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—A Field of Battle near Towton.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

*War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe;

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,

Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,

And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

*Enter EDWARD, running.*

*Ede.* Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death;

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

*War.* How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

*Enter GEORGE.*

*Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair:

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.

What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

*Ede.* Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings,  
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

*Enter RICHARD.*

*Rich.* Ah, Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,

Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;

And, in the very pangs of death he cried,

Like to a dismal clangor heard from afar,

"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"

So, underneath the bellies of their steeds,

That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,

The noble gentleman gave up the ghost. [blood:]

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our  
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.

\* "I am resolved," i. e., it is my firm persuasion.—<sup>b</sup> Gilding.—<sup>c</sup> A channel formerly signified what we now call a kennel.—<sup>d</sup> Extracted.—<sup>e</sup> "Detect thy base-born heart," i. e., discover thy meanness of birth, by thy indecent railing.—<sup>f</sup> A wisp of straw was often applied as a mark of opprobrium to an immodest woman, a scold, or similar offenders; even showing it to a woman was therefore considered as a grievous affront.

\* A callat was a lewd woman; but a term often given to a scold.—<sup>b</sup> "May be Menelaus," i. e., may be a cuckold.—<sup>c</sup> Spent; tired.



Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,  
And look <sup>a</sup>upon, as if the tragedy  
Were play'd in jest by counterfoiting actors?  
Here on my knee I vow to God above, <sup>1</sup>[*Kneeling.*  
I'll never pause again, never stand still,  
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,  
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

*Edw.* O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine;  
<sup>2</sup>[*Kneeling.*

And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.  
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,  
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,  
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings;  
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,  
That to my foes this body must be prey,—  
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,  
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.—

<sup>3</sup>[*Rising.*  
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth. [*Warwick,*  
*Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle  
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.  
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,  
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

*War.* Away, away! Once more, sweet lords,  
farewell.

*Gco.* Yet let us all together to our troops,  
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,  
And call them pillars that will stand to us;  
And if we thrive promise them such rewards  
As victors <sup>4</sup>wore at the Olympian games.  
This may plant courage in their <sup>b</sup>quailing breasts;  
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—

<sup>c</sup>Foreslow no longer; make we hence again.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the Field.

*Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.*

*Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.  
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,  
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,  
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

*Clif.* Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.  
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,  
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;  
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,  
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,  
To execute the like upon thyself:  
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. WARWICK enters; CLIFFORD flies.*  
*Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;  
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarum. Enter King HENRY.*

*K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's  
war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing light;  
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea  
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;  
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea  
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind;  
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;  
Now, one the better, then, another best;  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:  
So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down.  
To whom God will, there be the victory;  
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,  
Have clad me from the battle, swearing both,  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;  
For what is in this world but grief and woe!

O God! methinks, it were a happy life,—  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run;  
How many make the hour full complete,  
How many hours bring about the day,  
How many days will finish up the year,  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times:  
So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with young;  
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn;  
So many <sup>b</sup>months ere I shall shear the fleece:  
So minutes, hours, days, months and years,  
Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!  
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?  
O! yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.  
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father,*  
*with the dead Body.*

*Son.* Ill blows the wind that profits no body.  
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
May be possessed with some store of crowns;  
And I, that haply take them from him now,  
May yet ere night yield both my life and them  
To some man else, as this dead man <sup>6</sup>to me.—  
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,  
Whom in this conflict I unware have kill'd.  
O heavy times, begetting such events!  
From London by the king was I press'd forth;  
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,  
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;  
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,  
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—  
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;  
—And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.—  
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,  
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

*K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!  
While lions war and battle for their dens,  
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear;  
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,  
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

*Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, <sup>7</sup>bearing the*  
*Body.*

*Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,

<sup>a</sup> "Look upon," i. e., look on, as mere spectators.—<sup>b</sup> Dejected; fainting.—<sup>c</sup> To foreslow is to delay, to loiter.

Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,  
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—  
 But let me see:—is this 'a foe-man's face?  
 Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son!—  
 Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,  
 Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise,  
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart  
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—  
 O, pity, God, this miserable age!—  
 What 'a stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—  
 O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,  
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late. [grief!]

*K. Hen.* Woe above woe! grief more than common  
 O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!  
 O, pity, pity! gentle heaven, pity!—  
 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
 The fatal colors of our striving houses:  
 The one his purple blood right well resembles,  
 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;  
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!  
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

*Son.* How will my mother, for a father's death,  
 Take 'on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?

*Fath.* How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,  
 Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

*K. Hen.* How will the country, for these woful  
 chances,

°Misthink the king, and not be satisfied?

*Son.* Was ever son so rued a father's death?

*Fath.* Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?

*K. Hen.* Was ever king so griev'd for subjects'  
 woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

*Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.  
 [Exit with the Body.]

*Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-  
 sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,  
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.  
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;  
 And so 'a obsequious will thy father be,  
 'E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,  
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons.  
 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,  
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit with the Body.]

*K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with  
 Here sits a king more woful than you are. [care,

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET,  
 Prince of WALES, and EXETER.*

*Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,  
 And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.  
 Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

*Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord: towards Berwick  
 post again.

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,  
 Having the fearful flying hare in sight,  
 With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,  
 And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,  
 Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

*Ecc.* Away! for vengeance comes along with them.  
 Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,  
 Or else come after: I'll away before. [ter:

*K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet *Exc.*  
 Not that I fear to stay, but love to go  
 Whither the queen intends. Forward! away!

[Exeunt.]

\* "What stratagems," i. e., what direful events.—"Take  
 on," i. e., persist in lamentation.—"Misthink," i. e., mis-  
 judge; think unfavorably of.—"Obsequious," i. e., careful  
 of obsequies, or funeral rites.

## SCENE VI.—The Same.

*A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.*

*Clif.* Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,  
 Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.  
 O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,  
 More than my body's parting with my soul.  
 My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee;  
 And now I fall thy tough commixtures melt,  
 Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York.  
 The common people swarm like summer flies;  
 And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?  
 And who shines now but Henry's enemies?  
 O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent  
 That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,  
 Thy burning car never had scorched the earth;  
 And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,  
 Or as thy father, and his father, did,  
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,  
 They never, then, had sprung like summer flies;  
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,  
 Had left no mourning widows for our death,  
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.  
 For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?  
 And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?  
 Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds.  
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out fight:  
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;  
 For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.  
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—  
 Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;  
 I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[He faints.]

*Alarum and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE,  
 RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids  
 us pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—  
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,  
 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
 Command an argosy to stem the waves.

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

*War.* No, 'tis impossible he should escape;  
 For, though before his face I speak the words,  
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,  
 And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD groans.]

*Rich.* Whose soul is that which takes her heavy  
 leave?

A deadly groan, like life and death's ° departing;  
 See who it is.

*Edw.* And, now the battle's ended,  
 If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

[CLIFFORD dies.]

*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;  
 Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch  
 In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
 But set his murdering knife unto the root  
 From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;  
 I mean, our princely father, duke of York. [head,

*War.* From off the gates of York fetch down the  
 Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;  
 Instead whereof, let this supply the room:  
 Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,  
 That nothing sung but death to us and ours:  
 Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,  
 And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

°[Soldiers bring the Body forward.]

° Departing is used here for separation.

*War.* I think his understanding is bereft.—  
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—  
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,  
And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.

*Rich.* O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:  
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,  
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts  
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

*Geo.* If so thou think'st, vex him with <sup>a</sup>eager words.  
*Rich.* Clifford! ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

<sup>1</sup>[*They pull him to and fro.*]

*Edw.* Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.

*War.* Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.

*Geo.* While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

*Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

*Edw.* Thou pitiedst Rutland; I will pity thee.

*Geo.* Where's the captain Margaret to fence you now?

*War.* They mock thee, Clifford: swears thou wast  
wont. [goes hard,

*Rich.* What! not an oath? nay then, the world  
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—

I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,  
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,

That I in all despite might rail at him, [blood

This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing

Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

*War.* Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king:

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the lady Bona for thy queen.

So shalt thou sinew both these hands together;

And having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buz, <sup>t</sup>'t offend thine ears.

First, will I see the coronation,

And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

*Edw.* Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;

For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,

And never will I undertake the thing,

Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—

Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—

And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,

Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best. [ter,

*Rich.* Let me be duke of Clarence, George of Glos-

ter of Gloster's dukedom is too <sup>b</sup>ominous.

*War.* Tut! that's a foolish observation:

Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,

To see these honors in possession. [Exeunt.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chace in the North of England.

*Enter Two Keepers, with Cross-bows in their Hands.*

*1 Keeper.* Under this thick-grown <sup>c</sup>brake we'll shroud  
ourselves;

For through this lawn anon the deer will come,

And in this covert will we make our stand,

Culling the principal of all the deer.

*2 Keeper.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

*1 Keeper.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow  
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

<sup>a</sup> "Eager words," i. e., words of asperity.—<sup>b</sup> Alluding to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock, and Humphrey, duke of Gloster.—<sup>c</sup> Thicket.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

And, for the <sup>d</sup>time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

*2 Keeper.* Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

*Enter King HENRY, disguised <sup>2</sup>as a Churchman,  
with a Prayer-Book.*

*K. Hen.* From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure  
love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No, not a man comes for redress of thee,

For how can I help them, and not myself? [see.

*1 Keeper.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's

This is the *quondam* king: let's seize upon him.

*K. Hen.* Let me embrace these sour adversities;

For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

*2 Keeper.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

*1 Keeper.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

*K. Hen.* My queen and son are gone to France

for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick

Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

To wife for Edward. If this news be true,

Poor queen and son, your labor is but lost;

For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

By this account, then, Margaret may win him,

For she's a woman to be pitied much:

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,

And Nero will be tainted with remorse,

To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.

Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:

She on his left side craving aid for Henry,

He on his right asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;

He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;

And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,

With promise of his sister, and <sup>3</sup>ought else,

To strengthen and support king Edward's place.

O Margaret! thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,

Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

*1 Keeper.* Say, what art thou talkest of kings and

queens? <sup>4</sup>[*Coming forward.*]

*K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was

A man at least, for less I should not be; [born to:

And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

*2 Keeper.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

*K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

*2 Keeper.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

*K. Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,

Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;

A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

*2 Keeper.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown, content, and you, must be contented

To go along with us; for, as we think,

You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

Will apprehend you as his enemy. [oath!

*K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an

*2 Keeper.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

<sup>d</sup> "For the time," i. e., in order that the time.

*K. Hen.* Where did you dwell when I was king of England?

*2 Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

*K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old, My father and my grandfather, were kings, And you were sworn true subjects unto me; And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

*1 Keep.* No;

For we were subjects, but while you were king.

*K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man? Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obedying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust,

Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths; for of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,

And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

*1 Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

*K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,

If he were seated as king Edward is. [*King's,*

*1 Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the To go with us unto the officers.

*K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:

And what God will, that let your king perform;

And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King EDWARD, 'in state, crowned, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.*

*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain, His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror: Her suit is now to repossess those lands, Which we in justice cannot well deny, Because in quarrel of the house of York The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

*Glo.* Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit; It were dishonor to deny it her.

*K. Edw.* It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

*Glo.* Yea; is it so? [*Aside.*

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant, Before the king will grant her humble suit.

*Clar.* He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind! [*Aside.*

*Glo.* Silence! [*Aside.*

*K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit, And come some other time to know our mind.

*L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:

May it please your highness to resolve me now, And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. [*lands,*

*Glo.* Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you,

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

[*Aside.*

*Clar.* I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

[*Aside.*

*Glo.* God forbid that, for he'll take vantages.

[*Aside.*

*K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

*Clar.* I think, he means to beg a child of her.

[*Aside.*

*Glo.* Nay then, whip me; he'll rather give her two.

[*Aside.*

*L. Grey.* Three, my most gracious lord.

*Glo.* You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

[*Aside.*

*K. Edw.* 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's lands.

*L. Grey.* Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit. [*leave,*

*Glo.* Ay, good leave have you; for you will have Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[*GLOSTER and CLARENCE stand 'back.*

*K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

*L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

*K. Edw.* And would you not do much, to do them good? [*harm.*

*L. Grey.* To do them good I would sustain some

*K. Edw.* Then, get your husband's lands to do them good.

*L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.

*K. Edw.* I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

*L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service. [*them?*

*K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give

*L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

*K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

*L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

*L. Grey.* Why then, I will do what your grace commands.

*Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aside.*

*Clar.* As red as fire! nay then, her wax must melt. [*Aside.*

*L. Grey.* Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

*K. Edw.* An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.

*L. Grey.* That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject. [*give thee.*

*K. Edw.* Why then, thy husband's lands I freely

*L. Grey.* I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

*Glo.* The match is made: she seals it with a curt'sy. [*3* [*Aside.*

*K. Edw.* But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

*L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

*L. Grey.* My love till death; my humble thanks, my prayers:

That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

*K. Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean such love. [*you did.*

*L. Grey.* Why then, you mean not as I thought

*K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

*L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

*K. Edw.* To tell thee plain, I am to lie with thee.

*L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

*K. Edw.* Why then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands. [*dower;*

*L. Grey.* Why then, mine honesty shall be my For by that loss I will not purchase them.

*K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

*L. Grey.* Herein your highness wrongs both them But, mighty lord, this merry inclination [*and me.*

Accords not with the sadness of my suit; Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

*K. Edw.* Ay, if thou wilt say ay, to my request;

No, if thou dost say no, to my demand.

*L. Grey.* Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

*Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

[*Aside.*

*Clar.* He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

[*Aside.*

*K. Edw.* Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

[*Aside.*

Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way, or other, she is for a king,

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

*L. Grey.* 'Tis better said than done, my gracious

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

[*lord:*

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

*K. Edw.* Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that, is to enjoy thee for my love.

*L. Grey.* And that is more than I will yield unto.

I know, I am too mean to be your queen,

And yet too good to be your concubine.

*K. Edw.* You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

*L. Grey.* 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should

call you father. [three mother.

*K. Edw.* No more, than when my daughters call

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing

To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

*Glo.* The ghostly father now hath done his shift.

[*Aside.*

*Clar.* When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

[*Aside.*

*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

<sup>1</sup>[*GLOSTER and CLARENCE come forward.*

*Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

*K. Edw.* You'd think it strange if I should marry

*Clar.* To whom, my lord? [her.

*K. Edw.* Why, Clarence, to myself?

*Glo.* That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

*Clar.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

*Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

*K. Edw.* Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands. [both,

*Enter a Nobleman.*

*Nob.* My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,

And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

*K. Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,

To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along.—*Lords,* use her honorably.

[*Exeunt KING EDWARD, Lady GREY,*

*CLARENCE, and Lord.*

*Glo.* Ay, Edward will use women honorably.

'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and ail,

That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

To cross me from the golden time I look for!

And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,

The lustful Edward's title buried,

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies.

To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:

A cold premeditation for my purpose.

Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;

Like one that stands upon a promontory,

And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;

And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:

So do I wish the crown, being so far off,

And so I chide the means that keep me from it;

And so I say I'll cut the causes off,

Flattering me with impossibilities.—

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erwens too much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard,

What other pleasure can the world afford?

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,

And deck my body in gay ornaments,

And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

O miserable thought! and more unlikely,

Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;

And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,

She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe

To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;

To make an envious mountain on my back;

Where sits deformity to mock my body;

To shape my legs of an unequal size;

To disproportion me in every part,

Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd<sup>a</sup> bear-whelp,

That carries no impression like the dam.

And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?

O, monstrous fault, to harbor such a thought!

Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,

But to command, to check, to o'erbear such

As are of better person than myself,

I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;

And, whiles I live, t'<sup>c</sup> account this world but hell,

Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,

Be round<sup>b</sup> impaled with a glorious crown.

And yet I know not how to get the crown,

For many lives stand between me and home:

And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,

That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,

Seeking a way, and straying from the way,

Not knowing how to find the open air,

But toiling desperately to find it out,

Torment myself to catch the English crown:

And from that torment I will free myself,

Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,

And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart,

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,

And frame my face to all occasions.

I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,

I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;

I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,

Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,

And like a Sinon take another Troy.

I can add colors to the camelion,

Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,

And<sup>e</sup> send the murderous Machiavel to school.

Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Tut! were it further off, I'd pluck it down. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.—France. A Room in the Palace.

*Flourish.* *Enter LEWIS the French King and Lady BONA, attended: the King takes his State. Then, enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, and the Earl of OXFORD.*

*K. Lew.* Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret, Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state, [doth sit.

And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis

*Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France; now Margaret

Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,

<sup>a</sup> An absurd opinion anciently prevailed, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of flesh, which she licks into the form of bears.—<sup>b</sup> Encircled.

Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;  
But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
And with dishonor laid me on the ground,  
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,  
And to my humble seat conform myself.

*K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs  
this deep despair? [tears,

*Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes with  
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

*K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck

[Seats her by him.

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;  
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

*Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my droop-  
ing thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,

That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is of a king become a banish'd man,

And forc'd to live in Scotland<sup>1</sup> all forlorn;

While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,

Usurps the regal title, and the seat

Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,

With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;

And if thou fail us all our hope is done.

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;

Our people and our peers are both misled;

Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

*K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the  
storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off. [foe,

*Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our

*K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succor thee.

*Q. Mar.* O! but impatience waiteth on true sor-  
row:

And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

*Enter WARWICK, attended.*

*K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our  
presence? [friend.

*Q. Mar.* <sup>2</sup>The earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest

*K. Lew.* Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings  
thee to France?

[He descends. *Queen MARGARET rises.*

*Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

*War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,

My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,

I come in kindness, and unfeigned love,

First, to do greetings to thy royal person,

And, then, to crave a league of amity;

And, lastly, to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafest to grant

That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,

To England's king in lawful marriage.

*Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

*War.* And, gracious madam, [To BONA.] in our  
king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favor,

Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue

To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;

Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,

Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

*Q. Mar.* King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me

Before you answer Warwick. His demand [speak,

Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,

But from deceit, bred by necessity;

For how can tyrants safely govern home,

Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?

To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,—

That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,

Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.

Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and mar-  
riage

Thou draw not on <sup>3</sup>thee danger and dishonor;

For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,

Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

*War.* Injurious Margaret!

*Prince.*

And why not queen?

*War.* Because thy father Henry did usurp,

And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

*Orf.* Then, Warwick disannuls great John of  
Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;

And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,

Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;

And after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,

Who by his prowess conquered all France:

From these our Henry lineally descends.

*War.* Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,

You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost

All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?

Metinks, these peers of France should smile at that.

But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree

Of threescore and two years; a silly time

To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

*Orf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against  
thy liege,

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,

And not <sup>a</sup>bewray thy treason with a blush?

*War.* Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?

For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

*Orf.* Call him my king, by whose injurious doom

My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,

Was done to death? and more than so, my father,

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,

When nature brought him to the door of death?

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,

This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

*War.* And I the house of York. [Oxford,

*K. Lew.* Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,

While I use farther conference with Warwick.

*Q. Mar.* Heaven grant, that Warwick's words be-  
witch him not! [They stand <sup>a</sup>apart.

*K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy  
conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath,

To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

*War.* Thereon I pawn my credit, and mine honor.

*K. Lew.* But is he gracious in the people's eye?

*War.* The more, that Henry was <sup>b</sup>unfortunate.

*K. Lew.* Then farther, all dissembling set aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love

Unto our sister Bona.

*War.* Such it seems,

As may beseech a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say, and swear,

That this his love was an eternal <sup>c</sup>plant;

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,

The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

*K. Lew.* Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

*Bona.* Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.—

<sup>a</sup> Betray.—<sup>b</sup> "Unfortunate," i. e. unsuccessful in war.—  
<sup>c</sup> In Shakespeare's time; by an eternal plant was meant what  
is now called a perennial one.

Yet I confess, [To WAR.] that often ere this day,  
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus:—our sister shall  
be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
Touching the jointure that your king must make,  
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—  
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness,  
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device  
By this alliance to make void my suit:  
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:

But if your title to the crown be weak,  
As may appear by Edward's good success,  
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd  
From giving aid which late I promised.  
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,  
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,  
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.

And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,  
You have a father able to maintain you,  
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless War-  
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings, [Wick!  
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,  
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold  
Thy sly<sup>b</sup> conveyance, and thy lord's false love;  
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[A horn sounded within.]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter the Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for  
you,

Sent from your brother, marquess Montague.—  
These from our king unto your majesty.

And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.  
[They all read their letters.]

Orf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress  
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were  
I hope all's for the best. [Nettled:]

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours,  
fair queen? [Joys.]

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd  
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady  
And now, to soothe your forgery and his, [Grey,

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

Is this th<sup>e</sup> alliance that he seeks with France?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:

This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of  
heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonors me,  
But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass th<sup>e</sup> abuse done to my niece?

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right,

And am I d<sup>d</sup> guerdon'd at the last with shame?

<sup>a</sup> This is ironical; the poverty of Margaret's father being a frequent topic of reproach.—<sup>b</sup> "Thy sly conveyance," i. e., thy crafty artifice.—<sup>c</sup> The abuse alluded to was an attempt by Edward to violate the chastity of Warwick's niece.—<sup>d</sup> Rewarded.

Shame on himself, for my desert is honor:

And to repair my honor lost for him,

I here renounce him, and return to Henry.

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor.

I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my  
hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,  
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,

That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succor him:

And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,

He's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton lust than honor,

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,

But by thy help to this distressed queen? [Live,

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and

Therefore, at last I firmly am resolv'd [Margaret's.

You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,

That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,

To revel it with him and his new bride:

Thou seest what's past; go, 'fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake. [shortly,

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid

And I am ready to put armor on. [aside,

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me

wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

There's thy reward: be gone. [Exit Post.]

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou

And Oxford, with five thousand<sup>1</sup> warlike men,

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—

That if our queen and this young prince agree,

I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,

To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands. [tion.—

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your mo-

son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,

Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;

And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,

That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his hand to WARWICK.]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall

be levied,

And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,

Shall wait them over with our royal fleet.—

I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,

For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exeunt all but WARWICK.]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,

<sup>e</sup> "Fear," i. e., fright.

But I return his sworn and mortal foe :  
 Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,  
 But dreadful war shall answer his demand.  
 Had he none else to make a <sup>a</sup>stale but me ?  
 Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.  
 I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,  
 And I'll be chief to bring him down again :  
 Not that I pity Henry's misery,  
 But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE.*

*Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you  
 Of this new marriage with the lady Grey ?  
 Hath not our brother made a worthy choice ?

*Clar.* Alas ! you know, 'tis far from hence to  
 France :

How could he stay till Warwick made return ?

*Som.* My lords, forbear this talk : here comes the  
 king.

*Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, attended ; Lady  
 GREY, as Queen ; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, and  
 HASTINGS.*

*Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.

*Clar.* I <sup>b</sup>mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you  
 our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half discontent ?

*Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of  
 Warwick ;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,  
 That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

*K. Edw.* Suppose they take offence without a cause,  
 They are but Lewis and Warwick : I am Edward,  
 Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

*Glo.* And you shall have your will, because our  
 Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well. [*King ;*

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you offended  
*Glo.* Not I. [*Too ?*

No ; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd  
 Whom God hath join'd together : ay, and 'twere pity,  
 To sunder them that yoke so well together.

*K. Edw.* Setting your scorns and your dislike aside,  
 Tell me some reason why the lady Grey  
 Should not become my wife, and England's queen.—  
 And you too, Somerset, and Montague,  
 Speak freely what you think.

*Clar.* Then this is mine opinion—that king Lewis  
 Becomes your enemy, for mocking him  
 About the marriage of the lady Bona.

*Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,  
 Is now dishonored by this new marriage. [*appears'd*

*K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be  
 By such invention as I can devise ? [*ance,*

*Mont.* Yet to have join'd with France in such alli-  
 Would more have strengthen'd this our common-  
 wealth

'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.  
*Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itself  
 England is safe, if true within itself ?

*Mont.* But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

*Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting  
 France.

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,  
 Which he hath given for fence impregnable,

And with their helps only defend ourselves :

In them and in ourselves our safety lies. [*serves*

*Clar.* For this one speech lord Hastings well de-  
 To have the heir of the lord Hungerford. [*grant ;*

*K. Edw.* Ay, what of that ? it was my will, and  
 And for this once my will shall stand for law. [*well,*

*Glo.* And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done  
 To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales

To the brother of your loving bride :

She better would have fitted me, or Clarence ;

But in your bride you bury brotherhood. [*c* heir

*Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the  
 Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,

And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

*K. Edw.* Alas, poor Clarence ! is it for a wife,

That thou art discontent ? I will provide thee.

*Clar.* In choosing for yourself you show'd your  
 judgment ;

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave

To play the broker in mine own behalf ;

And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

*K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,  
 And not be tied unto his brother's will.

*Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty

To raise my state to title of a queen,

Do me but right, and you must all confess

That I was not ignoble of descent ;

And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

But as this title honors me and mine,

So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

*K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.

What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,

So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true sovereign whom they must obey ?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands ;

Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,

And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

*Glo.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the  
 more. [*Aside.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or what  
 From France ? [*news,*

*Mess.* My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words ;  
 But such as I, without your special pardon,

Dare not relate. [*brief,*

*K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee : therefore, in  
 Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.

What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters ?

*Mess.* At my depart these were his very words :—

“Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,

That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,

To revel it with him and his new bride.” [*Henry.*

*K. Edw.* Is Lewis so brave ? belike, he thinks me  
 But what said lady Bona to my marriage ?

*Mess.* These were her words, utter'd with mild  
 disdain :—

“Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.”

*K. Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little less ;  
 She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen ?

For I have heard, that she was there in 'place.

*Mess.* “Tell him,” quoth she, “my mourning  
 weeds are <sup>e</sup>done,

And I am ready to put armor on.”

<sup>a</sup> A stale here means a *stalking-horse*, a *pretence*.—<sup>b</sup> “I  
 mind,” i. e., I have a mind ; I am inclined.

<sup>c</sup> Until the Restoration, minors coming into possession of  
 great estates were in the wardship of the king, who bestowed  
 them on his favorites, or in other words gave them up to  
 plunder, and afterwards disposed of them in marriage as he  
 pleased.—<sup>d</sup> “There in place,” i. e., there present.—<sup>e</sup> “My  
 mourning weeds are done,” i. e., my mourning is ended.



*K. Edw.* Belike, she <sup>a</sup>minds to play the Amazon.  
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

*Mess.* He, more incens'd against your majesty  
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:—  
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long."

*K. Edw.* Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so  
proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:  
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.  
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

*Mess.* Ay, gracious sovereign: they are so link'd  
in friendship, [ter.

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.  
*Clar.* Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the  
younger. <sup>1</sup>[*Aside.*

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,  
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;  
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage  
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*

*Glo.* Not I. [i*Aside.*  
My thoughts aim at a farther matter: I  
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Somerset both gone to  
Warwick!

Yet an I arm'd against the worst can happen,  
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf

Go levy men, and make prepare for war;

They are already, or quickly will be landed:

Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exit PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.*

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,  
Resolve my doubt: you twain, of all the rest,  
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?

If it be so, then both depart to him:

I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;

But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.

*Mont.* So God help Montague as he proves true!

*Hast.* And Hastings as he favors Edward's cause!

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand  
by us?

*Glo.* Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

*K. Edw.* Why so; then, am I sure of victory.

Now, therefore, let us hence; and lose no hour,

Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD with French and  
<sup>2</sup>English Forces.

*War.* Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:  
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come!  
Speak suddenly, my lords; are we all friends?

*Clar.* Fear not that, my lord. [i*War.*

*War.* Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto War-

And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice,

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;

Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:

But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall  
be thine.

<sup>a</sup> "She minds," she inclines.

And now what rests, but in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:

That as Ulysses, and stout Diomed,

With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;

So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,

At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,

And seize himself; I say not slaughter him,

For I intend but only to surprise him.—

You, that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry, HENRY!*

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE III.—EDWARD's Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

*1 Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take  
his stand:

The king by this is set him down to sleep.

*2 Watch.* What, will he not to bed? [vow

*1 Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn

Never to lie and take his natural rest,

Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

*2 Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,  
If Warwick be so near as men report.

*3 Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,  
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

*1 Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's  
chiefest friend. [king,

*3 Watch.* O! is it so? But why commands the

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

While he himself keeps in the cold field? [gerous.

*2 Watch.* 'Tis the more honor, because more dan-

*3 Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;

I like it better than a dangerous honor.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him. [sage.

*1 Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his pas-

*2 Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal

But to defend his person from night-foes? [tent,

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET,  
and Forces.

*War.* This is his tent; and see, where stand his  
guard.

Courage, my masters! honor now, or never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

*1 Watch.* Who goes there?

*2 Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick, and the rest, cry all—WARWICK!*

*WARWICK! and set upon the Guard; who  
fly, crying—Arm! Arm! WARWICK, and  
the rest, following them. <sup>3</sup>Shouts and con-  
fusion.*

*Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, re-enter  
WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the King out in  
his Gown, sitting in a Chair: GLOSTER and  
HASTINGS fly over the stage.*

*Som.* What are they that fly there? [the duke.

*War.* Richard, and Hastings: let them go; here's

*K. Edw.* The duke! why, Warwick, when we

Thou call'dst me king? [parted last,

*War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

<sup>b</sup> See the tenth book of the Iliad.

Then I degraded you from being king,  
And come now to create you duke of York.  
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,  
That know not how to use ambassadors,  
Nor how to be contented with one wife,  
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,  
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,  
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? [too?

*K. Edw.* Yeu, brother of Clarence, art thou here  
Nay then, I see that Edward needs must down.—  
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,  
Edward will always bear himself as king:  
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*War.* Then, for his mind be Edward England's  
king:— [Takes off his Crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,  
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—  
My lord of Somerset, at my request,  
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd  
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.  
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,  
I'll follow you, and tell what answer  
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—  
Now, for a while farewell, good duke of York.

*K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide. [abide:  
[Exit King EDWARD, led out forcibly;  
SOMERSET with him.

*Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us to do,  
But march to London with our soldiers?

*War.* Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;  
To free king Henry from imprisonment,  
And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS.*

*Riv.* Madam, what makes in you this sudden  
change?

*Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,  
What late misfortune is befallen king Edward?

*Riv.* What! loss of some pitch'd battle against  
Warwick?

*Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.

*Riv.* Then, is my sovereign slain?

*Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;  
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,  
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:

And, as I farther have to understand,  
Is now committed to the bishop of York,  
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

*Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full of grief;  
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:  
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

*Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;  
And I the rather wean me from despair,  
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

This is it that makes me bridle passion,  
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross:

Ay, yea, for this I draw in many a tear,  
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,  
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown  
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

*Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

*Q. Eliz.* I am informed that he comes towards  
London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head.

Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must  
But to prevent the tyrant's violence, [down:

\* "For his mind," i. e., in his mind; as far as his own  
mind goes.

(For trust not him that hath once broken faith)  
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,  
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:  
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.  
Come therefore; let us fly while we may fly:  
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham Castle  
in Yorkshire.

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir WILLIAM STANLEY,  
and others.*

*Glo.* Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William  
Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
Into this chiefest thicket of the park. [brother,  
Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my  
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands  
He hath good usage and great liberty,  
And often, but attended with weak guard,  
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.  
I have advertis'd him by secret means,  
That if about this hour he make this way,  
Under the color of his usual game,  
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,  
To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter King EDWARD, and a Huntsman.*

*Hunt.* This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man: see, where the  
huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloster, <sup>2</sup> Hastings, and the rest,  
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

*Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste:  
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?

*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord; and slip from thence  
to Flanders. [meaning.

*Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my

*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

*Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou  
go along?

*Hunt.* Better do so, <sup>3</sup> then tarry and be hang'd.

*Glo.* Come then; away! let's have no more ado.

*K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell: shield thee from War-  
wick's frown,

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

*Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMER-  
SET, young <sup>4</sup> Henry of RICHMOND, OXFORD, MON-  
TAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and  
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat, [friends  
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,  
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,  
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

*Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their  
But if an humble prayer may prevail, [sovereigns;  
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

*K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,

At last by notes of household harmony

They quite forget their loss of liberty.—

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,

And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;

He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,

By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,  
And that the people of this blessed land  
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,  
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,  
I here resign my government to thee,  
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

*War.* Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,  
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,  
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice;  
For few men rightly temper with the <sup>a</sup>stars:  
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,  
For choosing me when Clarence is in <sup>b</sup>place.

*Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,  
To whom the heavens in thy nativity  
Adjudge'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,  
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;  
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

*War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.

*K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both  
your hands.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,  
That no dissension hinder government:  
I make you both protectors of this land,  
While I myself will lead a private life,  
And in devotion spend my latter days,  
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise. [will?]

*War.* What answers Clarence to his sovereign's

*Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
For on thy fortune I repose myself. [tent.]

*War.* Why then, though loath, yet must I be con-  
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow  
To Henry's body, and supply his place;  
I mean, in bearing weight of government,  
While he enjoys the honor, and his ease.

And, Clarence, now then, it is more than needful,  
Forthwith that Edward be pronounce'd a traitor,  
And all his lands and goods confiscated. [min'd.]

*Clar.* What else? and that succession be deter-  
*War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

*K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,  
Let me entreat, (for I command no more)

That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,  
Be sent for to return from France with speed;

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd. [speed.]

*Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all  
*K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,  
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

*Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Rich-  
mond.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: if secret  
powers [Lays his Hand on his Head.]

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty <sup>c</sup>lad will prove our country's bliss.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty;  
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,

His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself  
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*War.* What news, my friend?

*Mess.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

*War.* Unsavory news! but how made he escape?

*Mess.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,  
And the lord Hastings, who attended <sup>d</sup>him

In secret ambush on the forest side,  
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him,

For hunting was his daily exercise.

*War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.—  
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide

A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,  
Lieutenant, and Attendants.*]

*Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,  
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,  
And we shall have more wars, before't be long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy [mond,  
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Rich-  
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts

What may befall him, to his harm and ours:  
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,  
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

*Oxf.* Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,  
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

*Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.  
Come therefore; let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VII.—Before York.

*Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and  
<sup>1</sup>foreign forces.*

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and  
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends, [the rest,  
And says that once more I shall interchange  
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.

We'll have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,  
And brought desired help from Burgundy:  
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd  
From Ravensburg haven before the gates of York,  
But that we enter as into our dukedom?

*Glo.* The gates made fast.—Brother, I like not this;  
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,  
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

*K. Edw.* Tush, man! abodements must not now  
affright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
For hither will our friends repair to us.

*Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more to summon  
them. [<sup>2</sup>*Knocks.*]

*Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his  
Brethren.*

*May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,  
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;

For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

*K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,  
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

*May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my  
As being well content with that alone. [dukedom,

*Glo.* But when the fox hath once got in his nose,  
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*]

*Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a  
doubt?

Open the gates: we are king Henry's friends.

*May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be  
open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*]

*Glo.* A wise stout captain <sup>3</sup>he, and soon persuaded.

*Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were  
well,

So 'twere not 'long of <sup>4</sup>him; but, being enter'd,  
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Re-enter the Mayor, and Two Aldermen, below.*

*K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must  
not be shut,

<sup>a</sup>That is, 'Few men accommodate themselves to their  
destiny, or adapt themselves to circumstances.'—<sup>b</sup>'In  
place,' i. e., present.—<sup>c</sup>'This pretty lad' was afterwards  
Henry VII.—<sup>d</sup>'Attended him,' i. e., waited for him.

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys,  
[*Takes his Keys.*]

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter MONTGOMERY, and Forces.*

*Glo.* Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd. [*in arms?*]

*K. Edw.* Welcome, sir John; but why come you

*Mont.* To help king Edward in his time of storm,  
As every loyal subject ought to do. [*forget*]

*K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now  
Our title to the crown, and only claim

Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

*Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again:

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A March begun.*]

*K. Edw.* Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we'll  
debate,

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

*Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,  
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,

I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone

To keep them back that come to succor you.

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

*Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice  
points? [*our claim:*]

*K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make  
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

*Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must  
rule.

*Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.  
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:

The <sup>a</sup>bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

*K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,  
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

*Mont.* Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,  
And now will I be Edward's champion.

*Hast.* Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here pro-  
claim'd.—

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a Paper. Flourish.*]

*Sold.* [*Reads.*] "Edward the fourth, by the grace  
of God, king of England and France, and lord of  
Ireland, &c."

*Mont.* And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,  
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*]

*All.* Long live Edward the fourth!

*K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks  
unto you all:

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbor here in York,

And when the morning sun shall raise his ear

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;

For, well I <sup>b</sup>wot, that Henry is no soldier.—

Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it becoms thee,

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.*

*War.* What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgium,  
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,

Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,  
And with his troops doth march amain to London;  
And many giddy people flock to him.

*K. Hen.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

*Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden out,

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

*War.* In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;

Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,

Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,

Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,

In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—

My sovereign, with the loving citizens,

Like to his island girt in with the ocean,

Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,

Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—

Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—

Farewell, my sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true  
hope.

*Clar.* In sign of truth I kiss your highness' hand.

*K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou for-  
tunate.

*Mont.* Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

*Oxf.* And thus [*Kissing Henry's hand*] I seal my  
truth, and bid adieu.

*K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,  
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

*War.* Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coven-  
try. [*Exeunt WAR. CLAR. OXF. and MONT.*]

*K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.  
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?

Metinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,

Should not be able to encounter mine.

*Ecc.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

*K. Hen.* That's not my fear; my <sup>1</sup>mind hath got  
me fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dry'd their <sup>2</sup>bitter-flowing tears:

I have not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,

Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.

Then, why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;

And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*]

*Ecc.* Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

*Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry! bear  
him hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.—

You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—

Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King HENRY.*]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,

Where peremptory Warwick now remains.

The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,

Cold biting winter mars our boy'd-for-hay.

*Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares.

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup>Noise; report.—<sup>b</sup>Know.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—Coventry.

*Enter upon the Walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, Two Messengers, and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

*Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.*

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how high is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces, And do expect him here some two hours hence.

*[Drum heard.]*

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies: The drum your honor hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends. *[know.]*

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly

*March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parlee.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come? Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd, That we could hear no news of his repair! *[gates?]*

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee, Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy, And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence, Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down? Call Warwick patron, and be penitent, And thou shalt still remain—the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the Or did he make the jest against his will? *[king;]*

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:

I'll do thee <sup>a</sup> service for so good a gift. *[brother.]*

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy

K. Edw. Why then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;

And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner, And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: *[oner:]* What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast, But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten, The king was slyly finger'd from the <sup>b</sup> deck!

You left poor Henry at the bishop's <sup>c</sup> palace,

And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so: yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down,

Nay, <sup>d</sup> when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, And with the other fling it at thy face,

Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—

“Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.”

*Enter OXFORD, with Drum and Colors.*

War. O cheerful colors! see, where Oxford comes.

Orf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

*[OXFORD and his Forces enter the city.]*

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,

Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

If not, the city being but of small defence,

We'll quickly route the traitors in the same.

War. O! welcome Oxford, for we want thy help.

*Enter MONTAGUE, with Drum and Colors.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

*[He and his Forces enter the City.]*

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason,

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

*Enter SOMERSET with Drum and Colors.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

*[He and his Forces enter the City.]*

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*Enter CLARENCE, with Drum and Colors.*

War. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps Of force enough to bid his brother battle; *[along,* With whom an upright zeal to right prevails, More than the nature of a brother's love.—

*[GLOSTER and CLARENCE whisper.]*

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

*[Taking the red Rose out of his Hat.]*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruinate my father's house,

Who gave his blood to 'lime the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, 'trow'st thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother, and his lawful king?

Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:

To keep that oath, were more impiety

Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.

I am so sorry for my trespass made,

That to deserve well at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;

With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,

*(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad)*

To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—

Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;

And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more

belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-like.

War. O! passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

<sup>a</sup> “I’ll do thee service,” i. e., I’ll enroll myself among thy dependents.—<sup>b</sup> A pack of cards was anciently termed a deck of cards.—<sup>c</sup> The palace of the bishop of London.—<sup>d</sup> “When?” an expression of impatience.

<sup>e</sup> “To lime,” i. e., to cement.—<sup>f</sup> Thinkest.—<sup>g</sup> Stupid.—<sup>h</sup> “Passing,” i. e., exceeding; egregious.

*K. Edw.* What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight,

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

*War.* Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,  
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

*K. Edw.* Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—

Lords, to the field! Saint George, and victory!

[*March. Excunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

*Alarums, and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK wounded.*

*K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our  
For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.—[*fear*,  
Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,  
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*]

*War.* Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,  
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,  
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,  
That I must yield my body to the earth,  
And by my fall the conquest to my foe.  
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Where arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;  
Whose top-branch over-peep'd Jove's spreading tree,  
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.  
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black  
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun, [veil,  
To search the secret treasours of the world:

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,  
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;  
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?  
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?  
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,  
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.  
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?  
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.*

*Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,  
We might recover all our loss again. [power;  
The queen from France hath brought a puissant  
Even now we heard the news. Ah, could'st thou fly!

*War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague!  
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,  
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.  
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,  
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,  
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.  
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead. [last;

*Som.* Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his  
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,  
And said—"Commend me to my valiant brother."  
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,  
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,  
That might not be distinguish'd: but, at last,  
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,—  
"O, farewell Warwick!" [yourselves;

*War.* Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save  
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[*Dies.*]

*Orf.* Away, away, to meet the queen's great  
power.

[*Excunt, bearing off WARWICK's Body.*]

a "A bug, that fear'd us all," i. e., a bugbear, that fright-  
ened us all.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

*Flourish. Enter King EDWARD in triumph; with  
CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.*

*K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward  
course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.

But in the midst of this bright shining day,

I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,

That will encounter with our glorious sun,

Ere he attain his caseful western bed:

I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,

And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

*Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,

And blow it to the source from whence it came:

Thy very beams will dry those vapors up,

For every cloud engenders not a storm.

*Glo.* The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:

If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,

Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

*K. Edw.* We are advertis'd by our loving friends,

That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.

We, having now the best at Barnet field,

Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;

And, as we march, our strength will be augmented

In every county as we go along.—

Strike up the drum! cry—Courage! and away.

[*Flourish. Excunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewkesbury.

*March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD,  
SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.*

*Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wait  
their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

What though the mast be now blown over-board,

The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood,

Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he

Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,

With fearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much;

Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,

Which industry and courage might have sav'd?

Ah! what a shame, ah! what a fault were this.

Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?

And Montague our top-mast; what of him?

Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,

And Somerset another goodly mast?

The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I

For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?

We will not from the helm to sit and weep,

But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.

As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.

And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?

What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?

And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?

All these the enemies to our poor bark.

Say, you can swim; alas! 'tis but a while:

Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,

Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.

This speak I, lords, to let you understand,

If case some one of you would fly from us,

That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,

b Arrived is used here actively.

More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.  
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,  
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

*Prince.* Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit  
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,  
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,  
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
I speak not this, as doubting any here;  
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,  
He should have leave to go away betimes,  
Lest in our need he might infect another,  
And make him of like spirit to himself.  
If any such be here, as God forbid!  
Let him depart before we need his help.

*Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage,  
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—  
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather  
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live,  
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

*Som.* And he, that will not fight for such a hope,  
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,  
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

*Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset:—sweet Oxford, thanks.

*Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,  
Ready to fight: therefore, be resolute.

*Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy  
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

*Som.* But he's deceived: we are in readiness.

*Q. Mar.* This cheers my heart to see your forwardness. [budge.]

*Oxf.* Here pitch our battle; hence we will not

*Flourish and March. Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

*K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,  
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,  
For, well I <sup>a</sup>wot, ye blaze to burn them out.  
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

*Q. Mar.* Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,

My tears <sup>b</sup>gain say; for every word I speak,  
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.

Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,  
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,  
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,  
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;  
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.  
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,  
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Same.

*Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat.*  
*Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, Prisoners.*

*K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.  
Away with Oxford to Hammes' <sup>c</sup>castle straight:  
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.  
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.

*Oxf.* For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

*Som.* Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*]

*Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,  
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. [Edward

*K. Edw.* Is proclamation made, that who finds  
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

*Glo.* It is: and, lo! where youthful Edward comes.

*Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.*

*K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak. [K. EDWARD sits]

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,  
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,  
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

*Prince.* Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.  
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth:

Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,  
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

*Q. Mar.* Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

*Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,  
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

*Prince.* Let <sup>d</sup>Æsop fable in a winter's night;  
His curish riddles sort not with this place.

*Glo.* By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

*Glo.* For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

*Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding crook-back,  
rather. [tongue.]

*K. Edw.* Peace! wilful boy, or I will charm your

*Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

*Prince.* I know my duty: you are all undutiful.

Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,

And thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are;

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

*K. Edw.* Take that, the <sup>e</sup>likeness of this railer  
here. [Stabs him.]

*Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[GLO. stabs him.]

*Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[CLAR. stabs him.]

*Q. Mar.* O, kill me too!

*Glo.* Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.]

*K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done  
too much. [Words.]

*Glo.* Why should she live, to fill the world with  
*K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon? use means for  
her recovery.

*Glo.* Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother.  
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

*Clar.* What? what?

*Glo.* The Tower! the Tower! [Exit.]

*Q. Mar.* O, Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother,  
boy:

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They, that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by to <sup>2</sup>sequel it:

He was a man: this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But, if you ever chance to have a child,

<sup>d</sup> The prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, Æsop.

<sup>e</sup> "The likeness," i. e., 'thou who art the likeness.'—

<sup>f</sup> "With words," i. e., with dispute, contention.

<sup>a</sup> Know. <sup>b</sup> Unsay; deny. <sup>c</sup> A castle in Picardy.

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,  
As, deathsmen, you have <sup>a</sup>rid this sweet young prince!

*K. Edw.* Away with her! go, bear her hence <sup>b</sup>perforce.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

*Clar.* By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

*Q. Mar.* Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

*Clar.* Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself: 'Twas sin <sup>c</sup>before, but now 'tis charity.

What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher, Harl-favor'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not hero: murder is thy alms-deed; Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

*K. Edw.* Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

*Q. Mar.* So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit.*]

*K. Edw.* Where's Richard gone?

*Clar.* To London, all in post; and, as I guess, To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head. Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London, And see our gentle queen how well she fares:

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.

<sup>1</sup> King HENRY is discovered reading. Enter GLOSTER and the Lieutenant.

*Glo.* Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

*K. Hen.* Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say 'Tis good to flatter; good was little better:

Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike, And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

*Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*]

*K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece, And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

*Glo.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind: The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush, With trembling wings <sup>d</sup>misdothbeth every bush;

And I, the hapless <sup>e</sup>male to one sweet bird, Have now the fatal object in my eye, [*kill'd.*]

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and *Glo.* Why, what a <sup>f</sup>peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl?

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;

The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward: and thyself, the sea,

Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words.

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,

Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

*Glo.* Think'st thou I am an executioner?

*K. Hen.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou art: If murdering innocents be executing, Why, then thou art an executioner.

*Glo.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

*K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no <sup>g</sup>parcel of my fear;

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—

Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',

Orphans for their parents' timeless death,

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

The night-crow cried, a boding luckless <sup>h</sup>tune;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees:

The raven <sup>i</sup>rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;

To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,

To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

Thou cam'st—

*Glo.* I'll hear no more.—Die, prophet, in thy speech: [*Stabs him.*]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

*K. Hen.* Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*]

*Glo.* What! wilt the aspiring blood of Lancaster Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death! O, may such purple tears be always shed

From those that wish the downfall of our house!—

If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,

[*Stabs him again.*]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of:

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward.

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,

"O, Jesus bless us! he is born with teeth:"

And so I was; which plainly signified

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother;

And this word love, which greybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me: I am myself alone.—

Clarence, beware: thou keep'st me from the light;

But I will <sup>j</sup>sort a pitchy day for thee:

For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,

That Edward shall be fearful of his life;

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:

Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;

Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—

I'll throw thy body in another room,

And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[*Exit with the Body.*]

<sup>a</sup> "Rid," i. e., cut off; *destroyed*.—<sup>b</sup> By force; violently.—  
<sup>c</sup> She alludes to the desertion of Clarence.—<sup>d</sup> To *misdoth* is to suspect danger; to fear.—<sup>e</sup> Male parent.—<sup>f</sup> Silly; childish.

<sup>g</sup> "No *parcel* of my fear," i. e., no *part* of what my fears presage.—<sup>h</sup> To *rook* is to cower down like a bird at roost.—  
<sup>i</sup> "Sort," i. e., select; choose out.



SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his Throne; Queen ELIZABETH; <sup>1</sup>a Nurse with the Infant Prince, <sup>2</sup>CLARENCE, HASTINGS, and others.*

*K. Edw.* Once more we sit in England's royal  
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies. [throno.  
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?  
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd  
For hardy and <sup>3</sup>redoubted champions:  
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;  
And two Northumberlands; two braver men  
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:  
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Mon-  
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion, [tague,  
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.  
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,  
And made our footstool of security.—

<sup>4</sup>*Enter GLOSTER behind.*

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—  
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,  
Have in our armors watch'd the winter's night;  
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,  
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;  
And of our labors thou shalt reap the gain.

*Glo.* I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;  
<sup>5</sup>[*Aside.*

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.  
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;  
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.—

Work thou the way, and that shall <sup>a</sup>execute.

*K. Edw.* Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely  
queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

*Clar.* The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe. <sup>6</sup>[*Kissing it.*

*K. Edw.* Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother,  
thanks.

*Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou  
sprang'st, <sup>7</sup>[*Kissing the infant.*

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—

[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,  
And cried—all hail! when as he meant—all harm.

*K. Edw.* Now am I seated as my soul delights,  
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

*Clar.* What will your grace have done with Mar-  
Reignier, her father, to the king of France [garet?  
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

*K. Edw.* Away with her, and waft her hence to  
France.—

And now what rests, but that we spend the time  
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?  
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy;  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> "Work thou the way, and that shall execute:" 'That' refers to Richard's shoulder, before mentioned; and 'work thou the way,' to his head, which we may suppose him to touch, in his speech aside.

# LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.



ACT V.—Scene 3.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.  
EDWARD, Prince of Wales;<sup>1</sup>  
RICHARD, Duke of York; } Sons to the King.  
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence; } Brothers to the  
RICHARD, Duke of Gloster;<sup>2</sup> } King.  
A young Son of Clarence.  
HENRY, Earl of Richmond.<sup>3</sup>  
CARDINAL BOUCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.  
THOMAS ROTHERAM, Archbishop of York.  
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
DUKE OF NORFOLK: EARL OF SURREY, his Son.  
EARL RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen:  
MARQUESS OF DORSET, and LORD GREY, her  
Sons.  
EARL OF OXFORD. LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY. LORD LOVEL.  
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN. SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.  
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. SIR JAMES TYRREL.  
SIR JAMES BLOUNT. SIR WALTER HERBERT.  
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the  
Tower.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest. Another Priest.  
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.  
MARGARET, Widow of King Henry VI.  
DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward IV.,  
Clarence, and Gloster.  
LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales.<sup>4</sup>  
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, England.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this <sup>a</sup>sun of York;  
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the three *sons* which are said to have appeared at the battle gained by Edward IV. over the Lancastrians, at Mortimer's Cross.

Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful <sup>b</sup>measures.  
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
And now, instead of mounting <sup>c</sup>barbed steeds,  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd <sup>d</sup>thus of fair proportion,

<sup>b</sup> Dances.—<sup>c</sup> “Barbed,” i. e., *barded*, caparisoned for war.

Cheated of <sup>a</sup>feature by <sup>b</sup>dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;  
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,  
And <sup>c</sup>descant on mine own deformity:  
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
I am determined to prove a villain,  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
Plots have I laid, <sup>d</sup>inductions dangerous,  
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,  
In deadly hate the one against the other:  
And, if king Edward be as true and just,  
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
This day should Clarence closely be <sup>e</sup>mew'd up,  
About a prophecy, which says—that G  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. [comes.  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence

*Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.*  
Brother, good day. What means this armed guard,  
That waits upon your grace?

*Clar.* His majesty,  
'Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

*Glo.* Upon what cause?

*Clar.* Because my name is George.

*Glo.* Alack! my lord, that fault is none of yours;  
He should, for that, commit your godfathers.  
O! belike, his majesty hath some intent,  
That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.  
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

*Clar.* Yea, Richard, when I know; but I protest,  
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,  
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;  
And from the <sup>f</sup>cross-row plucks the letter G,  
And says, a wizard told him, that by G  
His issue disinherited should be;  
And, for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thought that I am he.  
These, as I learn, and such like <sup>g</sup>toys as these,  
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

*Glo.* Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.  
'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower:  
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,  
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.  
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,  
Antony Woodville, her <sup>h</sup>same brother there,  
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,  
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?  
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

*Clar.* By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,  
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds  
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.  
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant  
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

*Glo.* Humbly complaining to her deity  
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.  
I'll tell you what; I think, it is our way,  
If we will keep in favor with the king,  
To be her men, and wear her livery:

The jealous o'er-worn widow, and <sup>i</sup>herself,  
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

*Brak.* I beseech your graces both to pardon me:  
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,  
That no man shall have private conference,  
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

*Glo.* Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,  
You may partake of any thing we say.  
We speak no treason, man: we say, the king  
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen  
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:—  
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;  
<sup>j</sup>And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.

How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

*Brak.* With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

*Glo.* Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell  
thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

*Brak.* What one, my lord? [me?

*Glo.* Her husband, knave. Would'st thou betray

*Brak.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me; and  
withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

*Clar.* We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will  
obey.

*Glo.* We are the queen's <sup>k</sup>subjects, and must obey.—

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;  
And whatsoever you will employ me in,  
Were it to call king Edward' widow sister,  
I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood  
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Clar.* I know, it pleases neither of us well.

*Glo.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;  
I will deliver you, or else <sup>l</sup>lie for you:  
Mean time, have patience. <sup>3</sup>[*Embracing him.*

*Clar.* I must <sup>m</sup>perforce: farewell.

[*Exit CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and Guard.*

*Glo.* Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,  
Simple, plain Clarence.—I do love thee so,  
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
If heaven will take the present at our hands.  
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

*Glo.* As much unto my good lord chamberlain.

Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

*Hast.* With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;  
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,  
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too  
For they that were your enemies are his,  
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

*Hast.* More pity, that the eagles should be <sup>n</sup>mew'd,  
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

*Glo.* What news abroad?

*Hast.* No news so bad abroad, as this at home:—  
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,  
And his physicians fear him mightily.

*Glo.* Now, by Saint Paul, that news is bad indeed.

O! he hath kept an evil diet long,  
And over-much consum'd his royal person:

'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

Where is he? in his bed?

<sup>a</sup> "Of feature," i. e., of beauty, comeliness.—<sup>b</sup> "Dissembling nature," i. e., *disguising* nature, that made me noble, yet disguised my nobility by mean and unseemly features.—<sup>c</sup> "Descant," i. e., muse; consider.—<sup>d</sup> "Inductions," i. e., preparations for mischief.—<sup>e</sup> "Mew'd up," i. e., imprisoned.—<sup>f</sup> "Tendering," i. e., regarding with affection.—<sup>g</sup> "The cross-row," i. e., the alphabet.—<sup>h</sup> "Toys," i. e., fancies; freaks of imagination.

<sup>i</sup> "The . . . widow and herself," i. e., the queen and Shore.

<sup>k</sup> "The queen's subjects," i. e., her rejected followers.—

<sup>l</sup> "Lie for you," i. e., lie in prison in your stead.—<sup>m</sup> "I must perforce," i. e., I am obliged to ('have patience').—<sup>n</sup> "Confin'd; shut up."

*Hast.* He is.

*Glo.* Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* **HASTINGS**.]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,  
Till George be pack'd with 'posthaste up to heaven.  
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,  
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;  
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live:  
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in,  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.—  
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?  
The readiest way to make the <sup>b</sup>wench amends,  
Is to become her husband, and her father:  
The which will I; not all so much for love,  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her which I must reach unto.  
But yet I run before my horse to market:  
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns;  
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit*.]

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

*Enter the Corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open Coffin, Gentlemen, bearing Halberds, to guard it; and Lady ANNE as mourner.*

*Anne.* Set down, set down your honorable load,  
If honor may be shrouded in a hearse,  
Whilst I a while 'obsequiously lament  
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—  
Poor 'key-cold figure of a holy king!  
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!  
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood,  
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,  
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,  
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,  
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,  
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—  
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!  
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!  
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!  
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,  
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!  
If ever he have child, 'abortive be it,  
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;  
And that be heir to his 'unhappiness!  
If ever he have wife, let her be made  
More miserable by the death of him,  
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—  
Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load,  
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;  
And still, as you are weary of this weight,  
Rest you, whilst I lament king Henry's corse.

[*The Bearers take up the Corpse and advance.*

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,  
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

*Glo.* Villains! set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,  
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

*1 Gent.* Mylord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

*Glo.* Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,  
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the Coffin.*

*Anne.* What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?  
Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal,  
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—  
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,  
His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.

*Glo.* Sweet saint, for charity, be not so <sup>b</sup>curst.

*Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep 'exclaims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this 'pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen! see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed 'afresh!—  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,  
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:  
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!  
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!  
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer  
dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

*Glo.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man:

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

*Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

*Anne.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

*Glo.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—  
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed evils to give me leave  
By <sup>m</sup>circumstance but to acquit myself.

*Anne.* Vouchsafe, 'diffus'd infection of a man,  
For these known evils but to give me leave  
By <sup>m</sup>circumstance to curse thy cursed self.

*Glo.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have  
Some patient leisure to excuse myself. [*make*]

*Anne.* Foulter than heart can think thee, thou canst  
No excuse 'current, but to hang thyself.

*Glo.* By such despair I should accuse myself.

*Anne.* And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

*Glo.* Say, that I slew them not?

*Anne.* Then say they were not slain:  
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

*Glo.* I did not kill your husband.

*Anne.* Why, then he is alive.

*Glo.* Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou liest: queen Margaret saw

\* Lady Anne, the betrothed widow of Edward prince of Wales. See King Henry VI. Part II.—<sup>b</sup> *Wench* was formerly used in a good sense, as a term of endearment.—<sup>c</sup> "Obsequiously," i. e., funereally; mournfully.—<sup>d</sup> "Key-cold," i. e., cold as iron.—<sup>e</sup> "Abortive," i. e., born prematurely.—<sup>f</sup> *Courtenance*.—<sup>g</sup> "Unhappiness," i. e., disposition to mischief.

<sup>h</sup> "Curst," i. e., malignant; shrewish.—<sup>i</sup> Exclamations.—<sup>j</sup> Example.—<sup>k</sup> It was a tradition very generally received that the wounds of a murdered body bleed afresh when touched by the murderer.—<sup>l</sup> "By circumstance," i. e., by circumstantial detail.—<sup>m</sup> *Diffus'd* uncleanly signified *uncouth*, or *confused*.—<sup>n</sup> "No excuse current," i. e., no passable excuse, none that will be allowed or admitted.

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;  
 The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
 But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

*Glo.* I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,  
 That laid their <sup>a</sup>guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

*Annc.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
 That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.  
 Didst thou not kill this king?

*Glo.* I grant ye. [me too,

*Annc.* Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant  
 Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!

O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous. [him.

*Glo.* The fitter for the King of heaven that hath

*Annc.* He is in heaven, where thou shalt never  
 come. [thither;

*Glo.* Let him thank me, that help to send him  
 For he was fitter for that place than earth.

*Annc.* And thou unfit for any place but hell. [it.

*Glo.* Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name

*Annc.* Some dungeon.

*Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

*Annc.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

*Glo.* So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

*Annc.* I hope so.

*Glo.* I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—  
 To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
 And fall something into a slower method,  
 Is not the cause of the timeless deaths  
 Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,  
 As blameful as the executioner? [effect.

*Annc.* Thou was the cause, and most accurs'd

*Glo.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect;

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,

To undertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

*Annc.* If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,

These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

*Glo.* These eyes could not endure that beauty's

wreck;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:

As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that; it is my day, my life. [thy life!

*Annc.* Black night o'ershade thy day, and death

*Glo.* Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

*Annc.* I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

*Glo.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,

To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

*Annc.* It is a quarrel just and reasonable,

To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

*Glo.* He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,

Did it to help thee to a better husband.

*Annc.* His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

*Glo.* He lives that loves you better than he could.

*Annc.* Name him.

*Glo.* Plantagenet.

*Annc.* Why, that was he.

*Glo.* The self-same name, but one of better nature.

*Annc.* Where is he?

*Glo.* Here: [She spits at him.] Why

dost thou spit at me?

*Annc.* 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

*Glo.* Never came poison from so sweet a place.

*Annc.* Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

*Glo.* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

*Annc.* Would they were <sup>b</sup>basilisks, to strike thee

dead!

*Glo.* I would they were, that I might die at once,

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

<sup>a</sup> "Their guilt," i. e., the crime of my brothers.—<sup>b</sup> The

basilisk was said to destroy its victim by gazing on it.—

These eyes, which never shed <sup>c</sup>remorseful tear;  
 No, when my father York, and Edward wept  
 To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,  
 When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;  
 Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,  
 Told the sad story of my father's death,  
 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,  
 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,  
 Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time  
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear:  
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
 Thy beauty bath, and made them blind with weeping.  
 I never sued to friend, nor enemy;  
 My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;  
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my foe,  
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully on him.

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made  
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his Breast open: she offers at it with

his Sword.

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabbed young

Edward;—

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She 'falls the Sword.

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Annc.* Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

*Glo.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

<sup>2</sup>[Taking up the Sword.

*Annc.* I have already.

*Glo.* That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and even with the word,

This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,

Shall for thy love kill a far truer love:

To both thy deaths shalt thou be necessary.

*Annc.* I would I knew thy heart.

*Glo.* 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

*Annc.* I fear me, both are false.

*Glo.* Then, never man was true.

*Annc.* Well, well, put up your sword.

*Glo.* Say, then, my peace is made.

*Annc.* That shalt thou know hereafter.

*Glo.* But shall I live in hope?

<sup>3</sup>[Sheathing his Sword.

*Annc.* All men, I hope, live so.

*Glo.* Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

*Annc.* To take, is not to give.

[She puts on the Ring.

*Glo.* Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted <sup>4</sup>suppliant may

But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*Annc.* What is it?

*Glo.* That it may please you leave these sad de-

sings

To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to <sup>5</sup>Crosby-place.

Where (after I have solemnly inter'd,

At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears)

<sup>c</sup> Pitying.—<sup>d</sup> "Crosby-place," i. e., a house near Bishops-

gate street, belonging to the Duke of Gloster.

I will with all <sup>a</sup>expedient duty see you:  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,  
To see you become so penitent.—  
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;  
But since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, TRESSSEL, and BERKLEY.*]

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the Corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?  
Was ever woman in this humor won?  
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.  
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,  
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;  
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
The bleeding witness of my hatred by, [me,  
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against  
And I no friends to back my suit withal,  
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,  
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Ha!  
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,  
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,  
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?  
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—  
Framed in the prodigality of nature,  
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—  
The spacious world cannot again afford:  
And will she yet <sup>b</sup>abase her eyes on me,  
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
And made her widow to a woful bed?  
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?  
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?  
My dukedom to a beggarly <sup>c</sup>denier,  
I do mistake my person all this while:  
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marvellous <sup>d</sup>proper man.  
I'll be at <sup>e</sup>charges for a looking-glass;  
And entertain a score or two of tailors,  
To study fashions to adorn my body:  
Since I am crept in favor with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost.  
But, first, I'll turn you' fellow <sup>f</sup>in his grave,  
And then return lamenting to my love.—  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, and Lord GREY.*

Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt,  
his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:  
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,  
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly  
To be your comfort when he is gone. [son,

Q. Eliz. Ah! he is young; and his minority

Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,  
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet;  
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.*

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace.

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been! [Stanley,

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of  
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.  
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers;  
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,  
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope: his grace speaks cheerfully. [with him?

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make <sup>e</sup>atonement  
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,  
And between them and my lord chamberlain;  
And sent to <sup>h</sup>warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—But that will  
I fear, our happiness is at the height. [never be:

*Enter GLOSTER, <sup>2</sup>stamping angrily, with HASTINGS, and DORSET.*

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.—  
Who are they, that complain unto the king,  
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?  
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,  
That fill his ears with such dissensions rumors.  
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and 'cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy.  
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd  
With silken, sly, insinuating <sup>k</sup>Jacks? [grace?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your  
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.  
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—  
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace,  
(Whom God preserve better than you would wish!)  
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,  
But you must trouble him with <sup>l</sup>lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.  
The king, on his own royal disposition,  
And not provok'd by any suitor else,  
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
That in your outward action shows itself,  
Against my children, brothers, and myself,  
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather  
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot <sup>m</sup>tell;—the world is grown so bad,  
That wren make prey where eagles dare not perch:  
Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,  
brother Gloster:

<sup>a</sup> Expedious. — <sup>b</sup> "Abase." i. e., lower; cast down. —  
<sup>c</sup> The denier was a small French coin. — <sup>d</sup> "Marvellous  
proper," i. e., marvellously well proportioned. — <sup>e</sup> "I'll be  
at charges for," i. e., I'll incur the expense of. — <sup>f</sup> Into.

<sup>g</sup> Reconciliation. — <sup>h</sup> "Warn," i. e., summon. — <sup>i</sup> Flatter;  
 wheedle. — <sup>k</sup> "Jacks," i. e., low fellows. — <sup>l</sup> "Lewd," i. e.,  
 wicked. — <sup>m</sup> That is, "I cannot tell what to say or think of."

You envy my advancement, and my friends,  
God grant, he never may have need of you!

*Glo.* Meantime, God grants that I have need of you:  
Our brother is imprison'd by your means;  
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility  
Held in contempt; while many great promotions  
Are daily given, to ennoble those  
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

*Q. Eliz.* By him that rais'd me to this careful height  
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,  
I never did incense his majesty  
Against the duke of Clarence; but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him.  
My lord, you do me shameful injury,  
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

*Glo.* You may deny, that you were not the mean  
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my lord; for— [so?]

*Glo.* She may, lord Rivers,—why, who knows not  
She may do more, sir, than denying that:  
She may help you to many fair preferments,  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
And lay those honors on your high desert. [she,—  
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may

*Riv.* What, marry, may she?

*Glo.* What, marry, may she? marry with a king,  
A bachelor, and a handsome stripping too.  
I 'wis, your grandam had a worse match.

*Q. Eliz.* My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:  
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,  
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.  
I had rather be a country serving-maid,  
Than a great queen, with this condition,  
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:  
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

*Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.*

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him! <sup>1</sup>[*Aside.*]

Thy honor, state, and seat, is due to me.

*Glo.* What! threat you me with telling of the king?  
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said  
I will avouch in presence of the king:  
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot,

*Q. Mar.* Out, devil! I do remember thee too well: <sup>2</sup>[*Aside.*]

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,  
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

*Glo.* Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,  
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;  
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,  
A liberal rewarder of his friends:  
To royalize his blood, I spent mine own.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine. <sup>3</sup>[*Aside.*]

*Glo.* In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—

And, Rivers, so were you.—Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere this, and what you are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

*Q. Mar.* A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art. <sup>4</sup>[*Aside.*]

*Glo.* Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,  
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!

*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge! <sup>5</sup>[*Aside.*]

*Glo.* To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.  
I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,  
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:  
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

*Q. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world. <sup>6</sup>[*Aside.*]

Thou 'cacadæmon! there thy kingdom is.

*Riv.* My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,  
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;  
So should we you, if you should be our king.

*Glo.* If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar.  
Far be it from my heart the thought thereof!

*Q. Eliz.* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,  
As little joy you may suppose in me,  
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

*Q. Mar.* A little joy enjoys the queen thereof; <sup>7</sup>[*Aside.*]

For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.—

<sup>8</sup>[*Coming forward. They all start.*]

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out

In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!

Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,

Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—

Ah! gentle villain, do not turn away. [my sight?]

*Glo.* Foul wrinkled witch, what 'mak'st thou in

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;

That will I make, before I let thee go.

*Glo.* Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?

*Q. Mar.* I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—

And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;

And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee,

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

*Q. Eliz.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Hast.* O! 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

*Dors.* No man but prophesied revenge for it.

*Buck.* Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

*Q. Mar.* What! were you snarling all, before I

Ready to catch each other by the throat, [came,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,

Should all but answer for that peevish brag?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—

Though not by war, by <sup>k</sup>surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,

For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales,

Die in his youth by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!

\* A coin rated at 6s. 8d.—<sup>b</sup> Suspicions.—<sup>c</sup> Think.—<sup>d</sup> "My pains," i. e., my labors.

<sup>e</sup> Reward.—<sup>f</sup> "Cacadæmon," i. e., evil spirit.—<sup>g</sup> Pillaged.  
—<sup>h</sup> "What mak'st thou," i. e., "What dost thou."—<sup>i</sup> Punished.—<sup>j</sup> Alluding to Edward's luxurious life.

Long may'st thou live, to wait thy children's death;  
And see another, as I see thee now,  
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!  
Long die thy happy days before thy death;  
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,  
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!  
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,  
And so wast thou, lord Hastings, when my son  
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,  
That none of you may live his natural age,  
But by some unlook'd accident cut off! [Hag.]

*Glo.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,  
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
O! let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,  
And then hurl down their indignation  
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!  
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!  
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unless it be while some tormenting dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!  
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting <sup>a</sup>hog!  
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
<sup>1</sup>The stain of nature, and the scorn of hell!  
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!  
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!  
Thou rag of honor! thou detested—

*Glo.* Margaret.

*Q. Mar.* Richard!

*Glo.* Ha?

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

*Glo.* I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,  
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

*Q. Mar.* Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.  
O! let me make the period to my curse.

*Glo.* 'Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

*Q. Eliz.* Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself. [fortune;

*Q. Mar.* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my  
Why strew'st thou sugar on that <sup>2</sup>bottle spider,  
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

*Hast.* False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,  
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

*Q. Mar.* Foul shame upon you; you have all  
mov'd mine. [your duty.

*Riv.* Were you well serv'd, you would be taught

*Q. Mar.* To serve me well, you all should do me  
duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.

O! serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

*Dor.* Dispute not with her, she is lunatic. [part:

*Q. Mar.* Peace, master marquess! you are <sup>b</sup>malapropos  
Your fire-new stamp of honor is scarce current.

O, that your young nobility could judge,

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,  
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

*Glo.* Good counsel, marry:—learn it, learn it,  
marquess.

*Dor.* It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

*Glo.* Ay, and much more; but I was born so high:  
Our <sup>c</sup>evry buildeth in the cedar's top,  
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the armorial bearing of the duke, which was a *boar argent*.—<sup>b</sup> Inopudent.—<sup>c</sup> *Evyry* properly signified a *brood*.

*Q. Mar.* And turns the sun to shade,—alas! alas!—  
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;  
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your evry buildeth in our evry's nest.—

O God! that seest it, do not suffer it:

As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

*Buck.* Peace, peace! for shame, if not for charity.

*Q. Mar.* Urge neither charity nor shame to me:

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame,

And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

*Buck.* Have done, have done. [Hast.]

*Q. Mar.* O, princely Buckingham! I'll kiss thy

In sign of league and amity with thee:

Now, fair befall thee, and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

*Buck.* Nor no one here; for curses never pass

The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

*Q. Mar.* I will not think but they ascend the sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham! take heed of yonder dog:

Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:

Have not to do with him, beware of him;

Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him,

And all their ministers attend on him.

*Glo.* What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

*Buck.* Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

*Q. Mar.* What! dost thou scorn me for my gentle  
counsel,

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O! but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [Exit.

*Hast.* My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

*Riv.* And so doth mine. I muse, why she's at  
liberty.

*Glo.* I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,

She hath had too much wrong; and I repent

My part thereof, that I have done to her.

*Q. Eliz.* I never did her any, to my knowledge.

*Glo.* Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.

I was too hot to do somebody good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;

He is <sup>d</sup>frank'd up to fattening for his pains!—

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

*Riv.* A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,

To pray for them that have done <sup>e</sup>scath to us.

*Glo.* So do I ever, being well-advis'd; <sup>2</sup>[Aside.

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

#### Enter CATESBY.

*Cates.* Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—

And for your grace, and you, my noble lords.

*Q. Eliz.* Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go

*Riv.* We wait upon your grace. [with me?

[Exit all but GLOSTER.

*Glo.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,

I do beweepe to many simple gulls;

Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;

And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies,

That stir the king against the duke my brother.

Now, they believe it; and withal whet me

<sup>d</sup> "Frank'd up," i. e., closely confined.—<sup>e</sup> Harm; mischief.



To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;  
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,  
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:  
And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,  
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

*Enter two Murderers.*

But soft! here come my executioners.—

How now, my hurly, stout resolved mates!

Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1 *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glo.* Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

*[Gives the Warrant.]*

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate: do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut! my lord, we will not stand to prate;

Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd,

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

*Glo.* Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes  
fall tears:

I like you, lads;—about your business straight;

Go, go, despatch.

1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.

*Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.*

*Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

*Clar.* O! I have pass'd a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night,

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,

So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

*Clar.* Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;

And, in my company, my brother Gloster,

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster,

That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,

Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,

Struck me (that thought to stay him) over-board,

Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in the holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept

(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure, in the time of death,

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought I had, and often did I strive

To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood

Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

*Clar.* No, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life.  
O! then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,

With that sour ferryman which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,

Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,

Who cried aloud,—“What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?”

And so he vanish'd. Then, came wandering by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—

“Clarence is come,—false, d'flecting, perjur'd Clarence,—

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—

Seize on him, fiends! take him unto torment!”

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends

Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,

I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,

Could not believe but that I was in hell;

Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* Al, keeper, keeper! I have done these things

That now give evidence against my soul,

For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,

Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:

O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—

Keeper, I pry thee, sit by me awhile;

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

<sup>1</sup>*[Sitting down.]*

*Brak.* I will, my lord: God give your grace good

rest.—

<sup>2</sup>*[CLARENCE sleeps.]*

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,

Makes the night morning, and the noon-time night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,

An outward honor for an inward toil;

And for unfelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of restless cares:

So that, between their titles, and low name,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

*Brak.* What would'st thou, fellow? and how  
cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence; and I  
came hither on my legs.

*Brak.* What! so brief?

2 *Murd.* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—

Let him see our commissions; and talk no more.

*[A Paper delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.]*

*Brak.* I am, in this, commanded to deliver

The noble duke of Clarence to your hands.

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless from the meaning:

There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.

I'll to the king; and signify to him,

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: *[Exit BRAKENBURY.]*

Fare you well.

<sup>b</sup> “Vast,” i. e., waste; desolate.—<sup>c</sup> “Bulk,” i. e., breast.—  
<sup>d</sup> “Flecting,” i. e., unstable; inconstant.—<sup>e</sup> That is, “The  
glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles.”—  
<sup>f</sup> “Unfelt imaginations,” i. e., unreal gratifications.

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What! art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought, thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I prythee, stay a little: I hope, this <sup>1</sup>compassionate humor of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* O! in the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go: there's few or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbor's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found: it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavors to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd; he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a <sup>a</sup>tall man, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him on the <sup>b</sup>costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O, excellent device! and make a sop of

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes. [him.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No; we'll <sup>c</sup>reason with him.

*Clar.* [*Waking.*] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine. [anon.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord,

*Clar.* In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

*Clar.* But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

*Clar.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

*Clar.* How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak.

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

*Both Murd.* To, to, to—

*Clar.* To murder me?

*Both Murd.* Ay, Ay.

*Clar.* You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

*Clar.* I shall be reconcil'd to him again. [die.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore, prepare to

*Clar.* Are you drawn forth among a world of men,

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful <sup>d</sup>quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

*Clar.* Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded,

That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand.

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee.

For false forswearing, and for murder too.

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God, Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade, Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend. [to us,

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law When thou hast broke it in such <sup>e</sup>dear degree?

*Clar.* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

He sends you not to murder me for this;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O! know you yet, he doth it publicly.

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:

He needs no indirect or lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,

That princely <sup>f</sup>novice, was struck dead by thee?

*Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee. [faults,

*Clar.* If you do love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for <sup>g</sup>need, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster,

Who shall reward you better for my life,

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd: your brother Gloster hates you.

*Clar.* O! no; he loves me, and he holds me dear  
Go you to him from me.

<sup>a</sup> "Tall," i. e., bold; courageous.—<sup>b</sup> Head.—<sup>c</sup> "Reason," i. e., talk.

<sup>d</sup> "Quest," i. e., inquest; jury.—<sup>e</sup> "Dear," i. e., great.—<sup>f</sup> Youth.—<sup>g</sup> Reward.

*Both Murd.* Ay, so we will.

*Clar.* Tell him, when that our princely father York Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,  
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship:  
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

*1 Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

*Clar.* O! do not slander him, for he is kind.

*1 Murd.* Right; as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

*Clar.* It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,  
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labor my delivery.

*1 Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you  
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

*2 Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die,  
my lord.

*Clar.* Have you that holy feeling in your souls,  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,  
That you will war with God by murdering me?—  
O! sirs, consider, they that set you on  
To do this deed, will hate you to the deed.

*2 Murd.* What shall we do?

*Clar.* Relent, and save your souls.  
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,  
Would not entreat for life? As you would beg  
Were you in my distress, <sup>1</sup> so pity me.

*1 Murd.* Relent? no: 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

*Clar.* Not to relent, is bestial, savage, devilish.—  
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;  
O! if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me.  
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

*2 Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

*1 Murd.* Take that, and that: if all this will not do,  
[*Stabs him.*]  
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit with the Body.*]

*2 Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous guilty murder done.

*Re-enter first Murderer.*

*1 Murd.* How now! what mean'st thou, that thou  
help'st me not? [been.]

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have  
*2 Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother.

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,  
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*]

*1 Murd.* So do not I: go, coward, as thou art.—  
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,  
Till that the duke give order for his burial;  
And when I have my <sup>a</sup> meed, I will away;  
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King EDWARD, led in sick, Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.*

*K. Edw.* Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work.—

\* Reward.

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;  
And more <sup>2</sup> at peace my soul shall part to heaven,  
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.  
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;  
Dissemble not your <sup>3</sup> hatred, swear your love.

*Riv.* By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

*Hast.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

*K. Edw.* Take heed, you dally not before your king;

Lest He, that is the supreme King of kings,  
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award  
Either of you to be the other's end.

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

*Riv.* And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.

*K. Edw.* Madam, yourself are not exempt from this,—

Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—  
You have been factions one against the other.

Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly. [member

*Q. Eliz.* There, Hastings:—I will never more re-  
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.

*K. Edw.* Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love lord marquess.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

*Hast.* And so swear I.

[*league*  
*K. Edw.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this  
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
And make me happy in your unity.

*Buck.* Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate  
Upon your grace, [*To the Queen.*] but with all du-  
teous love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love.

When I have most need to employ a friend,  
And most assured that he is a friend,  
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,  
Be he unto me. This do I beg of heaven,  
When I am cold in love to you, or yours.

*K. Edw.* A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,  
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There waiteth now our brother Gloster here,

To make the blessed period of this peace. [*duke.*]

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the noble  
*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and  
And, princely peers, a happy time of day! [*Queen.*]

*K. Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the  
Gloster, we have done deeds of charity; [*day.*—  
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

*Glo.* A blessed labor, my most sovereign lord.—

Among this princely heap, if any hero,

By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,

Have aught committed that is hardly borne

<sup>3</sup> To any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,

Which I will purchase with my dutious service;

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;

<sup>1</sup> "Dissemble not your hatred," etc., i. e., 'Do not merely cloak and conceal your hatred, but swear to love each other.'

Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset,  
That all without desert have frown'd on me;  
Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you;  
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.  
I do not know that Englishman alive,  
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,  
More than the infant that is born to-night.

I thank my God for my humility. <sup>1</sup>*[Aside.]*

*Q. Eliz.* A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:—  
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—  
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness  
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

*Glo.* Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,  
To be so flouted in this royal presence?  
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

*[They all start.]*

You do him injury to scorn his corse. <sup>2</sup>*[He is?]*

*K. Edw.* Who knows not, he is dead! who knows

*Q. Eliz.* All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

*Buck.* Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

*Dor.* Ay, my good lord; and no man in the  
presence,

But his red color hath forsook his cheeks.

*K. Edw.* Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

*Buck.* But he, poor man, by your first order died,  
And that a winged Mercury did bear;

Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,

That came too lag to see him buried.

God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,

Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,

Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,

And yet go current from suspicion.

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

<sup>2</sup>*[Kneels.]*

*K. Edw.* Ipr'ythee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

*Stan.* I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

*K. Edw.* Then say at once, what is it thou re-  
questest.

*Stan.* The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;  
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,

Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk. *[death.]*

*K. Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's  
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,

And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?

Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?

Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,

When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,

And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king?"

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his garments; and did give himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.

But for my brother not a man would speak,

Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself

For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all

Have been beholding to him in his life,

Yet none of you would once beg for his life.—

O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold

On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—

Come, Hastings, prithee help me to my closet.

Ah, poor Clarence!

*[Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.]*

*Glo.* This is the fruit of rashness.—Mark'd you not,  
How that the guilty kindred of the queen

Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?

O! they did urge it still unto the king:

God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,

To comfort Edward with our company?

*Buck.* We wait upon your grace. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—London.

*Enter the Duchess of YORK, with a Son and Daughter of CLARENCE.*

*Son.* Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

*Duch.* No, boy. *[Breast;]*

*Daugh.* Why do you weep so? and oft beat your  
And cry—"O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

*Son.* Why do you look on us, and shake your head  
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,  
If that our noble father were alive?

*Duch.* My pretty cousins, you mistake me both,

I do lament the sickness of the king,

As loath to lose him, not your father's death.

It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

*Son.* Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.

The king mine uncle is to blame for it:

God will revenge it; whom I will importune

With earnest prayers all to that effect.

*Daugh.* And so will I. *[you well.]*

*Duch.* Peace, children, peace! the king doth love  
Incapable and shallow innocents,

You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

*Son.* Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester

Told me, the king, provok'd to it by the queen,

Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;

Bade me rely on him, as on my father,

And he would love me dearly as a child. *[shape,]*

*Duch.* Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!

He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,

Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

*Son.* Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

*Duch.* Ay, boy.

*Son.* I cannot think it.—Hark! what noise is this?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, distractedly; RIVERS and  
DORSET, following her.*

*Q. Eliz.* Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and  
To chide my fortune, and torment myself? *[weep,]*

I'll join with black despair against my soul,

And to myself become an enemy.

*Duch.* What means this scene of rude impatience?

*Q. Eliz.* To make an act of tragic violence.

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!

Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?

Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;

That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him

To his new kingdom of ne'er changing light.

*Duch.* Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow,  
As I had title in thy noble husband.

\* "The forfeit," i. e., the remission of the forfeit.—<sup>b</sup>"Be advised," i. e., be circumspect, or consider what I was doing.

<sup>c</sup>Cousin was used formerly as a general term of kindred. The duchess is here addressing her grandchildren.—<sup>d</sup>"Incapable," i. e., unintelligent.—<sup>e</sup>Mask.—<sup>f</sup>Feign.

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And liv'd with looking on his images;  
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance  
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,  
And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left:  
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,  
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,  
Clarence, and Edward. O! what cause have I,  
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan)  
To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries?

*Son.* Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;  
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

*Dough.* Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;  
Your widow-dolor likewise be unwept.

*Q. Eliz.* Give me no help in lamentation;  
I am not barren to bring forth complaints.

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,  
May send forth plentiful tears to drown the world!  
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord, Edward!

*Child.* Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

*Duch.* Alas, for both! both mine, Edward and  
Clarence. [gone.]

*Q. Eliz.* What stay had I, but Edward? and he's  
*Child.* What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's  
gone. [gone.]

*Duch.* What stays had I, but they? and they are

*Q. Eliz.* Was never widow had so dear a loss.

*Child.* Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

*Duch.* Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs:  
Their woes are parcel'd, mine are general.  
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;  
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:  
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:  
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—  
Alas! you three on me, threefold distress'd,  
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,  
And I will pamper it with lamentation. [pleas'd,

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother: God is much dis-  
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.  
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,  
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,  
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;  
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,  
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*Riv.* Madam, betink you, like a careful mother,  
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,  
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.  
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,  
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HAST-  
INGS, RATCLIFFE, and others.*

*Glo.* Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star;  
But none can help our harms by wailing them.—  
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;  
I did not see your grace.—Humbly on my knee  
I crave your blessing. [Kneels.]

*Duch.* God bless thee; and put meekness in thy  
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty. [breast,

*Glo.* Amen; [Aside.] and make me die a good  
old man!—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;  
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out. [peers,

*Buck.* You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing  
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,

Now cheer each other in each other's love:  
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
The broken rancor of your high-sworn hates,  
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,  
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be <sup>d</sup>fet  
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

*Riv.* Why with some little train, my lord of Buck-  
ingham!

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd;  
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself,  
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*Glo.* I hope the king made peace with all of us;  
And the compact is firm and true in me.

*Riv.* And so in me; and so, I think, in all:  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:  
Therefore, I say with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

*Hast.* And so say I.

*Glo.* Then be it so; and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow  
Madam,—and you my sister,—will you go  
To give your censures in this business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;  
For by the way I'll sort occasion,  
As <sup>d</sup>index to the story we late talk'd of,  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

*Glo.* My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,  
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbor: whither away so  
fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself.  
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:  
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

*Enter another Citizen.*

3 *Cit.* Neighbors, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's  
death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall  
reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,  
<sup>2</sup>With, in his <sup>2</sup>nonage, council under him;  
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,  
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth  
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

<sup>a</sup> "His images," i. e., the children by whom he was repre-  
sented.—<sup>b</sup> "Dear," i. e., heavy; afflictive.—<sup>c</sup> Divided.

<sup>d</sup> Fetched.—<sup>e</sup> "Censures," i. e., judgments; opinions.—  
<sup>f</sup> "As index," i. e., by way of prelude.—<sup>g</sup> Minority.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends,  
God <sup>a</sup> wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd  
With politic grave counsel: then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace. [*mother.*

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,  
Or by his father there were none at all;

For emulation, who shall now be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O! full of danger is the duke of Gloster; [*proud:*  
And the queen's sons, and brothers, <sup>b</sup>haught and  
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,

This sickly land might solace as before. [*be well.*

1 *Cit.* Come, come; we fear the worst: all will

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on  
their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand:  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:  
You cannot <sup>c</sup>reason almost with a man  
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so.  
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Pursuing danger; as by proof we see  
The water swell before a boisterous storm.

But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I: I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of York.*

*Arch.* Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Strat-  
And at Northampton they do rest to-night: [*ford,*  
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Duch.* I long with all my heart to see the prince:  
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

*Q. Eliz.* But I hear, no: they say, my son of York  
Hath almost overtaken him in his growth.

*York.* Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

*Duch.* Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

*York.* Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,  
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow [*ter,*  
More than my brother; "Ay," quoth my uncle Glos-  
"Small herbs have <sup>a</sup>grace, great weeds do grow  
apace;"

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make  
haste. [*bold*

*Duch.* 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not  
In him that did object the same to thee:

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,  
So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

*Arch.* And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

*Duch.* I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,  
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

*Duch.* How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me  
hear it.

*York.* Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,  
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

*Duch.* I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

*York.* Grandam, his nurse. [*wast born.*

*Duch.* His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou

*York.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

*Q. Eliz.* A <sup>a</sup>parlous boy. Go to, you are too  
shrewd.

*Arch.* Good madam, be not angry with the child.

*Q. Eliz.* Pitchers have ears.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Arch.* Here comes a messenger: what news <sup>1</sup>with  
you?

*Mess.* Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

*Q. Eliz.* How doth the prince?

*Mess.* Well, madam, and in health.

*Duch.* What is thy news? [*fret,*

*Mess.* Lord Rivers and lord Grey are sent to Pom-  
And with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

*Duch.* Who hath committed them?

*Mess.* The mighty dukes,

Gloster and Buckingham.

*Arch.* For what offence?

*Mess.* The sum of all I can I have disclos'd:

Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Ah me! I see the ruin of my house.

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;

Insulting tyranny begins to <sup>2</sup>jet

Upon the innocent and awless throne:

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

*Duch.* Accurs'd and unquiet wrangling days,

How many of you have mine eyes beheld?

My husband lost his life to get the crown;

<sup>2</sup>Too often up and down my sons were tost,

For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:

And being seated, and domestic broils

Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,

Make war upon themselves; brother to brother.

Blood to blood, self against self:—O! preposterous

And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;

Or let me die, to look on death no more. [*tuary.—*

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, my boy; we will to sanc-  
Madam, farewell.

*Duch.* Stay, I will go with you.

*Q. Eliz.* You have no cause.

*Arch.* My gracious lady, go, [*To the Queen.*

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep: and so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours.

Go; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, and others.*

*Buck.* Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your  
chamber. [*sign:*

*Glo.* Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sover-

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

*Prince.* No, uncle; but our crosses on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:

I want more uncles here to welcome me.

<sup>a</sup> Knows. <sup>b</sup> Arrogant. <sup>c</sup> "Reason." i. e., talk; converse.  
<sup>d</sup> "Grace," i. e., medicinal virtue.

<sup>e</sup> "Parlous," i. e., perilous; amazing.—("To jet," i. e., to encroach.—London was anciently called *Camera Regis*, the King's Chamber.

*Glo.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your  
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit: [years  
No more can you distinguish of a man,  
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,  
Seldom, or never, <sup>a</sup>jumpeth with the heart.  
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;  
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,  
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:  
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

*Prince.* God keep me from false friends! but they  
were none. [you.

*Glo.* My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.*

*May.* God bless your grace with health and happy  
days!

*Prince.* I thank you, good my lord; and thank you  
all.— [Exeunt Mayor, &c.

I thought my mother, and my brother York,  
Would long ere this have met us on the way:  
Fie! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not  
To tell us whether they will come or no.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Buck.* And in good time here comes the sweating  
lord. [come?

*Prince.* Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother

*Hast.* On what occasion, God he knows, not I,  
The queen your mother, and your brother York,  
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince  
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,  
But by his mother was <sup>b</sup>perforce withheld.

*Buck.* Fie! what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers.—Lord cardinal, will your grace  
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York  
Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Card.* My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory  
Can from his mother win the duke of York,  
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate  
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,  
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

*Buck.* You are too <sup>1</sup>strict and abstinent, my lord,  
Too ceremonious, and <sup>c</sup>traditional:

Weigh it but with the <sup>2</sup>goodness of his age,  
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted  
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the place;

This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;  
<sup>3</sup>Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:

Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,  
You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,  
But sanctuary children, never till now. [once.—

*Card.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for  
Come on, lord Hastings; will you go with me?

*Hast.* I go, my lord.

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste you  
may.— [Exeunt Cardinal and HASTINGS.

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

*Glo.* Where it seems best unto your royal self.  
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,

Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:  
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place.—

<sup>a</sup> "Jumpeth," i. e., agreeth.—<sup>b</sup> "Perforce," i. e., by force.  
—<sup>c</sup> "Too ceremonious and traditional," i. e., too superstitious  
and adherent to old customs

Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

*Buck.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,  
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Prince.* Is it upon record, or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it?

*Buck.* <sup>4</sup>It is upon record, my gracious lord.

*Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd,  
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,

As 'twere <sup>5</sup>retail'd to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day.

*Glo.* So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.  
[Aside.

*Prince.* What say you, uncle?

*Glo.* I say without characters fame lives long.

Thus, like the <sup>6</sup>formal Vice, Iniquity, [Aside  
I moralize two meanings in one word.

*Prince.* That Julius Caesar was a famous man:

With what his valor did enrich his wit,

His wit set down to make his valor live:

Death makes no conquest of his conqueror,

For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—

I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

*Buck.* What, my gracious lord?

*Prince.* An if I live until I be a man,

I'll win our ancient right in France again,

Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

*Glo.* Short summers <sup>7</sup>lightly have a forward spring.  
[Aside.

*Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.*

*Buck.* Now, in good time here comes the duke of  
York. [brother?

*Prince.* Richard of York! how fares our noble

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

*Prince.* Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours.

Too <sup>8</sup>late he died, that might have kept that title,  
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

*Glo.* How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle. O! my lord,

You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

*Glo.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glo.* O! my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then he is more beholding to you, than I.

*Glo.* He may command me as my sovereign,  
But you have power <sup>9</sup>o'er me as a kinsman.

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

*Glo.* My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

*Prince.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;  
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

*Glo.* A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

*York.* A greater gift? O! that's the sword to it.

*Glo.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

*York.* O! then, I see, you'll part but with light  
gifts:

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

*Glo.* It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

*York.* I weigh it <sup>10</sup>lightly, were it heavier.

*Glo.* What! would you have my weapon, little  
lord? [me.

*York.* I would, that I might thank you as you call  
*Glo.* How?

*York.* Little. [talk.—

*Prince.* My lord of York will still be cross in  
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

*York.* You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:

Because that I am little, like an ape,

<sup>4</sup> Recounted.—<sup>5</sup> "The formal Vice," i. e., the sensible Vice,  
the buffoon in the old plays.—<sup>6</sup> "Lightly," i. e., commonly.  
—<sup>7</sup> "Late."—<sup>8</sup> "I weigh it lightly." &c., i. e., "I care but  
little for it, even were it heavier than it is."

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

*Buck.* With what a <sup>1</sup> sharply pointed wit he reasons:

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself.

So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

*Glo.* My lord, will't please <sup>2</sup>your grace to pass along?

Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,

Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

*York.* What! will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

*Prince.* My lord protector needs will have it so.

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Glo.* Why, what should you fear?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:

My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glo.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince.* An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.

But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*A sennet. Enter Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal, and Attendants.*]

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prating York

Was not <sup>a</sup>incensed by his subtle mother

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt. O! 'tis a perilous boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, <sup>b</sup>capable:

He's all the mother's from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby.

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceal what we impart.

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way:—

What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter

To make William lord Hastings of our mind,

For the instalment of this noble duke

In the seat royal of this famous isle?

*Cate.* He for his father's sake so loves the prince,

That he will not be won to aught against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?

*Cate.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buck.* Well then, no more but this. Go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were afar off, sound thou lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose;

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,

To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,

And give us notice of his inclination;

For we to-morrow hold <sup>c</sup>divided councils,

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. [by,

*Glo.* Commend me to lord William: tell him, Cates-

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries

To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;

And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,

Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

*Buck.* Good Catesby, go: effect this business soundly.

*Cate.* My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

*Glo.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

*Cate.* You shall, my lord.

*Glo.* At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

*Buck.* Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

*Glo.* Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me

The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables,

Whereof the king, my brother, was possess'd.

*Buck.* I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

*Glo.* And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our <sup>d</sup>complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Before Lord HASTINGS' House.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord! my lord!—

[*Knocking at the door.*]

*Hast.* [ *Within.* ]—Who knocks?

*Mess.* One from the lord Stanley.

*Hast.* [ *Within.* ] What is't o'clock?

*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* Cannot <sup>3</sup>lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

*Mess.* So it appears by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.

*Hast.* What then?

*Mess.* Then certifies your lordship, that this night

He dreamt the <sup>e</sup>boar had ras'd off his helm:

Besides, he says, there are two councils kept;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.

Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's pleas—

If you will presently take horse with him, [ *sure,*—

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

*Hast.* Go, fellow, go; return unto thy lord.

Bid him not fear the separated council:

His honor and myself are at the one,

And at the other is my good friend Catesby;

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him, his fears are shallow, without <sup>f</sup>instance:

And for his dreams—I wonder he's so simple

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.

To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,

Were to incense the boar to follow us,

And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

*Mess.* I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* Many good morrows to my noble lord!

*Hast.* Good morrow, Catesby: you are early stirring.

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

*Cate.* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And, I believe, will never stand upright,

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

*Hast.* How? wear the garland! dost thou mean

*Cate.* Ay, my good lord. [ *the crown?* ]

*Hast.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it? [ *ward* ]

*Cate.* Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you for—  
Upon his party for the gain thereof:

<sup>a</sup> "Incensed," i. e., incited; instigated.—<sup>b</sup> "Capable," i. e., intelligent.—<sup>c</sup> "Divided," i. e., separate.

<sup>d</sup> Conspiracies.—<sup>e</sup> By the boar, throughout this scene is meant Gloucester, in allusion to his crest.—<sup>f</sup> His honor, was the usual address to noblemen in Shakespeare's time.—<sup>g</sup> Without instance," i. e., without cause, motive.



And thereupon he sends you this good news,—  
That this same very day your enemies,  
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

*Hast.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
Because they have been still my adversaries;  
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

*Cate.* God keep your lordship in that gracious mind.

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,

That they which brought me in my master's hate,  
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,  
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

*Cate.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out  
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do  
With some men else, who think themselves as safe  
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear  
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

*Cate.* The princes both make high account of you;  
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

*Hast.* I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

*Enter STANLEY.*

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?  
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

*Stan.* My lord, good morrow:—good morrow,  
You may jest on, but, by the holy a rood, [*Catesby.*—  
I do not like these several councils, I.

*Hast.* My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;  
And never, in my days, I do protest,  
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.

Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am? (London,

*Stan.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from  
Were jocular, and suppos'd their states were sure,  
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;  
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.

This sudden stab of rancor I b misdoubt:  
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!  
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

*Hast.* Come, come, have with you.—<sup>c</sup> Wot you  
what, my lord?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded. [*heads,*

*Stan.* They for their truth might better wear their  
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.  
But come, my lord, let's away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*Hast.* Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY.*]

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

*Purs.* The better, that your lordship please to ask.

*Hast.* I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,  
Than when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:  
Then, was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;  
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself)  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state than ere I was.

*Purs.* God <sup>d</sup>hold it to your honor's good content.

*Hast.* Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.

<sup>1</sup> [*Throwing his Purse.*]

*Purs.* I thank your honor. [*Exit Pursuivant.*]

*Enter a Priest.*

*Pr.* Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your  
honor. [*heart.*]

*Hast.* I thank thee, good sir John, with all my

I'm in your debt for your last "exercise";  
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.  
*Pr.* I'll wait upon your lordship.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*Buck.* What, talking with a priest, lord chamber-  
lain!

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:  
Your honor hath no 'shriving work in hand.

*Hast.* 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,  
The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

*Buck.* I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:  
I shall return before your lordship thence.

*Hast.* Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buck.* And supper too, although thou know'st it not.  
[*Aside.*]

Come, will you go?

*Hast.* I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Pomfret. Before the Castle.

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RIVERS,  
GREY, and VAUGHAN, to execution.*

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:—  
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty. [*You!*]

*Grey.* God bless the prince from all the pack of  
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers. [*after.*]

*Vaugh.* You live, that shall cry woe for this here-  
*Rat.* Despatch! the limit of your lives is out.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret! O, thou bloody prison,  
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the gully closure of thy walls,  
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,  
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

*Grey.* Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our  
heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and <sup>2</sup> me,  
For standing by when Richard stab'd her son.

*Riv.* Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she  
Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings.—O, remember, God,  
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons,  
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

*Rat.* Make haste: the hour of death is <sup>3</sup> expiate.

*Riv.* Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan;—let us here  
embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the Bishop of  
ELY, CATESBY, LOVELL, and others, sitting at a  
Table: Officers of the Council attending.

*Hast.* Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met  
Is to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is this royal day?

*Buck.* Are all things ready for the royal time?

*Stan.* They are; and want but <sup>4</sup> nomination.

*Ely.* To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

*Buck.* Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?  
Who is most <sup>5</sup> inward with the noble duke?

*Ely.* Your grace, we think, should soonest know  
his mind.

*Buck.* We know each other's faces; for our hearts,  
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;

<sup>a</sup> Exercise probably means religious exhortation or lecture.

<sup>b</sup> Confession.—<sup>c</sup> Expiated; completed.—<sup>d</sup> "Nomination,"

i. e., the naming of a day for the coronation.—<sup>e</sup> "Inward,"

i. e., intimate; confidential.

<sup>a</sup> Cross.—<sup>b</sup> "I misdoubt," i. e., I suspect it of danger.—  
<sup>c</sup> Know.—<sup>d</sup> "Hold," i. e., continue.

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.  
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

*Hast.* I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;  
But for his purpose in the coronation,  
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd  
His gracious pleasure any way therein;  
But you, my honorable lords, may name the time;  
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,  
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Ely.* In happy time here comes the duke himself.

*Glo.* My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow.  
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,  
My absence doth neglect no great design,  
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

*Buck.* Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,  
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,  
I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.

*Glo.* Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder:

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.  
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;  
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

*Ely.* Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit ELY.*]

*Glo.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Taking him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,  
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,  
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,  
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw yourself awhile; I'll go with you.

[*Exit GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Stan.* We have not yet set down this day of tri-  
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden; [unph.  
For I myself am not so well provided,  
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Re-enter Bishop of ELY.*

*Ely.* Where is my lord, the duke of Gloster?

I have sent for these strawberries. [morning:]

*Hast.* His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this  
There's some conceit or other likes him well,  
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.  
I think, there's never a man in Christendom  
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Stan.* What of his heart perceive you in his face,  
By any livelihood he show'd to-day? [ed;

*Hast.* Marry, that with no man here he is offend-  
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

*Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*

*Glo.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft! and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,  
Makes me most forward in this princely presence  
To doom th' offenders: whoso'er they be,  
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glo.* Then, be your eyes the witness of their evil.—  
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm  
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up;

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hast.* If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

*Glo.* If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—  
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same.—

Lovel, and Ratcliff, look that it be done:  
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exit Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Hast.* Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.  
Stanley did dream the boar did raise his helm;  
And I did scorn it, and disdained to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,  
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O! now I need the priest that spake to me:

I now repent I told the pursuivant,  
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,  
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,  
And I myself secure in grace and favor.

O, Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

*Rat.* Come, come; despatch, the duke would be  
at dinner:

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* O, momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!

Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;

Ready with every nod to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Lov.* Come, come, despatch: 'tis bootless to exclaim.

*Hast.* O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.

Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. The Tower Walls.

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armor,  
marcellous ill-favored, and in haste.*

*Glo.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change  
thy color,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,

And then again begin, and stop again,

As if thou wert distract'd, and mad with terror?

*Buck.* Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;

Speak and look back, and pry on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;

And both are ready in their offices,

At any time to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone?

*Glo.* He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.*

*Buck.* Lord Mayor,—

*Glo.* Look to the drawbridge there!

*Buck.*

Hark! a drum.

*Glo.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

*Buck.* Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent,—

*Glo.* Look back, defend thee: here are enemies.

*Buck.* God and our innocence defend and guard us!

*Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' Head,  
on a Spear.*

*Glo.* Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and  
Lovel.

*Lov.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

<sup>a</sup> "Conceit" i. e., thought.—<sup>b</sup> "Likes," i. e., pleases.—  
<sup>c</sup> "Livelihood," i. e., liveliness; cheerfulness.

<sup>d</sup> A foot-cloth horse was a palfrey covered with housings.—  
<sup>e</sup> Confession.—<sup>f</sup> Distracted.—<sup>g</sup> "Intending," i. e., pretending.

*Glo.* So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.  
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,  
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
The history of all her secret thoughts:  
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,  
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,  
I mean his <sup>a</sup> conversation with Shore's wife,  
He liv'd from all attainder of <sup>b</sup> suspects. [*traitor*]  
*Buck.* Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd  
That ever liv'd.—

Would you imagine, or almost believe,  
Were't not that by great preservation  
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor  
This day had plotted, in the council house,  
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?  
*May.* Had he done so?

*Glo.* What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?  
Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,  
But that the extreme peril of the case,  
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,  
Enforc'd us to this execution?

*May.* Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;  
And your good graces both have well proceeded,  
To wara false traitors from the like attempts.

*Buck.* I never look'd for better at his hands,  
After he once fell in with mistress Shore;  
Yet had we not determin'd he should die,  
Until your lordship came to see his end,  
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
Something against our meanings, hath prevented:  
Because, my lord, I would have had you <sup>1</sup> hear  
The traitor speak, and timorously confess  
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;  
That you might well have signified the same  
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may  
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death. [*serve,*]

*May.* But, my good lord, your grace's words shall  
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:  
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this case.

*Glo.* And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,  
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

*Buck.* But since you come too late of our <sup>c</sup> intent,  
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:  
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

*Glo.* Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
The mayor towards Guildhall lies him in all post:  
There, at your meetest <sup>d</sup> vantage of the time,  
<sup>e</sup> Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:  
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,  
Only for saying—he would make his son  
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,  
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.  
Moreover, urge his hateful <sup>f</sup> luxury,  
And bestial appetite in change of lust;  
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,  
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,  
Without control lusted to make a prey.  
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:  
Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,  
My princely father, then had wars in France;  
And by true computation of the time,  
Found that the issue was not his begot;  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,

Being nothing like the noble duke my father.  
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;  
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

*Buck.* Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,  
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,  
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu. [*castle,*]

*Glo.* If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's  
Where you shall find me well accompanied,  
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

*Buck.* I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,  
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Glo.* Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw;—  
Go thou [*To CAT.*] to friar Penker:—bid them both  
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.

[*Excunt LOVEL and CATESBY.*]

Now will I go, to take some privy order,  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;  
And to give order, that no manner person  
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE VI.—A Street.

*Enter a Scrivener, <sup>2</sup> with a writing.*

*Scriv.* Here is the indictment of the good lord  
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd, [*Hastings;*  
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.  
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,  
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.  
The <sup>3</sup> precedent was full as long a doing;  
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,  
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.  
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so <sup>b</sup> gross,  
That cannot see this palpable device?  
Yet who so bold, but says he sees it not?  
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,  
When such ill dealing must be seen <sup>2</sup> or thought.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE VII.—The Same. The Court of Baynard's Castle.

*Enter GLOSTER at one Door, and BUCKINGHAM at  
another.*

*Glo.* How now, how now! what say the citizens?

*Buck.* Now by the holy mother of our Lord,  
The citizens are mum, say not a word. [*dren?*]

*Glo.* Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's child?

*Buck.* I did; with his contract with Lady <sup>1</sup> Lucy.  
And his contract by deputy in France:  
Th' insatiate greediness of his desires,  
And his <sup>k</sup> enforcement of the city wives;  
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,  
As being got, your father then in France;  
And <sup>4</sup> disresemblance, being not like the duke.

Withal I did infer your lineaments,  
Being the right idea of your father,  
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:  
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;  
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose  
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse:  
And, when my oratory drew toward end,  
I bade them that did love their country's good,  
Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal king!"

*Glo.* And did they so?

*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a word;  
But, like dumb statues, or breathing stones,

<sup>a</sup> "Conversation," i. e., familiar intercourse.—<sup>b</sup> Suspicion.  
<sup>c</sup> "Too late of our intent," i. e., too late for the purpose we  
intended.—<sup>d</sup> "Vantage," i. e., opportunity.—<sup>e</sup> "Infer," i. e.,  
allege; show.—<sup>f</sup> "Luxury," i. e., lewdness.

<sup>g</sup> "The precedent," i. e., the original draft.—<sup>h</sup> "Gross,"  
i. e., stupid; dull.—<sup>i</sup> Lady Elizabeth Lucy.—<sup>k</sup> "Enforce-  
ment," i. e., violation.

Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.  
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,  
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence?  
His answer was, the people were not us'd  
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.  
Then, he was urg'd to tell my tale again:—  
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;"  
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.  
When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
And some ten voices cried, "God save king Richard!"  
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—  
"Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends," quoth I;  
"This general applause, and cheerful shout,  
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:"  
And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glo.* What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren, come?

*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand. <sup>a</sup>Intend some Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit: [fear;  
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;  
For on that ground I'll make a holy <sup>b</sup>descant:  
And be not easily won to our requests;  
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

*Glo.* I go; and if you plead as well for them,  
As I can say <sup>c</sup>ay to thee for myself,  
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

[*Knocking heard.*  
*Buck.* Go, go, up to the leads! the lord mayor knocks. [*Exit Mayor*]

*Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.*  
Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;  
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

*Enter from the Castle, CATESBY.*  
Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

*Cate.* He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,  
To visit him to-morrow, or next day.  
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,  
Divinely bent to meditation;  
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buck.* Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke:  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,  
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,  
No less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

*Cate.* I'll signify so much unto him straight.

[*Exit.*  
*Buck.* Ah, ha! my lord, this prince is not an *Ed-*  
He is not lulling on a lewd love-bed, [*ward:*  
But on his knees at meditation;  
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,  
But meditating with two deep divines;  
Not sleeping to <sup>d</sup>engross his idle body,  
But praying to enrich his watchful soul.  
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince  
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof;  
But <sup>e</sup>sore I fear, we shall not win him to it.

*May.* Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!

*Buck.* I fear, he will. Here Catesby comes again.—

*Re-enter CATESBY.*

Now, Catesby, what says his grace? [*bled*

*Cate.* He wonders to what end you have assembled  
Such troops of citizens to come to him:  
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,

He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

*Buck.* Sorry I am, my noble cousin should  
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:  
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;  
And so once more return, and tell his grace.

[*Exit CATESBY.*

When holy and devout religious men  
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence;  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER, <sup>3</sup>with a book, in a Gallery above,  
between two Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

*May.* See, where his grace stands 'tween two  
clergymen!

*Buck.* Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,  
To stay him from the fall of vanity;  
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;  
True <sup>4</sup>ornament to know a holy man.—

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,  
Lend favorable ear to our requests,

And pardon us the interruption  
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

*Glo.* My lord, there needs no such apology;  
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,  
Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
Defer'd the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

*Buck.* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,  
And all good men of this un govern'd isle.

*Glo.* I do suspect, I have done some offence,  
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;  
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buck.* You have, my lord: would it might please  
On our entreaties to amend your fault. [your grace,

*Glo.* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

*Buck.* Know then, it is your fault that you resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,  
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,  
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,  
The lineal glory of your royal house,  
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;  
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,  
Which here we waken to our country's good,  
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;  
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,  
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,  
And almost <sup>e</sup>shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf  
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion.  
Which to <sup>f</sup>recover, we heartily solicit  
Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
And kingly government of this your land:

Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
Or lowly factor for another's gain;  
But as successively from blood to blood,  
Your right of birth, your <sup>g</sup>empire, your own.  
For this, consorted with the citizens,  
Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
And by their vehement instigation,  
In this just cause come I to move your grace.

*Glo.* I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,  
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:  
If, not to answer,—you might haply think,  
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
Which fondly you would here impose on me:  
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.  
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,  
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,

<sup>a</sup> "Intend," i. e., pretend. <sup>b</sup> Discourse. <sup>c</sup> "Can say nay to thee," i. e., can seem to deny your suit. <sup>d</sup> "To engross," i. e., to pamper; to fatten.

<sup>e</sup> "Shoulder'd," i. e., thrust into. <sup>f</sup> "To recover," i. e., to recover. <sup>g</sup> "Empire," i. e., dominion; sovereignty.

Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,  
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.  
First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
And that my path were even to the crown,  
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;  
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty, and so many, my defects,  
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,  
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapor of my glory smother'd.  
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;  
And much I need to help you, were there need:  
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.  
On him I lay that you would lay on me,  
The right and fortune of his happy stars;  
Which God<sup>b</sup> defend that I should wring from him.

*Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;  
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
All circumstances well considered.  
You say, that Edward is your brother's son:  
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;  
For first was he contract to lady Lucy;  
Your mother lives a witness to his vow:  
And afterward by substitute betroth'd  
To Bona, sister to the king of France.  
These both put off, a poor petitioner,  
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,  
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,  
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree  
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.  
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got  
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.  
More bitterly could I expostulate,  
Save that, for reverence to some alive,  
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.  
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;  
If not to bless us and the land withal,  
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
From the corruption of abusing times,  
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

*May.* Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

*Buck.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

*Cate.* O! make them joyful: grant their lawful suit.

*Glo.* Alas! why would you heap this care on me?  
I am unfit for state and majesty:

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,  
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;  
As well we know your tenderness of heart,  
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,  
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,  
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—  
Yet know, wher' you accept our suit or no,  
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;  
But we will plant some other in your throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.  
And, in this resolution, here we leave you.—

<sup>1</sup> Zounds, Citizens! we will entreat no more.

<sup>2</sup> *Glo.* O! do not swear, my cousin Buckingham.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.<sup>3</sup>]

<sup>a</sup> "Much I need to help you," &c., i. e., "much I want ability to help you, if help were needed."—<sup>b</sup> "God defend," i. e., God forbid.—<sup>c</sup> "The respects thereof are nice," i. e., the motives thereof are fastidious, squeamish.—<sup>d</sup> Pity.

*Cate.* Call him again, sweet prince; accept their  
If you deny them, all the land will rue it. [suit:]

*Glo.* Will you enforce me to a world of cares?  
Call him again: I am not made of stone,  
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

Albeit against my conscience, and my soul.—

*Re-enter* BUCKINGHAM.<sup>5</sup>

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,  
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burden, wher' I will, or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load:  
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,  
Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
Your mere enforcement shall acquaintance me  
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;  
For God doth know, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this. [say it.]

*May.* God bless your grace! we see it, and will

*Glo.* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

*Buck.* Then I salute you with this royal title,—  
Long live king Richard England's worthy king!

*All.* Amen.

*Buck.* To-morrow may<sup>1</sup> please you to be crown'd?

*Glo.* Even when you please, for you will have it so.

*Buck.* To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:  
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

*Glo.* Come, let us to our holy work again.

[*To the Bishops.*]

Farewell, my cousin:—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Before the Tower.

*Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of  
YORK, and Marquess of Dorset; on the other,  
ANNE, Duchess of GLOSTER, leading Lady MARGARET  
PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE's young Daughter.*

*Duch.* Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster!

Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,

<sup>6</sup> In pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—  
Daughter, well met.

*Anne.*

God give your graces both

A happy and a joyful time of day. [away?]

*Q. Eliz.* As much to you, good sister: whither

*Anne.* No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,

To gratulate the gentle princes there. [gather:]

*Q. Eliz.* Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all to-

*Enter* BRAKENBURY.

And in good time here the lieutenant comes.—

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

*Brak.* Right well, dear madam. By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them:

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

*Q. Eliz.* The king! who's that?

*Brak.*

I mean the lord protector.

*Q. Eliz.* The Lord protect him from that kingly  
title!

Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?

I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

*Duch.* I am their father's mother; I will see them.

*Anne.* Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:  
Then, bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,

<sup>a</sup> Grand-daughter.—<sup>b</sup> "To their sights," i. e., to the sight of them.

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

*Brak.* No, madam, no; I may not leave it so: I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence, And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.— Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[*To the Duchess of GLOSTER.*]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

*Q. Eliz.* Ah! cut my lace asunder, That my pent heart may have some scope to beat, Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

*Anne.* Despiteful tidings! O, unpleasing news!

*Dor.* Be of good cheer!—mother, how fares your grace?

*Q. Eliz.* O Dorset! speak not to me, got thee gone; Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels: Thy mother's name is ominous to her children. If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas, And live with Richmond from the reach of hell. Go, lie thee, lie thee, from this slaughter-house, Lest thou increase the number of the dead, And make me die the <sup>b</sup>thrall of Margaret's curse,— Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

*Stan.* Full of wise care is this your counsel, mad— Take all the swift advantage of the hours; [am.— You shall have letters from me to my son In your behalf, to meet you on the way: Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Duch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery!— O, my accursed womb, the bed of death! A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world, Whose unavoided eye is murderous!

*Stan.* Come, madam, come! I in all haste was sent.

*Anne.* And I with all unwillingness will go.— O! would to God, that the inclusive verge Of golden metal, that must <sup>a</sup>round my brow, Were red-hot steel to sear me to the <sup>c</sup>brain! Anointed let me be with deadly venom; And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

*Q. Eliz.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory; To feed my humor, wish thyself no harm.

[*Now,*]  
*Anne.* No! why?—When he, that is my husband Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corpse; [hands, When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his Which issu'd from my other angel husband, And that dear saint which, then, I weeping follow'd; O! when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face, This was my wish,—“Be thou,” quoth I, “accurs'd, For making me, so young, so old a widow! And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed; And be thy wife (if any be so mad) More miserable by the life of thee, Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!” Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again, Within so small a time, my woman's heart Grossly grew captive to his honey words, And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse: Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest; For never yet one hour in his bed Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep, But with his <sup>f</sup>timorous dreams was still awak'd. Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick; And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Q. Eliz.* Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

<sup>a</sup> “I may not leave it so,” i. e., “I may not so resign my office.”—<sup>b</sup> Slave.—<sup>c</sup> The cockatrice was a serpent supposed to originate from a cock's egg.—<sup>d</sup> Round,” i. e., encompass.—<sup>e</sup> Alluding to the ancient method of punishing a great criminal, by placing a red-hot iron crown upon his head.—<sup>f</sup> Fearful; frightful.

*Anne.* No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

*Dor.* Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory.

*Anne.* Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

*Duch.* Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— [To Dorset.]

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— [To Anne.]

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [To Queen ELIZABETH.]

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me! Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of <sup>g</sup>teen.

*Q. Eliz.* Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes, Whom envy hath <sup>h</sup>immur'd within your walls;

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

*Sound a Sennet.* RICHARD, crowned upon his Throne; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham! Buck. My gracious sovereign.

*K. Rich.* Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice, [Trumpets sound.]

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:

But shall we wear these glories for a day,

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

*Buck.* Still live they, and for ever let them last!

*K. Rich.* Ah! Buckingham, now do I play the To try if thou be current gold, indeed.— [Touch, Young Edward lives.—Think now what I would

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord. [Speak.]

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

*K. Rich.* Ha! am I king? 'Tis so; but Edward

*Buck.* True, noble prince. [lives.]

*K. Rich.* O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince.—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—

Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly; be brief.

*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

*Buck.* Give me some little breath, some pause, Before I positively speak in this: [dear lord,

I will resolve you herein presently.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Cate.* The king is angry: see, he gnaws his lip.

[*Aside.*]

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools,

[*Descends from his Throne.*]

And <sup>k</sup>unrespective boys: none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes.

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy!—

*Page.* My lord.

*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Will tempt unto a close <sup>l</sup>exploit of death?

<sup>g</sup> Sorrow.—<sup>h</sup> Whom envy hath immur'd,” i. e., whom malice hath confined.—<sup>i</sup> “The touch,” i. e., the touchstone.—<sup>k</sup> Unregardful; inconsiderate.—<sup>l</sup> A close exploit,” i. e., a secret act.

*Page.* 'I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:  
Gold were as good as twenty orators,  
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

*K. Rich.* What is his name?

*Page.* His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

*K. Rich.* I partly know the man: go, call him  
hither! [*Exit Page.*]

The deep-revolving, <sup>a</sup>witty Buckingham  
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsels.  
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,  
And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.—

*Enter STANLEY.*

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news <sup>2</sup>with you?

*Stan.* Know, my loving lord,  
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled  
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

*K. Rich.* Come hither, Catesby: rumor it abroad,  
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;  
I will take <sup>b</sup>order for her keeping close.  
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,  
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter:—  
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—  
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,  
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:  
About it; for it stands me much <sup>c</sup>upon,  
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.—

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—  
Murder her brothers, and then marry her?  
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in  
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

*Re-enter Page, with TYRRELL.*

Is thy name Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

*K. Rich.* Art thou, indeed?

*Tyr.* Prove me, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

*Tyr.* Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

*K. Rich.* Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,  
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,  
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.

*Tyrrel.* I mean those bastards in the Tower.

*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

<sup>3</sup>[*Kneeling.*]

*K. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come  
hither, Tyrrel:

Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear.

<sup>4</sup>[*TYRREL rises, and RICHARD whispers.*]

There is no more but so:—say, it is done,

And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

*Tyr.* I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*Buck.* My lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
The late demand that you did send me in.

*K. Rich.* Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to

*Buck.* I hear the news, my lord. [*Richmond.*]

*K. Rich.* Stanley, he is your wife's son: well  
look unto it.

*Buck.* My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,  
For which your honor and your faith <sup>5</sup>are pawn'd;  
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,  
Which you have promised I shall possess.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey  
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. [*quest?*]

*Buck.* What says your highness to my just re-

*K. Rich.* I do remember me,—Henry the sixth  
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,  
When Richmond was a little <sup>6</sup>peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

*Buck.* My lord,— [*that time*]

*K. Rich.* How chance, the prophet could not at  
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

*K. Rich.* Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,  
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,  
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name I started,  
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

*Buck.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* Ay; what's o'clock?

*Buck.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind  
Of what you promis'd me.

*K. Rich.* Well, but what's o'clock?

*Buck.*

Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.*

Why, let it strike?

*K. Rich.* Because that, like a <sup>a</sup>Jack, thou keep'st  
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day. [*no.*]

*Buck.* Why then, resolve me whether you will, or

*K. Rich.* Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein.

[*Exit King RICHARD <sup>6</sup>angrily, and his Train.*]

*Buck.* And is it thus? repays he my deep service

With such contempt? made I him king for this?

O! let me think on Hastings, and be gone

To 'Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—The Same.

*Enter TYRREL.*

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody act is done;

The most <sup>7</sup>arch deed of piteous massacre,

That ever yet this land was guilty of.

Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn

To do this piece of ruthless butchery,

Albeit they were flesh'd villains, <sup>8</sup>blooded dogs,

Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,

Wept like two children in their death's sad story.

"O! thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—

"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another

Within their alabaster innocent arms:

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,

And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.

A book of prayers on their pillow lay; [*mind;*]

Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my

But, O! the devil"—there the villain stopp'd;

When Dighton thus told on,—"we smothered

The most <sup>9</sup>replenished sweet work of nature,

That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."

Hence both are gone: with conscience and remorse,

They could not speak; and so I left them both,

To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

*Enter King RICHARD.*

And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord!

*K. Rich.* Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

*Tyr.* If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,

For it is done.

*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tyr.* I did, my lord.

*K. Rich.*

And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

<sup>a</sup> Sagacious; cunning.—<sup>b</sup> "Take order," i. e., take measures.—<sup>c</sup> "It stands me much upon," i. e., it is incumbent upon me.

<sup>d</sup> Foolish.—<sup>e</sup> That is, a jack of the clock-house, an image that struck the bell.—<sup>f</sup> Brecknock was Buckingham's castle in Wales.—<sup>g</sup> "Arch," i. e., capital.—<sup>h</sup> "Replenished," i. e., finished; complete.

*K. Rich.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, and after supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.  
Farewell, till then.

*Tyr.*

I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

*K. Rich.* The son of Clarence have I pent up close;  
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;  
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.  
Now, for I know the Bretagne<sup>1</sup> Richard aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,  
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter CATESBY, 2 in haste.*

*Cate.* My lord!—

*K. Rich.* Good or bad news, that thou com'st in  
so bluntly? [*Mond;*]

*Cate.* Bad news, my lord: <sup>a</sup>Morton is fled to Rich-  
and Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,  
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

*K. Rich.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more  
near,

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.  
Come; I have learn'd, that fearful commenting  
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;  
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:  
Then, fiery expedition be my wing,  
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.—  
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;  
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. Before the Palace.

*Enter Queen MARGARET.*

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow,  
And drop into the rotten mould of death.  
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,  
To watch the waning of mine enemies.  
A dire<sup>b</sup> induction am I witness to,  
And will to France; hoping, the consequence  
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.  
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes  
here? [*She stands back.*]

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess of YORK.*

*Q. Eliz.* Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!  
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings,  
And hear your mother's lamentation.

*Q. Mar.* Hover about her; say, that right for right  
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

<sup>3</sup>[*Aside.*]

*Duch.* So many miseries have craz'd my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—  
Edward Plantagenet! why; art thou dead?

*Q. Mar.* Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet;

<sup>4</sup>[*Aside.*]

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. [*lambs,*]  
*Q. Eliz.* Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle  
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

*Q. Mar.* When holy Harry died, and my sweet  
son.

<sup>5</sup>[*Aside.*]

*Duch.* Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living  
ghost, [*usurp'd,*]  
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

*Q. Eliz.* Ah! that thou would'st as soon afford a  
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat; [*grave,*]  
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.  
Ah! who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

[*Coming forward.*]

Give mine the benefit of <sup>c</sup>seniory,  
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.  
If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down 6 by them.*]

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

*Duch.* I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:

I had a Rutland too; thou help'st to kill him.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard  
kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood:

That foul defacer of God's handy-work,

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—

O! upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank thee, that this <sup>d</sup>carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her <sup>e</sup>pew-fellow with others' mean!

*Duch.* O, Harry's wife! triumph not in my woes:  
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

*Q. Mar.* Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;

Young York he is but <sup>f</sup>boot, because both they

Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;

And the beholders of this frantic play,

Th' <sup>g</sup>adulterate Hasting, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,

Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,

And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,

To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.—

Cancel his bond of life, dear God! I pray,

That I may live and say, the dog is dead. [*come,*]

*Q. Eliz.* O! thou didst prophesy, the time would

That I should wish for thee to help me curse

That bottle spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

*Q. Mar.* I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my  
fortune;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;

The presentation of but what I was,

The flattering index of a direful pageant,

One heav'd o' high, to be hurl'd down below:

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;

A dream of what thou wast; a <sup>h</sup>garish flag,

To be the aim of every dangerous shot;

A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

<sup>c</sup> Seniory. — <sup>d</sup> "Carnal," i. e., cruel; sanguinary. —  
<sup>e</sup> "Pew-fellow," i. e., companion. — <sup>f</sup> "Boot," i. e., thrown  
into the bargain. — <sup>g</sup> Adulterate. — <sup>h</sup> Showy; daring.

<sup>a</sup> Bishop of Ely. — <sup>b</sup> Introduction; preface.



Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?  
 Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?  
 Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?  
 Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?  
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy wife, a most distressed widow;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name;

For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;

For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;

For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;

For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time;

Having no more but thought of what thou wast

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not

Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?

Now, thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;

From which, even here, I slip my wearied head,

And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:

These English woes shall make me smile in France.

*Q. Eliz.* O! thou well skill'd in curses, stay a

And teach me how to curse mine enemies. [while,

*Q. Mar.* Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the

Compare dead happiness with living woe; [day;

Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,

And he that slew them fouler than he is:

But bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse:

Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Q. Eliz.* My words are dull; O! quicken them

with thine.

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and

pierce like mine. [Exit Queen MARGARET.

*Duch.* Why should calamity be full of words?

*Q. Eliz.* Windy attorneys to their client woes,

Airy succeeders of intestate joys,

Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

*Duch.* If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother

My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[A Trumpet heard.

The trumpet sounds: be copious in exclamings.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition?

*Duch.* O! she, that might have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,

From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

*Q. Eliz.* Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden

crown,

Where't should be branded, if that right were right,

For slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,

And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?

Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

*Duch.* Then toad, thou toad, where is thy brother

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son? [Clarence,

*Q. Eliz.* Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,

*Duch.* Where is kind Hastings? [Grey?

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarums,

drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!—

[Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

<sup>a</sup> "Decline all this," i. e., run through all this, from first to last.—<sup>b</sup> "Bettering," i. e., magnifying.—<sup>c</sup> Owned.

*Duch.* Art thou my son?

*K. Rich.* Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

*Duch.* Then patiently I bear my impatience.

*K. Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your<sup>d</sup> condition, That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Duch.* O! let me speak.

*K. Rich.* Do, then; but I'll not hear.

*Duch.* I will be mild and gentle in my words.

*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

*Duch.* Art thou so hasty? I<sup>2</sup> once stay'd for thee, God knows, in torment and in agony.

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Duch.* No, by thy holy<sup>e</sup> rood, thou know'st it well; Thou can'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;

Tetcy and wayward was thy infancy: [ous;

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furi-

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturesome:

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me with thy company?

*K. Rich.* 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that

call'd your grace

To break fast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—

Strike up the drum!

*Duch.* I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

*K. Rich.* You speak too bitterly.

*Duch.* Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

*K. Rich.* So.

*Duch.* Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse;

Which in the day of battle tire thee more,

Than all the complete armor that thou wear'st.

My prayers on the adverse party fight;

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;

Shame<sup>g</sup> serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[Exit.

*Q. Eliz.* Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me: I say amen to her.

[Going. *K. Rich.* Stay, madam; I must talk a word with

you.

*Q. Eliz.* I have no more sons of the royal blood,

For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,

They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;

And therefore level not to hit their lives.

*K. Rich.* You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,

Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious. [live,

*Q. Eliz.* And must she die for this? O! let her

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;

Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;

Throw over her the veil of infamy:

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

*K. Rich.* Wrore not her birth; she is a royal princess.

*Q. Eliz.* To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

*K. Rich.* Her life is safest only in her birth.

*Q. Eliz.* And only in that safety died her brothers.

*K. Rich.* Lo! at their birth good stars were opposite.

<sup>d</sup> Disposition.—<sup>e</sup> Cross.—<sup>f</sup> Touchy; fretful.—<sup>g</sup> Serves, i. e., accompanies.

*Q. Eliz.* No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

*K. Rich.* All <sup>a</sup>unavoided is the doom of destiny.

*Q. Eliz.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life. [ins.]

*K. Rich.* You speak, as if that I had slain my cousin.

*Q. Eliz.* Cousins, indeed; and by thy uncle cozen'd  
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that <sup>b</sup>still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,

Till that thy nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*K. Rich.* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,

And dangerous <sup>c</sup>success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

*Q. Eliz.* What good is cover'd with the face of  
heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good?

*K. Rich.* Th' advancement of your children, gentle  
lady. [heads?

*Q. Eliz.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their

*K. Rich.* Unto the dignity and height of <sup>d</sup>honor.  
The high imperial type of this earth's <sup>e</sup>glory.

*Q. Eliz.* Flatter my sorrow with report of it:

Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honor,

Canst thou <sup>f</sup>demise to any child of mine?

*K. Rich.* Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,

Will I withal endow a child of thine;

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,  
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

*Q. Eliz.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kind-  
last longer telling than thy kindness' date. [ness

*K. Rich.* Then know, that from my soul I love thy  
daughter. [soul.

*Q. Eliz.* My daughter's mother thinks it with her

*K. Rich.* What do you think?

*Q. Eliz.* That thou dost love my daughter from  
thy soul.

So, from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;  
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

*K. Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,

And do intend to make her queen of England.

*Q. Eliz.* Well then, who dost thou mean shall be  
her king? [should be?

*K. Rich.* Even he that makes her queen: who else?

*Q. Eliz.* What! thou?

*K. Rich.* Even so: how think you of it?

*Q. Eliz.* How canst thou woo her?

*K. Rich.* That I would learn of you,  
As one being best acquainted with her humor.

*Q. Eliz.* And wilt thou learn of me?

*K. Rich.* Madam, with all my heart.

*Q. Eliz.* Send to her by the man that slew her  
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon <sup>2</sup>engraven  
Edward and York; then, <sup>1</sup>haply, will she weep:  
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—  
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.

If this inducement move her not to love,

Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;

Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,

Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,

Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

*K. Rich.* You mock me, madam: this is not the way  
To win your daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* There is no other way,

Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,

And not be Richard that hath done all this.

*K. Rich.* Say, that I did all this for love of her?

*Q. Eliz.* Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but  
hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done cannot be now amend-  
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes, [ed.

Which after-hours give leisure to repent:

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,

To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,

To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

A grandam's name is little less in love,

Than is the doting title of a mother:

They are as children, but one step below,

Even of your mettle, of your very blood;

Of all one pain, save for a night of groans

Endur'd <sup>2</sup>of her, for whom you <sup>1</sup>bide like sorrow.

Your children were vexation to your youth;

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss you have is but a son, being king,

And by that loss your daughter is made queen:

I cannot make you what amends I would,

Therefore, accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul

<sup>3</sup>Treads discontented steps in foreign soil,

This fair alliance quickly shall call home

To high promotions and great dignity:

The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;

Again shall you be mother to a king,

And all the ruins of distressful times

Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly days to see:

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,

Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,

Advantaging their loan with interest

Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.

Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go:

Make bold her bashful years with your experience;

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;

Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame

Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess

With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:

And when this arm of mine hath chastised

The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,

Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,

And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;

To whom I will retail my conquest won,

And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

*Q. Eliz.* What were I best to say? her father's  
brother

Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?

Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?

Under what title shall I woo for thee,

That God, the law, my honor, and her love,

Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

*K. Rich.* Infer fair England's peace by this alli-  
ance. [ing war.

*Q. Eliz.* Which she shall purchase with still last-

<sup>a</sup> Unavoidable. — <sup>b</sup> *Still use*, i. e., constant use. — <sup>c</sup> Suc-  
cession. — <sup>d</sup> That is, the crown, the emblem of royalty. —  
<sup>e</sup> *Demise*, i. e., devise; bequeath. — <sup>f</sup> Perhaps.

<sup>1</sup> *Of her*, i. e., by her. — <sup>2</sup> *Bide* is the past tense from  
*bide*; that is, *did bide*, *endure*. — <sup>3</sup> Recount.

*K. Rich.* Tell her, the king, that may command,  
entreats. [<sup>a</sup>forbids.]

*Q. Eliz.* That at her hands, which the king's King  
*K. Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

*Q. Eliz.* To wait the tide, as her mother doth.

*K. Rich.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.

*Q. Eliz.* But how long shall that tide, ever, last?

*K. Rich.* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

*Q. Eliz.* But how long fairly shall her sweet life  
last? [it.]

*K. Rich.* As long as heaven, and nature, <sup>1</sup>lengthen  
*Q. Eliz.* As long as hell, and Richard, like of it.

*K. Rich.* Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low;

*Q. Eliz.* But she, your subject, loaths such sovereignty.

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her. [told.]

*Q. Eliz.* An honest tale speeds best, being plainly  
*K. Rich.* Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.

*Q. Eliz.* Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

*K. Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow and too  
quick. [dead;—]

*Q. Eliz.* O! no, my reasons are too deep and  
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, madam: that is  
past. [break.]

*Q. Eliz.* Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings  
*K. Rich.* Now, by my George, my garter, and my  
<sup>b</sup>crown,—

*Q. Eliz.* Profan'd, dishonor'd, and the third usurp'd.

*K. Rich.* I swear—

*Q. Eliz.* By nothing; for this is no oath.  
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost its lordly honor;  
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;  
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.  
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,  
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

*K. Rich.* Now by the world,—

*Q. Eliz.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*K. Rich.* My father's death,—

*Q. Eliz.* Thy life hath it dishonor'd.

*K. Rich.* Then, by myself,—

*Q. Eliz.* Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

*K. Rich.* Why then, by God,—

*Q. Eliz.* God's wrong is most of all.  
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath <sup>2</sup>with him,  
The unity, the king my husband made,  
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.  
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,  
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,  
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;  
And both the princes had been breathing here,  
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.  
What canst thou swear by now?

*K. Rich.* The time to come.

*Q. Eliz.* That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-  
For I myself have many tears to wash [past;]  
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.  
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,  
Ungovern'd youth, to wait it with their age;  
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,  
Old barren plants, to wait it with their age.  
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast  
Mis-us'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

*K. Rich.* As I intend to prosper, and repent,  
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!  
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!  
Day, yield me not thy light, nor night, thy rest!  
Be opposite all planets of good luck  
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,

Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!  
In her consists my happiness and thine;  
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,  
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,  
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:  
It cannot be avoided, but by this;  
It will not be avoided, but by this.  
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so)  
Be the attorney of my love to her.  
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;  
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:  
Urgo the necessity <sup>3</sup>of state and times,  
And be not <sup>c</sup>peevish <sup>4</sup>fond in great designs.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong  
yourself.

*Q. Eliz.* Yet thou didst kill my children.

*K. Rich.* But in your daughter's womb <sup>5</sup>I'll bury  
them:

Where, in that nest of <sup>d</sup>spicery, they will breed  
Selves of themselves, to your <sup>e</sup>recomforture.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Q. Eliz.* I go.—Write to me, <sup>6</sup>Richard, very short—  
And you shall understand from me her mind. [ly,  
*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kiss, and so fare-  
well. [Kissing her. Exit Q. ELIZABETH.]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!—  
How now! what news?

Enter RATCLIFF <sup>7</sup>in haste; CATESBY following.

*Rat.* Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast  
Rideth a puissant navy: to our shores  
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.  
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;  
And there they <sup>8</sup>hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

*K. Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the duke  
of Norfolk:—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

*Cate.* Here, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Catesby, fly to the duke.

*Cate.* I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury;  
When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,

[To CATESBY.]

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

*Cate.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness'  
pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*K. Rich.* O! true, good Catesby.—Bid him levy  
straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

*Cate.* I go.

[Exit.]

*Rat.* What, may it please you, shall I do at Salis-  
bury? [I go?]

*K. Rich.* Why, what wouldst thou do there, before

*Rat.* Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

*K. Rich.* My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what  
news with you? [hearing;]

*Stan.* None good, my liege, to please you with the  
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

*K. Rich.* Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad?  
What need'st thou run so many miles about,

<sup>a</sup> "Forbids," that is, in the Levitical law.—<sup>b</sup> The ensigns  
of the order of the Garter.

<sup>c</sup> "Peevish fond," i. e., foolishly querulous.—<sup>d</sup> An allusion  
to the nest of the phoenix.—<sup>e</sup> "Recomforture," i. e., renew-  
al of comfort.—<sup>f</sup> "Hull," i. e., float.

When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?  
Once more, what news?

*Stan.* Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him,  
White-liver'd runagate! what doth he there?

*Stan.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, as you guess? [ton,

*Stan.* Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Mor-  
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

*K. Rich.* Is the chair empty? is the sword un-  
sway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we,

And who is England's king, but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

*Stan.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

*K. Rich.* Unless for that he comes to be your liege,  
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear. [not.

*Stan.* No, my good lord; therefore, mistrust me

*K. Rich.* Where is thy power, then, to beat him

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers? [back?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

*Stan.* No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

*K. Rich.* Cold friends to me: What do they in the  
north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

*Stan.* They have not been commanded, mighty  
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave, [king.

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,  
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

*K. Rich.* Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with  
But I'll not trust thee. [Richmond:

*Stan.* Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.  
I never was, nor never will be false. [hind

*K. Rich.* Go, then, and muster men: but leave be-  
Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm,  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Stan.* So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[Exit STANLEY.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,  
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,  
With many more confederates, are in arms.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*2 Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in  
And every hour more \*competitors [arms;  
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

*3 Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

*K. Rich.* Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of  
death? [He strikes him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

*3 Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty  
[Kneeling.

Is that by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;  
And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* I cry thee mercy:

There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.

[Rising.

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd

Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

*3 Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my  
lord.

\* Competitors here means confederates.

*Enter a fourth Messenger.*

*4 Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord Marquess  
Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms;  
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—  
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest.

Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat

Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,

If they were his assistants, yea, or no;

Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham

Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,

<sup>b</sup> Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up in

If not to fight with foreign enemies, [arms;

Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* My liege, the duke of Buckingham is  
taken;

That is the best news: that the earl of Richmond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,

Is colder news, but yet they must be told. [son here,

*K. Rich.* Away towards Salisbury! while we rea-

A royal battle might be won and lost.—

Some one take order, Buckingham be brought

To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Room in Lord STANLEY's House.

*Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*

*Stan.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from

That, in the sty of the most bloody bear, [me:—

My son George Stanley is <sup>d</sup>frank'd up in hold:

If I revolt, off goes young George's head:

The fear of that holds off my present aid.

So, get thee gone: commend me to thy lord.

Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented,

He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

*Chris.* At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

*Stan.* What men of name <sup>a</sup> and mark resort to him?

*Chris.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;

Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;

Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,

And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,

And many other of great name and worth;

And towards London do they bend their power,

If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Stan.* Well, lie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand:

My letter will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell.

[Giving Papers to Sir CHRISTOPHER. Exeunt.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. An open Place.

*Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM,  
led to Execution.*

*Buck.* Will not king Richard let me speak with  
him?

*Sher.* No, my good lord; therefore, be patient.

*Buck.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, [Rivers,

Vaughan, and all that have miscarried

By underhand corrupted foul injustice,

If that your moody discontented souls

Do through the clouds behold this present hour,

Even for revenge mock my destruction!—

This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not?

<sup>b</sup> Hoisted.—<sup>c</sup> Chaplain to the Countess of Richmond.—

<sup>d</sup> "Frank'd up," i. e., closely confined.

*Sher.* It is.

[doomsday.]

*Buck.* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's  
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,  
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found  
False to his children, or his wife's allies:  
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall  
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:  
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul  
Is the determin'd respite of my <sup>a</sup>wrongs.  
That high All-Seer, which I dallied with,  
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.  
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms.  
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:—  
"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with  
Remember Margaret was a prophetess."— [sorrow,  
Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame;  
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and *Officers*.]

### SCENE II.—A Plain near Tamworth.

*Enter, with Drum and Colors, RICHMOND, OXFORD,  
Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER HERBERT, and  
others, with Forces, marching.*

*Richm.* Fellows in arms, and my most loving  
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny, [friends,  
Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we march'd on without impediment;  
And here receive we from our father Stanley

<sup>1</sup>[*Showing a Paper.*

Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
The <sup>2</sup>reckless, bloody, and usurping boar,  
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,  
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his  
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine [trough  
is now even in the centre of this isle,  
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:  
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.  
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

*Oxf.* Every man's conscience is a thousand men,  
To fight against this guilty homicide.

*Herb.* I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

*Blunt.* He hath no friends, but what are friends  
for fear,

Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

*Richm.* All for our vantage: then, in God's name,  
march.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—Bosworth Field.

*Enter King RICHARD, and Forces; the Duke of  
NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and others.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tent, even here in Bos-  
worth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

*Sur.* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

*K. Rich.* My lord of Norfolk,—

*Nor.* Here, most gracious liege.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha!  
must we not?

*Nor.* We must both give and take, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Up with my tent! here will I lie to-  
night;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's Tent.*

<sup>a</sup> "The . . . respite of my *wrongs*," i. e., 'the time to which the punishment of my *wrong-doings* has been re-  
spited.'

But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—  
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

*Nor.* Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

*K. Rich.* Why, our battalia trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,  
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground.—

Call for some men of sound <sup>b</sup>direction.—

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay,

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter, on the other side of the Field, RICHMOND, Sir*

*WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Officers.*

*Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND's Tent.*

*Richm.* The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent:

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—

And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.

The earl of Pembroke <sup>d</sup>keeps his regiment:

Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent.—

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me:

Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

*Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his colors much,

(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)

His regiment lies half a mile, at least,

South from the mighty power of the king.

*Richm.* If without peril it be possible, [him,

Sweet Blunt, make some good <sup>e</sup>means to speak with

And give him from me this most needful note.

*Blunt.* Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it:

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night.

*Richm.* Good night, good captain Blunt.—Come,

gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.

In to my tent, the dew is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*

*Enter, to his Tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK,*

*RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.*

*K. Rich.* What is't o'clock?

*Cate.* It's supper time, my lord; it's nine o'clock.

*K. Rich.* I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was,

And all my armor laid into my tent? [ness.

*Cate.* It is, my liege; and all things are in readi-

*K. Rich.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge.

Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord. [Norfolk,

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff!

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my <sup>f</sup>staves be sound, and not too heavy.

<sup>b</sup> "Of sound direction," i. e., of tried judgment; of ap-  
proved soldiiership.—<sup>c</sup> "Appoint"—<sup>d</sup> "Keeps," i. e., remains  
with.—<sup>e</sup> "Make some good means," i. e., contrive; take  
measures.—<sup>f</sup> "A watch," i. e., a watch-light.—<sup>g</sup> "The staves  
mentioned were the poles or wood of the lances."

Ratcliff!—

*Rat.* My lord! [thunderland?

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Nor-  
*Rat.* Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut<sup>b</sup> time, from troop to troop  
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich.* So: I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of  
I have not that alacrity of spirit. [wine:  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—

<sup>1</sup> [Wine brought.

Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Bid my guard watch. Leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night, come to my tent

And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*King RICHARD retires into his Tent. Exit*  
*RATCLIFF and CATESBY.*

*RICHMOND's Tent opens, and discovers him and his*  
*Officers, &c.*

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richm.* All comfort that the dark night can afford,  
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, <sup>2</sup> I pray, how fares our loving mother?

*Stan.* I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,  
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:  
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,

Prepare thy battle early in the morning;

And put thy fortune to the arbitrement

Of bloody strokes, and mortal-starting war.

I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot)

With best advantage will deceive the time,

And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:

But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,

Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell. The leisure and the fearful time

Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,

And ample interchange of sweet discourse,

Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.

God give us leisure for these rites of love!

Once more, adieu.—Be valiant, and speed well!

*Richm.* Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;

Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,

When I should mount with wings of victory.

Once more, good night, kind lords, and gentlemen.

[*Exit Lords, &c., with STANLEY.*

O! Thou, whose captain I account myself,

<sup>3</sup> [Kneeling.

Look on my forces with a gracious eye;

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,

That they may crush down with a heavy fall

Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!

Make us thy ministers of chastisement,

That we may praise thee in thy victory! <sup>4</sup> [Rising.

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:

Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!

<sup>5</sup> [Lies down and sleeps.

*The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, Son to HENRY the*  
*Sixth, rises between the two Tent.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To King RICHARD.*

Think, how thou stab'dst me, in my prime of youth,  
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die.—

<sup>a</sup> Richard calls him melancholy because he did not join heartily in his cause.—<sup>b</sup> "Cock-shut time," i. e., the evening twilight.—<sup>c</sup> "By attorney," i. e., by proxy.—<sup>d</sup> Decision.—<sup>e</sup> "The leisure," i. e., the want of leisure.—<sup>f</sup> Weigh.

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls  
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:

King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*The Ghost of King HENRY the Sixth rises.*

*Ghost.* When I was mortal, my anointed body

[*To King RICHARD.*

By thee was punched full of deadly holes.

Think on the Tower, and me: despair, and die;

Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die.—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

[*To RICHMOND.*

Hurry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,

Doth comfort thee in sleep: live thou, and flourish.

*The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.

[*To King RICHARD.*

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die.—

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[*To RICHMOND.*

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;

Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish.

*The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, rise.*

*Riv.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow;

[*To King RICHARD.*

Rivers, that died at Pomfret. Despair, and die.

*Grey.* Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.

[*To King RICHARD.*

*Vaugh.* Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear

Let fall thy pointless lance. Despair, and die.—

[*To King RICHARD.*

All Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's

bosom

[*To RICHMOND.*

Will conquer him.—Awake, and win the day!

*The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.*

*Ghost.* Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

[*To King RICHARD.*

And in a bloody battle end thy days.

Think on lord Hastings: so despair, and die.—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

[*To RICHMOND.*

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

*The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.*

*Ghosts.* Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard, [Tower:

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings.

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*The Ghost of Queen ANNE rises.*

*Ghost.* Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy

That never slept a quiet hour with thee, [wife,

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy powerless arm. Despair, and die.—

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;

[*To RICHMOND.*

Dream of success and happy victory:

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.*

*Ghost.* The first was I that help'd thee to the

crown;

[*To King RICHARD.*

The last was I that felt thy tyranny.

O! in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness.

<sup>a</sup> Pierced; pricked.—<sup>b</sup> "Fulsome," i. e., superabundant.—<sup>c</sup> "Fall," i. e., let fall; drop.

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:  
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.—  
I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid;

[To RICHMOND.]

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd;  
God, and good angels fight on Richmond's side;  
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. King RICHARD starts out of his dream.]

K. Rich. Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—  
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—  
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:  
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.  
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am;  
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: why?  
Lest I revenge. What! Myself upon myself?  
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,  
That I myself have done unto myself?  
O! no; alas! I rather hate myself,  
For hateful deeds committed by myself.  
I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.  
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.  
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
Perjury, foul perjury, in the high'st degree;  
Murder, stern murder, in the dirt'st degree;  
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,  
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!  
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;  
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—  
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself  
Find in myself no pity to myself.  
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd  
Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord.—

K. Rich. Who's there? [cock]

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village  
Hath twice done salutation to the morn:

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armor.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful  
dream.—

What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear.—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,  
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.  
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me:  
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,  
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt King RICHARD and RATCLIFF.]

Enter OXFORD and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond. [gentlemen,  
Richm. Cry mercy, lords, [Waking.] and watchful  
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord? [dreams,  
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding  
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

Have I since your departure had, my lords. [der'd,  
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard mur-  
came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!  
I promise you, my heart is very jocund  
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give di-  
rection.— [He advances to the troops.]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—  
God and our good cause fight upon our side;  
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,  
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.  
Richard except, those whom we fight against  
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.  
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;  
One mis'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
One that made <sup>a</sup> means to come by what he hath,  
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help  
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil [him];  
Of England's <sup>b</sup> chair, where he is falsely set;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy.  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will, in justice, <sup>c</sup> ward you as his soldiers:  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
If you do fight against your country's foes,  
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;  
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;  
If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your children's children <sup>d</sup> quit it in your age.  
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,  
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.  
For me, the <sup>e</sup> ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;  
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,  
The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, <sup>2</sup> cheerfully;  
God, and 'Saint George! Richmond, and victory!

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants,  
and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching  
Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey  
then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.  
[Clock strikes.]

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.

<sup>3</sup>[Calendar brought.]

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat.

Not I, my lord. [book,

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the  
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff!—

Rat. My lord.

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day:  
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.  
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.  
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,  
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,  
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in the field.

<sup>a</sup> To "make means to come by" anything, is to obtain it by any means, whether lawful or otherwise.—<sup>b</sup> "England's chair" is the throne.—<sup>c</sup> Guard; watch.—<sup>d</sup> Requite.—<sup>e</sup> "The ransom of my bold attempt," i. e., the fine paid by me in atonement for my rashness.—<sup>f</sup> "Saint George!" was the cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle.—Caparison my horse.—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.  
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,  
And thus my battle shall be ordered.  
My <sup>a</sup>foreward shall be drawn out all in length,  
Consisting equally of horse and foot:  
Our archers shall be placed in the midst.  
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,  
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.  
They thus directed, we will follow <sup>1</sup> them  
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side  
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.  
This, and Saint George to <sup>b</sup>boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

*Nor.* A good direction, warlike sovereign.—  
This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a Paper.*]

*K. Rich.* "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,  
[*Reads.*]  
For 'Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

A thing devised by the enemy.—  
Go, gentlemen; every man to his charge.  
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;  
For conscience is a word that cowards use,  
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:  
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.  
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—  
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?  
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—  
A <sup>a</sup>sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,  
A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,  
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth  
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.  
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;  
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives.  
They would <sup>3</sup>distrain the one, disdain the other.  
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,  
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost;  
A milk-sop, one that never in his life  
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?  
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;  
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,  
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;  
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,  
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them.  
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us, [selves.  
And not these bastard Breagnes; whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, <sup>c</sup>boob'd, and thump'd,  
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.  
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?  
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!  
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;  
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:  
Amaze the welkin with your broken <sup>d</sup>staves!—

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

*Mess.* My lord, he doth deny to come.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head.

*Nor.* My lord, the enemy is pass'd the <sup>e</sup>marsh:  
After the battle let George Stanley die. [bosom.

*K. Rich.* A thousand hearts are great within my  
Advance our standards! set upon our foes!

<sup>a</sup> Vanguard.—<sup>b</sup> "This, and Saint George to boot," i. e., 'and Saint George on our side, in addition to this.'—<sup>c</sup> "Dickon," the ancient familiarization of Richard.—<sup>d</sup> Company.—<sup>e</sup> Beaten; drubbed.—<sup>f</sup> "Your broken staves," i. e., the shivers of your lances.—<sup>g</sup> There was a marsh in Bosworth plain, between the two armies.

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces; to him CATESBY.*

*Cate.* Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!  
The king enacts more wonders than a man,  
Daring an <sup>b</sup>opposite to every danger.  
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,  
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.  
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

*Alarums. Enter King RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

*Cate.* Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

*K. Rich.* Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND; and exeunt, fighting. Retreat and flourish.*

*Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

*Richm.* God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious  
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead. [friends.

*Stan.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit  
Lo! here, this long-usurped royalty, [thee.

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:  
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—  
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

*Stan.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;  
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on either side?

*Stan.* John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,  
Sir Robert Brukenbury, and sir William Brandon.

*Richm.* Inter their bodies as becomes their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,  
That in submission will return to us;

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament.

We will unite the white rose and the red:—

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—

What traitor hears me, and says not, amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided in their dire division,

O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true successors of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together:

And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

<sup>4</sup>Rebate<sup>1</sup> the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would <sup>2</sup>reduce these bloody days again,

And make poor England weep in streams of blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,

That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:

That she may long live here, God say, amen!

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>b</sup> "Daring an opposite," i. e., daringly opposing himself.—  
<sup>1</sup> "Rebate," i. e., diminish; take away.—<sup>2</sup> "Reduce," i. e., bring back.



# KING HENRY VIII.



ACT IV.—Scene 2.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from <sup>1</sup>Charles V.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

DUKE OF NORFOLK. EARL OF SURREY.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN. LORD CHANCELLOR.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN. LORD ABERGAVENNY.

LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. SIR THOMAS  
LOVELL.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS  
VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

Three other Gentlemen. Garter, King at Arms.

DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry.<sup>2</sup>

ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honor.<sup>3</sup>

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

## PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;  
The subject will deserve it: such, as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too: those, that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree  
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they,

That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,  
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, <sup>a</sup> guarded with yellow,  
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting  
Our own brains, and the <sup>b</sup> opinion that we bring,  
To make that only true we now intend,  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known  
The first and <sup>c</sup>happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad as we would make ye: think, ye see

<sup>a</sup> "Guarded," i. e., faced; trimmed.—<sup>b</sup> "Opinion," i. e., character; reputation.—<sup>c</sup> "Happiest," i. e., most favored.

The very persons of our noble story,  
As they were living; think, you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat  
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery:  
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,  
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

*Enter the duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.*

*Buck.* Good morrow, and well met. How have  
Since last we saw in France? [*you done,*

*Nor.* I thank your grace,  
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those suns of glory, those two lights of <sup>a</sup>men,  
Met in the vale of Andren.

*Nor.* 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:  
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;  
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung,  
In their embracement, <sup>b</sup>as they grew together;  
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have  
Such a compounded one? [*weigh'd*

*Buck.* All the whole time  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory: men might say,  
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders it's: to-day the French  
All <sup>c</sup>cliquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they  
Made Britain, India: every man that stood  
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubims, all gilt: the madams, too,  
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labor  
Was to them as a painting: now this mask  
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night  
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
As presence did present them; him in eye,  
Still him in praise; and, being present both,  
'Twas said, they saw but one: and no discernor  
Durst wag his tongue in <sup>d</sup>censure. When these suns  
(For so they phrase <sup>e</sup>em) by their heralds challeng'd  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,  
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
That <sup>f</sup>Bevis was believ'd.

*Buck.* O! you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
In honor honesty, the tract of every thing  
Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal:  
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;  
Order gave each thing view.

*Buck.* The office did

Distinctly his full function. <sup>1</sup> Who did guide,  
I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

*Nor.* One, <sup>2</sup>certes, that promises no <sup>3</sup>element  
In such a business.

*Buck.*

I pray you, who, my lord?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these <sup>4</sup>fierce vanities? I wonder,  
That such a <sup>5</sup>keech can, with his very bulk,  
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.*

Surely, sir,

There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;  
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon  
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied  
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way;  
A gift that heaven gives <sup>6</sup>him, and which buys  
A place next to the king.

*Aber.*

I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him: let some graver eye  
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?  
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buck.*

Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
(Without the privity o' the king) t' appoint  
Who should attend on him? He makes up the <sup>7</sup>file  
Of all the gentry; for the most part such  
Too, whom as great a charge as little honor  
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,  
The honorable board of council out,  
Must fetch him in he <sup>8</sup>papers.

*Aber.*

I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.*

O! many

Have broke their backs, with laying manors on them  
For this great journey. What did this vanity,  
But minister <sup>9</sup>the consummation of  
A most poor issue?

*Nor.*

Grievingly I think,

The peace between the French and us not values  
The cost that did conclude it.

*Buck.*

Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on't.

*Nor.*

Which is budded out;

For France hath flow'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.

*Aber.*

Is it therefore

Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

*Nor.*

Marry, is't.

*Aber.* A proper title of a <sup>10</sup>peace, and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate.

*Buck.*

Why, all this business

<sup>a</sup> That is, Henry VIII. and Francis I., king of France.—  
<sup>b</sup> "As," i. e., as if—<sup>c</sup> Glittering; shining.—<sup>d</sup> "In censure,"  
i. e., in opinion which was most noble.—<sup>e</sup> Sir Bevis, an old  
romance.

<sup>f</sup> Certainly.—<sup>g</sup> "No element," i. e., no previous practice;  
no initiation in the elements.—<sup>h</sup> "Fierce," i. e., proud.—  
<sup>i</sup> "Keech," i. e., lump of fat.—<sup>k</sup> List.—<sup>l</sup> "Fetch him in he  
papers," i. e., 'fetch in him whom he papers, or notes down,'  
—<sup>m</sup> "A proper title of a peace," i. e., ironically, 'a fine name  
of a peace!'

Our reverend cardinal <sup>a</sup>carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,  
(And take it from a heart that wishes toward you  
Honor and plenteous safety) that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together: to consider farther, that  
What his high hatred would effect wants not  
A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his sword  
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and 't may be said,  
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo! where comes that rock,  
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY (the Purse borne before him), certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!  
Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham  
Shall lessen this big look.

*[Exeunt WOLSEY, and Train.]*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I  
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's brood  
Out-won'th a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?  
Ask God for temperance; that's th' appliance only,  
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks  
Matter against me; and his eye revild  
Me, as his abject object: at this instant  
He bores me with some <sup>b</sup>trick. He's gone t' the king:  
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,  
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you: be to yourself,  
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;  
And from a mouth of honor quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim  
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun  
By violent swiftness that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire, that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:  
I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,  
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along  
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,  
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but

From sincere <sup>c</sup>motions, by intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't, and make my vouch  
as strong  
As shore of rock. Attend: this holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both, (for he is <sup>d</sup>equal ravenous,  
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief,  
As able to perform't, his mind and place  
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)  
Only to show his pomp, as well in France  
As here at home, <sup>e</sup>suggests the king, our master,  
To this last costly treaty, th' interview  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favor, sir. This cunning  
The articles o' the combination drew, [cardinal  
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,  
As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end,  
As give a crutch t' the dead. But our count-cardinal  
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,  
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,  
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
To the old dam, treason) Charles the emperor,  
Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,  
(For 'twas, indeed, his <sup>f</sup>color, but he came  
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:  
His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
England and France might, through their amity,  
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league,  
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily  
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I <sup>g</sup>throw,  
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor  
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,  
Ere it was ask'd: but when the way was made,  
And paid with gold, the emperor thus desir'd:—  
That he would please to alter the king's course,  
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,  
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal  
Does buy and sell his honor as he pleases,  
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry  
To hear this of him; and could wish he were  
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:  
I do pronounce him in that very shape,  
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at arms before him,  
and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it. Sir,

Serg. My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl  
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I  
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord  
The net has fall'n upon me: I shall perish  
Under device and <sup>h</sup>practice.

Bran. I am sorry  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business <sup>i</sup>present. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,  
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,

<sup>a</sup> Conducted.—<sup>b</sup> Bores me with some trick," i. e., stabs me with some artifice.  
<sup>c</sup> "Sincere motions," i. e., honest indignation.—<sup>d</sup> Equal for equally.—<sup>e</sup> "Suggests," i. e., incites; tempts.—<sup>f</sup> "Color," i. e., excuse; pretext.—<sup>g</sup> Think.—<sup>h</sup> "Practice," i. e., treachery; stratagem.—<sup>i</sup> "To look on the business present," i. e., "to be a witness of your misfortune."

Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of Be done in this and all things.—I obey.—[heaven O! my lord Abergavenny, fare you well.

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company.—The king [To ABERGAVENNY.

Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know How he determines farther.

*Aber.* As the duke said, The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure By me obey'd.

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from The king t' attach lord Montacute; and the bodies Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car, And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

*Duck.* So, so; These are the limbs o' the plot.—No more, I hope.

*Bran.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O! Nicholas Hopkins?

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My surveyor is false: the o'er-great cardinal Hath show'd him gold. My life is <sup>a</sup>spann'd already: I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on, By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE II.—The Council-Chamber.

*Cornets.* Enter King HENRY, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; <sup>2</sup>WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, <sup>3</sup>Secretary.

*K. Hen.* My life itself, and the best heart of it, Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the <sup>b</sup>level Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person I'll hear him his confessions justify, And point by point the treasons of his master He shall again relate.

*The King takes his State.* The Lords of the Council occupy their several Places: the Cardinal places himself under the King's Feet on his right Side.

*A Noise within, crying Room for the Queen!* Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King rises from his State, takes her up, kisses her, and places her by him.

*Q. Kath.* Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

*K. Hen.* Arise, and take place by us.—Half your suit Never name to us; you have half our power: The other moiety, ere you ask, is given; Repeat your will, and take it.

*Q. Kath.* Thank your majesty. That you would love yourself, and in that love Not unconsider'd leave your honor, nor The dignity of your office, is the point Of my petition.

*K. Hen.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Q. Kath.* I am solicited not by a few, And those of true condition, that your subjects Are in great grievance. There have been commissions Sent down among them, which hath slaw'd the heart Of all their loyalties: wherein, although, My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches Most bitterly on you, as <sup>c</sup>putter-on Of these exactions, yet the king our master, [not Whose honor heaven shield from soil! even he escapes Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks

The <sup>d</sup>ties of loyalty, and almost appears In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears, It doth appear; for upon these taxations, The clothiers all, not able to maintain The many to them <sup>e</sup>longing, have put off The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who, Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger And lack of other means, in desperate manner Daring th' event to the teeth, are all in uproar, And danger serves among them.

*K. Hen.* Taxation! Wherein, and what taxation?—My lord cardinal You that are blam'd for it alike with us, Know you of this taxation?

*Wol.* Please you, sir, I know but of a single part, in ought Pertains to the state; and front but in that file Where others tell steps with <sup>d</sup>me.

*Q. Kath.* No, my lord, You know no more than others; but you frame Things, that are known, <sup>e</sup>belike, which are not whole-some

To those which would not know them, and yet must Performe be their acquaintance. These exactions, Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them, The back is sacrifice to the load. They say, They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer Too hard an exclamation.

*K. Hen.* Still exaction! The nature of it? In what kind, let's know, Is this exaction?

*Q. Kath.* I am much too venturous In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief Comes through commissions, which compel from each The sixth part of his substance, to be levied Without delay; and the pretence for this [mouths: Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze Allegiance in them: their curses now, Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass, <sup>f</sup>Their tractable obedience is a slave To each incensed will. I would, your highness Would give it quick consideration, for There is no <sup>g</sup>primer business.

*K. Hen.* By my life, This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.* And for me, I have no farther gone in this, than by A single voice, and that not pass'd me but By learned approbation of the judges. If I am Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know My faculties, nor person, yet will be The chronicles of my doing, let me say, 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough <sup>h</sup>brake That virtue must go through. We must not stint Our necessary actions, in the fear To <sup>i</sup>cope malicious censurers; which ever, As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow That is new trimm'd, but benefit no farther Than vainly longing. What we oft do best, By such interpreters (<sup>h</sup>once weak ones) is Not ours, or not <sup>i</sup>allow'd; what worst, as oft, Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up For our best act. If we shall stand still, In fear our <sup>k</sup>motion will be mock'd or carp'd at, We should take root here, where we sit, or sit

<sup>a</sup> That is, 'I am but one among the other counsellors.'—

<sup>b</sup> To stand in the level of a gun, is to stand in a line with its mouth.—<sup>c</sup> Instigator; promoter.

<sup>e</sup> 'Primer,' i. e., more important.—<sup>f</sup> 'Brake,' i. e., thicket of thorns.—<sup>g</sup> 'To cope,' i. e., to engage with; to encounter.

<sup>h</sup> 'Once,' i. e., sometime.—<sup>i</sup> Approved.—<sup>k</sup> Motive.

State statues only.

*K. Hen.* Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
A<sup>1</sup> trebling contribution! Why, we take,  
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;  
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
The air will drink the sap. To every county  
Where this is question'd send our letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that has denied  
The force of this commission. Pray, look to't;  
I put it to your care.

*Vol.* A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*]  
Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons  
Hardly conceive of me: let it be nois'd,  
That through our intercession this revokement  
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you  
Farther in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*]

*Enter Surveyor.*

*K. Kath.* I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure.

*K. Hen.* It grieves many:  
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;  
To nature none more bound; his training such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself: yet see,  
When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with ravisht list'ning, could not find  
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear  
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him  
Things to strike honor sad.—Bid him recount  
The forc-recited practices, whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much. [*You,*

*Vol.* Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what  
Most like a careful subject, have collected  
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

*K. Hen.* Speak freely.

*Surv.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech, that if the king  
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so  
To make the sceptre his. These very words  
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
Lord Abergarny, to whom by oath he menac'd  
Revenge upon the cardinal.

*Vol.* Please your highness, note  
This dangerous conception in this point.  
Not friendly by his wish, to your high person  
His will is most malignant; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

*Q. Kath.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*K. Hen.* Speak on.  
How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fail? To this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak aught?

*Surv.* He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

*K. Hen.* What was that Hopkins?

*Surv.*

Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*K. Hen.* How know'st thou this?

*Surv.* Not long before your highness sped to France,  
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultny, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey? I replied,  
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,  
To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,  
'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,  
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour  
To hear from him a matter of some moment:  
Whom after, under the confession's seal,  
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke  
My chaplain to no creature living, but  
To me, should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor's heir,  
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive  
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke  
Shall govern England."

*Q. Kath.* If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o' the tenants. Take good heed,  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

*K. Hen.* Let him on.—  
Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas danger-  
From this to ruminate on it so far, until [*ous*]  
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,  
It was much like to do: He answered, "Tush!  
It can do me no damage:" adding farther,  
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

*K. Hen.* Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!  
There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say farther?

*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,  
After your highness had reprovd the duke  
About sir William Blomer,—

*K. Hen.* I remember,  
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,  
The duke retain'd him his.—But on: what hence?

*Surv.* "If," quoth he, "I for this had been com-  
mitted,

As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in's presence, which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him."

*K. Hen.* A giant traitor!

*Vol.* Now, madam, may his highness live in free-  
And this man out of prison? [*dom,*

*Q. Kath.* God mend all!

*K. Hen.* There's something more would out of  
thee: what say'st? [*knife,*

*Surv.* After "the duke his father," with "the  
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor  
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would out-go  
His father, by as much as a performance

<sup>a</sup> "Out of himself," i. e., beyond the treasures of his own  
mind.—<sup>b</sup> Manage; conduct.

Does an irresolute purpose.

*K. Hen.* There's his period,  
To sheathe his knife in us.—He is attach'd;  
Call him to present trial: if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,  
Let him not seek't of us. By day and night,  
He is 'a daring traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord SANDS.*

*Cham.* Is't possible, the spells of France should  
Men into such strange<sup>a</sup> mysteries? [*juggle*]

*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A<sup>b</sup> fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones,  
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

*Sands.* They have all new legs, and lame ones:  
one would take it,  
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin,  
<sup>2</sup> Or<sup>c</sup> springhalt reign'd among them.

*Cham.* Death! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.—How  
What news, sir Thomas Lovell? [*now!*]

*Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

*Lov.* 'Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

*Cham.* What is't for?  
*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cham.* I am glad 'tis there: now, I would pray  
our monsieurs  
To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

*Lov.* They must either  
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants  
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,  
With all their honorable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto, as lights and fireworks;  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
Short blister'd<sup>d</sup> breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men,  
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities.

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;  
A French song and a fiddle<sup>3</sup> have no fellow. [*going.*]  
*Sands.* The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're  
For, sure, there's no converting of them: now,  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,  
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r-lady,  
Held current music too.

*Cham.* Well said, lord Sands:  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

*Sands.* No, my lord;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a going?

*Lov.* To the cardinal's.  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O! 'tis true;  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one.  
To many lords and ladies: there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind in-  
deed;

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us:  
His dews fall every where.

*Cham.* No doubt, he's noble;  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord, he has wherewithal:  
in him,

Sparring would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.

Men of his<sup>4</sup> sway should be most liberal;

They are set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;  
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else; which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Presence-Chamber in York-  
Place.

*Hautboys.* A small Table under a State for the  
Cardinal, a longer Table for the Guests; then  
enter ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies,  
and Gentlewomen, as Guests, at one door; at an-  
other door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

*Guil.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes you all: this night he dedicates  
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,  
In all this noble<sup>5</sup> bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad: he would have all as merry  
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome  
Can make good people.—O, my lord! y'are tardy;

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir  
THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal  
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,  
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones. [*sor*]

*Lov.* O! that your lordship were but now confes-  
To one or two of these

*Sands.* I would, I were;  
They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* Faith, how easy?

*Sands.* As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir  
Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this.  
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;  
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—  
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,

<sup>a</sup> "Mysteries," i. e., arts; artificial fashions.—<sup>b</sup> "A fit," i. e., a grace.—<sup>c</sup> Springhalt is a disease incident to horses.—<sup>d</sup> "Short blister'd breeches," i. e., breeches puffed out like blisters.

<sup>e</sup> Company.

And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN and another Lady.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me; I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir?

*Sands.* O! very mad, exceeding mad; in love too; But he would bite none: just as I do now, He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]

*Cham.* Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen, The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure, Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended, and takes his State.

*Wol.* Y're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry, Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;

And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*]

*Sands.* Your grace is noble: Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks, And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My lord Sands, I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbors.—Ladies, you are not merry:—gentlemen, Whose fault is this?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise In their fair cheeks, my lord; then, we shall have 'em Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You are a merry gamester, My lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my <sup>a</sup>play. Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam, For 'tis to such a thing,—

*Anne.* You cannot show me.

*Sands.* I told your grace, <sup>1</sup>how they would talk anon.

[*Drum and Trumpets within; <sup>b</sup>Chambers discharged.*]

*Wol.* What's that?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

*Wol.* What warlike voice, And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not; By all the laws of war y're privileg'd.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Cham.* How now! what is't?

*Serv.* A noble troop of strangers, For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed; And hither make, as great ambassadors From foreign princes.

*Wol.* Good lord chamberlain, Go, give them welcome; you can speak the French tongue:

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain attended. All arise, and Tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it. A good digestion to you all; and, once more, I shower a welcome on ye.—Welcome all.

*Hautboys.* Enter the King, and others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd <sup>2</sup>me

To tell your grace:—That, having heard by fame Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less, Out of the great respect they bear to beauty, But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct, Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat An hour of revels with them.

*Wol.* Say, lord chamberlain, They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them [*ures.*]

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleas— [*Ladies chosen for the Dance. The King takes ANNE BULLEN.*]

*K. Hen.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd. O, beauty!

Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*]

*Wol.* My lord!—

*Cham.* Your grace?

*Wol.* Pray tell them thus much from me.

There should be one amongst them, by his person, More worthy this place than myself; to whom, If I but knew him, with my love and duty I would surrender.

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

[*Cham. <sup>3</sup>whispers the Maskers, and returns.*]

*Wol.* What say they?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess, There is, indeed; which they would have your grace Find out, and he will take it.

*Wol.* Let me see then. [*Comes from his State.*]  
By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make My royal choice.

*K. Hen.* You have found him, cardinal.

[*Unmasking.*]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:

You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal, I should judge now <sup>c</sup>unhappily.

*Wol.* I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

*K. Hen.* My lord chamberlain, Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

*Cham.* An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter.—

The viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.

*K. Hen.* By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet, I were unmannerly to take you out, [*heart,* And not to kiss you.—<sup>4</sup>[*Kisses her.*] A health, gen— Let it go round. [*lemen!*]

*Wol.* Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready I' the privy chamber?

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.* Your grace, I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

*K. Hen.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord, In the next chamber. [*partner,*]

*K. Hen.* Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry: Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths To drink to these fair ladies, and a <sup>d</sup>measure To lead them once again; and then let's dream Who's best in favor.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with Trumpets.*]

<sup>a</sup> "If I make my play," i.e., if I may choose my game.—  
<sup>b</sup> Chambers were small cannon.

<sup>c</sup> "Unhappily," i.e., waggishly; mischievously.—<sup>d</sup> Dance.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A Street.

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gent.* O!—God save you,  
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you  
That labor, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations  
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The king's attorney, on the contrary,  
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd  
To have brought, *visâ voce*, to his face:  
At which appeared against him, his surveyor;  
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,  
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he,  
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The same.

All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:  
And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all  
Was either pitied in him, or \* forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar,  
to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirred  
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:  
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not;  
He was never so womanish: the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,  
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely  
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,  
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,  
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally;—whoever the king favors,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much

\* "Forgotten," i. e., made no impression.

They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buck—  
The mirror of all courtesy— [Ingham,

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir;  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his Arraignment; Tip-  
staves before him; the Axe with the edge towards  
him; Halberds on each side: accompanied with  
Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir  
WILLIAM SANDS, and common People.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

*Buck.* All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,  
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.  
The law I bear no malice for my death,  
It has done upon the premises but justice;  
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them.  
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.  
For farther life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,  
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart

Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,  
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;  
There cannot be those numberless offences [*Envy*  
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black  
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace;  
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,  
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers  
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,  
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years.  
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be:  
And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

*Lov.* To the water side I must conduct your grace;  
Then, give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,  
Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there!  
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;  
And fit it with such furniture, as suits  
The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.  
When I came hither I was lord high constable,  
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:  
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;  
And with that blood will one day make them groan  
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, [for't.  
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
Flying for succor to his servant Banister,  
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him!  
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,

<sup>b</sup> Malice; hatred.



Restor'd me to my honors, and out of ruins  
 Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,  
 Henry the eighth, life, honor, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father:  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most:  
 A most unnatural and faithless service.  
 Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain:  
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,  
 Be sure, you be not <sup>a</sup>loose; for those you make  
 friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But <sup>1</sup>when they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me. I must now forsake ye: the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me. [is sad,  
 Farewell: and when you would say something that  
 Speak how I fell.—I have done, and God forgive  
 me! [Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

<sup>1</sup> Gent. O! this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads  
 That were the authors.

<sup>2</sup> Gent. If the duke be guiltless,  
 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling  
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
 Greater than this.

<sup>1</sup> Gent. Good angels keep it from us!  
 What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

<sup>2</sup> Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
 A strong <sup>b</sup>faith to conceal it.

<sup>1</sup> Gent. Let me have it:  
 I do not talk much.

<sup>2</sup> Gent. I am confident:  
 You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear  
 A buzzing of a separation  
 Between the king and Katharine?

<sup>1</sup> Gent. Yes, but it <sup>c</sup>held not;  
 For when the king once heard it, out of anger  
 He sent command to the lord mayor straight  
 To stop the rumor, and allay those tongues  
 That durst disperse it.

<sup>2</sup> Gent. But that slander, sir,  
 Is found a truth now; for it grows again  
 Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain  
 The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
 Or some about him near, have out of malice  
 To the good queen possess'd him with a scruple,  
 That will undo her: to confirm this, too,  
 Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,  
 As all think, for this business.

<sup>1</sup> Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;  
 And merely to revenge him on the emperor,  
 For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
 The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

<sup>2</sup> Gent. I think, you have hit the mark: but is't  
 not cruel,  
 That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal  
 Will have his will, and she must fall.

<sup>1</sup> Gent. 'Tis woful.  
 We are too open here to argue this;  
 Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

Cham. "My lord,—The horses your lordship sent

for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, rid-  
 den, and furnished. They were young, and hand-  
 some, and of the best breed in the north. When  
 they were ready to set out for London, a man of  
 my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power,  
 took them from me; with this reason,—his master  
 would be served before a subject, if not before the  
 king; which stopped our mouths, sir."  
 I fear, he will, indeed. Well, let him have them:  
 He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,  
 Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's  
 Has crept too near his conscience. [wife

Suf. No; his conscience  
 Has crept too near another lady.

Nor.

'Tis so.

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:  
 That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
 Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do: he'll never know himself  
 else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business.

And with what zeal; for, now he has crack'd the  
 league [nephew,

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great  
 He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
 Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:

And, out of all these, to restore the king,  
 He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,

That like a jewel has hung twenty years  
 About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

Of her, that loves him with that excellence  
 That angels love good men with; even of her

That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
 Will bless the king. And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis  
 most true, [them,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks  
 And every true heart weeps for't. All, that dare

Look into these affairs, see this main end,—  
 The French king's <sup>d</sup>sister. Heaven will one day

open  
 The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
 This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,  
 And heartily, for our deliverance,

Or this imperious man will work us all  
 From princes into pages. All men's honors

Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
 Into what pitch he <sup>e</sup>please.

Suf. For me, my lords,  
 I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed.

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
 If the king please: his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.  
 I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him

To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor.

Let's in,

And with some other business put the king  
 From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon

My lord, you'll bear us company? [him.—

<sup>d</sup> The main end of Wolsey was to effect a marriage be-  
 tween Henry and "the French king's sister," the Duchess

of Alençon.—<sup>e</sup> "Into what pitch he please," i. e., either high  
 or low.

<sup>a</sup> "Loose," i. e., over-confiding.—<sup>b</sup> "A strong faith," i. e.,  
 great fidelity.—<sup>c</sup> "It held not," i. e., it did not prove true.—

*Cham.* Excuse me;  
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,  
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.  
Health to your lordships.

*Nor.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Curtain drawn: the King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

*Suf.* How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.

*K. Hen.* Who is there? ha!

*Nor.* Pray God, he be not angry.

*K. Hen.* Who's there, I say? How dare you  
Into my private meditations? [thrust yourselves  
Who am I? ha!]

*Nor.* A gracious king, that pardons all offences,  
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way  
Is business of estate, in which we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Ye are too bold.  
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—

<sup>2</sup> [*Raising his book.*]

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O! my Wol-  
The quiet of my wounded conscience; [sey,  
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To CAMPEIUS.*]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:  
Use us, and it.—My good lord, have great care  
I be not found a talker. [To WOLSEY.

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.  
I would, your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

*K. Hen.* We are busy: go.  
[*To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*]

*Nor.* This priest has no pride in him.

*Suf.* Not to speak of;  
I would not be so backbited though for his  
But this cannot continue. [place: } *Aside.*

*Nor.* If it do,  
I'll venture one heaven at him.

*Suf.* I another.  
[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*]

*Wol.* Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.  
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favor to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms  
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judg-  
Invited by your noble self, hath sent [ment,  
One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;  
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

*K. Hen.* And once more in mine arms I bid him  
welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves: [for.  
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd

*Cam.* Your grace must needs deserve all stran-  
gers' loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand  
<sup>3</sup> [*Kneeling and rising again.*]

I tender my commission; by whose virtue,  
(The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,  
In the impartial judging of this business.

*K. Hen.* Two equal men. The queen shall be  
acquainted

Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

*Wol.* I know, your majesty has always lov'd her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
A woman of less place might ask by law,  
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her. [favor

*K. Hen.* Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my  
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:  
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.

*Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.*

*Wol.* Give me your hand: much joy and favor to  
You are the king's now. [you;

*Gard.* But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They walk and whisper.*]

*Cam.* My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How! of me?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say, you envied him;  
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,  
That he ran mad, and died.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him!  
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,  
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment:  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*K. Hen.* Deliver this with modesty to the queen.—

[*Exit GARDINER.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars:  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord!  
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—  
O! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber in the Queen's  
Apartments.

*Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.*

*Anne.* Not for that neither:—here's the pang that  
pinches;  
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonor of her: by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing.—O! now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which  
To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter, than  
Sweet at first t' acquire,—after this process,  
To give her the <sup>d</sup>avaunt! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* O, God's will! much better,  
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,  
Yet, if that <sup>d</sup>cruel fortune do divorce

<sup>a</sup> "I be not found a talker," i. e., that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.—<sup>b</sup> "So sick," i. e., so sick as he is proud.

<sup>c</sup> "Kept him a foreign man," i. e., employed him in foreign embassies, out of the king's presence.—<sup>d</sup> "To give her the <sup>d</sup>avaunt!" i. e., to send her away contemptuously.

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance <sup>a</sup> panging  
As soul and body's severing.

*Old L.* Alas, poor lady!  
She's a <sup>b</sup> stranger now again?

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble lives in content,  
Than to be <sup>c</sup> perk'd up in a glistering grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.* Our content  
Is our best <sup>d</sup> having.

*Anne.* By my troth, and maidenhead,  
I would not be a queen.

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.  
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have, too, a woman's heart; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts  
(Saving your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft <sup>e</sup> cheveril conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth.

*Old L.* Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not be  
a queen?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heaven.

*Old L.* 'Tis strange: a three-pence <sup>f</sup> bowed would  
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,  
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth. [<sup>g</sup> little:]

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a  
I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to. If your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How you do talk!  
I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an <sup>h</sup> emballing: I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd  
No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes  
here?

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth  
The secret of your conference? [<sup>i</sup> to know]

*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand: it values not your asking.  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now, I pray God, amen!

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly  
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and  
Does purpose honor to you, no less flowing  
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,

Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.*

I do not know,  
What kind of my obedience I should tender:  
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers, and  
wishes,

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;  
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

*Cham.*

Lady,  
I shall not fail to <sup>l</sup> improve the fair <sup>i</sup> conceit,  
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well:

[*Aside.*

Beauty and honor in her are so mingled,  
That they have caught the king; and who knows yet,  
But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten all this isle?—[*To her.*] I'll to the king,  
And say, I spoke with you.

*Anne.* My honor'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

*Old L.* Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late  
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!  
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon  
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,  
Before you open it.

*Anne.*

This is strange to me.  
*Old L.* How tastes it? is it bitter? forty <sup>k</sup> pence, no.  
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story)  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the <sup>l</sup> mud in Egypt;—have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.* With your theme I could  
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!  
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect;  
No other obligation. By my life,  
That promises more thousands: honor's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,  
I know, your back will bear a duchess.—Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.*

Good lady,  
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,  
If this <sup>m</sup> elate my blood a jot: it faints me,  
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver  
What here you've heard, to her.

*Old L.*

What do you think me? [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—A Hall in Black-Friars.

*Trumpets, m Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Ver-  
gers, with short silver Wands; next them, two  
Scribes, in the habit of Doctors; after them, the  
Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the  
Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT  
ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, fol-  
lows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the  
Great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two  
Priests, bearing each a silver Cross; then a Gen-  
tleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a  
Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver Mace; then  
two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver <sup>n</sup> Pillars;  
after them, side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY*

<sup>a</sup> "Panging," i. e., inflicting as severe a pang.—<sup>b</sup> "A stran-  
ger," i. e., reduced to the condition of an unfriended stranger.  
—<sup>c</sup> "Perk'd up," i. e., pranked, dressed up.—<sup>d</sup> Possession.—  
<sup>e</sup> "Cheveril," i. e., kid-skin.—<sup>f</sup> Crooked.—<sup>g</sup> "Pluck off a lit-  
tle," i. e., let us descend a little lower.—<sup>h</sup> "An emballing,"  
i. e., to be distinguished by the ball, the ensign of royalty,  
used at coronations.

<sup>i</sup> "Conceit," i. e., opinion.—<sup>k</sup> Forty pence was the pro-  
verbial expression for a small wage.—<sup>l</sup> Egypt owes its fer-  
tility to the mud of the Nile.—<sup>m</sup> The sennet was a signal  
given by sound of trumpets.—<sup>n</sup> Ensigns of dignity carried  
before cardinals.

and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state: the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read, Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;  
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so.—Proceed.  
Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into Crier. Henry king of England, &c. [the court.  
K. Hen. Here. [into the court.  
Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice, And to bestow your pity on me; for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behavior given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness, I have been to you a true and humble wife, At all times to your will conformable; Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry, As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour I ever contradicted your desire, Or made it not mine too? or which of your friends Have I not strove to love, although I knew He were mine enemy? what friend of mine, That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind That I have been your wife, in this obedience, Upward of twenty years, and have been blest With many children by you: if in the course And process of this time you can report, And prove it too, against mine honor aught, My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, Against your sacred person, in God's name, Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me up To the sharp'st knife of justice. Please you, sir, The king, your father, was reputed for A prince most prudent, of an excellent And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand, My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many A year before: it is not to be question'd That they had gather'd a wise council to them Of every realm, that did debate this business, Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may [bly Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel I will implore: if not, i' the name of God, Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady, (And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men Of singular integrity and learning,

Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless, That longer you defer the court, as well For your own quiet, as to rectify What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, madam, It's fit this royal session do proceed, And that, without delay, their arguments Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal, To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?  
Q. Kath. Sir, I am about to weep; but, thinking that We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain The daughter of a king, my drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.  
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before, Or God will punish me. I do believe, Induc'd by potent circumstances, That You are mine enemy, and make my challenge: You shall not be my judge; for it is you Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, Which God's dew quench.—Therefore, I say again, I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul, Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more, I hold my most malicious foe, and think not At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess, You speak not like yourself; who ever yet Have stood to clarity, and display'd th' effects Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom, [wrong: O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me I have no spleen against you; nor injustice For you, or any: how far I have proceeded, Or how far further shall, is warranted By a commission from the consistory, Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me, That I have blown this coal: I do deny it. The king is present: if it be known to him, That I "gausay my deed, how may he wound, And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much As you have done my truth. If he know That I am free of your report, he knows, I am not of your wrong: therefore, in him It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to Remove these thoughts from you: the which, before His highness shall speak in, I do beseech You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking, And to say no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord, I am a simple woman, much too weak [mouth'd; To oppose your cunning. Y're meek, and humble— You sign your place and calling in full seeming, With meekness and humility; but your heart Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride. You have, by fortune and his highness' favors, Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted Where powers are your retainers; and your words, Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you, You tender more your person's honor, than Your high profession spiritual; that again I do refuse you for my judge, and here, Before you all, appeal unto the pope, To bring my whole cause fore his holiness, And to be judg'd by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.  
Cam. The queen is obstinate,

\* Deny.—"Sign," i. e., show; denote.—"In full seeming," i. e., with a fair appearance.

Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.  
She's going away.

*K. Hen.* Call her again. [court.]

*Crier.* Katharine, queen of England, come into the  
*Gent. Ush.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Q. Kath.* What need you note it? pray you, keep  
your way:

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help!  
They vex me past my patience.—Pray you, pass on.  
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,  
Upon this business, my appearance make  
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*]

*K. Hen.* Go thy ways, Kate:  
That man i' the world who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone  
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee <sup>a</sup> out)  
The queen of earthly queens.—She's <sup>1</sup> nobly born;  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

*Vol.* Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require your highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these curs, (for where I am robb'd and bound,  
There must I be unloos'd, although not there  
At once, and fully satisfied) whether ever I  
Did breach this business to your highness, or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to the question on't? or ever  
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady, spake one the least word, that might  
Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person?

*K. Hen.* My lord cardinal,  
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honor,  
I free you from't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these  
The queen is put in anger. Y'are excus'd;  
But will you be more justified? You ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never  
Desir'd it to be stir'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
The passages made toward it.—On my honor,  
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,  
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,  
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—  
Then, mark th' inducement. Thus it came;—give  
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, [heed to't.  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,  
Who had been hither sent, on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,  
Ere a determinate resolution, he  
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;  
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook  
The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,  
That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
And press in with this caution. First, methought,  
I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had

<sup>a</sup> "Could speak thee out," i. e., could do justice to thy merits.

Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should  
Do no more offices of life to't, than  
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue  
Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,  
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,  
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not  
Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows, that  
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
By this my issue's fail; and that <sup>a</sup> gave to me  
Many a groaning throe. Thus, <sup>b</sup> hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together; that's to say,  
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private  
With you, my lord of Lincoln: you remember  
How under my oppression I did <sup>c</sup> reek,  
When I first mov'd you.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege.

*K. Hen.* I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself  
How far you satisfied me. [to say

*Lin.* So please your highness,  
The question did at first so stagger me,—  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,  
And consequence of dread,—that I committed  
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,  
And did entreat your highness to this course,  
Which you are running here.

*K. Hen.* I then mov'd you,  
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave  
To make this present summons.—Unsolicted  
I left no reverend person in this court;  
But by particular consent proceeded,  
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;  
For no dislike i' the world against the person  
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
That's <sup>d</sup> paragon'd o' the world.

*Cam.* So please your highness,  
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
That we adjourn this court till farther day:  
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his holiness.

*K. Hen.* I may perceive, [*Aside.*]  
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor  
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,  
Pry'thee, return! with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. <sup>2</sup> [*Aloud.*].—Break up the  
court:

I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Palace at Bridewell.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

*The Queen, and her Women, as at work.*

*Q. Kath.* Take thy hute, wench: my soul grows  
sad with troubles;

<sup>b</sup> "Hulling," i. e., floating without guidance.—<sup>c</sup> "Reek," i. e., waste, or wear away.—<sup>d</sup> "Paragon'd," i. e., without comparison.

Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working.

## SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops, that freeze;  
Bow themselves, when he did sing:  
To his music, plants, and flowers,  
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,  
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Q. Kath.* How now.

*Gent.* An't please your grace, the two great car- wait in the <sup>a</sup>presence. [dinals]

*Q. Kath.* Would they speak with me?

*Gent.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Q. Kath.* Pray their graces To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favor? I do not like their coming, now I think on't. They should be good men, their <sup>b</sup>affairs as righteous; But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness.

*Q. Kath.* Your graces find me here part of a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen. What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw Into your private chamber, we shall give you The full cause of our coming.

*Q. Kath.* Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience, Deserves a corner: would all other women Could speak this with as free a soul as I do! My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy Above a number) if my actions Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them, Envy and base opinion set against them, I know my life so even. If your business Seek me out, and that way I am wife <sup>c</sup>in, Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,*—

*Q. Kath.* O, good my lord, no Latin:

I am not such a truant since my coming, As not to know the language I have liv'd in: A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious; [you]

Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake: Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal, The willing'st sin I ever yet committed May be absolv'd in English.

*Wol.* Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should breed, (And service to his majesty and you) So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant. We come not by the way of accusation, To taint that honor every good tongue blesses, Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;

You have too much, good lady; but to know How you stand minded in the weighty difference Between the king and you, and to deliver, Like free and honest men, our just opinions, And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honor'd madam, My lord of York,—out of his noble nature, Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace, Forgetting, like a good man, your late censures Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace, His service and his counsel.

*Q. Kath.* To betray me. [*Aside.* My lords, I thank you both for your good wills, Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!) But how to make ye suddenly an answer, In such a point of weight, so near mine honor, (More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit, And to such men of gravity and learning, In truth, I know not. I was set at work Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking Either for such men, or such business.

For her sake that I have <sup>d</sup>been, for I feel The last fit of my greatness, good your graces, Let me have time and counsel for my cause.

Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless. [fears:] *Wol.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with these Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Q. Kath.* In England, But little for my profit: can you think, lords, That any Englishman dare give me counsel? Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure, (Though he be grown so desperate to be honest) And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends, They that must weigh <sup>e</sup>out my afflictions, They that my trust must grow to, live not here: They are, as all my other comforts, far hence, In mine own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would, your grace Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Q. Kath.* How, sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's protection; He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much Both for your honor better, and your cause; For if the trial of the law <sup>f</sup>overtake you, You'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

*Q. Kath.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye! [ruin.] Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge That no king can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Q. Kath.* The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye, Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues; But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye. Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your com- The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady? [fort?] A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd? I will not wish ye half my miseries, I have more charity; but say, I warn'd ye: Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction;

You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Q. Kath.* Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye, And all such false professors! Would ye have me (If ye have any justice, any pity, If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)

<sup>a</sup> Presence chamber.—<sup>b</sup> "Affairs," i. e., professions.—<sup>c</sup> "And that way I am wife in," i. e., and concerns my conjugal relations.

<sup>d</sup> "For her sake that I have been," i. e., for the sake of the royalty I have possessed.—<sup>e</sup> *Weigh out* is used for *outweigh*.—<sup>f</sup> Malice; malignity.

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
 Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;  
 His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,  
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
 Is only my obedience. What can happen  
 To me above this wretchedness? all your studies  
 Make me a curse like this.

*Cam.* Your fears are worse.

*Q. Kath.* Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,

Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?  
 A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)  
 Never yet branded with suspicion?  
 Have I with all my full affections [*him?*]  
 Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd<sup>\*</sup>  
 Been, out of fondness, <sup>a</sup>superstitious to him?  
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
 And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.  
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,  
 And to that woman, when she has done most,  
 Yet will I add an honor,—a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
 To give up willingly that noble title  
 Your master wed me to: notwithstanding but death  
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* Pray, hear me.

*Q. Kath.* Would I had never trod this English  
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it! [*earth,*  
 Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.  
 What will become of me now, wretched lady?  
 I am the most unhappy woman living.—  
 Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!

[*To her Women.*

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
 No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,  
 Almost no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily,  
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
 I'll hang my head, and perish.

*Wol.* If your grace

Could but be brought to know your ends are honest,  
 You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,  
 Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,  
 The way of our profession is against it:  
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.  
 For goodness sake, consider what you do;  
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly  
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.  
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
 So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,  
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
 I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,  
 A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us [*vants.*  
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,  
 As yours was put into you, ever casts [*you;*  
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves  
 Beware, you lose it not: for us, if you please  
 To trust us in your business, we are ready  
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Q. Kath.* Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray,  
 If I have <sup>b</sup>us'd myself unmannerly: [*forgive me,*  
 You know I am a woman, lacking wit  
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
 Pray do my service to his majesty:  
 He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,  
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers;

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,  
 That little thought, when she set footing here,  
 She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Auto-chamber to the King's Apartment.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
 And force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
 Cannot stand under them: if you omit  
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise,  
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
 With these you bear already.

*Sar.* I am joyful  
 To meet the least occasion, that may give me  
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
 To be reveng'd on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
 Have uncontent'd gone by him, or at least  
 Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
 The stamp of nobleness in any person,  
 Out of himself?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures  
 What he deserves of you and me, I know;  
 What we can to him, (though now the time  
 Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot  
 Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
 Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft  
 Over the king in's tongue.

*Nor.* O! fear him not;  
 His spell in that is out: the king hath found  
 Matter against him, that for ever mars  
 The honey of his language. No, he settled,  
 Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Sar.* Sir,  
 I should be glad to hear such news as this  
 Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true.  
 In the divorce his contrary <sup>d</sup>proceedings  
 Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,  
 As I could wish mine enemy.

*Sar.* How cōme  
 His practices to light?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sar.* O! how? how?  
*Suf.* The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,  
 And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read,  
 How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
 To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if  
 It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive,  
 My king is tangled in affection to  
 A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen."

*Sar.* Has the king this?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sar.* Will this work?

*Cham.* The king in this perceives him, how he  
 coasts,

And hedges, his own way. But in this point  
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
 After his patient's death: the king already  
 Hath married the fair lady.

*Sar.* Would he had!

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord;  
 For, I profess, you have it.

*Sar.* Now I may all joy

<sup>e</sup>Trace the conjunction!

*Suf.* My amen to't.

<sup>a</sup>"Been . . . superstitious to him," i. e., served him with superstitious attention.—<sup>b</sup>"Used," i. e., behaved.

<sup>c</sup>"Force," i. e., enforce; urge.—<sup>d</sup>"His contrary proceedings," i. e., his secret endeavors to counteract the divorce.—<sup>e</sup>"Trace," i. e., follow.

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :  
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete  
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be "memoriz'd."

Sur. But, will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?  
The lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf. No, no :  
There be more wasps <sup>1</sup> than buz about his nose,  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;  
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and  
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you  
The king cried, ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,  
And let him cry ha ! louder.

Nor. But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which  
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Katharine no more  
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,  
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the king's business.

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him  
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.  
The cardinal— <sup>2</sup> [ *They stand back.* ]

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

Nor. Observe, observe ; he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king ?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper ?

Crom. Presently  
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,  
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed  
Was in his countenance : you he bade  
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready  
To come abroad ?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile.— [ *Exit CROMWELL.* ]  
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,  
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—  
Anne Bullen ? No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :  
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen !  
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish  
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke !

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king  
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,  
Lord ! for thy justice. [ *daughter,*

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's  
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—  
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;  
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,  
And well deserving, yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutherau ; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up  
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one  
Hath crawl'd into the favor of the king,  
And is his oracle. <sup>3</sup> [ *Retires, musing.* ]

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret the  
The master-chord on's heart ! [ *string,*

*Enter the King, reading a Schedule ; and LOVELL.*

Suf. The king, the king !  
K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated,  
To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour  
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,  
Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords ;  
Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have <sup>4</sup> [ *Coming forward.* ]  
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion  
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then, lays his finger on his temple ; straight,  
Springs out into fast gait ; then, stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon he casts  
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures  
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be :  
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I requir'd ; and, b' wot you, what I found  
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly ?  
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which  
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will :  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think  
His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

[ *He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, who goes to WOLSEY.* ]

Wol. Heaven forgive me ! <sup>5</sup> [ *Amazedly.* ]  
Ever God bless your highness.

K. Hen. Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind, the which  
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual <sup>6</sup> labor a brief span,  
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,  
For holy offices I have a time ; a time  
To think upon the part of business, which  
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.  
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well saying !

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again ;  
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :  
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you ;  
He said he did, and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you : since I had my office,

\* "Be memoriz'd," i. e., be made memorable.

<sup>b</sup> Know.



I have kept you next my heart; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
But pur'd my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

*Vol.* What should this mean? <sup>1</sup> [*Aside.*

*Sur.* The Lord increase this business! <sup>2</sup> [*Behind.*

*K. Hen.* Have I not made you  
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce you have found true;  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

*Vol.* My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite; which went  
Beyond all man's endeavors: my endeavors  
Have ever come too short of my desires,  
Yet <sup>3</sup> fill'd with my abilities. Mine own ends  
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person, and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;  
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,  
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
Till death, that winter, kill it.

*K. Hen.* Fairly answer'd:

A loyal and obedient subject is  
Therein illustrated. The honor of it  
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,  
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,  
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honor, more  
On you than any; so your hand, and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

*Vol.* I do profess,  
That for your highness' good I ever labor'd  
More than mine own: that am, have, and will be—  
(Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and  
Appear in forms more horrid) yet my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis nobly spoken.  
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this:

[*Giving him Papers.*

And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with  
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal WOLSEY:  
the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*

*Vol.* What should this mean?  
What sudden anger's this? how I have reap'd it?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,  
Then, makes him nothing. I must read this paper;  
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so:

<sup>4</sup> [*Opens the Paper, and reads, trembling.*  
This paper has undone me!—'Tis th' account  
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!  
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
No new device to beat this from his brains?  
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again. What's this?—"To the  
Pope?"

The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,  
And from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more. <sup>5</sup> [*Sinks in a chair.*

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the  
Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who  
commands you

To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands, and to confine yourself  
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear farther from his highness.

*Vol.* Stay: <sup>6</sup> [*Rising.*  
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry  
Authority so weighty.

*Sur.* Who dare cross them,  
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

*Vol.* Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,  
(I mean your malice) know, officious lords,  
I dare, and must deny it. Now, I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy;  
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye; and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,  
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
You ask with such a violence, the king,  
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me;  
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,  
During my life, and to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it?

*Sur.* The king that gave it.

*Vol.* It must be himself, then.

*Sur.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

*Vol.* Proud lord, thou liest:  
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)  
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!  
You sent me deputy for Ireland,  
Far from his succor, from the king, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;  
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolv'd him with an axe.

*Vol.* This, and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer, is most false. The duke by law  
Found his deserts: how innocent I was  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,  
You have as little honesty as honor,  
That in the way of loyalty and truth  
Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
Dare <sup>a</sup> mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou should'st  
feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,

<sup>a</sup> "Mate," i. e., equal.

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus <sup>a</sup>jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his <sup>b</sup>cap, like larks.

*Vol.* All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaming all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets, [*ness*,  
You writ to the pope, against the king; your good-  
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—  
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state  
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,  
(Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen)  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life.—I'll startle you  
Worse than the sacring <sup>c</sup>bell, when the brown wench  
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal. [*man*,  
*Vol.* How much, methinks, I could despise this  
But that I am bound in charity against it.

*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;  
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*Vol.* So much fairer,  
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you.  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,  
You'll show a little honesty.

*Vol.* Speak on, sir;  
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I had rather want those, than my head.  
Have at you.—

First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a legate; by which power  
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*  
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

*Sur.* Then, that without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,  
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*Sur.* That out of mere ambition you have caus'd  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

*Sur.* Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-  
stance,

(By what means got I leave to your own conscience)  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities; to the <sup>d</sup>mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.* O my lord!

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue.  
His faults lie open to the laws: let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's farther pleasure is,—  
Because all those things, you have done of late  
By your power <sup>e</sup>legateine within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a <sup>f</sup>præmunire,—  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.  
*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations,  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
About the giving back the great seal to us, [*you*.  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank  
So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

*Vol.* So, farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride  
At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched  
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors.  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.—

*Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Vol.* What! amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,  
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace?

*Vol.* Why, well:

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,  
I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy—too much honor.  
O! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that right  
use of it.

*Vol.* I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,  
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)  
To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Vol.* God bless him!

*Crom.* The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Vol.* That's somewhat sudden;

\* <sup>a</sup> "Jaded," i. e., degraded; overborne.—<sup>b</sup> A cardinal's cap or hat is scarlet: the method of darning or catching larks is by small mirrors on scarlet cloth.—<sup>c</sup> The "sacring bell" is a little bell rung to give notice of the elevation of the Host.  
—<sup>d</sup> Absolute.

<sup>e</sup> "Legatine," i. e., as the pope's legate.—<sup>f</sup> A *præmunire* was a writ incurring a penalty.—<sup>g</sup> "Their ruin," i. e., their dis-  
pleasure, producing the ruin of him on whom it lights.

But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice  
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,  
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!  
What more?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is returned with welcome,  
Install'd lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Vol.* That's news indeed!

*Crom.* Last, that the lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was view'd in 'open, as his queen,  
Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation. [O Cromwell!

*Vol.* There was the weight that pulled me down.  
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever.  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;  
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;  
(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him  
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee.  
Some little memory of me will stir him,  
(I know his noble nature) not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O, my lord!  
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—  
The king shall have my service; but my prayers,  
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

*Vol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:  
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his maker, hope to win by't?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. [well!  
Serve the king; and,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Vol.* So I have.—Farewell  
The hopes of court: my hopes in heaven do dwell.  
[Exit.

\* The chancellor is the guardian of orphans.—b "In open," i. e., openly.—c "Make use," i. e., make interest.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1 *Gent.* You're well met once again.

2 *Gent.* So are you. [behold

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and  
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,  
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow,  
This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: the citizens,  
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;  
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward  
In celebration of this day with shows,  
Pageants, and sights of honor.

1 *Gent.* Never greater;  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes: 'tis the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day,  
By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high steward: next, the duke of Norfolk,  
He to be earl marshal. You may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those  
customs,

I should have been beholding to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Amptihill, where the princess lay; to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not appearance, and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
And the late marriage made of none effect:  
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!—

[Trumpets.  
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is com-  
ing. [Hautboys.

## THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

*A lively flourish of Trumpets.*

1. Then, two Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.
3. Choristers singing. [Music]
4. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then, Garter in his coat of arms; and on his head he wore a gilt copper crown.
5. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold; on his head a demi-coronet of Gold. With him the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove; crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship; a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
7. A canopy borne by four of the <sup>a</sup> Cinque-ports;

<sup>a</sup> "Four of the Cinque-ports," i. e., four barons of the Cinque-ports.

*under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*

8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know : Who's that, that bears the sceptre ?

1 *Gent.* Marquess Dorset : And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same ; high-steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk ?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee !

[*Looking on the Queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel :

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady.

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear The cloth of honor over her, are four barons Of the cinque-ports. [near her.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all, are I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, And sometimes falling ones. [indeed ;

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.*

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey ; where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more : I am stifled

With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony ?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it ?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream, Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off

A distance from her ; while her grace sat down

To rest a while, some half an hour or so,

In a rich chair of state, opposing freely

The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman

That ever lay by man : which when the people

Had the full view of, such a noise arose

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,

As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,

(Doublets, I think) flew up ; and had their faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,

That had not half a week to go, like <sup>a</sup>rams

In the old time of war, would shake the press,

And make them reel before them. No man living

Could say, " This is my wife," there ; all were woven

So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, what follow'd ?

[*paces*

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and saint like

\* Batter-ing-rams.

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :

When by the archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen ;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems

Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,

Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,

And with the same full state pac'd back again

To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.*

Sir,

You must no more call it York-place, that's past ;

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost :

'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.*

I know it ;

But 'us so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.*

What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

3 *Gent.* Stokesley and Gardiner ; the one of Winchester,

Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary ;

The other, London.

2 *Gent.*

He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,

The virtuous Crammer.

3 *Gent.*

All the land knows that,

However, yet there's no great breach : when it comes, Crammer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.*

Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gent.*

Thomas Cromwell ;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly

A worthy friend.—The king has made him

Master o' the jewel-house,

And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.*

He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.*

Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which

Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests :

Something I can command. As I walk thither,

I'll tell ye more.

Both.

You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.*

*Grif.* How does your grace ?

*Kath.*

O, Griffith ! sick to death :

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair.—

<sup>1</sup> [*Sits down.*

So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,

That the great child of honor, cardinal Wolsey,

Was dead ?

*Grif.*

Yes, madam ; but, I think, your grace,

Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

*Kath.*

Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :

If well, he stepp'd before me, <sup>b</sup> happily,

For my example.

*Grif.*

Well, the voice goes, madam :

For after the stout earl Northumberland

Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,

He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,

He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.*

Alas, poor man !

*Grif.*

At last, with easy <sup>c</sup>roads, he came to

Leicester ;

<sup>b</sup> Happily ; perhaps.—<sup>c</sup> " Roads," i. e., stages ; journeys.

Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,  
With all his convent, honorably receiv'd him;  
To whom he gave these words,—“O father abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:  
Give him a little earth for charity!”  
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness  
Pursu'd him still; and three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, which he himself  
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honors to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

*Kath.* So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him!  
Yet thus fat, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity.—He was a man  
Of an unbounded <sup>a</sup>stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes; one, that by <sup>b</sup>suggestion  
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;  
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence  
He would say untruths, and be ever double,  
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
Of his own body he was <sup>c</sup>ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now?

*Kath.* Yes, good Griffith;  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honor from his cradle.  
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:  
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;  
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer:  
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely. Ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,  
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him.  
Unwilling to outlive the good <sup>1</sup>man did it;  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And, to add greater honors to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honor from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honor. Peace be with him!—  
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:  
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,  
Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and Solemn music.*

*Grif.* She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down  
quiet,  
For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

<sup>a</sup> “Of an unbounded stomach,” i. e., of unbounded pride,  
or haughtiness.—<sup>b</sup> “Suggestion,” i. e., wicked prompting.—  
<sup>c</sup> “Ill,” i. e., lewd.

*The Vision.* Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first conge unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend courtesies: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

*Kath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,  
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we are here.

*Kath.* It is not you I call for.  
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Kath.* No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promis'd me eternal happiness,  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

*Kath.* Bid the music leave,  
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*

*Pat.* Do you note,  
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,  
And of an earthy <sup>3</sup>coldness? Mark her eyes!

*Grif.* She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

*Pat.* Heaven comfort her

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* An't like your grace,—

*Kath.* You are a saucy fellow:  
Deserve we no more reverence?

*Grif.* You are to blame  
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behavior: go to; kneel.

*Mess.* I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;  
[*Kneeling.*

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the king to see you.

*Kath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow  
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.

*Cap.* Madam, the same, your servant.

*Kath.* O my lord!  
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely  
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Kath.* O! my good lord, that comfort comes too  
late:

'Tis like a pardon after execution.

That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me ;  
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his highness ?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Kath.* So may he ever do ; and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom.—Patience, is that letter,  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

*Pat.* No, madam. [*Giving it to KATHARINE.*]

*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
The <sup>a</sup>model of our chaste loves, his young <sup>b</sup>daughter :—

The dew of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.  
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,  
I hope, she will deserve well ; and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long,  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
(And now I should not lie) but will deserve,  
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty, and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him <sup>c</sup>be a noble ;  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.  
The last is, for my men :—they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw them from me ;—  
That they may have their wages duly paid them,  
And something over to remember me by :  
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,  
And able means, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole contents :—and, good my lord,  
By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
To do me this last right.

*Cap.* By heaven, I will,  
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
In all humility unto his highness :  
Say, his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,  
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,  
You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;  
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,  
Let me be us'd with honor : strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me ;  
Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like  
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
I can no more.— [*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Gallery in the Palace.

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with  
a Torch before him ; met by Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

*Gar.* It's one o'clock, boy, is't not ?

*Boy.* It hath struck.

*Gar.* These should be hours for necessities,

Not for delights ; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us [*Thomas :*  
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir  
Whither so late ?

*Lov.* Came you from the king, my lord ?

*Gar.* I did, sir Thomas ; and left him at <sup>d</sup>primero  
With the duke of Suffolk.

*Lov.* I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave. [*matter ?*]

*Gar.* Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the  
It seems you are in haste : an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some <sup>e</sup>touch of your late business. Affairs that walk  
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight have  
In them a wilder nature, than the business  
That seeks despatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you,  
And durst commend a secret to your ear [*bor ;*  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in la-  
They say, in great extremity, and fear'd,  
She'll with the labor end.

*Gar.* The fruit she goes with  
I pray for heartily ; but it may find  
Good time, and live : to for the stock, sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks, I could  
Cry thee amen ; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gar.* But, sir, sir,—  
Hear me, sir Thomas : y'are a gentleman  
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,  
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master  
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; further, sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,  
With which the time will load him. Th' archbishop  
Is the king's hand, and tongue ; and who dare speak  
One syllable against him ?

*Gar.* Yes, yes, sir Thomas,  
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventur'd  
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day,  
Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have  
<sup>b</sup>Incens'd the lords o' the counsel, that he is  
(For so I know he is, they know he is)  
A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
That doth infect the land : with which they moved  
Have broken with the king ; who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace  
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him) hath commanded,  
To-morrow morning to the council-board  
He be <sup>c</sup>convented. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long : good night, sir Thomas.

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord. I rest your  
servant. [*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and the  
Duke of Suffolk.*

*K. Hen.* Charles, I will play no more to-night :  
My mind's not on't ; you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*K. Hen.* But little, Charles ;

<sup>a</sup> "Model," i. e., image.—<sup>b</sup> "His young daughter," afterwards Queen Mary.—<sup>c</sup> "Let him be," i. e., even if he should be.

<sup>d</sup> "Primero" : a game at cards.—<sup>e</sup> "Touch," i. e., hint.—  
<sup>f</sup> "Of mine own way," i. e., of my own opinion in religion.  
—<sup>g</sup> "Trade," i. e., course ; way.—<sup>h</sup> "Incens'd," i. e., in-  
formed ; instructed.—<sup>i</sup> "Broken," i. e., broken silence.—  
<sup>j</sup> "Convented," i. e., convened ; summoned.

Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.—

Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks  
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness  
Most heartily to pray for her.

*K. Hen.* What say'st thou? ha!  
To pray for her? what! is she crying out? [*made*]

*Lov.* So said her woman; and that her sufferance  
Almost each pang a death.

*K. Hen.* Alas, good lady!

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burden, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladdening of  
Your highness with an heir!

*K. Hen.* 'Tis midnight, Charles:  
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember  
Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone,  
For I must think of that, which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night; and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*K. Hen.* Charles, good night.— [*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

*Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.*

Well, sir, what follows?

*Den.* Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,  
As you commanded me.

*K. Hen.* Ha! Canterbury?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

*Den.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Bring him to us. [*Exit DENNY.*]

*Lov.* This is about that which the Bishop spake:  
[*Aside.*]

I am <sup>a</sup>happily come hither.

*Re-enter DENNY with CRANMER.*

*K. Hen.* Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay.*]

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone,  
What!— [*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*]

*Cran.* I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he thus?

<sup>1</sup>[*Aside.*]

'Tis his aspect of terror: all's not well. [*know*]

*K. Hen.* How now, my lord! You do desire to  
Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran.* It is my duty <sup>2</sup>[*Kneeling.*]  
T' attend your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together; [*hand.*]  
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your  
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.

I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd  
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us: where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till farther trial in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower: <sup>3</sup>to a brother of us,  
It fits me thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* I humbly thank your highness,  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion

<sup>4</sup>[*Kneeling.*]

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,

\* Opportunely; luckily.

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues  
Than I myself, poor man.

*K. Hen.*

Stand up, good Canterbury:  
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted  
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:

<sup>5</sup>[*Rising.*]

Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,  
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd  
What would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,  
Without <sup>b</sup>indurance, further.

*Cran.*

Most dread liege,  
The <sup>c</sup>ground I stand on, is my truth, and honesty:  
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person, which I <sup>e</sup>weigh not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

*K. Hen.*

Know you not [*world?*]  
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole  
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices  
Must bear the same proportion: and not <sup>d</sup>ever  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves, as corrupt,  
To swear against you: such things have been done:  
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice  
Of as great size. <sup>e</sup>Ween you of better luck,  
I mean in perjurd witness, than your Master,  
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd  
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to:  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.*

God, and your majesty,  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me!

*K. Hen.*

Be of good cheer;  
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.  
Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see  
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,  
In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties  
Will render you no remedy, this ring  
Deliver them, and your appeal to us [*weeps:*]  
There make before them.—Look, the good man  
He's honest, on mine honor. God's blest mother!  
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul  
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,  
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit CRANMER.*] He  
His language in his tears. [*has strangled*]

*Enter an old Lady, <sup>7</sup>in haste.*

*Gent.* [*Within.*] Come back; what mean you?

*Lady.* I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring  
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels  
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessed wings!

*K. Hen.*

Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?  
Say, ay; and of a boy.

*Lady.*

Ay, ay, my liege;  
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven  
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,  
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you  
As cherry is to cherry.

*K. Hen.*

Lovell!

<sup>b</sup> "Indurance," i. e., imprisonment.—<sup>c</sup> "Weigh not," i. e., value not.—<sup>d</sup> "Not ever," i. e., not always.—<sup>e</sup> "Ween," i. e., think; imagine.

*Re-enter LOVELL.*

*Lov.* Sir.

*K. Hen.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [*Exit King.*]

*Lady.* An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' An ordinary groom is for such payment: [more.] I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this the girl was like to him? I will have more, or else unsay't; and now, While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

*Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, &c. attending.*

*Cran.* I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,  
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast! what means this?  
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me? [*Hoa!*]  
*D. Keep.* Yes, my lord;  
But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why? [*for.*]  
*D. Keep.* Your grace must wait, till you be call'd

*Enter Doctor BUTTS.*

*Cran.* So.  
*Butts.* This is a piece of malice. I am glad,  
[*Aside.*]

I came this way so happily: the king  
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS.*]

*Cran.* 'Tis Butts,<sup>2</sup>  
The king's physician. As he past along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.  
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,  
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice)  
To quench mine honor: they would shame to make me  
Wait else at door, a fellow counsellor  
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King and BUTTS, at a window above.*

*Butts.* I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

*K. Hen.* What's that, Butts?

*Butts.* I think, your highness saw this many a day.

*K. Hen.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord:  
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.

*K. Hen.* Ha! 'Tis he, indeed.  
Is this the honor they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought,  
They had <sup>a</sup>parted so much honesty among 'em,  
(At least good manners) as not thus to suffer  
A man of his place, and so near our favor,  
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
And at the door too, like a post with packets.  
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;  
We shall hear more anon.— [*Exeunt.*]

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, Earl of SURREY. Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves*

*in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, master secretary:  
Why are we met in council?

*Crom.* Please your honors,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

*Gar.* Has he had knowledge of it?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there?

*D. Keep.* Without, my noble lords?

*Gar.* Yes.

*D. Keep.* My lord archbishop;  
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*D. Keep.* Your grace may enter now.

[*CRANMER approaches the Council-table.*]  
*Chan.* My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty: but we all are men,  
In our own natures frail, and <sup>3</sup>culpable  
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty,  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chap-  
lains,

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions.

Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses  
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur  
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer, [them,  
Out of our easiness and childish pity  
To one man's honor, this contagious sickness,  
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbors,  
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
Both of my life and office, I have labor'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching,  
And the strong course of my authority,  
Might go one way, and safely; and the end  
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living  
(I speak it with a single <sup>4</sup>heart, my lords,)  
A man, that more detests, more <sup>2</sup>strives against,  
Both in his private conscience and his place,  
Defacers of the public peace, than I do.  
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make  
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
That in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,  
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

*Gar.* My lord, because we have business of more  
moment, [*ure,*

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleas-  
And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower:  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
More than, I fear, you are provided for. [you;

*Cran.* Ah! my good lord of Winchester, I thank  
You are always my good friend: if your will pass,

<sup>a</sup> "Parted," i. e., shared.

<sup>b</sup> "With a single heart," i. e., without duplicity.



I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
You are so merciful. I see your end;  
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition:  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gar.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;  
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,  
To men that understand you, words and <sup>a</sup> weakness.

*Crom.* My lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favor, too sharp: men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,  
To load a falling man.

*Gar.* Good master secretary,  
I cry your honor mercy: you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord?

*Gar.* Do not I know you for a favorer  
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound?

*Gar.* Not sound, I say.

*Crom.* Would you were half so honest;  
Men's prayers, then, would seek you, not their fears.

*Gar.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do:  
Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much:  
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gar.* I have done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord.—It stands  
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith [agreed,

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;

There to remain, till the king's farther pleasure

Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

*Gar.* What other  
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.  
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Cran.* For me?  
Must I go like a traitor thither?

<sup>1</sup> Enter Guard.

*Gar.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i' the Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, good my lord;

I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords:

By virtue of that ring I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king my master.

*Chan.* This is the king's ring.

*Suf.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,

'Twould fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords,

The king will suffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd?

*Chan.* 'Tis now too certain,

How much more is his life in value with him.

Would I were fairly out on't.

*Crom.* My mind gave me,

In seeking tales, and informations,  
Against this man, whose honesty the devil

And his disciples only envy at,

Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now, have at ye.

*Enter the King, frowning on them: he takes his seat.*

*Gar.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound  
to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;

Not only good and wise, but most religious:

One that in all obedience makes the church

The chief aim of his honor; and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,

His royal self in judgment comes to hear

The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*K. Hen.* You were ever good at sudden com-  
mendations,

Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not

To hear such flattery now, and in my presence:

They are too thin and base to hide offences.

To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,

Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

Good man, [To CRANMER.] sit down. Now, let me  
see the proudest, <sup>2</sup> [CRANMER sits.

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:

By all that's holy, he had better starve,

Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Suf.* May it please your grace,—

*K. Hen.* No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought, I had had men of some understanding

And wisdom of my council; but I find none.

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,

This good man, (few of you deserve that title)

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy

At chamber door? and one as great as you are?

Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye

Power, as he was a counsellor to try him,

Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see.

More out of malice than integrity,

Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;

Which ye shall never have <sup>3</sup> the while I live.

*Chan.* Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather

(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,

And fair purgation to the world, than malice,

I'm sure, in me.

*K. Hen.* Well, well, my lords, respect him:

Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.

I will say thus much for him: if a prince

May be beholding to a subject, I

Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:

<sup>4</sup> [They embrace him: GARDINER last.

Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My lord of Can-  
terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;

That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory

In such an honor: how may I deserve it,

That am a poor and humble subject to you?

*K. Hen.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your  
<sup>b</sup> spoons.

You shall have two noble partners with you;

The old duchess of Norfolk, and lady marquess

Will these please you? [Dorset:

Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you.

Embrace, and love this man.

<sup>a</sup> "Words and weakness," i. e., empty talk and false reasoning.

<sup>b</sup> It was an ancient custom for sponsors to present silver or silver-gilt spoons to their god-children.

*Gar.* With a true heart,  
And 'brother's love, I do it. <sup>2</sup>[*Embrace again.*]  
*Cran.* And let heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.  
*K. Hen.* Good man! those joyful tears show thy  
The common voice, I see, is verified [true heart.  
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my lord of Canterbury  
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—  
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long  
To have this young one made a Christian.  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;  
So I grow stronger, you more honor gain. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—The Palace Yard.

*Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.*

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do  
you take the court for <sup>a</sup>Paris-garden? ye rude slaves,  
leave your <sup>b</sup>gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the  
larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you  
rogue! Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen  
crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but  
switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: you  
must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale  
and cakes here, you rude rascals? <sup>3</sup>[*Tumult within.*]

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible,  
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,  
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep  
On May-day morning; which will never be.  
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*Man.* Alas, I know not: how gets the tide in?  
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot  
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,  
I made no spare, sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor <sup>c</sup>Colbrand,  
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any,  
That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,  
Let me ne'er hope to see a <sup>d</sup>queen again;  
And that I would not for a <sup>e</sup>crown, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good master  
puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down  
by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or  
have we some strange Indian with the great tool  
come to court, the women so besiege us? <sup>6</sup>[*Noise.*]  
Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On  
my Christian conscience, this one christening will  
beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather,  
and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There  
is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a  
brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of  
the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand  
about him are under the line; they need no other  
penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on  
the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd  
against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to  
blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small  
wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd  
<sup>d</sup>porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a

combustion in the state. I miss'd the <sup>e</sup>meteor once,  
and hit that woman, who cried out, clubs! when I  
might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to  
her succor, which were the hope o' the Strand,  
where she was quartered. They fell on; I made  
good my place; at length they came to the broom-  
staff with me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a  
file of boys behind 'em, loose <sup>f</sup>shot, delivered such  
a slower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine  
honor in, and let 'em win the <sup>g</sup>work. The devil was  
amongst 'em, I think, surely. <sup>7</sup>[*Shouts.*]

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a play-  
house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience,  
but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of  
Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure.  
I have some of 'em in <sup>h</sup>Limbo Patrum, and there  
they are like to dance these three days, besides the  
running banquet of two <sup>i</sup>headles, that is to come.  
<sup>8</sup>[*Tumult and Shouts.*]

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!  
They grow still, too; from all parts they are coming,  
As if we kept a fair! <sup>9</sup>Where are these porters,  
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fel-  
There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these [lows:  
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have  
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,  
When they pass back from the christening.

*Port.* An't please your honor  
We are but men; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:  
An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,  
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all  
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads  
Clap round fines for neglect. Y're lazy knaves;  
And here ye lie baiting of <sup>k</sup>bombards, when  
<sup>10</sup>[*Trumpets.*]

Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;  
They're come already from the christening.

Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find  
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

*Port.* Make way there for the princess.

*Man.* You great fellow, <sup>11</sup>[*Tumult and confusion.*]  
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

*Port.* You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail;  
I'll peck you o'er the <sup>12</sup>pole else. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.—The Palace at Greenwich.

*Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord  
Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK,  
with his Marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two  
Noblemen bearing great standing <sup>m</sup>bowls for the  
christening gifts: then, four Noblemen bearing a  
canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK,  
godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a  
mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then fol-  
lows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other god-  
mother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about  
the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Gart.* Heaven,  
From thy endless goodness, send prosperous life,  
Long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty  
Princess of England, Elizabeth!

<sup>a</sup> "Paris-garden," i. e., the bear-garden on the Bank-side.  
<sup>b</sup> Roaring; shouting.—<sup>c</sup> "Nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,"  
i. e., neither Guy of Warwick, nor Colbrand the Danish  
giant.—<sup>d</sup> "Pink'd porringer," i. e., pink'd cap, which looked  
as if moulded on a porringer.

<sup>e</sup> "The meteor," i. e., the brazier.—<sup>f</sup> "Loose shot," i. e.,  
loose or random shooters.—<sup>g</sup> "The work," i. e., the fortress.  
—<sup>h</sup> "In Limbo Patrum," i. e., in confinement.—<sup>i</sup> The "ban-  
quet of two headles," is a desert of whipping.—<sup>k</sup> Bombards  
were black leather vessels to hold beer.—<sup>l</sup> "Peck," i. e.,  
pitch.—<sup>m</sup> Standing bowls were bowls elevated on pedestals.

*Flourish. Enter King, and Train.*

*Cran.* And to your royal grace, and the good queen, [Kneeling.

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye!

*K. Hen.* Thank you, good lord archbishop.  
What is her name?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*K. Hen.* Stand up, lord.—<sup>2</sup> [*CRAN. rises.*  
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!  
Into whose hand I give thy life. <sup>3</sup> [*Kissing the child.*

*Cran.* Amen. [gal.

*K. Hen.* My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal  
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

*Cran.* Let me speak, sir,  
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.  
This royal infant,—heaven still move about her!—  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be  
(But few now living can behold that goodness)  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never  
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her;  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: [her:  
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: her own shall bless  
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, [her.  
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with  
In her days every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.  
God shall be truly known; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself;  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one, [ness)  
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of dark-  
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honor,  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,

And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:  
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
His honor and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him. Our children's children  
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*K. Hen.* Thou speakest wonders.

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more! but she must die:  
She must; the saints must have her: yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*K. Hen.* O, lord archbishop!  
Thou hast made me now a man: never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing.  
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,  
That when I am in heaven I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—  
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,  
And you, good brethren, I am much beholding:  
I have receiv'd much honor by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords:—  
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;  
She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
He has business at his house, for all shall stay:  
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

## EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please  
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,  
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,  
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city  
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—“that's witty,”  
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,  
All the expected good we're like to hear  
For this play, at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women;  
For such a one we show'd 'em. If they smile,  
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while  
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.



ACT III.—Scene 2.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,  
TROILUS,  
PARIS, } his Sons.

DEIPHOBUS,  
HELENUS,  
ÆNEAS, } Trojan Commanders.  
ANTENOR, }

CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.

MARGARELON, a Bastard Son of Priam.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.

MENELAUS, his Brother.

ACHILLES, }

AJAX, }

ULYSSES, }

NESTOR, }

DIOMEDES, }

PATROCLUS, }

Grecian Commanders.

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.

CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

## THE PROLOGUE (*in Armor.*)

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece  
The princes <sup>a</sup>orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore  
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made,  
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.  
To Tenedos they come,  
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge

Their warlike <sup>b</sup>fraughtage: now on Dardan plains  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,  
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,  
And Antenorides, with massy staples  
And responsive and fulfilling bolts,  
<sup>c</sup>Sperr up the sons of Troy.  
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits  
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard.—And hither am I come  
A Prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence  
Of author's pen, or actor's voice, but suited  
In like conditions as our argument,—  
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play

<sup>a</sup> "Orgulous" (*Fr. orgueilleux*), i. e., proud; disdainful.

<sup>b</sup> "Fraughtage," i. e., freight.—<sup>c</sup> To *sperr* is to fasten, shut, or close.

Leaps o'er the <sup>a</sup>vaunt and firstlings of those broils,  
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away  
To what may be digested in a play.  
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;  
Now, good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. Before PRIAM'S Palace.

*Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.*

*Tro.* Call here my <sup>b</sup>varlet; I'll unarm again:  
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
That find such cruel battle here within?  
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

*Pan.* Will this <sup>c</sup>gear ne'er be mended?

*Tro.* The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their  
<sup>d</sup>strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;  
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, <sup>e</sup>fonder than ignorance;  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

*Pan.* Well, I have told you enough of this: for  
my part, I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He  
that will have a cake out of the wheat must tarry  
the grinding.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the  
bolting.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the  
leavening.

*Tro.* Still have I tarried.

*Pan.* Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet, in the  
word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the  
cake, the heating <sup>1</sup> the oven, and the baking: nay,  
you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance  
burn your lips.

*Tro.* Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,  
Doth lesser <sup>2</sup>bleach at sufferance than I do.

*Pan.* At Priam's royal table do I sit;  
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—  
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

*Pan.* Well, she looked yesternight fairer than  
Ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

*Tro.* I was about to tell thee,—when my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would <sup>3</sup>rive in twain,  
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,  
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)  
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;  
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,  
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

*Pan.* An her hair were not somewhat darker than  
Helen's, (well, go to) there were no more comparison  
between the women,—but, for my part, she is  
my kinswoman: I would not, as they term it, praise  
her,—but I would somebody had heard her talk yester-  
day, as I did: I will not dispraise your sister  
Cassandra's wit, but—

*Tro.* O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—  
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,  
Reply not in how many fathoms deep  
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad  
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair;

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;  
Handlest in thy discourse, O! that her hand,  
In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
Writing their own reproach: to whose soft seizure  
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense  
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st  
me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;  
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
The knife that made it.

*Pan.* I speak no more than truth.

*Tro.* Thou dost not speak so much.

*Pan.* Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as  
she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she  
be not, she has the 'mends in her own hands.

*Tro.* Good Pandarus. How now, Pandarus!

*Pan.* I have had my labor for my travail; ill-  
thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone  
between and between, but small thanks for my labor.

*Tro.* What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what,  
with me?

*Pan.* Because she's kin to me, therefore, she's  
not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me,  
she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sun-  
day. But what care I? I care not, an she were a  
black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

*Tro.* Say I, she is not fair?

*Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no. She's  
a fool to stay behind her father: let her be to the  
Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her.  
For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more <sup>4</sup> the  
matter.

*Tro.* Pandarus.—

*Pan.* Not I.

*Tro.* Sweet Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave  
all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit PANDARUS. An Alarum.*]

*Tro.* Peace, you ungracious clamors! peace, rude  
sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,  
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus!—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our Ilium, and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;

Ourselves the merchant, and this sailing Pandar,

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

*Alarums. Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* How now, prince Troilus! wherefore not  
afraid? [<sup>5</sup>sorts,

*Tro.* Because not there: this woman's answer  
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

*Æne.* That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

*Tro.* By whom, Æneas?

*Æne.*

Troilus, by Menelaus.

*Tro.* Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;  
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

*Æne.* Hark, what good sport is on foot to-day!

*Tro.* Better at home, if "would I might," were  
"may."

<sup>a</sup> "The vaunt," i. e., the *avant*; what went before.—  
<sup>b</sup> "Varlet," i. e., servant.—<sup>c</sup> "Gear," i. e., habit.—<sup>d</sup> "To  
their strength," i. e., in addition to their strength.—  
<sup>e</sup> "Fonder," i. e., weaker; more foolish.—<sup>f</sup> Shrink.—  
<sup>g</sup> Split.

<sup>h</sup> "Sorts," i. e., suits.

But to the sport abroad:—are you bound thither?

*Æne.* In all swift haste.

*Tro.* Come; go we, then, together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.*

*Cres.* Who were those went by?

*Alex.* Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

*Cres.* And whither go they?

*Alex.* Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,  
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armorer;

And, like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,

And to the field goes he; where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw

In Hector's wrath.

*Cres.* What was his course of anger?

*Alex.* The noise goes, thus: there is among the  
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;

They call him, Ajax.

*Cres.* Good; and what of him?

*Alex.* They say he is a very man *per se*.  
And stands alone.

*Cres.* So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick,  
or have no legs.

*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts  
of their particular additions: he is as valiant as  
the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant;  
a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors,  
that his valor is <sup>d</sup>crushed into folly, his folly sauced  
with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that  
he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attain  
but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy  
without cause, and merry against the hair: he  
hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so  
out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands  
and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

*Cres.* But how should this man, that makes me  
smile, make Hector angry?

*Alex.* They say, he yesterday <sup>c</sup>oped Hector in  
the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and  
shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting  
and waking.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* Who comes here?

*Alex.* Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Cres.* Hector's a gallant man.

*Alex.* As may be in the world, lady.

*Pan.* What's that? what's that?

*Cres.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

*Pan.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do  
you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do  
you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

*Cres.* This morning, uncle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of, when I came?  
Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium?  
Helen was not up, was she?

*Cres.* Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

*Pan.* E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

*Cres.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry?

*Cres.* So he says, here.

*Pan.* True, he was so; I know the cause too.  
He'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that;  
and there's Troilus will not come far behind him;  
let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that  
too.

*Cres.* What, is he angry too?

*Pan.* Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man  
of the two.

*Cres.* O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

*Pan.* What, not between Troilus and Hector?  
Do you know a man if you see him?

*Cres.* Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew  
him.

*Pan.* Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

*Cres.* Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is  
not Hector.

*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some de-  
grees.

*Cres.* 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

*Pan.* Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he  
were,—

*Cres.* So he is.

*Pan.*—Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

*Cres.* He is not Hector.

*Pan.* Himself? no, he's not himself.—Would 'a  
were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must  
friend, or end. Well, Troilus, well.—I would, my  
heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better  
man than Troilus.

*Cres.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pan.* Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me  
another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector  
shall not have his wit this year.

*Cres.* He shall not need it, if he have his own.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities.

*Cres.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beauty.

*Cres.* 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece. Helen her-  
self swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown  
favor, (for so 'tis, I must confess)—not brown  
neither—

*Cres.* No, not brown.

*Pan.* Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pan.* She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

*Cres.* Why, Paris hath color enough.

*Pan.* So he has.

*Cres.* Then, Troilus should have too much: if she  
praised him above, his complexion is higher than  
his: he having color enough, and the other higher,  
is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I  
had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended  
Troilus for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I swear to you, I think Helen loves him  
better than Paris.

*Cres.* Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

*Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him  
th' other day into the <sup>c</sup>compassed window; and,  
you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his  
chin.

*Cres.* Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon  
bring his particulars therein to a total.

*Pan.* Why, he is very young; and yet will he,  
within three pound, lift as much as his brother  
Hector.

*Cres.* Is he so young a man, and so old a <sup>b</sup>lifter?

*Pan.* But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;

\* "Husbandry," i. e., thrift. — <sup>b</sup> "Per se," i. e., by him-  
self. — "Of their particular additions," i. e., of their titles.  
marks of distinction. — <sup>d</sup> "Crushed into," i. e., confuted and  
mingled with. — <sup>e</sup> "Against the hair" (Fr. *à contre poil*), i. e.,  
against the grain. — "Coped" i. e. engaged.

<sup>a</sup> A "compassed window" is a circular or bow window. —  
<sup>b</sup> "Lifter," i. e., thief.

—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

*Cres.* Juno have mercy! How came it cloven?

*Pan.* Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

*Cres.* O! he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not?

*Cres.* O! yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

*Pan.* Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

*Cres.* Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

*Pan.* Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

*Cres.* If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

*Pan.* I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin!—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

*Cres.* Without the rack.

*Pan.* And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

*Cres.* Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

*Pan.* But, there was such laughing: queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

*Cres.* With <sup>a</sup> mill-stones.

*Pan.* And Cassandra laughed.

*Cres.* But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

*Pan.* And Hector laughed.

*Cres.* At what was all this laughing?

*Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

*Cres.* An't had been a green hair I should have laughed too.

*Pan.* They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

*Cres.* What was his answer?

*Pan.* Quoth she, "Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true; make no question of that. "Two and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it <sup>b</sup>passed.

*Cres.* So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

*Pan.* Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

*Cres.* So I do.

*Pan.* I'll be sworn, 'tis true: he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

*Cres.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [ *A retreat sounded.* ]

*Pan.* Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece, Cressida.

*Cres.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Here, here; here's an excellent place: here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by, but mark Troilus above the rest.

*Cres.* Speak not so loud.

<sup>1</sup>*ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.*

*Pan.* That's Æneas. Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*ANTENOR passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o'the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of <sup>2</sup>his person.—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

*Cres.* Will he give you the 'nod'?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cres.* If he do, the rich shall have more.

*HECTOR passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Hector; that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector.—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks; there's a countenance. Is't not a brave man?

*Cres.* O! a brave man.

*Pan.* Is't a not? It does a man's heart good.—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there. There's no jesting; there's laying on, tak't off who will, as they say; there be hacks?

*Cres.* Be those with swords?

*PARIS passes over.*

*Pan.* Swords? any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by god's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris; yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece: is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day! he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now.—You shall see Troilus anon.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*HELENUS passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Helenus.—I marvel, where Troilus is. That's Helenus.—I think he went not forth to-day.—That's Helenus.

*Cres.* Can Helenus fight, uncle?

*Pan.* Helenus? no:—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel, where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

*Cres.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*TROILUS passes over.*

*Pan.* Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus.—'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

*Cres.* Peace! for shame; peace!

*Pan.* Mark him; note him.—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his <sup>4</sup>helm more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way: had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

<sup>3</sup>*Soldiers pass over the Stage.*

*Cres.* Here comes more.

*Pan.* Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and

<sup>a</sup> A proverbial saying.—<sup>b</sup> "It passed," i. e., passed all expression.

<sup>c</sup> To "give the nod" was a term in the game at cards called Noddy.—<sup>d</sup> Helmet.

bran; porridge after meat. I could live and die i'th eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

*Cres.* There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

*Pan.* Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

*Cres.* Well, well.

*Pan.* Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

*Cres.* Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no <sup>a</sup> date in the pye,—for then the man's date's out.

*Pan.* You are such a woman! one knows not at what <sup>b</sup> ward you lie.

*Cres.* Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; <sup>1</sup> upon my mask, to defend my beauty; and <sup>2</sup> upon you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

*Pan.* Say one of your watches.

*Cres.* Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

*Pan.* You are such another!

*Enter TROILUS' Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

*Pan.* Where?

*Boy.* At your own house; there he unarms him.

*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*]  
I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

*Cres.* Adieu, uncle.

*Pan.* I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

*Cres.* To bring, uncle,—

*Pan.* Ay, a token from Troilus.

*Cres.* By the same token, you are a bawd.—

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,  
He offers in another's enterprise;  
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see,  
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.  
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:  
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:  
That <sup>c</sup> she below'd knows nought, that knows not  
this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:  
That she was never yet, that ever knew  
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.  
Therefore, this maxim out of love I teach,—  
Achieved men <sup>3</sup> still command; ungain'd, beseech:  
Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp. Before  
AGAMEMNON'S TENT.

*Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,  
MENELAUS, and others.*

*Agam.* Princes,  
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
The ample proposition, that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below,  
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain  
Tortive and <sup>d</sup> errant from his course of growth.  
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,  
That we come short of our suppose so far,  
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;  
<sup>e</sup> Sith every action that hath gone before,  
Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
And that unbodied figure of the thought  
That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,  
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our <sup>f</sup> wrecks,  
And <sup>g</sup> call them shames, which are, indeed, nought  
But the protractive trials of great Jove, [else  
To find perservative constancy in men?  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,  
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
The hard and soft, seem all <sup>h</sup> affin'd and kin:  
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;  
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself  
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

*Nest.* With due observance of thy godlike <sup>i</sup> seat,  
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall <sup>j</sup> apply  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk:  
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold,  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,  
Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,  
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbor fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valor's show, and valor's worth, divide  
In storms of fortune: for, in her ray and brightness  
The herd hath more annoyance by the <sup>k</sup> brize,  
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies fled under shade, why then, the thing of  
courage,  
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,  
<sup>l</sup> Replies to chiding fortune.

*Ulyss.* Agamemnon,  
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,  
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.  
Besides the applause and approbation  
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—  
[*To AGAMEMNON.*]  
And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—  
[*To NESTOR.*]

I give to both your speeches, which were such,  
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,  
As Venerable Nestor, hatch'd in <sup>m</sup> silver,  
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree  
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears  
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—

<sup>a</sup> Dates were an ingredient in nearly every kind of ancient pastry.—<sup>b</sup> "Ward," i. e., guard.—<sup>c</sup> "That she," i. e., that woman.

<sup>d</sup> "Tortive and errant," i. e., twisted and wandering.—  
<sup>e</sup> Since—"Affin'd," i. e., joined by affinity.—<sup>f</sup> "Thy godlike seat," i. e., the throne.—<sup>g</sup> "Apply," i. e., give special attention to.—<sup>h</sup> "The brize," i. e., the gadfly, that stings cattle.—<sup>i</sup> "Hatch'd in silver," i. e., silver-haired; gray-haired.



Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less  
<sup>a</sup> expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,  
 Divide thy lips, than we are confident,  
 When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,  
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,  
 And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,  
 But for these instances.

The specialty of <sup>b</sup> rule hath been neglected:  
 And look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

When that the general is not like the hive,  
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
 What honey is expected? Degree being <sup>c</sup> vizarded,  
 Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this <sup>d</sup> centre,  
 Observe degree, priority, and place,

<sup>e</sup> Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
 Office, and custom, in all line of order:

And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,  
 In noble eminence enthron'd and sph'ring  
 Amidst the other; whose medicinal eye  
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,

'Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets,  
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,  
 What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!

What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,  
 Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,  
 Divert and crack, rend and <sup>f</sup> deracinate

The unity and married calm of states  
 Quite from their fixure! O! when degree is shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
 The enterprise is sick. How could communities,  
 Degrees in schools, and <sup>h</sup> brotherhoods in cities,

Peaceful commerce from <sup>i</sup> dividable shores,  
 The primogenitive and due of birth,

Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
 But by degree stand in authentic place?

Take but degree away, untune that string,  
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets  
 In <sup>j</sup> mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters

Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:

Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:

Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,  
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)

Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
 Then every thing includes itself in power,

Power into will, will into appetite;  
 And appetite, an universal wolf,

So doubly seconded with will and power,  
 Must make perforce an universal prey,

And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,

Follows the choking:  
 And this neglection of degree it is,

That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose  
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd

By him one step below; he, by the next;  
 That next, by him beneath: so, every step,

Exemplary by the first pace that is sick  
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever

Of pale and bloodless emulation:  
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,

Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd  
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,  
 What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns  
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,

Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent

Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,  
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day

Breaks scurril jests;  
 And with ridiculous and awkward action

(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)  
 He <sup>n</sup> pageants us: sometime, great Agamemnon,

Thy <sup>o</sup> topless deputation he puts on;  
 And like a strutting player,—whose conceit

Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
 To hear the wooden <sup>p</sup> dialogue and sound

'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the <sup>q</sup> scaffolding,—  
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested <sup>r</sup> seeming

He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,  
 'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms <sup>s</sup> unsquar'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,  
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff

The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;

Cries—"Excellent!"—'tis Agamemnon <sup>t</sup> right.—  
 Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard

As he, being <sup>u</sup> drest to some oration."

That's none;—as near as the extremest ends  
 Of <sup>v</sup> parallels—as like as Vulcan and his wife:

Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!"  
 'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,

Arming to answer in a night alarm."

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,

And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,  
 Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,

Sir Valor dies; cries, "O!—enough, Patroclus,  
 Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all

In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,  
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,

Severals and generals, <sup>z</sup> all grace extract,  
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,

Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves

As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,  
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns

With an imperial voice) many are infect.  
 Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head

In such a <sup>re</sup>in, in full as proud a place  
 As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;

Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,  
 Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites,

A slave whose gall coils slanders like a mint,  
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;

To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
 How rank soever <sup>rounded</sup> in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice:  
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;

Forestill prescience, and esteem no act  
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—

That do contrive how many hands shall strike,

<sup>a</sup> Expectation.—<sup>b</sup> "The specialty of rule," i. e., the rights of supreme authority.—<sup>c</sup> Marked.—<sup>d</sup> "This centre," i. e., this globe on which we stand.—<sup>e</sup> Constancy.—<sup>f</sup> Without.—<sup>g</sup> Uproot.—<sup>h</sup> Confraternities; corporations.—<sup>i</sup> Divided.—<sup>j</sup> Absolute.

<sup>1</sup> Army; force.—<sup>m</sup> "Airy fame," i. e., mouth honor.—<sup>n</sup> "He pageants us," i. e., he takes us off.—<sup>o</sup> Supreme; sovereign.—<sup>p</sup> "The wooden dialogue," i. e., the dialogue between the player's foot and the boards.—<sup>q</sup> Stage.—<sup>r</sup> "O'er-wrested seeming," i. e., overstrained show.—<sup>s</sup> Unsuitable; unfitted.—<sup>t</sup> Parallels on a map.—<sup>u</sup> "In such a rein," i. e., as haughtily.—<sup>v</sup> "How rank soever rounded in," i. e., how strongly soever encompassed.

When fitness calls them on, and know, by measure  
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—  
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.

They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war:  
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,  
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,  
They place before his hand that made the engine,  
Or those that with the fineness of their souls  
By reason guide his execution.

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons. <sup>1</sup>[*A Tucket.*

*Agam.* What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Men.* From Troy.

*Agam.* What would you 'fore our tent?

*Æne.* Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

*Agam.* Even this.

*Æne.* May one, that is a herald and a prince,  
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

*Agam.* With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,  
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice  
Call Agamemnon head and general.

*Æne.* Fair leave, and large security. How may  
A stranger to those most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

*Agam.* How?

*Æne.* Ay; I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,  
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phœbus.

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

*Agam.* This Trojan seems us, or the men of Troy  
Are ceremonious courtiers.

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
As bending angels: that's their fame in peace;  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,  
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's  
<sup>a</sup>accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas!

Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips.

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,

If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth;

<sup>2</sup>What the repining enemy commends, [seends.

That breath fame blows; that praise, soul-pure, tran-

*Agam.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

*Agam.* What's your affair, I pray you?

*Æne.* Sir, pardon: 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

*Agam.* He hears nought privately that comes from  
Troy.

*Æne.* Nor I from Troy<sup>3</sup> came not to whisper him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;

To set his sense on the attentive bent,

And then to speak.

*Agam.* Speak <sup>b</sup>frankly as the wind.

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,

He tells thee so himself.

*Æne.*

Trumpet, blow loud,

Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,

What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,

A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,

Who in this dull and long-contain'd truce

Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,

And to this purpose speak.—Kings, princes, lords,

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,

That holds his honor higher than his ease;  
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;  
That knows his valor, and knows not his fear;  
That loves his mistress more than in <sup>c</sup>confession  
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth  
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,

Than ever Greek did <sup>d</sup>couple in his arms;

And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,

Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,

To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.

If any come, Hector shall honor him;

If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,

The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

*Agam.* This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas:

If none of them have soul in such a kind,

We left them all at home; but we are soldiers,

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,

That means not, hath not, or is not in love!

If then one is, or hath, or means to be,

That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

*Nest.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man

When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;

But if there be not in our Grecian host

One noble man that hath one spark of fire,

To answer for his love, tell him from me,

I'll hide my silver beard in a g'd beaver,

And in my <sup>e</sup>vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;

And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady

Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste

As may be in the world. His youth in flood,

I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

*Æne.* Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

*Ulyss.* Amen.

*Agam.* Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;

To your pavilion shall I lead you, sir.

Achilles shall have word of this intent,

So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent;

Yourself shall feast with us before you go,

And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*

*Ulyss.* Nestor!

*Nest.* What says Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* I have a young conception in my brain;

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is't?

*Ulyss.* This 'tis.

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride,

That hath to this maturity <sup>f</sup>grown up

In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,

Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,

To overbulk us all.

*Nest.* Well, and how?

*Ulyss.* This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,

However it is spread in general name,

Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:

And in the publication make no <sup>g</sup>strain,

But that Achilles, were his brain as barren

As banks of Libya (though Apollo knows,

'Tis dry enough) will, with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose

Pointing on him.

*Ulyss.* And wake him to the answer, think you?

*Nest.* <sup>h</sup>Why, 'tis most meet: whom may you else

Tuan can from Hector bring his honor off, [oppose,

<sup>a</sup> "Jove's accord," i. e., with Jove's consent.—<sup>b</sup> Freely.

<sup>c</sup> Profession, —<sup>d</sup> "Vantbrace" (Fr. *avant bras*), i. e., armor for the arm.—<sup>e</sup> "No strain," i. e., no difficulty; no doubt.

If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;  
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,  
Our reputation shall be oddly pois'd  
In this wild action; for the success,  
Although particular, shall give a <sup>3</sup>scantling  
Of good or bad unto the general;  
And in such indexes (although small <sup>b</sup>pricks  
To their subsequent volumes) there is seen  
The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,  
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:  
And choice, being mutual act of our souls,  
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,  
As 'twere from forth us all, a man did'll'd  
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,  
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,  
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,  
In no less working, than are swords and bows  
Directive by the limbs.

*Ulyss.* Give pardon to my speech:—  
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.  
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,  
The lustre of the better shall exceed,  
By showing the worst first. Do not consent,  
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;  
For both our honor and our shame, in this,  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers. [they?]

*Nest.* I see them not with my old eyes: what are  
*Ulyss.* What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,  
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:  
But he already is too insolent;  
And we were better parch in Afric sun,  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,  
Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,  
Why, then we did our main <sup>c</sup>opinion crush  
In taint of our best man. No; make a lottery,  
And by device let blockish Ajax draw  
The <sup>d</sup>sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves  
Give him allowance for the better man,  
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,  
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall  
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
If the dull, brainless Ajax comes safe off,  
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,  
Yet go we under our <sup>e</sup>opinion still,  
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,  
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—  
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

*Nest.* <sup>2</sup>Now I begin to relish thy advice;  
And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.  
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone  
Must <sup>f</sup>tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

*Enter AJAX and THERSITES.*

*Ajax.* Thersites!

*Ther.* Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full,  
all over, generally?

*Ajax.* Thersites!

*Ther.* And those boils did run?—Say so,—did  
not the general run then? were not that a botchy  
sore?

*Ajax.* Dog!

*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him:  
I see none now.

*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?  
Feel then. [*Strikes him.*]

*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mon-  
grel beef-witted lord!

*Ajax.* Speak then, thou <sup>g</sup>vinew'd'st leaven, speak:  
I will beat thee into handsomeness.

*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holi-  
ness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an ora-  
tion, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou  
canst strike, canst thou? a red <sup>h</sup>murrain o'thy jade's  
tricks!

*Ajax.* Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

*Ther.* Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'<sup>i</sup>st  
me thus?

*Ajax.* The proclamation,—

*Ther.* Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

*Ajax.* Do not, porcupine, do not: my fingers itch.

*Ther.* I would, thou didst itch from head to foot,  
and I had the scratching of thee; I would make  
thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou  
art forth in the incursions, thou strik'st as slow as  
another.

*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation,—

*Ther.* Thou grumblest and rail'st every hour on  
Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his great-  
ness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that  
thou bark'st at him.

*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites!

*Ther.* Thou should'st strike him.

*Ajax.* Cobloaf!

*Ther.* He would <sup>j</sup>pun thee into shivers with his  
fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

*Ajax.* You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*]

*Ther.* Do, do.

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch!

*Ther.* Ay, do, do; thou sodd'n-witted lord! thou  
hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an  
<sup>k</sup>assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy valiant ass!  
thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art  
bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Bar-  
barian slave. If thou <sup>l</sup>use to beat me, I will begin  
at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou  
thing of no bowels, thou!

*Ajax.* You dog!

*Ther.* You scurvy lord!

*Ajax.* You cur! [*Beating him.*]

*Ther.* Mar's idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do,  
do.

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*

*Achil.* Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you  
this. How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

*Ther.* You see him there, do you?

*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.

*Achil.* So I do: what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil.* Well, why I do so.

*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him; for,  
whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

*Achil.* I know that, fool.

*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he  
utters! his <sup>m</sup>orations have ears thus long. I have

<sup>a</sup> Scantling, i. e., measure; proportion.—<sup>b</sup> Points.—<sup>c</sup> Esti-  
mation; reputation.—<sup>d</sup> Lot.—<sup>e</sup> Urge; stimulate.

<sup>f</sup> Mouldy.—<sup>g</sup> Plague.—<sup>h</sup> Pound.—<sup>i</sup> Ass; stupid fellow.—  
<sup>k</sup> "Use," i. e., continue.

bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones : I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

*Achil.* What ?

*Ther.* I say, this Ajax—

*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him.*]

*Ther.* Has not so much wit—

*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.

*Ther.* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

*Achil.* Peace, fool !

*Ther.* I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not : he there ; that he, look you there.

*Ajax.* O, thou damned cur ! I shall—

*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a fool's ?

*Ther.* No, I warrant you ; for a fool's will shame it.

*Patr.* Good words, Thersites.

*Achil.* What's the quarrel ?

*Ajax.* I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

*Ther.* I serve thee not.

*Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.

*Ther.* I serve here voluntary.

*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary ; no man is beaten voluntary : Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

*Ther.* Even so ?—a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains : 'he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

*Achil.* What, with me too, Thersites ?

*Ther.* There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

*Achil.* What ? what ?

*Ther.* Yes, good sooth : to Achilles, to Ajax, to—

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'Tis no matter ; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

*Patr.* No more words, Thersites ; peace !

*Ther.* I will hold my peace when Achilles' <sup>b</sup> brach bids me, shall I ?

*Achil.* There's for you, Patroclus.

*Ther.* I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents : I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*]

*Patr.* A good riddance.

[*our host :—*]

*Achil.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach ; and such a one, that dare Maintain—I know not what : 'tis trash. Farewell.

*Ajax.* Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

*Achil.* I know not : it is put to lottery ; otherwise, He knew his man.

*Ajax.* O ! meaning you.—I will go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.

*Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS and HELENUS.*

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks :—

\* Voluntarily.—<sup>b</sup> Bitch-hound.

“ Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honor, loss of time, travail, expense, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd In hot digestion of this cormerant war,— Shall be struck off : ”—Hector, what say you to't ?

*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,

As far as toucheth my particular,

Yet, dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out—“ Who knows what follows ? ”

Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd

The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go :

Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand <sup>c</sup> dismes,

Hath been as dear as Helen ; I mean, of ours :

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,

To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,

Had it our name, the value of one ten,

What merit's in that reason which denies

The yielding of her up ?

*Tro.*

Fie, fie ! my brother

Weigh you the worth and honor of a king,

So great as our dread father, in a scale

Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum

The past-proportion of his infinite ?

And buckle in a waist most fathomless,

With spans and inches so diminutive

As fears and reasons ? fie, for godly shame !

*Hcl.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,

Because your speech hath none, that tells him so ?

*Tro.* You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest :

[*reasons :*]

You put your gloves with reason. Here are your

You know, an enemy intends you harm,

You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,

And reason flies the object of all harm.

Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his heels,

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,

Or like a star dis-orb'd ?—Nay, if we talk of reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep : manhood and honor

Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts

With this cram'd reason : reason and <sup>d</sup> respect

Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

*Hect.* Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost The holding.

*Tro.* What is aught, but as 'tis valued ?

*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will ;

It holds his estimate and dignity,

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,

As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry,

To make the service greater than the god ;

And the will dotes, that is inclinable

To what infectiously itself affects,

Without some image of th' affected merit.

*Tro.* I take to-day a wife, and my election

Is led on in the <sup>e</sup>conduct of my will ;

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,

Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,

Although my will distaste what it elected,

The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion

To 'blench from this, and to stand firm by honor.

<sup>c</sup> Tens.—<sup>d</sup> Caution.—<sup>e</sup> “ In the conduct,” i. e., under the guidance.—Shrink ; fly off.

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,  
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands  
We do not throw in unrespective <sup>a</sup> sieve,  
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,  
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:  
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;  
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,  
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;  
And for an old <sup>b</sup> aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,  
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and fresh-  
ness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.  
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.  
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,  
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.  
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,  
As you must need, for you all cry'd—"Go, go;"  
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,  
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,  
And cry'd—"Inestimable!" why do you now  
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,  
And do a deed that fortune never did,  
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd  
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,  
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!  
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,  
That in their country did them that disgrace,  
We fear to warrant in our native place!

*Cas.* [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!

*Tro.* What noise? what shriek is this?

*Pri.* 'Tis our mad sister: I do know her voice.

*Cas.* [Within.] Cry, Trojans!

*Hect.* It is Cassandra.

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving.*

*Cas.* Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,  
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

*Hect.* Peace, sister, peace!

*Cas.* Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled <sup>1</sup> eld,  
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,  
Add to my clamors! let us pay betimes  
A moiety of that mass of mean to come.  
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears:  
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand;  
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.  
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe!  
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*]

*Hect.* Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high  
Of divination in our sister work [*strains*]  
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood  
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,  
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,  
Can qualify the same?

*Tro.* Why, brother Hector,

We may net think the justness of each act  
Such and no other than event doth form it;  
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,  
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures  
Cannot <sup>c</sup> distaste the goodness of a quarrel,  
Which hath our several honors all engag'd  
To make it <sup>d</sup> gracious. For my private part,  
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;  
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us  
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for, and maintain.

*Par.* Else might the world <sup>e</sup> convince of levity,  
As well my undertakings, as your counsels;  
But, I attest the gods, your full <sup>f</sup> consent

Gave wings to my <sup>g</sup> propension, and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project:  
For what, alas! can these my single arms?  
What <sup>h</sup> propugnation is in one man's valor,  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,  
Were I alone to <sup>2</sup> poise the difficulties,  
And had as ample power as I have will,  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

*Pri.*

Paris, you speak

Like one besotted on your sweet delights:  
You have the honey still, but these the gall.  
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it,  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wip'd off in honorable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up,  
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,  
That so degenerate a <sup>3</sup> strain as this,  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?  
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,  
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,  
When Helen is defend'd; nor none so noble,  
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,  
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,  
We'll may we fight for her, whom, we know well,  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

*Hect.* Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;  
And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have <sup>k</sup> glaz'd,—but superficially; not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.  
The reasons you allege do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves,  
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband? if this law  
Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
And that great minds, <sup>l</sup> of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,  
To curb those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,  
As it is known she is, these moral laws  
Of nature, and of nation, speak aloud  
To have her back return'd: thus to persist  
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
Is this, in way of truth: yet, nevertheless,  
My spritely brethren, I <sup>m</sup> propend to you  
In resolution to keep Helen still;  
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence  
Upon our joint and several dignities.

*Tro.* Why, there you touch'd the life of our design.  
Were it not glory that we more affected,  
Than the performance of our leaving spleens,  
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
She is a theme of honor and renown;  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;  
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,

<sup>a</sup> Basket → Priam's sister, Hesione. — <sup>c</sup> "Distaste," i. e., corrupt; change to a worse state. — <sup>d</sup> "To make it gracious," i. e., to grace it; to set it off. — <sup>e</sup> Convict. — <sup>f</sup> Agreement; approbation.

<sup>g</sup> Inclination. — <sup>h</sup> Defence. — <sup>i</sup> Disposition. — <sup>k</sup> Commented. — <sup>l</sup> "Of," i. e., through. — <sup>m</sup> Incline.

And fame in time to come canonize us:  
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,  
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,  
For the wide world's revenue.

*Hect.* I am yours,  
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—  
I have a <sup>a</sup>roisting challenge sent amongst  
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,  
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.  
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,  
Whilst <sup>b</sup>emulation in the army crept:  
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp. Before  
ACHILLES' Tent.

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* How now, Thersites! what! lost in the  
labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax  
carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O  
worthy satisfaction! would, it were otherwise; that  
I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Scot,  
I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see  
some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then,  
there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not  
taken till these two undermine it, the walls will  
stand till they fall of themselves. <sup>1</sup>[*Kneels.*] O,  
thou great thunder-darter of Olympus! forget that  
thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose  
all the serpentine craft of thy <sup>c</sup>Caduceus, if ye  
take not that little, little, less-than-little wit from  
them that they have; which short-armed ignorance  
itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in  
circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without  
drawing their massy irons and cutting the web.  
After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or,  
rather the Neapolitan bone-ache; for that, me-  
think, is the curse dependent on those that war  
for a placket. <sup>2</sup>[*Rises.*] I have said my prayers,  
and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord  
Achilles!

*Enter PATROCLUS.*

*Patr.* Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites,  
come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remembered a gilt counter-  
feit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my con-  
templation; but it is no matter: thyself upon thy-  
self! The common curse of mankind, folly and  
ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless  
thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near  
thee! Let thy <sup>d</sup>blood be thy direction till thy  
death! then, if she, that lays thee out, says thou  
art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she  
never shrouded any but <sup>e</sup>lazars. Amen. Where's  
Achilles?

*Patr.* What! art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

*Ther.* Ay; the heavens hear me!

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* Thersites, my lord.

*Achil.* Where, where!—Art thou come? Why,  
my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served  
thyself in to my table so many meals? Come;  
what's Agamemnon?

*Ther.* Thy commander, Achilles. Then, tell me,  
Patroclus, what's Achilles?

*Patr.* Thy lord, Thersites. Then, tell me, I pray  
thee, what's thyself?

*Ther.* Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me,  
Patroclus, what art thou?

*Patr.* Thou <sup>3</sup>must tell, that knowest.

*Achil.* O! tell, tell.

*Ther.* I'll decline the whole question. Agamem-  
non commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am  
Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

*Patr.* You rascal!

*Ther.* Peace, fool! I have not done.

*Achil.* He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Ther-  
sites.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool;  
Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a  
fool.

*Achil.* Derive this: come.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command  
Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of  
Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a  
fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

*Patr.* Why am I a fool?

*Ther.* Make that demand of <sup>4</sup>thy Creator.—It  
suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,  
and AJAX.*

*Achil.* Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come  
in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*]

*Ther.* Here is such patchery, such juggling, and  
such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold, and a  
whore; a good quarrel, to draw <sup>f</sup>emulous factions,  
and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry <sup>g</sup>serpigo  
on the subject, and war and lechery confound all!

[*Exit.*]

*Agam.* Where is Achilles?

*Patr.* Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

*Agam.* Let it be known to him that we are here.

<sup>5</sup>We sent our messengers; and we lay by

Our <sup>h</sup>appertainments visiting of him:

Let him be told so, lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

*Patr.* I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*]

*Ulyss.* We saw him at the opening of his tent:  
He is not sick.

*Ajax.* Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you  
may call it melancholy, if you will favor the man;  
but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why! why! let him  
show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Taking AGAMEMNON aside.*]

*Nest.* What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

*Ulyss.* Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

*Nest.* Who? Thersites?

*Ulyss.* He.

*Nest.* Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost  
his argument.

*Ulyss.* No; you see, he is his argument, that has  
his argument, Achilles.

*Nest.* All the better; their faction is more our  
wish, than their faction: but it was a strong com-  
posure, a fool could disunite.

*Ulyss.* The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may  
easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

*Nest.* No Achilles with him.

<sup>6</sup>*Re-enter PATROCLUS.*

*Ulyss.* The elephant hath joints, but none for  
courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for  
flexure.

*Patr.* Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,  
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure  
Did move your greatness, and this noble <sup>i</sup>state,

<sup>a</sup> Blustering.—<sup>b</sup> "Emulation," i. e., envious rivalry; fac-  
tious contention.—<sup>c</sup> "Caduceus," i. e., the wand of Mercury,  
which is wreathed with serpents.—<sup>d</sup> "Thy blood," i. e., thy  
passions; thy natural propensities.—<sup>e</sup> Leprous persons.

<sup>f</sup> Envious; contending.—<sup>g</sup> Tetter; scab.—<sup>h</sup> Appendages of  
rank or dignity.—<sup>i</sup> "This noble state," i. e., this stately train  
of attending nobles.

To call upon him: he hopes, it is no other,  
But, for your health and your digestion sake,  
An after-dinner's <sup>a</sup> breath.

*Agam.* Hear you, Patroclus.  
We are too well acquainted with these answers;  
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,  
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.  
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason  
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,  
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,  
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;  
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,  
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,  
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,  
If you do say, we think him over-proud,  
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,  
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than  
himself

Here <sup>b</sup> tend the savage strangeness he puts on,  
Disguise the holy strength of their command,  
And <sup>c</sup> underwrite in an observing kind  
His humorous predominance; yea, watch  
His pettish <sup>d</sup> lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if  
The passage and whole carriage of this action  
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this: and add,  
That, if he overhold his price so much,  
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine  
Not portable, lie under this report—  
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war.  
A stirring dwarf we do <sup>e</sup> allowance give  
Before a sleeping giant—tell him so.

*Patr.* I shall; and bring his answer presently.

*Agam.* In second voice we'll not be satisfied,  
We come to speak with him.—*ULYSSES*, enter you.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.]

*Ajax.* What is he more than another?

*Agam.* No more than what he thinks he is.

*Ajax.* Is he so much? Do you not think, he  
thinks himself a better man than I am?

*Agam.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say  
he is?

*Agam.* No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as  
valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle,  
and altogether more tractable.

*Ajax.* Why should a man be proud? How doth  
pride grow? I know not what pride is.

*Agam.* Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your  
virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up him-  
self: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his  
own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in  
the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the en-  
gendering of toads.

*Nest.* Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

[*Aside.*]

*Re-enter* ULYSSES.

*Ulyss.* Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

*Agam.* What's his excuse?

*Ulyss.* He doth rely on none;  
But carries on the stream of his <sup>f</sup> dispose  
Without observance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

*Agam.* Why will he not, upon our fair request,  
Untent his person, and share the air with us? [only,

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for request's sake  
He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness;  
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth  
Holds in his blood such swoll and hot discourse,  
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
And batters down himself. What should I say?  
He is so plaguily proud, that the death <sup>g</sup> tokens of it  
Cry—"No recovery."

*Agam.* Let Ajax go to him.—  
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:  
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,  
At your request, a little from himself.

*Ulyss.* O Agamemnon! let it not be so:  
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord,  
That bastes his arrogance with his own <sup>h</sup> seam,  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts,—save such as doth revolve  
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd  
Of that we hold an idol more than he?  
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is, by going to Achilles:  
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;  
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns  
With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him? Jupiter forbid;  
And say in thunder—"Achilles, go to him."

*Nest.* O! this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*]

*Dio.* And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my armed fist  
I'll <sup>i</sup> push him o'er the face.

*Agam.* O, no! you shall not go.

*Ajax.* An a' be proud with me, I'll <sup>k</sup> phreeze his  
pride. Let me go to him.

*Ulyss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our  
<sup>l</sup> quarrel.

*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow!

*Nest.* How he describes  
Himself? [ *Aside.* ]

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable?

*Ulyss.* The raven  
Chides blackness. [ *Aside.* ]

*Ajax.* I'll let his humors blood.

*Agam.* He will be the physician, that should be  
the patient. [ *Aside.* ]

*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind,—

*Ulyss.* Wit would be out of fashion. [ *Aside.* ]

*Ajax.* 'A should not bear it so,

'A should cut swords first: shall pride carry it?

*Nest.* An 'twould, you'd carry half. [ *Aside.* ]

*Ulyss.* 'A would have ten shares. [ *Aside.* ]

*Ajax.* I will knead him; I will make him supple.

*Nest.* He's not yet thorough warm: <sup>m</sup> force him  
with praises.

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [ *Aside.* ]

*Ulyss.* My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[ *To* AGAMEMNON. ]

*Nest.* Our noble general, do not do so.

*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

*Ulyss.* Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.  
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;  
I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so?

He is not <sup>n</sup> emulous, as Achilles is.

*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

<sup>a</sup> Breathing; exercise.—<sup>b</sup> "Tend," i. e., attend upon.—<sup>c</sup> Sub-  
scribe; submit to.—<sup>d</sup> "Pettish lunes," i. e., fitful lunacies.—  
<sup>e</sup> Approbation.—<sup>f</sup> Inclination.

<sup>g</sup> "Death tokens;" an allusion to the decisive spots, usually  
called *tokens*, that precede the death of those infected with  
plague.—<sup>h</sup> Fat.—<sup>i</sup> Strike.—<sup>k</sup> Comb; curry.—<sup>l</sup> That is, 'Not  
for the value of that for which we are fighting.'—<sup>m</sup> Stuff.—  
<sup>n</sup> Envious.

*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall \*palter thus with  
Would, he were a Trojan! [us!]

*Nest.* What a vice  
Were it in Ajax now—

*Ulyss.* If he were proud?

*Dio.* Or covetous of praise?

*Ulyss.* Ay, or surly borne?

*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected? [composeure;

*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet  
Praise him that got thee, <sup>1</sup>her that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing Milo his <sup>2</sup>addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a <sup>3</sup> bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But as be Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father?

*Nest.* Ay, my good son.

*Dio.* Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

*Ulyss.* There is no tarrying here: the hart Achilles  
Keeps thicket.—Please it our great general  
To call together all his state of war:

Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

*Agam.* Go we to council: let Achilles sleep.

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw  
deep. [Exeunt.]

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.*

*Pan.* Friend you; pray you, a word. Do not you  
follow the young lord Paris?

*Serv.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean?

*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman: I must  
needs praise him.

*Serv.* The lord be praised!

*Pan.* You know me, do you not?

*Serv.* Faith, sir, superficially.

*Pan.* Friend, know me better. I am the lord  
Pandarus.

*Serv.* I hope, I shall know your honor better.

*Pan.* I do desire it.

*Serv.* You are in the state of grace.

[Music within.]

*Pan.* Grace! not so, friend: honor and lordship  
are my titles.—What music is this?

*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

*Pan.* Know you the musicians?

*Serv.* Wholly, sir.

*Pan.* Who play they to?

*Serv.* To the hearers, sir.

*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend?

*Serv.* At mine, sir; and theirs that love music.

*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.

*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir?

*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another: I  
am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose  
request do these men play?

*Serv.* That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the  
request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person;  
with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of  
beauty, love's invisible soul—

*Pan.* Who? my cousin Cressida?

*Serv.* No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that  
by her attributes?

*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not  
seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris  
from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary  
assault upon him, for my business <sup>4</sup>seeths.

*Serv.* Sudden business: there's a stewed phrase,  
indeed.

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.*

*Pan.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair  
company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly  
guide them; especially to you, fair queen: fair  
thoughts be your fair pillow!

*Helen.* Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

*Pan.* You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.

—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

*Par.* You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life,  
you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it  
out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is  
full of harmony.

*Pan.* Truly, lady, no.

*Helen.* O, sir!—

*Pan.* Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

*Par.* Well said, my lord. Well, you say so in  
<sup>5</sup>fits.

*Pan.* I have business to my lord, dear queen.—  
My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

*Helen.* Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll  
hear you sing, certainly.

*Pan.* Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with  
me. But, marry, thus, my lord.—My dear lord, and  
most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

*Helen.* My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

*Pan.* Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends him-  
self most affectionately to you.

*Helen.* You shall not bob us out of our melody: if  
you do, our melancholy upon your head.

*Pan.* Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet  
queen,—i'faith—

*Helen.* And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour  
offence.

*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that  
shall it not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such  
words: no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that  
if the king call for him at supper, you will make his  
excuse.

*Helen.* My lord Pandarus,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen,—my very very  
sweet queen?

*Par.* What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-  
night?

*Helen.* Nay, but my lord,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen?—My cousin  
will fall out with you. You must not know where  
he sups.

*Par.* I'll lay my life, with my <sup>2</sup>dispraiser Cressida.

*Pan.* No, no; no such matter, you are wide.  
Come, your <sup>3</sup>dispraiser is sick.

*Par.* Well, I'll make excuse.

\* Trifle.—<sup>b</sup> Titles.—<sup>c</sup> Boundary.

<sup>4</sup> Boils.—<sup>5</sup> "Fits," i. e., starts; or, by equivoque, parts (of  
a song).—<sup>1</sup> Wide of the mark.



*Pan.* Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor 'dispraiser's sick.

*Par.* I spy.

*Pan.* You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Why, this is kindly done.

*Pan.* My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

*Helen.* She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

*Pan.* He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

*Helen.* Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

*Helen.* Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.

*Helen.* Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

*Pan.* Love? ay, that it shall, i'faith.

*Par.* Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

*Pan.* In good troth, it begins so:

*Love, love, nothing but love, still more!*

*For, oh! love's bow*

*Shoots buck and doe:*

*The shaft confounds,*

*Not that it wounds*

*But tickles still the sore.*

*These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!*

*Yet that which seems 'a wound to kill,*

*Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!*

*So dying love lives still:*

*Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!*

*Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!—hey ho!*

*Helen.* In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose. *Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love.

*Pan.* And that breeds not blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

*Helen.* Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?

*Pan.* Sweet lord, who's a-field to day?

*Par.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something.—You know all, lord Pandarus.

*Pan.* Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

*Par.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Commend me to your niece.

*Pan.* I will, sweet queen. [Exit.]

[A retreat sounded.]

*Helen.* They're come from field: let us to Priam's To greet the warriors. [Hail,

*Par.* Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews: you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

*Helen.* 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty, [Paris: Gives us more palm in beauty than we have: Yea, overshines ourself.

*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same. PANDARUS' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

*Pan.* How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

*Serv.* No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

*Pan.* O! here he comes.—How now, how now!

*Tro.* Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.]

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin?

*Tro.* No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,

Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks

Staying for waftage. O! be thou my Charon,

And give me swift transporance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the lily beds

Propos'd for the deserer. O, gentle Pandarus!

From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,

And fly with me to Cressid. [straight.]

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard: I'll bring her [Exit PANDARUS.]

*Tro.* I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.

Th' imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enchants my sense; what will it be,

When that the watery palate tastes indeed

Love's thrice-repured nectar? death, I fear me;

Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,

Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,

For the capacity of my ruder powers.

I fear it much; and I do fear besides,

That I shall lose distinction in my joys,

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps

The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

*Pan.* She's making her ready; she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit PANDARUS.]

*Tro.* Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom: My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse, And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalago at unawares encountering The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

*Pan.* Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What! are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the 'fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. [Unveiling her.] Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss 'the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm? build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the 'tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

*Tro.* You have bereft me of all words, lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What! billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

<sup>a</sup> Shafts of a wagon.—<sup>b</sup> The allusion is to bowling; what is now called the *jack* was formerly termed the *mistress*; "*Rub on*" is a term in the game.—<sup>c</sup> The *tercel* is the male, and the *falcon* the female hawk.

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Tro.* O Cressida! how often have I wished me thus?

*Cres.* Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

*Tro.* What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

*Cres.* More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

*Tro.* Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

*Cres.* Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason, stumbling without fear: to fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

*Tro.* O! let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant here is presented no monster.

*Cres.* Nor nothing monstrous neither?

*Tro.* Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

*Cres.* They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

*Tro.* Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted; allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* What! blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

*Cres.* Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

*Pan.* I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

*Tro.* You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

*Pan.* Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

*Cres.* Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day  
For many weary months.

*Tro.* Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win?

*Cres.* Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord, With the first glance that ever—Pardon me,—  
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much  
But I might master it.—In faith, I lie:

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother: see, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;  
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,  
Or that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;  
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak  
The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence,  
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws  
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

*Tro.* And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.  
[*Kissing her.*]

*Pan.* Pretty, i'faith.

*Cres.* My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;  
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss.

I am ashamed!—O heavens! what have I done?—  
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid?

*Pan.* Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

*Cres.* Pray you, content you.

*Tro.* What offends you, lady?

*Cres.* Sir, mine own company.

*Tro.* You cannot shun Yourself.

*Cres.* Let me go and try.

I have a kind self that resides with you;

But an unkind self, that itself will leave

To be another's fool. I would be gone.—

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

*Tro.* Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely. [Love]

*Cres.* Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,

Or else you love not, for to be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

*Tro.* O! that I thought it could be in a woman,  
(As, if it can, I will presume in you)

To feed for aye her lamp and flame of love;

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind

That doth renew swifter than blood decays:

Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,

That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnow'd purity in love;

How were I then uplifted! but, alas!

I am as true as truth's simplicity,

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

*Cres.* In that I'll war with you.

*Tro.*

O, virtuous fight!

When right with right wars who shall be most right.

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,

Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want similes, truth tri'd with iteration,—

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—

Yet, after all comparisons of truth,

As truth's authentic author to be cited,

As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,

And sanctify the numbers.

*Cres.*

Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

When time is old and bath forgot itself,

When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,

And mighty states characterless are grated

To dusty nothing; yet let memory,

From false to false among false maids in love,

Upbraid my falsehood. When they have said—as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;  
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
As false as Cressid. <sup>1</sup>[*TROILUS kisses her.*]

*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it: I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's: if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars: let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

*Tro.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen.

*Pan.* Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

<sup>2</sup>[*Exeunt.*]

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,  
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.*

*Cal.* Now, princes, for the service I have done you, Th' advantage of the time prompts me, aloud To call for recompense. <sup>3</sup>Appeal it to your mind, That, through the sight I bear in things <sup>4</sup>above, I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incumb'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself, From certain and possess'd conveniences, To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition, Made tame and most familiar to my nature; And here, to do you service, am become As new <sup>5</sup>into the world, strange, unacquainted: I do beseech you, as in way of taste, To give me now a little benefit, Out of those many register'd in promise, Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

*Agam.* What would'st thou of us, Trojan? Make demand.

*Cal.* You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor, Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear. Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore) Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange, Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor, I know, is such a <sup>6</sup>wrest in their affairs, That their negotiations all must slack, Wanting his manage; and they will almost Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam, In change of him: let him be sent, great princes, And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence Shall quite strike off all service I have done In most accepted pain.

*Agam.* Let Diomedes bear him, And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have What he requests of us.—Good Diomed, Furnish you fairly for this interchange: Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.*]

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.*

*Ulyss.* Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent: Please it our general to pass <sup>c</sup>strangely by him,

As if he were forgot; and, princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard upon him. I will come last: 'tis like, he'll question me, Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on If so, I have derision medicurable, [him?] To use between your strangeness and his pride, Which his own will shall have desire to drink. It may do good: pride hath no other glass To show itself, but pride; for supple knees Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

*Agam.* We'll execute your purpose, and put on A form of strangeness as we pass along: So do each lord; and either greet him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What! comes the general to speak with me? You know my mind: I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Agam.* What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

*Nest.* Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing, my lord.

*Agam.* The better.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.*]

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How do you? how do you?

[*Exit MENELAUS.*]

*Achil.* What! does the cuckold scorn me?

*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus!

*Achil.* Good morrow, Ajax.

*Ajax.* Ha?

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit AJAX.*]

*Achil.* What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

*Patr.* They pass by strangely: they were us'd to To send their smiles before them to Achilles; To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep To holy altars.

*Achil.* What! am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune, Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is, He shall as soon read in the eyes of others, As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies, Show not their mealy wings but to the summer, And not a man, for being simply man, Hath any honor; but honor for those honors That are without him, as place, riches, favor, Prizes of accident as oft as merit: Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers, The love that lean'd on them, as slippery too, Doth one pluck down another, and together Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me: Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy At ample point all that I did possess, Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out Something not worth in me such rich beholding As they have often given. Here is Ulysses: I'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses!

*Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son!

<sup>5</sup>[*Looking up from his book.*]

*Achil.* What are you reading?

*Ulyss.*

A strange fellow here Writes me, that man—how dearly ever <sup>d</sup>parted, How much in having, or without or in,— Cannot make boast to have that which he hath, Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection; As when his virtues shining upon others Heat them, and they retort that heat again To the first giver.

<sup>d</sup> "How dearly ever parted," i. e., however excellently endowed.

<sup>a</sup> Into for unto.—<sup>b</sup> A wrest is an instrument for tuning harps.—<sup>c</sup> "Strangely," i. e., like a stranger.

*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses.  
The beauty that is borne here, in the face,  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,  
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,  
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd  
Salutes each other with each other's form:  
For <sup>a</sup>speculation turns not to itself,  
Till it hath travell'd, and is <sup>1</sup>mirror'd there  
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position,  
It is familiar, but at the author's drift;  
Who in his <sup>b</sup>circumstance expressly proves,  
That no man is the lord of anything,  
Though in and of him there be much consisting,  
Till he communicate his parts to others:  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, re-  
verberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel,  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;  
And apprehended here immediately  
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;  
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things  
Most abject in regard, and dear in use: [there are,  
What things, again, most dear in the esteem,  
And poor in worth. Now, shall we see to-morrow,  
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,  
Ajax renowned. O heavens! what some men do,  
While some men leave to do.  
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,  
While others play the idiots in her eyes!  
How one man eats into another's pride,  
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!  
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
And great Troy shrieking.

*Achil.* I do believe it; for they pass'd by me,  
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me,  
Good word, nor look. What! are my deeds forgot?

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion;  
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:  
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honor bright: to have done, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;  
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path,  
For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue: if you give way,  
Or <sup>2</sup>edge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost;  
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'er-run and trampled on. Then, what they do in  
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;  
For time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing. <sup>3</sup>Let not virtue seek  
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,

High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—  
That all, with one consent, praise new-born 'gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
And give to <sup>d</sup>dust, that is a little gilt,  
More laud than <sup>e</sup>'gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:  
Then, marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,  
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,  
And still it might, and yet it may again,  
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,  
And case thy reputation in thy tent;  
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods 'themselves,  
And drove great Mars to faction.

*Achil.* Of this my privacy  
I have strong reasons.

*Ulyss.* But 'gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroic.  
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's <sup>f</sup>daughters.

*Achil.* Ha! known?

*Ulyss.* Is that a wonder?  
The providence that's in a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,  
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps,  
Keeps <sup>g</sup>pace with thought, and almost, like the gods,  
Does thought unveil in their dumb <sup>h</sup>erudities.  
There is a mystery (with whom relation  
Durst never <sup>i</sup>meddle) in the soul of state,  
Which hath an operation more divine  
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.  
All the commerce that you have had with Troy  
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;  
And better would it fit Achilles much  
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:  
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home,  
When fame shall in our islands sound her trumpet,  
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—  
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,  
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."  
Farewell, my lord; I as your <sup>j</sup>lover speak:  
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.]

*Patr.* To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you.  
A woman impudent and mannish grown  
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man  
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this:  
They think, my little stomach to the war,  
And your great love to me, restrains you thus.  
<sup>k</sup>Swift, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid  
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
Be shook to air.

*Achil.* Shall Ajax fight with Hector?  
*Patr.* Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honor by  
*Achil.* I see, my reputation is at stake; [him.  
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

*Patr.* O! then beware:  
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.  
Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

<sup>a</sup> New-fashioned toys.—<sup>d</sup> "Dust, that is a little gilt," i. e., ordinary performances which have the gloss of novelty.—  
<sup>e</sup> "Gilt o'er-dusted," i. e., splendid actions of past ages, the remembrance of which is obscured by time.—<sup>f</sup> The allusion is to the descent of deities to combat on either side.—<sup>g</sup> Polyxena.—<sup>h</sup> "With whom relation durst never meddle," i. e., which history was never able to discover.—<sup>i</sup> Friend.

<sup>a</sup> "Speculation," i. e., interior thought.—<sup>b</sup> "Circumstance," i. e., detail of argument.

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints,  
Even then, when we sit idly in the sun.

*Achil.* Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.  
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him  
To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,  
To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,  
An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;  
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,  
Even to my full of view.—A labor sav'd!

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* A wonder!

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself.

*Achil.* How so?

*Ther.* He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be?

*Ther.* Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock; a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—"there were wit in this head, an 'twould out;" and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, "Good-morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

*Achil.* Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

*Ther.* Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

*Achil.* To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honored, captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

*Patr.* Jove bless great Ajax.

*Ther.* Humph!

*Patr.* I come from the worthy Achilles,—

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.—

*Ther.* Humph!

*Patr.* And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

*Ther.* Agamemnon?

*Patr.* Ay, my lord.

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* What say you to't?

*Ther.* God be wi' you with all my heart.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* Fare you well with all my heart.

*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

*Ther.* No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

*Ther.* Let me bear another to his horse, for that's the more capable creature.

*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* *ACHILLES* and *PATROCLUS*.]

*Ther.* Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it. I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit*.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

*Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTE-NOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with Torches.*

*Par.* See, ho! who is that there?

*Dei.* It is the lord Æneas.

*Æne.* Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long,  
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business  
Should rob my bed-mate of my company. [*Æneas*.]

*Dio.* That's my mind too.—Good-morrow, lord

*Par.* A valiant Greek, Æneas, take his hand,  
Witness the process of your speech, wherein  
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,  
Did haunt you in the field.

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant sir,

During all question of the gentle truce;  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,  
As heart can think, or courage execute.

*Dio.* The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are now in calm, and so long health;  
But when contention and occasion meet,  
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,  
With all my fierce pursuit, and policy.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly  
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,  
Welcome to Troy: now, by Anchises' life,  
Welcome, indeed. By Venus' hand I swear,  
No man alive can love, in such a sort,  
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

*Dio.* We sympathize.—Jove, let Æneas live,  
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
A thousand complete courses of the sun!  
But, in mine emulous honor, let him die  
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

*Æne.* We know each other well.

*Dio.* We do; and long to know each other worse.

*Par.* This is the most despicable gentle greeting,  
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—  
What business, lord, so early?

[*not*.]

*Æne.* I was sent for to the king; but why, I know

*Par.* His purpose meets 'you. 'Twas to bring

this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,  
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid.  
Let's have your company; or, if you please,  
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,

<sup>a</sup> Lutestrings, made of *calgut*.—<sup>b</sup> Intelligent.—<sup>c</sup> "Question of the gentle truce," i. e., conversation while the truce lasts.  
—<sup>d</sup> "His purpose meets you," i. e., I bring you his meaning and his orders.

<sup>a</sup> "A politic regard," i. e., a sly look.—<sup>b</sup> "I will put on his presence," i. e., I will personate or represent him.

(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:  
R-us: him, and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,  
We shall be much unwelcome.

*Æne.* That I assure you:  
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,  
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

*Par.* There is no help;  
The bitter disposition of the time  
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

*Æne.* Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*]  
*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me  
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship, [*True,*  
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,  
Myself, or Menelaus?

*Dio.* Both alike:  
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her  
Not making any scruple of her soilage,  
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;  
And you as well to keep her, that defend her  
Not palating the taste of her dishonor,  
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.  
He, like a pining cuckold, would drink up  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;  
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:  
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;  
But be as he, I each heavier for a whore.

*Par.* You are too bitter to your countrywoman.  
*Dio.* She's bitter to her country. Hear me,  
For every false drop in her hawdy veins [*Paris:—*  
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,  
She hath not given so many good words breath,  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—  
We'll not commend what we intend <sup>2</sup>not sell.  
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Court before the  
House of PANDARUS.

*Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle  
He shall unbolt the gates. [*down:*

*Tro.* Trouble him not;  
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,  
As infants' empty of all thought!

*Cres.* Good morrow, then.  
*Tro.* Pr'ythee now, to bed.

*Cres.* Are you aware of me?  
*Tro.* O Cressida! but that the busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the <sup>a</sup>ribald crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,  
I would not from thee.

*Cres.* Night hath been too brief.  
*Tro.* Beshrew the witch! with venomous <sup>b</sup>wights  
she stays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,  
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
You will catch cold, and curse me.

*Cres.* Pr'ythee, tarry.—  
You men will never tarry.  
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,

And, then, you would have tarried. Hark! there's  
one up.

*Pan.* [*Within.*] What! are all the doors open here?  
*Tro.* It is your uncle.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* A pestilence on him! now will he be mock-  
I shall have such a life.— [*ing:*

*Pan.* How now, how now! how go maidenheads?—  
Here, you maid; where's my cousin Cressid?

*Cres.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking  
uncle!

You bring me to do,—and then you flout me too.

*Pan.* To do what? to do what?—let her say  
what!—what have I brought you to do?

*Cres.* Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll  
Nor suffer others. [*ne'er be good,*

*Pan.* Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor <sup>c</sup>cap-  
pocchio!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a  
naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*Knocking.*]  
*Cres.* Did not I tell you?—'would he were knocked  
of the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha!

*Cres.* Come, you are deceiv'd; I think of no such  
thing.— [*Knocking.*

How earnestly they knock.—Pray you, come in:

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's  
the matter? will you beat down the door? How  
now! what's the matter? <sup>3</sup>[*Opening it.*

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

*Pan.* Who's there? my lord Æneas! By my troth,  
I knew you not: what news with you so early?

*Æne.* Is not prince Troilus here?

*Pan.* Here! what should he do here?

*Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:  
it doth import him much to speak with me.

*Pan.* Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,  
I'll be sworn:—for my own part, I came in late.  
What should he do here?

*Æne.* Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do  
him wrong ere y'are 'ware. You'll be so true to him,  
to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet  
go fetch him hither: go.

<sup>4</sup>*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* How now! what's the matter?

*Æne.* My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,  
My matter is so <sup>d</sup>rash. There is at hand  
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,  
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor  
Deliver'd to us; and for him, forthwith,  
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,  
We must give up to Diomedes' hand  
The lady Cressida.

*Tro.* Is it so concluded?

*Æne.* By Priam, and the general state of Troy:  
They are at hand, and read to effect it.

*Tro.* How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them:—and, my lord Æneas,

We met by chance; you did not find me here.

*Æne.* Good, good, my lord; the <sup>e</sup>secret laws of  
nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TRO. and ÆNE.*

<sup>a</sup> "Ribald," i. e., roguish; thievish.—<sup>b</sup> "Venomous wights,"  
i. e., nocturnal secreters.

<sup>c</sup> "Capocchio," an Italian word for a fool.—<sup>d</sup> Abrupt;  
hasty.

*Pan.* Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost! The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke 's neck!

*Enter CRESSIDA.*

*Cres.* How now! What is the matter? Who was

*Pan.* Ah! ah! [here?]

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone!

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

*Cres.* O the gods!—what's the matter?

*Pan.* Pr'ythee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death.—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

*Cres.* Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench; thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

*Cres.* O, you immortal gods!—I will not go.

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of <sup>a</sup> consanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O, you gods divine, Make Cressid's name the very <sup>b</sup> crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can, But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep.—

*Pan.* Do, do. [checks;]

*Cres.* Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same. Before PANDARUS' House.

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.*

*Pan.* It is great 'morn'ing, and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon.—Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

*Tro.* Walk into her house, I'll bring her to the Grecian presently; And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [Exit.

*Par.* I know what 'tis to love; And would, as I shall pity, I could help!— Please you, walk in, my lords. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in PANDARUS' House.

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste And <sup>d</sup> violenteth in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?

If I could temporize with my affection, Or brow it to a weak and colder palate, The like allayment could I give my grief: My love admits no qualifying dross, No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes.—A sweet duck!

*Cres.* O Troilus! Troilus! <sup>1</sup>[Embracing him.

*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

O heart, <sup>2</sup>O heart, O heavy heart!

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By <sup>3</sup>silence nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs!

*Tro.* Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity That the bless'd gods—as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

*Cres.* Have the gods envy?

*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay: 'tis too plain a case.

*Cres.* And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

*Tro.* A hateful truth.

*Cres.* What! and from Troilus too?

*Tro.* From Troy, and Troilus.

*Cres.* Is it possible?

*Tro.* And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoinder, forcibly prevents

Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own laboring breath.

We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious time, now, with a robber's haste, Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how: As many farewells as be stars in heaven, With distinct breath and <sup>e</sup>consign'd kisses to them, He fumbles up into <sup>4</sup>one loose adieu; And scants us with a single famish'd kiss, Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

*Æne.* [Within.] My lord! is the lady ready?

*Tro.* Hark! you are call'd: some say, the Genius so Cries, "Come!" to him that instantly must die.— Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!

[Exit PANDARUS.

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians?

*Tro.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks! When shall we see again?

*Tro.* Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart—*Cres.* I true? how now! what wicked 'deem is this?

*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us.

I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee; For I will throw my <sup>g</sup>glove to death himself, That there's no <sup>h</sup>maculation in thy heart; But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in My sequent protestation. Be thou true, And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O! you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers As infinite as imminent: but I'll be true.

<sup>a</sup> That is, 'I know no sense or feeling of relationship.'—  
<sup>b</sup> "The very crown," i. e., the very height.—<sup>c</sup> "Great morn-  
ing," i. e., broad day.—<sup>d</sup> Grows violent.

<sup>e</sup> Sealed.—<sup>f</sup> Surmise.—<sup>g</sup> "Throw my glove to," i. e., chal-  
lenge.—<sup>h</sup> Stain; spot; taint.

*Tro.* And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

*Cres.* And you this glove. When shall I see you?

*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,  
To give thee nightly visitation.  
But yet, be true.

*Cres.* O heavens!—be true, again?

*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love.

The Grecian youths are full of <sup>a</sup> quality;  
Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,  
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:  
How novelties may move, and parts with person,  
Alas! a kind of <sup>1</sup> goodly jealousy  
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)  
Makes me afraid.

*Cres.* O heavens! you love me not.

*Tro.* Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,  
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,  
Nor heel the high <sup>b</sup> lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,  
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:  
But I can tell, that in each grace of these  
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,  
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

*Cres.* Do you think, I will?

*Tro.* No;

But something may be done, that we will not:  
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their <sup>2</sup> chainful potency.

*Æne.* [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

*Tro.* Come, kiss; and let us part.

*Par.* [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

*Tro.* Good brother, come you hither;  
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

*Cres.* My lord, will you be true?

*Tro.* Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:  
Whilst others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth: the <sup>c</sup> moral of my wit  
Is plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS,  
and DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, sir Diomed. Here is the lady,  
Which for Antenor we deliver you:  
At the <sup>d</sup> port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,  
And by the way <sup>e</sup> possess thee what she is.  
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe,  
As Priam is in Ilium.

*Dio.* Fair lady Cressid,  
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:  
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Tro.* Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,  
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,  
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,  
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;  
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
I'll cut thy throat.

*Dio.* O! be not mov'd, prince Troilus.

Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,  
To be a speaker free: when I am hence,  
I'll answer to <sup>3</sup> thy last; and know you, lord,  
I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth  
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,  
I'll speak it in my spirit and honor,—no.

*Tro.* Come to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,  
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—  
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,  
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exit* TRO., CRES., and DIOM. *Trumpet  
sounded.*]

*Par.* Hark! Hector's trumpet.

*Æne.* How have we spent this morning!  
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
That swore to ride before him to the field. [*him.*]

*Par.* 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with  
*Dei.* Let us make ready straight.

*Æne.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,  
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.  
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,  
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,  
and others.*

*Agam.* Here art thou in 'appointment fresh and  
Anticipating time. With startling courage [*fair,*]  
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air  
May pierce the head of the great combatant,  
And hale him hither.

*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.  
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:  
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd <sup>e</sup> bias cheek  
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.  
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;  
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

*Ulyss.* No trumpet answers.

*Achil.* 'Tis but early <sup>5</sup> day.

*Agam.* Is not yond' Diomed with Calchas' daughter?

*Ulyss.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;  
He raises on the toe: that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.*

*Agam.* Is this the lady Cressid?

*Dio.* Even she.

*Agam.* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet  
lady. [*6* *Kissing her.*]

*Nest.* Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

*Ulyss.* Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.—

*Nest.* And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—

[*7* *Kissing her.*]  
So much for Nestor.

*Achil.* I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:  
Achilles bids you welcome. [*8* *Kissing her.*]

*Men.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*Patr.* But that's no argument for kissing now:

[*9* *Putting him back.*]

For thus popp'd Paris in his <sup>b</sup> hardiment,  
And parted thus you and your argument.

[*10* *Kissing her.*]  
*Ulyss.* O! deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,  
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

*Patr.* The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine;  
Patroclus kisses you. [*11* *Kissing her again.*]

<sup>a</sup> Full of quality, i. e., highly accomplished.—<sup>b</sup> The *lavolta* was a dance.—<sup>c</sup> "The moral," i. e., the meaning.—  
<sup>d</sup> Gate.—<sup>e</sup> Inform.

<sup>f</sup> Preparation.—<sup>g</sup> "Bias cheek," i. e., cheek swelling out like the *bias* or weight lodged on one side of a bowl.—<sup>h</sup> Audacity; bravery.



*Men.* O! this is trim.

*Patr.* Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

*Men.* I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

*Cres.* In kissing do you render or receive?

*Patr.* Both take and give.

*Cres.* I'll make my match to live.

The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

*Men.* I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.

*Cres.* You're an odd man: give even, or give none.

*Men.* An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

*Cres.* No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

*Men.* You fillip me o' the head.

*Cres.* No, I'll be sworn.

*Ulyss.* It were no match, your nail against his

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you? [*horn.*—

*Cres.* You may.

*Ulyss.* I do desire it.

*Cres.* Why, beg then.

*Ulyss.* Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

*Cres.* I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.

*Ulyss.* Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

*Dio.* Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to your father.

[*DIOMEDE leads out CRESSIDA.*

*Nest.* A woman of quick sense.

*Ulyss.* Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and <sup>a</sup> motive of her body.

O! these encounters, so glib of tongue,

That give <sup>1</sup> occasion welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every tickling reader, set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

*All.* The Trojans' trumpet.

*Agam.* Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and*

*other Trojans, with Attendants.*

*Æne.* Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall

be done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,

A victor shall be known? will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other; or shall be divided

By any voice or order of the field?

*Hector* bade ask.

*Agam.* Which way would Hector have it?

*Æne.* He cares not: he'll obey conditions.

*Achil.* 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing

The knight oppos'd.

*Æne.* If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

*Achil.* If not Achilles, nothing.

*Æne.* Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er, know

In the extremity of great and little, [*this:—*

Valor and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's <sup>b</sup> blood:

In love whereof half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

*Achil.* A maiden battle, then?—O! I perceive you.

*Re-enter DIOMEDE.*

*Agam.* Here is sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas

Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the <sup>2</sup> utterance,

Or else a <sup>3</sup> breach: the combatants being kin,

Half <sup>c</sup> stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.*

*Ulyss.* They are oppos'd already. [*heavy?*

*Agam.* What Trojan is that same that looks so

*Ulyss.* The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,

Speaking in deeds, and <sup>d</sup> deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;

For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an <sup>e</sup> impair thought with breath.

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, <sup>f</sup> subscribes

To tender <sup>g</sup> subjects; but he, in heat of action,

Is more vindictive than jealous love.

They call him Troilus; and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth,

Even to his inches, and with private soul

Did in great Ilium thus <sup>h</sup> translate him to me.

[*Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight.*

*Agam.* They are in action.

*Nest.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own.

*Tro.* Hector, thou sleep'st:

Awake thee!

*Agam.* His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

*Dio.* You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*

*Æne.* Princes, enough, so please you.

*Ajax.* I am not warm yet: let us fight again.

*Dio.* As Hector pleases.

*Hect.* Why then, will I no more.—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation twixt us twain.

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say—"This hand is Grecian all,

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the <sup>h</sup> dexter cheek, and this <sup>i</sup> sinister

Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,

Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, Ajax—

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms.

Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honor to thee! [*They embrace.*

*Ajax.* I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great <sup>k</sup> addition earned in thy death.

*Hect.* Not <sup>l</sup> Neoptolemus so mirable

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st <sup>m</sup> Oyez

Cries, "This is he!" could promise to himself

A thought of added honor torn from Hector.

*Æne.* There is expectance here from both the sides,

What farther you will do.

*Hect.* We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement.—Ajax, farewell.

*Ajax.* If I might in entreaties find success,

As <sup>n</sup> seld I have the chance, I would desire

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

<sup>a</sup> Motion.—<sup>b</sup> Ajax and Hector were cousins german.

<sup>c</sup> Stops.—<sup>d</sup> No boaster.—<sup>e</sup> Injurious; unworthy.—<sup>f</sup> Submits; yields.—<sup>g</sup> Translate him, i. e., explained his character.—<sup>h</sup> Right.—<sup>i</sup> Left.—<sup>k</sup> Tide.—<sup>l</sup> Achilles.—<sup>m</sup> Seldom.

*Dio.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

*Hect.* *Eneus*, call my brother Troilus to me; And signify this loving interview To the expecters of our Trojan part: Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin; I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

*Ajac.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

*Hect.* The worthiest of them tell me, name by name; But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes Shall find him by his large and portly size.

*Agam.* Worthily of arms! as welcome as to one That would be rid of such an enemy.

But that's no welcome: understand more clear. What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth, Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing, Bids thee, with most divine integrity, From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

*Hect.* I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

*Agam.* My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[To TROILUS.]

*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

*Hect.* Whom must we answer?

*Ene.*

The noble Menelaus.

*Hect.* O! you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath: [thanks. Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove; She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

*Men.* Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

*Hect.* O! pardon; I offend.

*Nest.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft, Laboring for destiny, make cruel way [thee, Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

Despising many forfeits and subduements, When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air, Not letting it decline on the declin'd;

That I have said unto my standers-by, "Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life."

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath, When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in, Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;

But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel, I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire, And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;

But, by great Mars the captain of us all, Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee; And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

*Ene.* 'Tis the old Nestor.

*Hect.* Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle, That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time. Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

*Nest.* I would, my arms could match thee in contests they contend with thee in courtesy. [intention,

*Hect.* I would they could. [to-morrow.

*Nest.* Ha! By this white beard, I'd fight with thee Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.

*Ulyss.* I wonder now how yonder city stands, When we have here her base and pillar by us.

*Hect.* I know your favor, lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, sir! there's many a Greek and Trojan dead, Since first I saw yourself and Diomed In Hion, on your Greekish embassy.

*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue: My prophecy is but half his journey yet; For yonder walls, that portly front your town,

Yond' towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds, Must kiss their own feet.

*Hect.*

I must not believe you.

There they stand yet; and modestly I think, The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all; And that old common arbitrator, Time, Will one day end it.

*Ulyss.*

So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome.

After the general, I beseech you next To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

*Achil.* I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, then.—

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee:

I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,

And <sup>6</sup>quoted joint by joint.

*Hect.*

Is this Achilles?

*Achil.* I am Achilles.

*Hect.* Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Hect.*

Nay, I have done already.

*Achil.* Thou art too brief: I will the second time, As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

*Hect.* O! like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er; But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him, whether there, there, or there? That I may give the local wound a name,

And make distinct the very breach, whereout

Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

*Hect.* It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud

To answer such a question. Stand again: [man,

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,

As to <sup>7</sup>preminate in nice conjecture,

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

*Achil.*

I tell thee, yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,

I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that <sup>8</sup>stitch'd Mars his helm,

I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—

You, wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag:

His insolence draws folly from my lips;

But I'll endeavor deeds to match these words.

Or may I never—

*Ajac.*

Do not chafe thee, cousin:

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,

Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:

You may have every day enough of Hector,

If you have <sup>9</sup>stomach. The general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be <sup>10</sup>odd with him.

*Hect.* I pray you, let us see you in the field:

We have had <sup>11</sup>pelting wars, since you refus'd

The Grecians' cause.

*Achil.*

Dost thou entreat me, Hector?

To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;

To-night, all friends.

*Hect.*

Thy hand upon that match.

*Agam.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full <sup>12</sup>convive we: afterwards,

As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall

Concur together, severally entreat him.—

Beat loud the <sup>13</sup>tabornies, let the trumpets blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

*Tro.* My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

*Ulyss.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:

\* Imperial. — <sup>b</sup> Uncommon; unusual. — "The declined," i. e., the fallen. — <sup>d</sup> Laomedon.

<sup>e</sup> Noted; observed. — <sup>f</sup> Forename. — <sup>g</sup> *Stithied*, from *stithy*, a smith's shop. — <sup>h</sup> Inclination. — <sup>i</sup> "To be odd," i. e., to contend. — <sup>k</sup> Petty; paltry. — <sup>l</sup> Feast. — <sup>m</sup> Small drums.

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;  
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the fair Cressid.

*Tro.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,  
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither?

*Ulyss.* You shall command me, sir.  
As gentle tell me, of what honor was  
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there  
That waits her absence?

*Tro.* O, sir! to such as boasting show their scars,  
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?  
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth;  
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*

*Achil.* I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—  
*Patroclus*, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes Thersites.

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Achil.* How now, thou 'cur of envy!  
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and  
idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

*Achil.* From whence, fragment?

*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

*Patr.* Who keeps the tent now?

*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

*Patr.* Well said, 'adversity! and what need these  
tricks?

*Ther.* Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy  
talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

*Patr.* Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

*Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten  
diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures,  
catarrhs, loads of gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold  
palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs,  
bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i'  
the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-  
simple of the tetter, take and take again such pre-  
posterous 'discolorers.

*Patr.* Why thou damnable box of envy, thou,  
what meanest thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patr.* Why no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson  
indistinguishable cur, no.

*Ther.* No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle  
immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green sarcenet  
flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse,  
thou? Ah! how the poor world is pestered with  
such waterflies, diminutives of nature!

*Patr.* Out, gall!

*Ther.* Finch egg!

*Achil.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and 'gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fall Greeks, fall fame, honor, or go, or stay,

\* Contrariety.

My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.—  
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;  
This night in banquetting must all be spent.—  
Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*]

*Ther.* With too much blood, and too little brain,  
these two may run mad; but if with too much  
brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer  
of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fel-  
low enough, and one that loves 'quails; but he has  
not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly trans-  
formation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—  
the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of 'cuck-  
olds, a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at  
his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is,  
should wit larded with malice, and malice 'forced  
with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing:  
he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he  
is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a  
'fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a  
herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be  
Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask  
me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for  
I care not to be the louse of a 'lazar, so I were not  
Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and 'fires!

*Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON,  
ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIONEDES,  
with lights.*

*Agam.* We go wrong; we go wrong.

*Ajax.* No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

*Hect.* I trouble you.

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Ulyss.* Here comes himself to guide you.

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Welcome, brave Hector: welcome, princes  
all.

*Agam.* So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good  
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

*Hect.* Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' gen-  
men. Good night, my lord.

*Hect.* Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

*Ther.* Sweet 'draught: sweet, quoth 'a! sweet  
sink, sweet sewer.

*Achil.* Good night, and welcome, both at once to  
That go, or tarry.

*Agam.* Good night. [*Exeunt AGAM. and MEN.*]

*Achil.* Old Nestor taries; and you too, Diomed,  
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

*Dio.* I cannot, lord; I have important business,  
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

*Hect.* Give me your hand.

*Ulyss.* Follow his torch, he goes  
To Calchas' tent: I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to TROILUS.*]

*Tro.* Sweet sir, you honor me.

*Hect.* And so good night.

[*Exit DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.*]

*Achil.* Come, come; enter my tent.

[*Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.*]

*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue,  
a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when  
he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses. He  
will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the  
hound; but when he performs, astronomer's forced it:  
it is 'prodigious, there will come some change: the  
sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his  
word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not

<sup>b</sup> Harlots.—<sup>c</sup> Menelaus.—<sup>d</sup> Stuffed.—<sup>e</sup> Pol-cat.—<sup>f</sup> Diseased  
beggar.—<sup>g</sup> This is the exclamation of Thersites upon the  
first sight of the distant lights.—<sup>h</sup> Privy.—<sup>i</sup> Fortentous; om-  
nious.

to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after.—Nothing but lechery: all incontinent varlets. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Same. Before CALCHAS' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian.—Hark! a word with you. [Whispers.]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. <sup>1</sup> And any man may find her key, if he can take her cleft; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Tro. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List. [folly.]

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what—

Dio. Pho! pho! come tell, a pin: you are forsworn.— [me do?]

Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you have

Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed!—

Dio. No, no; good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O, plague and madness! [you,

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince: let us depart, I pray

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;

The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:

You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay. By hell, and all hell's tor-  
I will not speak a word. [ments,

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O, wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you a palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you  
You will break out. [go?

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay: by Jove, I will not speak a word.

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience.—Stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump  
and potatoe finger, tickles these together! Fry,  
lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, <sup>2</sup> lord: never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.]

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have <sup>b</sup> cognition

Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge! now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this <sup>c</sup> sleeve.

<sup>3</sup> [Giving it.]

Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—

He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. <sup>4</sup> It is no matter, now I have't again:

I will not meet with you to-morrow night.

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens.—Well said, whetstone

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres.

What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;

He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience. [shall not:]

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you

I'll give you something else. <sup>5</sup> [They strive.]

Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was. [will.]

Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's <sup>d</sup> waiting-women yond',

And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,

And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,

It should be challeng'd. [is not:]

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—and yet it

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell.

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go.—One cannot speak a word,

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,  
pleases me best.

Dio. What! shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come!—O Jove!—

Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

<sup>b</sup> Knowledge.—<sup>c</sup> This sleeve was given by Troilus to Cressida at their parting.—<sup>d</sup> That is, the stars, which she points to.

*Cres.* Good night: I pr'ythee, come.—

[*Exit DIO.*]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,  
But with my heart the other eye doth see.  
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,  
The error of our eye directs our mind.  
What error leads must err: O! then conclude,  
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit CRESSIDA.*]

*Ther.* A proof of strength, she could not publish  
a more,

Unless she said, "my mind is now turn'd where."

*Ulyss.* All's done, my lord.

*Tro.* It is.

*Ulyss.* Why stay we then?

*Tro.* To make a <sup>b</sup>recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

<sup>c</sup>Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An <sup>d</sup>esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert th' attest of eyes and <sup>e</sup>ears;

As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

*Ulyss.* I cannot conjure, Trojan.

*Tro.* She was not, sure.

*Ulyss.* Most sure, she was.

*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

*Ulyss.* Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but  
now.

*Tro.* Let it not be believ'd for <sup>f</sup>womanhood!

Think we had mothers: do not give advantage

To stubborn <sup>g</sup>critics—apt, without a theme,

For depravation,—to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

*Ulyss.* What hath she done, prince, that can coil  
our mothers?

*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

*Ther.* Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

*Tro.* This she? no; this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she:

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity <sup>h</sup>itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse!

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing <sup>i</sup>inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance? O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance? O instance! strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are <sup>j</sup>given to Diomed.

*Ulyss.* May worthy Troilus be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth <sup>k</sup>express?

<sup>a</sup> That is, she could not publish a *stronger* proof.—<sup>b</sup> Remembrance.—<sup>c</sup> Since.—<sup>d</sup> "An esperance," i. e., a hope.—<sup>e</sup> That is, turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves.—<sup>f</sup> For the sake of womanhood.—<sup>g</sup> Critics.—<sup>h</sup> That is, if it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons.—<sup>i</sup> "A thing inseparate," i. e., the plighted faith of lovers.—<sup>j</sup> That is, Does Troilus feel half of what he utters?

*Tro.* Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well  
In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man <sup>l</sup>fancy  
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek:—as much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed.

That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm:

Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,

My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout,

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

<sup>m</sup>Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamor Neptune's ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword

Falling on Diomed.

*Ther.* He'll tickle it for his <sup>n</sup>concupy.

*Tro.* O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,

And they'll seem glorious.

*Ulyss.* O! contain yourself;

Your passion draws ears hither.

[*Enter ÆNEAS.*]

*Æne.* I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy:

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

*Tro.* Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord,

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed, [adieu.—

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

*Ulyss.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exit TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

*Ther.* <sup>2</sup>[*Coming forward.*] Would, I could meet  
that rogue Diomed. I would croak like a raven;  
I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give  
me any thing for the intelligence of this whore:  
the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he  
for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still,  
wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion. A  
burning devil take them! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Troy. Before PRIAM's Palace.

[*Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.*]

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*Hect.* You train me to offend you; get you in:

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

*Hect.* No more, I say.

[*Enter CASSANDRA.*]

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector?

*And.* Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

Consort with me in loud and <sup>o</sup>dear petition:

Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

*Cas.* O! 'tis true.

*Hect.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet  
brother. [*swear.*]

*Hect.* Begone, I say: the gods have heard me

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and <sup>p</sup>eevish vows:

They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd

Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O! be persuaded: do not count it holy

To hurt by being just: it is as lawful

<sup>2</sup>For us to give much count to violent thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity.

*Cas.* It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;

<sup>1</sup> Love.—<sup>2</sup> Contracted.—<sup>3</sup> Concupiscence.—<sup>4</sup> Earnest.—<sup>5</sup> Foolish.

But vows to every purpose must not hold.  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

*Hect.* Hold you still, I say;  
Mine honor keeps the "weather of my fate":  
Life every man holds dear; but the dear "man  
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.—

*Enter TROILUS.*

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?  
*And.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

*Hect.* No, 'faith, young Troilus; "doff thy har-  
I am to-day i'the the vein of chivalry. [ness, youth;  
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.  
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,  
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.

*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion than a man. [for it.

*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me

*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecians fall,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise, and live.

*Hect.* O! 'tis fair play.

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

*Hect.* How now! how now!

*Tro.* For the love of all the gods,

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,  
And when we have our armors buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;  
Spur them to "ruthful work, rein them from "ruth.

*Hect.* Fie, savage, fie!

*Tro.* Hector, then 'tis wars.

*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

*Tro.* Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;  
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with "recourse of tears;  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,  
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA with PRIAM.*

*Cas.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:  
He is thy crutch; now, if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leading, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

*Pri.* Come, Hector, come; go back.  
Thy wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath had visions,  
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,  
To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
Therefore, come back.

*Hect.* Æneas is a-field;  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valor, to appear  
This morning to them.

*Pri.* Ay, but thou shalt not go.

*Hect.* I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect, but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

*Cas.* O Priam! yield not to him.

*And.* Do not, dear father.

*Hect.* Andromache, I am offended with you:  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

*Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl

Makes all these bodements.

*Cas.* O farewell, dear Hector!  
Look, how thou diest! look, how thine eye turns pale!  
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!  
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolor forth!  
Behold, "distraction, frenzy, and amazement,  
Like witless antics, one another meet,  
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

*Tro.* Away!—Away!— [leave:

*Cas.* Farewell.—Yet, soft!—Hector, I take my  
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.

Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;  
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

*Pri.* Farewell: the gods with safety stand about  
thee!

[*Excunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums.*]

*Tro.* They are at it; hark!—Proud Diomed, be-  
lieve,

I came to lose mine arm, or win my sleeve. <sup>2</sup>[*Going.*

<sup>3</sup>*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

*Tro.* What now?

*Pan.* Here's a letter <sup>4</sup>come from yond' poor girl.  
<sup>5</sup>[*Giving it.*

*Tro.* Let me read.

*Pan.* A whoreson phthisic, a whoreson rascally  
phthisic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of  
this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I  
shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a  
rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my  
bones, that, unless a man were "cursed, I cannot tell  
what to think on't.—What says she there?

*Tro.* Words, words, mere words, no matter from  
the heat; [*Tearing the letter.*

Th' effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.—  
My love with words and "air still she feeds,  
But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Excunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another:  
I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet,  
Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish  
young knave's sleeve, of Troy there, in his helm: I  
would fain see them meet; that same young Trojan  
ass, that loves the whore there, might send that  
Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve,  
back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeve-  
less errand. O' the other side, the policy of those  
crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten  
dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,  
—is not proved worth a blackberry:—they set me  
up in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog  
of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax  
prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-  
day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim  
"barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.  
Soft! here comes sleeve, and "sleeveless.

<sup>8</sup>[*Stands back.*

*Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.*

*Tro.* Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,  
I would swim after.

*Dio.* Thou dost miscall retire:

I do not fly, but advantageous care

<sup>a</sup> "The weather," i. e., the wind; the advantage.—<sup>b</sup> "The  
dear man," i. e., the man of worth.—<sup>c</sup> Put off.—<sup>d</sup> "Ruthful,"  
i. e., rueful; woeful.—<sup>e</sup> *Ruth is mercy.*—<sup>f</sup> "Recourse," i. e.,  
continual coursing.

<sup>g</sup> "Cursed," i. e., under the influence of a malediction.—  
<sup>h</sup> "To proclaim barbarism," i. e., to set up the authority of  
ignorance.

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.  
Have at thee!

*Ther.* Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve! now the <sup>1</sup> sleeveless! [*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's art thou of blood, and honor? [*match?*]

<sup>2</sup> [*Dragging THER. forward.*]

*Ther.* No, no;—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave, a very filthy rogue.

*Hect.* I do believe thee:—live. [*Exit.*]

*Ther.* God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE V.—The Same.

*Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.*

*Dio.* Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid.

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty: Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

*Serv.* I go, my lord. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Enter AGAMEMNON.*

*Agam.* Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner, And stands colossus-wise, waving his <sup>a</sup> beam, Upon the <sup>b</sup>ashed corpses of the kings Epistrophus and Cediüs: Polixenes is slain; Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt; Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary Appeals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter NESTOR.*

*Nest.* Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles, And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.— There is a thousand Hectors in the field: Now, here he fights on Galathea his horse, And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot, And there they fly, or die, like scaled <sup>c</sup> sculls Before the belching whale: then, is he yonder, And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge, Fall down before him, like the mower's swath. Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes; Dexterity so obeying appetite, That what he will, he does; and does so much, That proof is call'd impossibility.

*Enter ULYSSES.*

*Ulys.* O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance. Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood, Together with his mangled Myrmidons, [*him,* That useless, handless, lack'd and chipp'd, come to Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend, And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it, Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day Mad and fantastic execution, Engaging and redeeming of himself, With such a careless force, and forceless care, As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, Bade him win all.

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajac.* Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*]

*Dio.* Ay, there, there.

*Nest.* So, so, we draw together.

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou <sup>d</sup> boy-queller, show thy face;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajac.* Troilus! thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

*Ajac.* What would'st thou?

*Dio.* I would correct him. [*office,*]

*Ajac.* Were I the general, thou should'st have my Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* O, traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay <sup>2</sup> the life thou ow'st me for my horse.

*Dio.* Ha! art thou there?

*Ajac.* I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

*Dio.* He is my prize; I will not look <sup>e</sup> upon.

*Tro.* Come both, you <sup>f</sup>ogging Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt fighting.*]

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* Yea, Troilus. O! well fought, my youngest brother.

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Now do I see thee. Ha!—Have at thee,

*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt. [*Hector.*]

*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*]

*Hect.* Fare thee well.

I would have been much more a fresher man, Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother!

*Re-enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not <sup>e</sup>arry him: I'll be taken too,

Or bring him off.—Fate, hear me what I say!

I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

*Enter one in <sup>d</sup> goodly Armor.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greek: thou art a goodly mark.—

No! wilt thou not?—I like thy armor well;

I'll <sup>b</sup>rush it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it.—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VII.—The Same.

*Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.*

*Achil.* Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;

Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found,

Empale him with your weapons round about;

In fellest manner execute your aims.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye.—

It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> Lance. — <sup>b</sup> Bruised; crushed. — <sup>c</sup> "Scaled sculls," i. e., dispersed shoals.

<sup>d</sup> Murderer of boys. — <sup>e</sup> "Look upon," i. e., be a looker-on. — <sup>f</sup> "Carry him," i. e., prevail over him. — <sup>b</sup> Break; bruise.

## SCENE VIII.—The Same.

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then, THERSITES.*

*Ther.* The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now, my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

*[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.]*

*Enter MARGARELON.*

*Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.

*Ther.* What art thou?

*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's.

*Ther.* I am a bastard too. I love bastards; I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valor, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore. He tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

*Mar.* The devil take thee, coward! *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE IX.—Another Part of the Field.

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Heet.* Most purified core, so fair without, Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life. Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath: Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

*[Puts off his Helmet, and lays down his Sword.]*

*Enter ACHILLES and MYRMIDONS.*

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set; How ugly night comes breathing at his heels: Even with the <sup>a</sup>vail and darking of the sun, To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Heet.* I am unarm'd: forego this vantage, Greek.

*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek. *[HECTOR <sup>2</sup> is slain.]*

So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down; Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.— On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain, Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

*[A Retreat sounded.]*

Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the And, <sup>b</sup>stickler like, the armies separates, *[earth, My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed, Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—]*

*[Sheathes his Sword.]*

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE X.—The Same.

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and others, marching. Shouts within.*

*Agam.* Hark! hark! what shout is that?

*Nest.*

Peace, drums!

*[<sup>3</sup>Voices within.]*

Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

*Dio.* The 'bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be:

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Agam.* March patiently along.—Let one be sent To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

*[Exeunt marching.]*

<sup>a</sup> Sinking; setting.—<sup>b</sup> The stickler was an arbitrator at athletic games.—<sup>c</sup> Rumor.

## SCENE XI.—Another Part of the Field.

*Enter ÆNEAS and Trojan Forces.*

*Æne.* Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field. Never go home: here starve we out the night.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Hector is slain.

*All.*

Hector?—The gods forbid!

*Tro.* He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail, In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.— Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed! Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy! I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy, And linger not our sure destructions on!

*Æne.* My lord, you do discomfort all the host

*Tro.* You understand me not, that tell me so. I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;

But dare all imminence, that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him, that will a screech-owl eye be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turn to stone,

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly <sup>d</sup>pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare, *[coward,*

I'll through and through you!—And, thou great-siz'd

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,

That mouldeth goblins swift as <sup>e</sup>fienzy's thoughts.—

Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go.

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

*[Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojan Forces.]*

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* But hear you, hear you!

*Tro.* Hence, <sup>f</sup>brother-lackey! <sup>g</sup>ignomy and shame Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

*[Exit TROILUS.]*

*Pan.* A goodly medicine for mine aching bones!—

<sup>h</sup>*[Left alone, let him say this by way of Epilogue.]* O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised. O, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set 'a work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavor be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see.—

"Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting;  
And being once subdued in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail."

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted <sup>i</sup>cloths.

As many as be here of Pander's Hall,  
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;  
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,  
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:  
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—  
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.  
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for <sup>j</sup>uses;  
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. *[Exit.]*

<sup>d</sup> Pitched.—<sup>e</sup> Ignominy.—<sup>f</sup> Canvass hangings for rooms, painted with emblems and mottoes.



# CORIOLANUS.



Act V.—Scene 3.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.  
 TITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against the Volscians.  
 COMINIUS, }  
 MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.  
 SICINIUS VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.  
 JUNIUS BRUTUS, }  
 YOUNG MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.  
 A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.  
 Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.  
 A citizen of Antium.  
 Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.  
 VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.  
 VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.  
 Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Romans and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles,  
 Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

*All.* Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

*All.* Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

*All.* We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

*All.* No more talking on't; let it be done. Away, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.—

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patri-

cians \*good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the 'abjectness of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.— Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become <sup>b</sup>rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

*All.* Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

\* Good, in a commercial sense.—<sup>b</sup> As lean as *rakes*

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and partly to be proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

*All.* Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.*

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough: would, all the rest were so!

*Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you [you.

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate: they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know, we have strong arms too. [neighbors,

*Men.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest Will you undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong-link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack! You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

*Men.* Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale: it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale 't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think To fob off our disgraces with a tale; But, an't please you, deliver.

*Men.* There was a time, when all the body's members Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:— That only like a gulf it did remain I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive, Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing Like labor with the rest; <sup>a</sup> where th' other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And, mutually participate, did minister Unto the appetite, and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answered.—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile, Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus, (For, look you, I may make the belly smile, As well as speak) it tauntingly replied T' the discontented members, the mutinous parts That envied his receipt; even so most <sup>b</sup>fidly As you malign our senators; for that They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What! The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye, The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments and petty helps In this our fabric, if that they—

*Men.* What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd, Who is the sink o' the body,—

*Men.* Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain, What could the belly answer?

*Men.* I will tell you,

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little) Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

*Men.* Note me this, good friend,

Your most grave belly was deliberate, Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd: "True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he, "That I receive the general food at first, Which you do live upon; and fit it is, Because I am the store-house, and the shop Of the whole body: but if you do remember, I send it through the rivers of your blood, Even to the court, the heart, the senate, bruin; And through the ranks and offices of man: The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins, From me receive that natural competency Whereby they live. And though that all at once, You, my good friends," this says the belly, mark me,—

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

*Men.* "Though all at once cannot

See what I do deliver out to each, Yet I can make my audit up, that all From me do back receive the flour of all, And leave me but the bran." What say you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this?

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly, And you the mutinous members: for examine Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly, Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find, No public benefit which you receive, But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you, And no way from yourselves.—What do you think, You, the great toe of this assembly?—

2 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

*Men.* For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost: Thou rascal, that art worse in blood to run, Lead'st first to win some vantage.— But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs, Rome and her rats are at the point of battle; The one side must have <sup>c</sup>bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

<sup>a</sup> A hint.—<sup>b</sup> Spread it.—<sup>c</sup> "Disgraces," i. e., hardships; i. e., injuries.—<sup>d</sup> Whereas.

<sup>e</sup> Exactly.—<sup>f</sup> The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of the understanding.—<sup>g</sup> "Must have bale," i. e., must receive damage, injury.

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentionous rogues,  
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs?

*2 Cit.* We have ever your good word.

*Mar.* He that will give good words to 'ye, will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,  
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you;  
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is

To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-  
Deserves your hate; and your affections are [ness,  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends

Upon your favors swims with fins of lead, [ye?  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye? Trust  
With every minute you do change your mind,

And call him noble, that was now your hate,  
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,  
That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

*Men.* For corn at their own rates; whereof, they  
The city is well stor'd.

*Mar.* Hang 'em! They say? [say,  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,  
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and  
give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,  
And feebling such as stand not in their liking  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain  
Would the nobility lay aside their <sup>a</sup> ruth, [enough?  
And let me use my sword, I'd make a <sup>b</sup> quarry  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
As I could <sup>c</sup> pick my lance.

*Men.* Nay, these are all most thoroughly persuaded;  
For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,  
What says the other troop?

*Mar.* They are dissolved. Hang 'em!  
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth prov-  
erbs,—

That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;  
That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent  
not

Corn for the rich men only.—With these shreds  
They vented their complainings; which being an-  
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,  
(To break the heart of generosity,  
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps  
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,  
Shouting their <sup>2</sup> exultation.

*Men.* What is granted them?

*Mar.* Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,  
Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—<sup>3</sup>Seath!

The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's <sup>4</sup> arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go; get you home, you fragments!

<sup>a</sup> Pity; compassion.—<sup>b</sup> "A quarry," i. e., a heap of dead.—  
<sup>c</sup> Pitch.—<sup>d</sup> For insurgents to debate upon.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where's Caius Marcius?

*Mar.* Here. What's the matter?

*Mess.* The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

*Mar.* I am glad on't: then, we shall have means  
to vent

Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Sena-  
tors; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

*1 Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;  
The Volsces are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility,

And, were I any thing but what I am,

<sup>3</sup> Would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together.

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he  
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: he is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

*1 Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is;

And I am <sup>c</sup> constant.—Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.

What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius;

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O, true bred!

*1 Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* Lead you on:

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you,

Right worthy your priority.

*Com.* Noble Marcius!

*1 Sen.* Hence! To your homes! be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow.

The Volsces have much corn: take these rats thither,

To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,

Your valor puts well <sup>4</sup> forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM., MAR., TIT., and MENEN.*

*Citizens steal away.*

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the peo-

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip, and eyes? [ple,—

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to <sup>2</sup> gird the

*Sic.* Bemock the modest moon. [gods.

*Bru.* The present was devour him: he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.

*Sic.* Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow

Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder,

His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under Cominius.

*Bru.* Fame, at the which he aims,

In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot

Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by

A place below the first; for what miseries

Shall be the general's fault, though he perform

To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure

Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he

Had borne the business!"

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,

<sup>e</sup> "I am constant," i. e., I am immovable in my resolution.

<sup>f</sup> "Puts well forth," i. e., shows itself well in this mutiny.—

<sup>g</sup> "To gird," i. e., to scoff at.

Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
Of his <sup>a</sup>demerits rob Cominius.

*Bru.* Come:  
Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults  
To Marcius shall be honors, though, indeed,  
In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let hence, and hear  
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,  
More than his singularity, he goes  
Upon his present action.

*Bru.* Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Corioli. The Senate-House.

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and Senators.*

*1 Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,  
And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours?  
What ever have been thought on in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had <sup>b</sup>circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,  
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,  
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:— [*Reads.*]  
"They have <sup>c</sup>press'd a power, but it is not known  
Whether for east, or west. The dearth is great;  
The people mutinous; and it is rumor'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,  
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you.  
Consider of it."

*1 Sen.* Our army's in the field.  
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly,  
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when  
They needs must show themselves; which in the  
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,  
To take <sup>d</sup>in many towns, ere, almost, Rome  
Should know we were afoot.

*2 Sen.* Noble Aufidius,  
Take your commission; hie you to your bands.  
<sup>1</sup> [*Giving it.*]

Let us alone to guard Corioli:  
If they set down before 's, for the <sup>e</sup>remove  
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find  
They've not prepar'd for us.

*Auf.* O! doubt not that;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;  
Some parcels of their power are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honors.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike  
Till one can do no more.

*All.* The gods assist you!

*Auf.* And keep your honors safe!

*1 Sen.* Farewell.

*2 Sen.* Farewell.

*All.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Rome. An Apartment in MARCIUS' House.

*Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA. They sit down  
on two low Stools, and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express your-

self in a more comfortable sort. If my son were  
my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that ab-  
sence wherein he won honor, than in the embrace-  
ments of his bed, where he would show most love.  
When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only  
son of my womb; when youth with comeliness  
plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of  
king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an  
hour from her beholding; I,—considering how hon-  
or would become such a person; that it was no bet-  
ter than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown  
made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek dan-  
ger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel  
war I sent him; from whence he returned, his  
brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I  
sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a  
man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved  
himself a man.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam?  
how then?

*Vol.* Then, his good report should have been my  
son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me  
profess sincerely:—had I a dozen sons,—each in my  
love alike, and none less dear than thine and my  
good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly  
for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out  
of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Vir.* Beseech you, give me leave to <sup>b</sup>retire myself.

*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear lither your husband's drum,  
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;  
As children from a bear the Volscies shunning him:  
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—  
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,  
Though you were born in Rome." His bloody brow  
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,  
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

*Vir.* His bloody brow? O, Jupiter! no blood.

*Vol.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,  
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood,  
At Grecian swords contemning.—Tell Valeria,  
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

*Vol.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,  
And tread upon his neck.

*Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her  
Usher.*

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*Vol.* Sweet madam.

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both? you are manifest house-  
keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine 'spot,  
in good faith.—How does your little son?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

*Vol.* He had rather <sup>2</sup>see swords, and hear a drum,  
than look upon his school-master.

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis  
a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him  
o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such  
a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a  
gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it  
go again; and after it again; and over and over he

<sup>a</sup> That is, attracted the attention of all towards him.—  
<sup>b</sup> The crown of oak was given to him who had saved the life  
of a citizen, and was accounted more honorable than any  
other.—<sup>c</sup> Withdraw.—<sup>d</sup> "A fine spot," i. e., a handsome spot  
of embroidery.

<sup>a</sup> Demerits and merits had anciently the same meaning—  
<sup>b</sup> Information.—<sup>c</sup> "Have press'd," i. e., have ready.—<sup>d</sup> "To  
take in," i. e., to subdue.—<sup>e</sup> "For the remove," i. e., to re-  
move the Romans.

comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O! I warrant, how he mam-mocked it!

*Vol.* One of his father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack, madam.

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*Vir.* No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors?

*Val.* She shall, she shall.

*Vir.* Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

*Val.* Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

*Val.* Why, I pray you?

*Vir.* 'Tis not to save labor, nor that I want love.

*Val.* You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come: I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*Vir.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

*Vir.* O! good madam, there can be none yet.

*Val.* Verily, I do not jest with you, there came news from him last night.

*Vir.* Indeed, madam?

*Val.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsees have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true on mine honor; and so, I pray, go with us.

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*Val.* Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*Val.* In truth, I think, she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

*Vir.* No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well then, farewell. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colors, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers.<sup>1</sup>

*Mar.* Yonder comes news:—a wager, they have

*Lart.* My horse to yours, no. [Met.

*Mar.* 'Tis done.

*Lart.* Agreed.

<sup>2</sup> Enter a Messenger.

*Mar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mess.* They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

*Lart.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Mar.* I'll buy him of you.

*Lart.* No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

*Mar.* How far off lie these armies?

*Mess.*

Within this mile and half.

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work,

That we with smoking swords may march from hence,  
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

A Parley sounded. Enter, on the Walls, two Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

*1 Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,  
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Drums afar off.

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,

Which yet seem shut, we have but pin'd with bushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off:

[Alarum afar off.

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes

Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.*

O! they are at it.

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsees enter, and pass over the Stage.

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,  
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,

Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsee, [follows:

And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volsees, fighting.

The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches.

Re-enter MARCIUS enraged.

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! <sup>3</sup> Unheard-of boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhor'd

Farther than seen, and one infect another

Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run

From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale

With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the fore,

And make my wars on you. Look to't: come on;

If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,

As they us to our trenches follow.

Another Alarum. The Volsees and Romans re-enter,

and the Fight is renewed. The Volsees retire into

Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the Gates.

So, now the gates are ope:—now prove good seconds.

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,

Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the Gates, and is shut in.

*1 Sol.* Fool-hardiness! not I.

*2 Sol.* Nor I.

*3 Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[Alarum continues.

*All.* To the port I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

*Lart.* What is become of Marcus?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

*1 Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,

With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,

Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone.

To answer all the city.

*Lart.* O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,

<sup>1</sup> "Our fielded friends," i. e., our friends who are in the field of battle.—<sup>2</sup> The poet means, "No, nor a man that fears you more than he."—<sup>3</sup> "Sensibly," i. e., having sensation, feeling.

<sup>4</sup> Tore.—<sup>5</sup> "A crack," i. e., a sprightly, forward boy.

And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Mar-  
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art, [Claus:  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble.

<sup>1</sup> *The Gates open. Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, as-  
saulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir!  
Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!  
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.  
[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

SCENE V.—Within the Town. A Street.

*Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.  
2 *Rom.* And I this.  
3 *Rom.* A murrian on't! I took this for silver.  
[*Alarun continues still afar off.*

*Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a  
Trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their  
hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down with  
them!—

And hark, what noise the general makes.—To him!  
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city,  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent  
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;  
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest. So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—

[*Exit MARCIUS.*

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of COMINIUS.

*Enter COMINIUS and Forces, as in retreat.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends. Well fought: we  
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,  
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard  
The charges of our friends:—ye Roman gods,  
Lead their successes as we wish our own, [ing  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encounter—

May give you thankful sacrifice!—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy news?  
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't  
Mess. Above an hour, my lord. [since?

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we hear their drums:  
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,  
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

Com. Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!  
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?  
Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,  
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?  
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you  
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart  
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,  
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;  
Holding Corioli, in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?  
Where is he?—Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,  
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,  
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them?)  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?  
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think  
it.

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?  
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,  
And did retire to win our purposes. [side

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which  
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,  
Those bands i' the wayward are the Antiates,  
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
We have made to endure friends, that you directly  
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates;  
And that you not delay the present, but,  
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,

<sup>a</sup> "When it bows." i. e., when it is bent.—<sup>b</sup> "Their hours,"  
i. e., their time.—<sup>c</sup> *Drachm*, a Roman coin.

<sup>d</sup> Expend.—<sup>e</sup> "Pitying," i. e., remitting his ransom.—  
<sup>f</sup> Front.—<sup>g</sup> "The Antiates," i. e., the soldiers of Antium.—  
<sup>h</sup> "Delay the present," i. e., let slip the present time.

We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your asking. Take your choice of those  
That best can aid your action.

*Mar.* Those are they  
That most are willing.—If any such be here,  
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting  
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report;  
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,  
And that his country's dearer than himself;  
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,  
Wave thus, to express his disposition,  
And follow *Marcus*.

*[They all shout, and wave their Swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their Caps.]*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me!  
If these shows be not outward, which of you  
But is four Volsees? None of you, but is  
Able to bear against the great *Aufidius*  
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest  
Shall bear the business in some other fight,  
As cause will be obey'd. Please you, march before,  
And I shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclin'd.

*Com.* March on, my fellows:  
Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
Divide in all with us. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

*TITUS LARTIUS, having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with Drum and Trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

*Lart.* So; let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch  
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve  
For a short holding: if we lose the field,  
We cannot keep the town.

*Lien.* Fear not our care, sir.  
*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—  
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.  
*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE VIII.—A Field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.

*Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate  
Worse than a promise-breaker. *[Thee]*

*Auf.* We hate alike:  
Not *Afric* owns a serpent I abhor  
More than thy fame I envy. Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
And the gods doom him after!

*Auf.* If I fly, *Marcus*,  
Hallow me like a hare.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, *Tullus*,  
Alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls,  
And make what work I pleas'd. 'Tis not my blood,  
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,  
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

*Auf.* Were thou the *Hector*,  
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,

Thou should'st not scape me here.—

*[They fight, and certain Volsees come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.]*

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds.

*[Exeunt fighting, all driven in by MARCIUS.]*

#### SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

*Alarum. A Retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his Arm in a Scarf, and other Romans.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,  
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,  
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,  
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
P' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,  
And, glad quak'd, hear more; where the dull  
Tribunes,

That with the fasty plebeians hate thine honors,  
Shall say, against their hearts,—

"We thank the gods our Rome hath such a soldier!"  
Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,  
Having fully dined before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS with his Power, from the pursuit.*

*Lar.* O general,  
Here is the steed, we the caparison:  
Hast thou beheld—

*Mar.* Pray now, no more: my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,  
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd  
As you have been; that's for my country:  
He that has but effected his good will  
Hath overtaken mine act.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know  
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,  
In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done, before our army hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* Should they not,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,  
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store) of all  
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,  
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution,  
At your only choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, general;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.

*[A long Flourish. They all cry, MARCIUS! MARCIUS! cast up their Caps and Launces: COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.]*

*Mar.* May these same instruments, which you profane,  
Never sound more: when drums and trampets shall

<sup>a</sup> "His person," i. e., his personal danger.—<sup>b</sup> Gates.—  
<sup>c</sup> "Centuries," i. e., companies of a hundred men.—<sup>d</sup> "The  
whip," i. e., the boast; the crack.

<sup>e</sup> That is, in affording such ill-timed help.—<sup>f</sup> Gladly  
quak'd," i. e., thrown into grateful trepidation.—<sup>g</sup> Forces.  
—<sup>h</sup> Privilege.—That is, 'Hath done as much as I have  
done.'—<sup>i</sup> Censuro; obloquy.—<sup>j</sup> "Should they not," i. e., not  
be remembered.

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
Made all of false-fac'd soothing;  
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,  
<sup>1</sup>Let it be made a coverture for the wars.  
No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd  
My nose that bled, or foil'd some <sup>a</sup>debile wretch,  
Which without note here's many else have done,  
You shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolical;  
As if I loved my little should be dieted  
In praises sauc'd with lies.

*Com.* Too modest are you:  
More cruel to your good report, than grateful  
To us that give you truly. By your patience,  
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
(Like one that means his <sup>b</sup>proper harm) in manacles,  
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,  
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which  
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,  
For what he did before Corioli, call him,  
With all th' applause and clamor of the host,  
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—  
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*]

*All.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

*Cor.* I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you.—  
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,  
To <sup>c</sup>undercrest your good addition  
To <sup>d</sup>the fairness of my power.

*Com.* So, to our tent;  
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome  
The <sup>e</sup>best, with whom we may <sup>f</sup>articulate,  
For their own good, and ours.

*Lart.* I shall, my lord.

*Cor.* The gods begin to mock me. I, that now  
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

*Com.* Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

*Cor.* I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:  
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O, well-begg'd!  
Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

*Lart.* Marcius, his name?

*Cor.* By Jupiter, forgot:—  
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—  
Have we no wine here?

*Com.* Go we to our tent.  
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time  
It should be look'd to. Come. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE X.—The Camp of the Volsces.

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,  
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

*Auf.* The town is ta'en.

*1 Sold.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

*Auf.* Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,

Being a Volsee, be that I am. Condition!  
What good condition can a treaty find  
I' the part that is at mercy?—Five times, Marcius,  
I have fought with thee: so often hast thou beat me;  
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter  
As often as we eat.—By the elements,  
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,  
He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation  
Hath not that honor in't, it had; for <sup>g</sup>where  
I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
True sword to sword, I'll <sup>h</sup>potch at him some way,  
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

*1 Sold.* He's the devil.

*Auf.* Bolder, though not so subtle. My valor's  
poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him: for him  
'T shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick; nor fume, nor Capitol,  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
<sup>i</sup>Embargements all of fury, shall lift up  
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it  
At home, upon my brother's <sup>j</sup>guard, even there,  
Against the hospitable <sup>k</sup>canon, would I  
Wash my fierce hand in's heart.—Go you to the city:  
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must  
Be hostages for Rome.

*1 Sold.* Will not you go?

*Auf.* I am <sup>l</sup>attended at the cypress grove: I pray  
you,  
( 'Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither  
How the world goes, that to the pace of it  
I may spur on my journey.

*1 Sold.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

*Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

*Men.* The augurer tells me, we shall have news  
to-night.

*Bru.* Good, or bad?

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people,  
for they love not Marcius.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians  
would the noble Marcius.

*Bru.* He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

*Men.* He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb.  
You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall  
ask you.

*Both Trib.* Well, sir.

*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that  
you two have not in abundance?

*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

*Sic.* Especially in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* This is strange now. Do you two know how  
you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the  
right-hand file? Do you?

*Both Trib.* Why, how are we censured?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now,—Will you  
not be angry?

*Both Trib.* Well, well, sir; well.

<sup>a</sup> Feeble.—<sup>b</sup> Own.—<sup>c</sup> "To undercrest." i. e., to support.—  
<sup>d</sup> "To the fairness," i. e., to the fair *excent*.—<sup>e</sup> "The best,"  
i. e., the best men of Corioli.—<sup>f</sup> "Articulate," i. e., enter  
into articles.

<sup>g</sup> Whereas.—<sup>h</sup> Thrust; push.—<sup>i</sup> "Upon my brother's  
guard," i. e., under my brother's protection.—<sup>k</sup> "Against  
the hospitable canon," i. e., against the rules of hospitality.  
—<sup>l</sup> "Attended" (*Fr. attendre*), i. e., waited for; expected.



*Men.* Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

*Bru.* We do it not alone, sir.

*Men.* I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O! that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves!—O, that you could!

*Bru.* What then, sir?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools) as any in Rome.

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough, too.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine,<sup>1</sup> without a drop of allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect in favoring the<sup>2</sup> thirst complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such<sup>3</sup> weeds-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worship has delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly, that tell<sup>4</sup> you, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my<sup>5</sup> microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough, too? What harm can your bisson<sup>6</sup> conspectivities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough, too?

*Bru.* Come, sir, come; we know you well enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and<sup>7</sup> daggers: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a<sup>8</sup> fosset-seller, and then<sup>9</sup> adjourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody<sup>10</sup> flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy<sup>11</sup> pleading, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter<sup>12</sup> giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honorable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary

hangmen. Good den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herd-man of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*BRUTUS and SICINIUS stand back.*]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, &c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

*Vol.* Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches: for the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha! Marcius coming home?

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Ho! Marcius coming home?

[*Throwing up his Cap.*]

*Both Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me?

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

*Men.* A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but<sup>2</sup> empiric physic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

*Vir.* O! no, no, no.

*Vol.* O! he is wounded; I thank the gods for't.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings a victory in his pocket, the wounds become him.

*Vol.* On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oak leaf garland.

*Men.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

*Men.* And 'twas time for him too; I'll warrant him that: an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fiduised for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate<sup>3</sup> possessed of this?

*Vol.* Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

*Val.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous: ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The gods grant them true!

*Vol.* True! pow, wow.

*Men.* True! I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

*Vol.* I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

*Men.* One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*Men.* Now it's twenty-seven: every gush was an enemy's grave. [*A Shout and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius: before him

<sup>1</sup> State-men; politicians. — <sup>2</sup> "Microcosm," i. e., little world. — <sup>3</sup> "Bisson conspectivities," i. e., blind sight. — <sup>4</sup> "Caps and legs," i. e., bows and obeisance. — <sup>5</sup> "Fosset-seller," i. e., a seller of fauces. — <sup>6</sup> "Set up the bloody flag," i. e., declare war. — <sup>7</sup> Scoffer; blackguard.

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears.  
Death, that dark spirit, in's nery arm doth lie;  
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

*A* <sup>a</sup> *Senect.* *Trumpets sound.* Enter COMINIUS  
and TITUS LARTIUS: between them, CORIOLANUS,  
crowned with an oaken Garland; with Captains,  
Soldiers, and a Herald.

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight  
Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won,  
With fame a name to Caius Marcius; these  
In honor follows, Coriolanus:—  
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

*Cor.* No more of this; it does offend my heart:  
Pray now, no more.

*Com.* Look, sir, your mother.—

*Cor.* O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods  
For my prosperity. [*Knells.*]

*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up;  
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and  
By deed-achieving honor newly nam'd,  
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?  
But O! thy wife—

*Cor.* My <sup>b</sup> gracious silence, hail! [*Rising.*]  
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,  
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah! my dear,  
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now, the gods crown thee!

*Cor.* And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*]

*Vol.* I know not where to turn:—O! welcome  
home;

And welcome, general;—and you are welcome all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I could  
weep, [*Come!*]

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Wel-  
A curse begin at very root on's heart,  
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,  
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,  
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will  
not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!

We call a nettle, but a nettle; and  
The faults of fools, but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.

*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever.

*Her.* Give way there, and go on!

*Cor.* Your hand,—and yours.

[*To his Wife and Mother.*]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
The good patricians must be visited;  
From whom I have receiv'd, not only greetings.  
But with them <sup>c</sup> charge of honors.

*Vol.* I have lived  
To see inherited my very wishes,  
And the buildings of my fancy:  
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,  
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother,  
I had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.

*Com.* On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish.* *Cornets.* *Exeunt in state, as before.*]

*The Tribunes remain.*

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
sights  
Are spectacl'd to see him: your prattling nurse

Into a <sup>c</sup> rapture lets her baby cry  
While she <sup>d</sup> cheers him: the kitchen <sup>e</sup> malkin pins  
Her richest <sup>f</sup> lockram 'bout her <sup>g</sup> freely neck,  
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks,  
windows,  
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
With variable complexions, all agreeing  
In earnestness to see him: <sup>h</sup> seld-shown flames  
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
To win a vulgar <sup>i</sup> station: our veil'd dames  
Commit the war of white and damask, in  
Their <sup>j</sup> nicely-gaudd cheeks, to the wanton spoil  
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,  
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,  
Were slyly crept into his human powers,  
And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden  
I warrant him consul.

*Bru.* Then our office may,  
During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his honors  
From where he should begin, and end; but will  
Lose those he hath won.

*Bru.* In that there's comfort.

*Sic.* Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,  
But they, upon their ancient malice, will  
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honors;  
Which that he'll give them, make I as little question  
As he is proud to do't.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put  
The <sup>k</sup> napless vesture of humility;  
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* 'Tis right.

*Bru.* It was his word. O! he would miss it, rather  
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him,  
And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better,  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
In execution.

*Bru.* 'Tis most like, he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him, then, <sup>l</sup> at our good wills,  
A sure destruction.

*Bru.* So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities, for an end.  
We must <sup>m</sup> suggest the people, in what hatred  
He still hath held them; that to his <sup>n</sup> power he would  
Have made them mules, silence'd their pleaders, and  
Disproportioned their freedoms; holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in <sup>o</sup> the war: who have their <sup>p</sup> provand  
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall <sup>q</sup> touch the people, (which time shall not want,  
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,  
As to set dogs on sheep) will be his fire  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What's the matter?  
*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,  
That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen  
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind

<sup>a</sup> Flourish on cornets.—<sup>b</sup> Graceful.

<sup>c</sup> "Into a rapture," i. e., into a fit.—<sup>d</sup> Maid.—<sup>e</sup> Linen.—  
<sup>f</sup> Smoky and greasy.—<sup>g</sup> "Seld-shown flames," i. e., sel-  
dom-shown priests.—<sup>h</sup> Standing-place.—<sup>i</sup> Nicely-painted.—  
<sup>j</sup> Threadbare.—<sup>k</sup> Inform.—<sup>l</sup> "To his power," i. e., to the  
utmost of his power.—<sup>m</sup> Provender.

To hear him speak : matrons flung gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,  
Upon him as he pass'd ; the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made  
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts.  
I never saw the like.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol ;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—The Same. The Capitol.

*Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come ; they are almost here. How many stand for consulships ?

2 *Off.* Three, they say ; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow ; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them ; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore : so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he 'way'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their <sup>b</sup>opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country ; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as <sup>c</sup>those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, <sup>d</sup>bonneted, without any farther deed to have them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honors in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him : he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places ; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volscies, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,  
As the main point of this our after-meeting,  
To gratify his noble service that [*you,*  
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please  
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire  
The present consul, and last general  
In our well-found successes, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus ; whom  
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember  
With honors like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius :  
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,

Rather our state's defective for requital,  
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,  
We do request your kindest ears ; and, after,  
Your loving motion toward the common body,  
To yield what passes here.

*Sic.* We are <sup>e</sup>convented  
Upon a pleasing <sup>1</sup>treatise ; and have hearts  
Inclined to honor and advance  
The theme of our assembly.

*Bru.* Which the rather  
We shall be <sup>2</sup>prest to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

*Men.* That's off, that's <sup>f</sup>off :  
I would you rather had been silent. Please you  
To hear Cominius speak ?

*Bru.* Most willingly ;  
But yet my caution was more pertinent,  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*Men.* He loves your people ;  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—  
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[*CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.*]

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus : never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honors' pardon :  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope,  
My words dis-bench'd you not.

*Cor.* No, sir ; yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But, your people,  
I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head i' the  
When the alarm were struck, than idly sit [*sun,*  
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*]

*Men.* Masters of the people,  
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,  
(That's thousand to one good one) when you now see,  
He had rather venture all his limbs for honor,  
Than one on's ears to hear it ?—Proceed, Cominius.

*Com.* I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,  
That valor is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the liver : if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,  
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought  
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,  
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
When with his <sup>g</sup>Amazonian chin he drove  
The <sup>h</sup>bristled lips before him. He bestrid  
An o'er-pressed Roman, and i' the consul's view  
Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,  
And struck him on his <sup>i</sup>knee. In that day's feats,  
When he might act the woman in the scene,  
He prov'd best man i' the field ; and for his <sup>k</sup>meed  
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age  
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;  
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,  
He <sup>l</sup>urch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,  
Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
I cannot speak him home : he stopp'd the fliers,  
And by his rare example made the coward  
Turn terror into sport. As weeds before  
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,  
And fell below his stem : his sword, death's stamp,  
Where it did mark, it took : from face to foot

<sup>a</sup> "He way'd," i. e., he would have waved.—<sup>b</sup> Adversary.—  
<sup>c</sup> "As those," i. e., as the ascent of those.—<sup>d</sup> "Bonneted," i. e.,  
took off their caps.

<sup>e</sup> Convented.—<sup>f</sup> "Off," i. e., nothing to the purpose.—  
<sup>g</sup> Beardless.—<sup>h</sup> Bearded.—<sup>i</sup> That is, caused him to fall upon  
his knee.—<sup>k</sup> Reward.—<sup>l</sup> Robbed.



I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner. *[Exit.]*

*Enter two Citizens.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a  
brace.—

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

*1 Cit.* We do, sir: tell us what hath brought you to't.

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

*2 Cit.* Your own desert?

*Cor.* Ay, not

Mine own desire.

*1 Cit.* How! not your own desire?

*Cor.* No, sir: 'twas never my desire yet,

To trouble the poor with begging.

*1 Cit.* You must think, if we give you anything,  
we hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

*1 Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you,  
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice,  
What say you? *[Sir;]*

*2 Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy sir.

*Cor.* A match, sir.—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.—

I have your alms: adieu.

*1 Cit.* But this is something odd.

*2 Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

*[Exit the two Citizens.]*

*Enter two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune  
of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the  
customary gown.

*3 Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country,  
and you have not deserved nobly.

*Cor.* Your enigma?

*3 Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies,  
you have been a rod to her friends: you have not,  
indeed, loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous,  
that I have not been common in my love. I will  
not, sir, flatter my sworn brothers, the people, to  
earn a dearer estimation of them: 'tis a condition  
they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their  
choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will  
practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most  
counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the be-  
witchment of some popular man, and give it bounti-  
fully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may  
be consul.

*4 Cit.* We hope to find you our friend, and there-  
fore give you our voices heartily.

*3 Cit.* You have received many wounds for your  
country.

*Cor.* I will not stale your knowledge with show-  
ing them. I will make much of your voices, and so  
trouble you no farther.

*Both Cit.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily.

*[Exit.]*

*Cor.* Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,  
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.  
Why in this wogless toge should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,  
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to't:—  
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,  
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd  
For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it so,  
Let the high office and the honor go  
To one that would do thus.—I am half through:  
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Enter three other Citizens.*

Here come more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear  
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six  
I have seen, and heard of: for your voices,  
Have done many things, some less, some more.  
Your voices; for indeed, I would be consul.

*5 Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without  
any honest man's voice.

*6 Cit.* Therefore, let him be consul. The gods  
give him joy, and make him good friend to the  
people.

*All.* Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! *[Exit Citizens.]*

*Cor.* Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* You have stood your limitation; and the  
tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: remains  
That, in th' official marks invested, you  
Anon do meet the senate.

*Cor.* Is this done?

*Sic.* The custom of request you have discharg'd:  
The people do admit you; and are summon'd  
To meet anon upon your approbation.

*Cor.* Where? at the senate-house?

*Sic.* There, Coriolanus.

*Cor.* May I change these garments?

*Sic.* You may, sir.

*[again,*

*Cor.* That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself  
Repair to the senate-house.

*Men.* I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

*Bru.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.* Fare you well.—

*[Exit CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.]*

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,  
'Tis warm at's heart.

*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

*Sic.* How now, my masters! have you chose this  
*1 Cit.* He has our voices, sir. *[man?]*

*Bru.* We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

*2 Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

*3 Cit.* Certainly,  
He flouted us down-right. *[us.]*

*1 Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech: he did not mock

*2 Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,

He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*All.*

No, no; no man saw 'em.

*3 Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could  
show in private;

And with his hat thus waving it in scorn,

"I would be consul," says he: "aged custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore." When we granted that,

Here was,—"I thank you for your voices,—thank  
you,—" *[voices,*

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your  
I have no farther with you."—Was not this mockery?

*Sic.* Why, either, were you ignorant to see't,  
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices?

*Bru.*

Could you not have told him,  
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,  
But was a petty servant to the state,

\* "Ignorant to see't," i. e., so ignorant as not to see it.

He was your enemy ; ever spake against  
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
I' the body of the weal : and now, arriving  
A place of potency, and sway i' the state,  
If he should still malignantly remain  
Fast foe to the <sup>a</sup>plebeii, your voices might  
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,  
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature  
Would think upon you for your voices, and  
Translate his malice towards you into love,  
Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.* Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,  
And tried his inclination ; from him pluck'd  
Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
As cause had called you up, have held him to,  
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
Which easily endures not article  
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,  
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,  
And pass'd him unelect.

*Bru.* Did you perceive,  
He did solicit you in <sup>b</sup>free contempt,  
When he did need your loves, and do you think,  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your bodies  
No heart among you ? or had you tongues to cry  
Against the rectorship of judgment ?

*Sic.* Have you,  
Ere now, denied the asker ; and, now again,  
Of him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
You sued-for tongues ?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirmed ; we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him :

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends  
To piece 'em.

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly ; and tell those friends,  
They have chose a consul that will from them take  
Their liberties ; make them of no more voice  
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
As therefore kept to do so.

*Sic.* Let them assemble ;  
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
Your ignorant election. <sup>c</sup>Enforce his pride,  
And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not  
With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;  
How in his suit he scorn'd you ; but your loves,  
Thinking upon his services, took from you  
The apprehension of his present <sup>d</sup>portance,  
Which most gibingly, ungravelly, he did fashion  
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.* Lay  
A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labor'd  
(No impediment between) but that you must  
Cast your election on him.

*Sic.* Say, you chose him  
More after our commandment, than as guided  
By your own true affections ; and that, your minds,  
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,  
Than what you should, made you against the grain  
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us. [you,

*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to  
How youngly he began to serve his country.  
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,  
The noble house o' the Marcians ; from whence came  
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king.  
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;

And Censorinus, darling of the people,  
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,  
Was his great ancestor.

*Sic.* One thus descended,  
That hath beside well in his person wrought  
To be set high in place, we did commend  
To your remembrances ; but you have found,  
<sup>e</sup>Sealing his present bearing with his past,  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

*Bru.* Say, you ne'er had done't,  
(Harp on that still) but by our putting 'on ;  
And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
Repair to the Capitol.

*All.* We will so : almost all  
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

*Bru.* Let them go on :  
This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.  
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
With their refusal, both observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger.

*Sic.* To the Capitol :  
Come, we'll be there before the stream o' the people ;  
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—The Same. A Street.

*Cornets.* Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,  
TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

*Cor.* Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head ?

*Lart.* He had, my lord ; and that it was, which  
Our swifter composition. [*caus'd*

*Cor.* So then, the Volscies stand but as at first ;  
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road  
Upon us again.

*Com.* They are worn, lord consul, so,  
That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you Aufidius ?

*Lart.* On <sup>f</sup>safe-guard he came to me ; and did curse  
Against the Volscies, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town : he is retir'd to Antium.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me ?

*Lart.* He did, my lord.

*Cor.* How ? what ?

*Lart.* How often he had met you, sword to sword ;  
That of all things upon the earth he hated  
Your person most ; that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At Antium lives he ?

*Lart.* At Antium.

*Cor.* I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.  
[*To LARTIUS.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold ! these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise  
For they do <sup>h</sup>frank them in authority, [them,  
Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* Pass no farther.

*Cor.* Ha ! what is that ?

*Bru.* It will be dangerous to go on : no farther.

<sup>a</sup> Plebeians.—<sup>b</sup> Pure.—<sup>c</sup> Object to.—<sup>d</sup> Carriage.

<sup>e</sup> Weighing.—<sup>f</sup> "Our putting on," i. e., our importunity.—  
<sup>g</sup> "On safe-guard," that is, with a guard appointed to protect him.—<sup>h</sup> "Frank them," i. e., plume themselves.

*Cor.* What makes this change?

*Men.* The matter?

*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the com-  
*Bru.* Cominius, no. [mons?

*Cor.* Have I had children's voices?

*Sen.* Tribunes, give way: he shall to the market-  
place.

*Bru.* The people are incensed against him.

*Sic.* Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your herd?—  
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,  
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are  
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?  
Have you not set them on?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm.

*Cor.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,  
Nor ever will be rul'd.

*Bru.* Call't not a plot.

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;  
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them  
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

*Cor.* Why, this was known before.

*Bru.* Not to them all.

*Cor.* Have you inform'd them since?

*Bru.* How! I inform them?

*Com.* You are like to do such business.

*Bru.* Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours. [clouds,

*Cor.* Why, then, should I be consul? By yond'  
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

*Sic.* You show too much of that,  
For which the people stir. If you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,  
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;  
Or never be so noble as a consul,  
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

*Men.* Let's be calm.

*Com.* The people are abus'd; set on.—This<sup>a</sup> pal-  
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus [tering  
Deserv'd this so dishonor'd rub, laid<sup>b</sup> falsely  
I' the plain way of his merit.

*Cor.* Tell me of corn!  
This was my speech, and I will speak't again—

*Men.* Not now, not now.

*1 Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

*Cor.* Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,  
I crave their pardons:—  
For the mutable, rank-scented<sup>c</sup> many, let them  
Regard me as I do not flatter, and  
Therein behold themselves. I say again,  
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate  
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,  
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and  
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honor'd number;  
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
Which they have given to beggars.

*Men.* Well, no more.

*Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

*Cor.* How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
Coin words till they decay against those<sup>d</sup> meazels,  
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought  
The very way to catch them.

*Bru.* You speak o' the people,  
As if you were a god to punish, not

A man of their infirmity.

*Sic.* 'Twere well,

We let the people know't.

*Men.* What, what? his choler?

*Cor.* Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

*Sic.* It is a mind,

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any farther.

*Cor.* Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you  
His absolute "shall?"

*Com.* 'Twas from the<sup>e</sup> canon.

*Cor.* "Shall!"

O, good but most unwise patricians! why,  
You grave but 'freckless senators, have you thus  
Given Hydra<sup>1</sup> leave to choose an officer,  
That with his peremptory "shall," being but  
The horn and noise o' the<sup>2</sup> monster, wants not spirit  
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? If he have power,  
Then vain your<sup>3</sup> impotence: if none, revoke  
Your dangerous<sup>4</sup> bounty. If you are learned,  
Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,  
If they be senators; and they are no less,  
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste  
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;  
And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"  
His popular "shall," against a graver bench  
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,  
It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches,  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
The one by the other.

*Com.* Well—on to the market-place.

*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas used  
Sometime in Greece,—

*Men.* Well, well; no more of that.

*Cor.* Though there the people had more absolute  
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed [power,  
The ruin of the state.

*Bru.* Why, shall the people give  
One that speaks thus their voice?

*Cor.* I'll give my reasons,

More worthier than their voices. They know the corn  
Was not<sup>5</sup> their recompense, resting well assur'd  
They ne'er did service for't. Being press'd to the war,  
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not<sup>6</sup> thread the gates: this kind of service  
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i'<sup>7</sup> the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd  
Most valor, spoke not for them. Th' accusation  
Which they have often made against the senate,  
All cause unborn, could never be the<sup>8</sup> motive  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
How shall this<sup>9</sup> 'bisson'<sup>10</sup> multitude digest  
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
What's like to be their words:—"We did request it;  
We are the greater<sup>11</sup> poll, and in true fear  
They gave us our demands."—Thus we debase  
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break open  
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows  
To peck the eagles.—

<sup>e</sup> "From the canon," i. e., according to law.—<sup>f</sup> Careless.—  
<sup>g</sup> Pass through.—<sup>h</sup> "Bisson" i. e., blind.—<sup>i</sup> Number.

\* Shuffling.—<sup>b</sup> Treacherously.—<sup>c</sup> Populace.—<sup>d</sup> Lepers.

*Men.* Come, enough.

*Bru.* Enough, with over-measure.

*Cor.* No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—  
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,  
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable slightness. Purpose so barr'd, it follows,  
Nothing is done to purpose: therefore, beseech you,  
You that will be less fearful than discreet,  
That love the fundamental part of state,  
More than you <sup>a</sup>doubt the change on't; that prefer;  
A noble life before a long, and wish  
To <sup>b</sup>jump a body with a dangerous physic  
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out  
The multitudinous tongue: let them not lick  
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonor  
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
Of that integrity which should become it,  
Not having the power to do the good it would,  
For th' ill which doth control it.

*Bru.* He has said enough.

*Sic.* He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—  
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?  
On whom depending, their obedience fails  
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,  
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,  
Let what is meet be said, it must be meet,  
And throw their power i' the dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason.

*Sic.* This a consul? no.

*Bru.* The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

*Enter an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Go, call the people; [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose  
name, myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,  
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer.

*Cor.* Hence, old goat!

<sup>1</sup> *Sen.* We'll surety him.

*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones  
Out of thy garments.

*Sic.* Help, ye citizens!

<sup>2</sup> *Re-enter the Ædile, with others, and a Rabble of  
Citizens.*

*Men.* On both sides more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he, that would  
Take from you all your power.

*Bru.* Seize him, Ædiles.

*Cit.* Down with him! down with him!

[*Several speak.*]

<sup>2</sup> *Sen.* Weapons! weapons!  
[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—  
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

*Cit.* Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

*Men.* What is about to be?—I am out of breath;  
Confusion's near: I cannot speak.—You, tribunes  
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—  
Speak, good Sicinius.

*Sic.* Hear me! people, peace!

*Cit.* Let's hear our tribune:—Peace! Speak,  
speak, speak.

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties:  
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,  
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

*Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city, but the people?

*Cit.* True;

The people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

*Cit.* You so remain.

*Men.* And so are like to do.

*Com.* That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation,

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin.

*Sic.* This deserves death.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,  
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power  
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy  
Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore, lay hold of him.  
Bear him to the rock <sup>c</sup> Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him.

*Cit.* Yield, Marcius, yield.

*Men.* Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

*Æd.* Peace, peace!

*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,  
And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,  
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous  
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,  
And bear him to the rock.

*Cor.* No; I'll die here. [*Drawing his Sword.*]  
There's some among you have beheld me fighting:  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

*Men.* Down with that sword!—Tribunes, with-  
draw a while.

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.

*Men.* Help Marcius, help,  
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

*Cit.* Down with him! down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and  
the People, are beat in.*]

*Men.* Go, get you to your house: be gone, away!  
All will be naught else.

<sup>2</sup> *Sen.* Get you gone.

*Com.* Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that?

<sup>1</sup> *Sen.* The gods forbid!

I pry'thee, noble friend, home to thy house;  
Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* For 'tis a sore upon us,  
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.

*Com.* Come, sir, along with us.

*Cor.* I would they were barbarians, as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as they are not,  
Though call'd i' the porch o' the Capitol!—

*Men.* Be gone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:  
One time will owe another.

*Cor.* On fair ground,

I could beat forty of them.

*Men.* I could myself

<sup>a</sup> Fear.—<sup>b</sup> Risk.

<sup>c</sup> "The rock Tarpeian," i. e., whence criminals were  
thrown and dashed to pieces.



Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

*Com.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic; And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence, Before the 'tag return, whose rage doth rend Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear What they are used to bear?

*Men.* Pray you, be gone. I'll try whether my old wit he in request With those that have but little: this must be patch'd With cloth of any color.

*Com.* Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.]

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world: He would not flatter Neptune for his trident, Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent; And, being angry, does forget that ever He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.* Here's goodly work!

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!

*Men.* I would they were in Tyber!—What, the Could he not speak them fair? [*Vengeance,*

*Re-enter* BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.

*Sic.* Where is this viper, That would depopulate the city, and Be every man himself?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes,—

*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law, And therefore law shall scorn him farther trial Than the severity of the public power, Which he so sets at naught.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know, The noble tribunes are the people's mouths, And we their hands.

*Cit.* He shall, sure on't.

*Men.* Sir, sir,—

*Sic.* Peace! [*hunt*

*Men.* Do not cry havoc, where you should but With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes't, that you Have help to make this rescue?

*Men.* Hear me speak.— As I do know the consul's worthiness, So can I name his faults.—

*Sic.* Consul!—what consul?

*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Br.* He a consul!

*Cit.* No, no, no, no. [*people,*

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good I may be heard, I would crave a word or two; The which shall turn you to no farther harm, Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly then; For we are peremptory to despatch This viperous traitor. To eject him hence, Were but one danger, and to keep him here, Our certain death: therefore, it is decreed He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid, That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude Towards her ' deserving children is enroll'd In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam Should now eat up her own!

*Sic.* He's a disease, that must be cut away.

*Men.* O! he's a limb, that has but a disease;

Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome that's worthy death? Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost, (Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath, By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country: And what is left, to lose it by his country, Were to us all, that do't and suffer it, A brand to th' end of the world.

*Sic.* This is clean <sup>b</sup> kam.

*Br.* <sup>c</sup>Merely awry. When he did love his country, It honor'd him.

*Men.* The service of the foot, Being once gangren'd, is not then respected For what before it was.

*Br.* We'll hear no more.— Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence, Lest his infection, being of catching nature, Spread farther.

*Men.* One word more, one word. This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find The harm of unscann'd <sup>d</sup>swiftness, will, too late, Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process; Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out, And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Br.* If it were so,—

*Sic.* What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our *Ædiles* smote? ourselves resisted?—Come!—

*Men.* Consider this:—he has been bred i' the wars Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd In <sup>e</sup>boulted language; meal and bran together He throws without distinction. Give me leave, I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace Where he shall answer, by a lawful form. In peace, to his utmost peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course Will prove too bloody, and the end of it Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,

Be you, then, as the people's officer.—

Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Br.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place.—We'll attend you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed In our first way.

*Men.* I'll bring him to you.—

Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*]

He must come, Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—A Room in CORIOLANUS's House.

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, and *Patricians.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears: present me Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels; Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock, That the precipitation might down stretch Below the beam of sight, yet will I still Be thus to them.<sup>2</sup>

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* I 'muse my mother Does not approve me farther, who was wont To call them woollen vassals; things created To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder, When one but of my <sup>f</sup>ordinance stood up

<sup>b</sup> "Clean kam," i. e., quite awry.—<sup>c</sup> "Merely," i. e., absolutely.—<sup>d</sup> "Unscann'd swiftness," i. e., inconsiderate haste.—<sup>e</sup> "Boulted," i. e., finely sifted.—<sup>f</sup> "I muse," i. e., I wonder.—<sup>g</sup> Rank.

<sup>a</sup> "The tag," i. e., the lowest of the populace, tag, rag, and bobtail.

To speak of peace, or war.

<sup>1</sup> Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you?<sup>2</sup>

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me False to my nature? Rather say, I play The man I am.

Vol. <sup>3</sup>O, son, son, son!  
I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,  
With striving less to be so: lesser had been  
The thwartings of your dispositions, if  
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come; you have been too rough,  
something too rough:  
You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy;  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd.  
I have a heart as little apt as yours  
<sup>4</sup>To brook control without the use of anger,  
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger  
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!  
Before he should thus <sup>5</sup>stoop o' the heart, but that  
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic  
For the whole state, I would put mine armor on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;  
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;  
Though therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,  
Honor and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,  
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,  
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honor in your wars to seem  
The same you are not, (which for your best ends  
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honor, as in war, since that to both  
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why a force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies on you to speak  
To the people; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,  
But with such words that are but <sup>6</sup>roted in  
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables  
Of no <sup>7</sup>allowance to your bosom's truth.  
Now, this no more dishonors you at all,  
Than to take <sup>8</sup>in a town with gentle words  
Which else would put you to your fortune and  
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes and my friends at stake, requir'd  
I should do so in honor: I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;

And you will rather show our general <sup>9</sup>lowts  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,  
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
Of what that 'want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—  
Come, go with us: speak fair; you may save so,  
<sup>10</sup>Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;  
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)  
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears) waving thy head,  
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,  
<sup>11</sup>Now's humble as the ripest mulberry  
That will not hold the handling. Or say to them,  
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,  
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess,  
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,  
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame  
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,  
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;  
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee no,  
Go, and be rul'd; although, I know, thou hadst rather  
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,  
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir,  
You make strong party, or defend yourself [ 'tis fit  
By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve; if he  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.—  
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed <sup>12</sup>h'sconce?  
Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart  
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:  
Yet were there but this single <sup>13</sup>plot to lose,  
This mould of Marcus, they to dust should grind it,  
And throw't against the wind.—To the market-place!  
You have put me now to such a part, which never  
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son: as thou hast said,  
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't.  
Away, my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an enunch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves  
<sup>14</sup>Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up  
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,  
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't,  
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,  
And by my body's action teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then:

<sup>1</sup> Urge.—<sup>2</sup> "Roted," i. e., got by rote.—<sup>3</sup> Approbation.—  
<sup>4</sup> "To take in," i. e., to subdue.

<sup>5</sup> "General lowts," i. e., common clowns.—<sup>6</sup> "That want,"  
i. e., the want of their loves.—<sup>7</sup> Not seems here to signify not  
only.—<sup>8</sup> "Unbarbed h'sconce," i. e., uncovered head.—<sup>9</sup> "This  
single plot," i. e., this single body.—<sup>10</sup> Dwell.

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor,  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from me,  
But bow'st thy pride thyself.

*Cor.* Pray, be content:  
Mother, I am going to the market-place;  
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
Clog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd  
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.  
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I the way of flattery farther.

*Vol.* Do your will. [*Exit.*  
*Com.* Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm  
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd [yourself  
With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
Than are upon you yet.

*Cor.* The word is, mildly:—pray you, let us go.  
Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honor.

*Men.* Ay, but mildly.  
*Cor.* Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* In this point charge him home; that he affects  
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his envy to the people;  
And that the spoil got on the Antiates  
Was ne'er distributed.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

What! will he come?

*Æd.* He's coming.

*Bru.* How accompanied?

*Æd.* With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favor'd him.

*Sic.* Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll?

*Æd.* I have; 'tis ready.

*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes?

*Æd.* I have.

*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither:  
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so,  
I the right and strength o' the commons," be it either  
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say, fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death;"  
Insisting on their old prerogative  
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

*Æd.* I shall inform them.

*Bru.* And when such time they have begun to cry,  
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

*Æd.* Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,  
When we shall hap to give't them.

*Bru.* Go; about it—  
[*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have his mouth  
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks  
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks  
With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,  
and Patricians.*

*Sic.* Well, here he comes.

*Men.* Calmly, I do beseech you.

*Cor.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honor'd  
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!  
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,  
And not our streets with war!

*I Sen.*

Amen, amen.

*Men.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people. [say.

*Æd.* List to your tribunes. Audience: peace! I

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.

*Both Tri.* Well, say.—Peace, ho!

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?  
Must all determine here?

*Sic.* I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,  
Allow their officers, and are content  
To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be prov'd upon you?

*Cor.* I am content.

*Men.* Lo, citizens! he says, he is content.  
The warlike service he has done, consider;  
Think upon the wounds his body bears, which show  
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

*Cor.* Scratches with briars;  
Scars to move laughter only.

*Men.* Consider farther,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier. Do not take  
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you.

*Com.* Well, well; no more.

*Cor.* What is the matter,  
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonor'd, that the very hour  
You take it off again?

*Sic.* Answer to us.

*Cor.* Say then: 'tis true, I ought so. [take  
*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to  
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical;  
For which you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How! Traitor?

*Men.* Nay, temperately; your promise.

*Cor.* The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!  
Call me their traitor?—Thou injurious tribune,  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,  
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people?

*Cit.* To the rock! to the rock with him!

*Sic.* Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:  
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him; even this,  
So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
Deserves th' extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath  
Serv'd well for Rome,—

\* Obstinacy. —b "Ow'st," i. e., ownest —c Flatter; wheedle.  
—d Fletion; forgery. —e "Enforce him with his envy," i. e.,  
object to him his hatred.

f "Bear the knave," i. e., bear being called a knave.—  
g "Season'd," i. e., wisely tempered; established by time.

*Cor.* What do you prate of service?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You?

*Men.* Is this

The promise that you made your mother?

*Com.* Know,

I pray you,—

*Cor.* I'll know no farther.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,  
Nor check my <sup>1</sup>carriage for what they can give,  
To have't with saying, good morrow.

*Sic.* For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
<sup>a</sup>Envi'd against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power; as now at last  
Given hostile strokes, and that <sup>b</sup>not in the presence  
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,  
And in the power of us, the tribunes, we,  
Even from this instant, banish him our city,  
In peril of precipitation  
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,  
I say, it shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away.  
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common  
friends;—

*Sic.* He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

*Com.* Let me speak.

I have been consul, and can show for Rome,  
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
My country's good, with a respect more tender,  
More holy and profound, than mine own life,  
My dear wife's <sup>c</sup>estimate, her womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins; then, if I would  
Speak that—

*Sic.* We know your drift. Speak what?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said; but he is banish'd,  
As enemy to the people, and his country.  
It shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so: it shall be so.

*Cor.* You common <sup>d</sup>cry of curs! whose breath I  
hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;  
And here remain with your uncertainty.  
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts!  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders; till, at length,  
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels)  
Making not reservation of yourselves,  
(Still your own foes) deliver you as most  
<sup>e</sup>Abated captives, to some nation  
That won you without blows! Despising,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back.  
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,  
Senators, and Patricians.*]

*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

*Cit.* Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*]

*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates; and follow him,  
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite:  
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
Attend us through the city.

<sup>a</sup> "Envi'd against," i. e., shown hatred to.—<sup>b</sup> Not for not only.—<sup>c</sup> Value.—<sup>d</sup> Pack.—<sup>e</sup> Subdued; overthrown.

*Cit.* Come, come; let us see him out at gates:  
come.—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before a Gate of the City.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-  
NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.*

*Cor.* Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell.  
—The beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd  
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle <sup>2</sup>minded craves  
A noble 'cunning. You were us'd to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* O heavens! O heavens!

*Cor.* Nay, I pr'ythee, woman.—  
*Vol.* Now, the red pestilence strike all trades in  
And occupations perish! [Rome,

*Cor.* What, what, what!  
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labors you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,  
Drop not: adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!  
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,  
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,  
'Tis <sup>3</sup>fond to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you <sup>4</sup>wot well,  
My hazards still have been your solace; and  
Believe't not lightly, though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen, your son  
Will or exceed the common, or be caught  
With <sup>5</sup>cautalous baits and practice.

*Vol.* My <sup>6</sup>first son,  
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
With thee a while: determine on some course  
More than a wild <sup>7</sup>exposure to each chance,  
That starts i' the way before thee.

*Cor.* O the gods!

*Com.* I'll follow thee a month; devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,  
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer.

*Cor.* Fare ye well:

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full  
Of the wars' surfeits to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—  
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
My friends of noble <sup>8</sup>touch, when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still; and never of me aught

<sup>1</sup> Wisdom.—<sup>2</sup> Foolish.—<sup>3</sup> Know.—<sup>4</sup> Insidious.—<sup>5</sup> Noblest.  
—<sup>6</sup> Exposure.—<sup>7</sup> "Of noble touch," i. e., of true metal.

But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily  
As any ear can hear.—Come; let's not weep.—  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd with thee every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand.—  
*Come.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street near the Gate.

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no farther.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided  
In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home:  
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home.  
[*Exit Ædile.*]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.*

Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.  
*Bru.* Why?

*Sic.* They say, she's mad.  
*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.  
*Vol.* O! y'are well met. The hoarded plague o'  
Requite your love! [*The gods*]

*Men.* Peace, peace! be not so loud.  
*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—  
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?  
[*To BRUTUS.*]

*Vir.* You shall stay too. [*To SICINIUS.*] I would,  
To say so to my husband. [*I had the power*]

*Sic.* Are you <sup>a</sup>mankind?  
*Vol.* Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Not but this  
fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou <sup>b</sup>foxship  
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,  
Than thou hast spoken words?

*Sic.* O, blessed heavens!  
*Vol.* More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;  
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what—yet go:—  
Nay, but thou shalt stay too.—I would my son  
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.

*Sic.* What then?  
*Vir.* What then?

He'll make an end of thy posterity.

*Vol.* Bastards, and all.—  
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!  
*Men.* Come, come: peace!

*Sic.* I would he had continued to his country,  
As he began; and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made.

*Bru.* I would he had.  
*Vol.* I would he had. 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:  
<sup>a</sup>Curs that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries, which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

*Bru.* Pray, let us go.

*Vol.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone:  
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:—  
As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,  
This lady's husband here, this, do you see,

Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Bru.* Well, well; we'll leave you.

*Sic.* Why stay we to be baited  
With one that wants her wits?

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.—  
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

I would the gods had nothing else to do,  
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em  
But once a day, it would unclug my heart  
Of what lies heavy to't.

*Men.* You have told them home,  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

*Vol.* Anger's my meat: I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go.  
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Highway between Rome and  
Antium.

*Enter a Roman and a Volsc, meeting.*

*Rom.* I know you well, sir; and you know me.  
Your name, I think, is Adrian.

*Vol.* It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman; and my services are, as you  
are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

*Vol.* Nicanor? No.

*Rom.* The same, sir.

*Vol.* You had more beard, when I last saw you;  
but your <sup>a</sup>favor is well <sup>a</sup>approved by your tongue.  
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the  
Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well  
sav'd me a day's journey.

*Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange insurrec-  
tion: the people against the senators, patricians, and  
nobles.

*Vol.* Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state  
thinks not so: they are in a most warlike prepara-  
tion, and hope to come upon them in the heat of  
their division.

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small  
thing would make it flame again; for the nobles re-  
ceive so to heart the banishment of that worthy,  
Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take  
all power from the people, and to pluck from them  
their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can  
tell you, and is almost mature for the violent break-  
ing out.

*Vol.* Coriolanus banished?

*Rom.* Banished, sir.

*Vol.* You will be welcome with this intelligence,  
Nicanor.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I have  
heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife  
is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your  
noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars,  
his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no re-  
quest of his country.

*Vol.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate,  
thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended  
my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall between this and supper tell you  
most strange things from Rome, all tending to the  
good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready,  
say you?

*Vol.* A most royal one; the centurions and their  
charges distinctly billeted, already in the <sup>d</sup>entertain-  
ment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and  
am the man, I think, that shall set them in present

<sup>a</sup> "Mankind," i. e., a woman with the roughness of a man.

<sup>b</sup> Mean cunning.

<sup>c</sup> Countenance.—<sup>d</sup> "In the entertainment," i. e., taken into pay.

action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

*Vol.* You take my part from me, sir: I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Antium. Before the House of AUFIDIUS.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium.—City, 'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars Have I heard groan, and drop: then, know me not, Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, beseech you?

*Cit.* This, here before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir. Farewell, [*Exit Citizen.*]  
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn, Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart, Whose<sup>1</sup> house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise, Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love Unseparable, shall within this hour, On a dissension of a doit, break out To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes, Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep To take the one the other, by some chance, Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends, And interjoin their issues. So with me:— My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me, He does fair justice; if he give me way, I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. A Hall in AUFIDIUS'S House.

*Music within. Enter a Servant.*

*1 Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here? I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*]

*Enter a second Servant.*

*2 Serv.* Where's Cotus? My master calls for him.—  
Cotus! [*Exit.*]

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* A goodly house. The feast smells well; but I Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Servant.*

*1 Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door.

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being<sup>a</sup> Coriolanus.

*Re-enter second Servant.*

*2 Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away!

*2 Serv.* Away? Get you away.

*Cor.* Now, th'art troublesome.

*2 Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

*Enter a third Servant: the first meets him.*

*3 Serv.* What fellow's this?

*1 Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

*3 Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

*3 Serv.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

*3 Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True, so I am.

*3 Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid: come.

*Cor.* Follow your function; go, And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

*3 Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

*2 Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*]

*3 Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

*3 Serv.* Under the canopy?

*Cor.* Ay.

*3 Serv.* Where's that?

*Cor.* 'P the city of kites and crows.

*3 Serv.* 'P the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then, thou dwellest with daws too?

*Cor.* No; I serve not thy master.

*3 Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

*Cor.* Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher. Hence! [*Beats him.*]

*Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

*2 Serv.* Here, sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

*Auf.* Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name? *Cor.* If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.*]

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not Think me for the man I am, necessity Commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name? [*Servants retire.*]

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volsceans' ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face Bears a command in't: though thy tackle's torn, Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou

*Auf.* I know thee not.—Thy name? [*me yet?*]

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volsees, Great hurt and mischief: thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country, are requited But with that surname; a good memory, And witness of the malice and displeasure [*mains:* Which thou should'st bear me. Only that name re- The cruelty and envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard nobles, who Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest; And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope, Mistake me not, to save my life; for if I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world

<sup>a</sup> In being Coriolanus, i. e., in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli.

<sup>b</sup> Feed.—c Memory for memorial.

I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,  
To be full quit of those my banishers,  
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast  
A heart of 'a wreak in thee, that will revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims  
Of 'b shame seen through thy country, speed thee  
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,  
That my revengeful services may prove  
As benefits to thee; for I will fight  
Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
Of all the 'under fiends. But if so be  
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes  
Thou art tir'd; then, in a word, I also am  
Longer to live most weary, and present  
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:  
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,  
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
Drawn runs of blood out of thy country's breast,  
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
It be to do thee service.

*Ans.* O Marcus, Marcus!  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my  
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter [heart  
Should from yond' cloud speak divine things,  
And say, "'Tis true;" I'd not believe them more  
Than thee, all noble Marcus.—Let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I 'd clip  
The 'anvil of my sword; and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Content against thy valor. Know thou first,  
I lov'd the maid I married: never man  
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,  
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,  
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy 'brawn,  
Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me 'out  
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:  
We have been down together in my sleep,  
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcus,  
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that  
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war  
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
Like a bold flood 'o'er-bear. O! come; go in,  
And take our friendly senators by the hands,  
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
Though not for Rome itself.

*Cor.* You bless me, gods!  
*Ans.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have  
The leading of thine own revenges, take  
Th' one half of my commission; and set down,—  
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own  
ways;  
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
To fight them, ere destroy. But come in:  
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall

Say, "yea," to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;  
Yet, Marcus, that was much. Your hand: most  
welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!  
2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have  
stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave  
me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me  
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set  
up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was  
something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, me-  
thought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,—Would  
I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him  
than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the  
rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is; but a greater soldier than  
he, you 'b wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six 's on him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so either; but I take him to be  
the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to  
say that: for the defence of a town, our general is  
excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter third Servant.*

3 *Serv.* O, slaves! I can tell you news; news, you  
rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations;  
I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack  
our general,—Caius Marcus.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he  
was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he  
was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so  
himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say  
the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and  
notched him like a 'carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might  
have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if  
he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o'  
the table; no question asked him by any of the sen-  
ators, but they stand bald before him. Our general  
himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself  
with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to  
his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our  
general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what  
he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the en-  
treaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he  
says, and 'sowle the porter of Rome gates by the  
ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave  
his passage m'polled.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can  
imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't! he will do't; for, (look you, sir),  
he has as many friends as enemies; which friends,

\* *Wreak*, an old term for *revenge*.—b "Maims of shame," i. e., disgraceful diminutions of territory.—c "The under fiends," i. e., the infernal fiends.—d "Clip," i. e., embrace.—e *Aufidius* calls *Coriolanus* the *anvil* of his sword, because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him as a smith strikes on his anvil.—f "Thy brawn," i. e., thy arm.—g "Beat me out," i. e., beat me fully, completely.

h *Know*.—i *A carbonado* is meat scored for cooking.—k That is considers the touch of his hand as holy.—l Pull.—m "Poll-ed," i. e., bared; cleared.

sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in <sup>1</sup>dejectitude.

1 *Serv.* Dejectitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in <sup>a</sup>blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a <sup>b</sup>parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is <sup>c</sup>nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of <sup>d</sup>vaunt. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; <sup>e</sup>muddled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason: because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in.

#### SCENE VI.—Rome. A Public Place.

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tamed by the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

*Enter MENENIUS.*

*Bru.* We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he. O! he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd, But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand, And so would do, were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All's well; and might have been much He could have temporiz'd. [better, if

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

*Cit.* The gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* <sup>3</sup>Good-den, our neighbors.

*Bru.* <sup>e</sup>Good-den to you all, good-den to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our Are bound to pray for you both. [knees,

*Sic.* Live, and thrive.

*Bru.* Farewell, kind neighbors. We wish'd Cor-Had lov'd you as we did. [Iolanus

*Cit.* Now the gods keep you!

*Both Tri.* Farewell, farewell. [Exeunt Citizens.

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time,

Than when these fellows ran about the streets, Crying confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking, Self-loving,—

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne, Without <sup>f</sup>assistance.

*Men.* I think not so.

*Sic.* We should by this, to all our <sup>g</sup>lamentation, If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it; and Rome Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter an Ædile.*

*Æd.* Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports, the Volscs with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories; And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before them.

*Men.* 'Tis Aufidius,

Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world; Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for <sup>h</sup>Rome, And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you Of Marcius?

*Bru.* Go see this rumor whipp'd.—It cannot be, The Volscs dare break with us.

*Men.* Cannot be! We have record that very well it can;

And three examples of the like have been Within my age. But <sup>i</sup>reason with the fellow, Before you punish him, where he heard this, Lest you shall chance to whip your information, And beat the messenger who bids beware Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sic.* Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

*Bru.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The nobles in great earnestness are going All to the senate house: some news is <sup>k</sup>come in, That <sup>l</sup>turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'Tis this slave. Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising; Nothing but his report.

*Mess.* Yes, worthy sir, The slave's report is seconded; and more, More fearful, is deliver'd.

*Sic.* What more fearful?

*Mess.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths, How probable I do not know, that Marcius, Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome, And vows revenge as spacious, as between The young'st and oldest thing.

*Sic.* This is most likely!

*Bru.* Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish <sup>m</sup>God Marcius home again.

*Sic.* The very trick on't.

*Men.* This is unlikely: He and Aufidius can no more <sup>n</sup>atone, Than violent contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* You are sent for to the senate. A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius, Associated with Aufidius, rages

<sup>a</sup> "In blood," i. e., in good condition.—<sup>b</sup> Part.—<sup>c</sup> "Nothing," i. e., good for nothing.—<sup>d</sup> Softened.—<sup>e</sup> "Good-den," i. e., good day.

<sup>f</sup> That is, *Aiming* at absolute power, without the *participation* of the tribunes.—<sup>g</sup> "To . . . our lamentation," i. e., to our sorrow.—<sup>h</sup> "Stood for Rome," i. e., stood up in her defence.—<sup>i</sup> To reason with is to talk with.—<sup>k</sup> Changes.—<sup>l</sup> "Atone," i. e., agree; accord.



Upon our territories; and have already  
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* O! you have made good work.

*Men.* What news? what news?

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own daughters,  
To melt the city leads upon your pates; [and  
To see your wives dishonor'd to your noses;—

*Men.* What's the news? what's the news?

*Com.* Your temples burned in their cement; and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an auger's bore.

*Men.* Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your  
news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

*Com.* If! He is their god: he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better; and they follow him  
Against us brats, with no less confidence  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You have made good work,  
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation, and  
The breath of garlic-eaters!

*Com.* He will shake  
Your Rome about your ears.

*Men.* As Hercules  
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair  
work.

*Bru.* But is this true, sir?

*Com.* Ay; and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the legions  
Do smilingly<sup>b</sup> revolt, and who resist  
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?  
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it?  
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people  
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they  
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him,  
even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein show'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'Tis true:  
If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made  
fair hands,

<sup>1</sup>You, and your handy crafts have crafted fair.

*Com.* You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Tri.* Say not, we brought it.

*Men.* How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,  
like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

*Com.* But I fear  
They'll<sup>c</sup> roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer. Desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a Troop of Citizens.*

*Men.* Here come the clusters.—

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,  
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter:  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*Cit.* Faith, we hear fearful news.

*1 Cit.* For mine own part,  
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

*2 Cit.* And so did I.

*3 Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did  
very many of us. That we did, we did for the best;  
and though we willingly consented to his banish-  
ment, yet it was against our will.

*Com.* Y' are goodly things, your voices!

*Men.* You have made  
Good work, you and your<sup>d</sup> cry!—Shall's to the  
Capitol?

*Com.* O! ay, what else? [*Exeunt Com. and Men.*

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home; he not dismay'd:  
These are a side that would be glad to have  
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
And show no sign of fear.

*1 Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters,  
let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when  
we banished him.

*2 Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol.—Would half my wealth  
Would buy this for a lie!

*Sic.* Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—A Camp; at a small distance  
from Rome.

*Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman?

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but  
Your soldiers use him as the grace<sup>e</sup> for meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now,  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,  
Even to my person, than I thought he would  
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature  
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, sir,  
(I mean, for your<sup>e</sup> particular) you had not  
Join'd in commission with him; but either  
Had borne the action of yourself, or else  
To him had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well; and be thou sure,  
When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
What I can urge against him. <sup>2</sup>Though it seems,  
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent  
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,  
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone

<sup>4</sup>Your cry," i. e., your pack, alluding to a pack of  
hounds.—<sup>e</sup>For your particular," i. e., for your private in-  
terest.

<sup>a</sup> Mechanics.—<sup>b</sup> "Smilingly revolt," i. e., revolt with pleas-  
ure.—<sup>c</sup> "Roar him in again," i. e., roar at his return.

That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,  
Whene'er we come to our account. [Rome?]

*Lien.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down;

And the nobility of Rome are his:

The senators and patricians love him too.

The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people

Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty

To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,

As is the <sup>a</sup>osprey to the fish, who takes it

By sovereignty of nature. First he was

A noble servant to them, but he could not

Carry his honors even: whether 'twas pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man; whether defect of judgment,

To fail in the disposing of those chances

Which he was lord of; or whether nature,

Not to be other than one thing, not moving

From the casque to the <sup>b</sup>cushion, but commanding

Even with the same austerity and garb [peace,

As he controll'd the war; but one of these

(As he hath spices of them all, not <sup>c</sup>all,

For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,

So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,

To choke it in the <sup>d</sup>utterance. So our virtues

<sup>1</sup>Live in the interpretation of the time,

And power, <sup>2</sup>in itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a <sup>3</sup>cheer

To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;

Rights by rights <sup>4</sup>suffer, strengths by strengths do fail.

Come, let's away.—When, Caius, Rome is thine,

Thou art poor'st of all; then, shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.*

*Men.* No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said

<sup>5</sup>To one sometime his general; who lov'd him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father,

But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,

A mile before his tent fall down, and knee

The way into his mercy. Nay, if he <sup>e</sup>coy'd

To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.* Do you hear?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name.

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops

That we have bled together. Coriolanus

He would not answer to; forbad all names:

He was a kind of nothing, titleless,

Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire

Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why, so; you have made good work:

A pair of tribunes, that have wreck'd for Rome,

To make coals cheap, a noble memory!

*Com.* I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon

When it was <sup>6</sup>least expected: he replied,

It was a bare petition of a state

To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.* Very well: could he say less?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard

For his private friends: his answer to me was,  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile

Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,

For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,

And still to nose th' offence.

*Men.*

For one poor grain or two?

I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,

And this brave fellow too; we are the grains:

You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt

Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not

Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you

Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,

Might stop our countryman.

*Men.*

No; I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* Pray you, go to him.

*Men.* What should I do?

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do

For Rome towards Marcius.

*Men.*

Well; and say that Marcius

Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

Unheard, what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot

With his unkindness? say't be so?

*Sic.*

Yet your good will

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure

As you intended well.

*Men.*

I'll undertake it:

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,

And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.

He was not taken well; he had not din'd:

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then

We put upon the morning, are unapt

To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd

These pipes and these conveyances <sup>7</sup>of blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls

Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore, I'll watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,

And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,

And cannot lose your way.

*Men.*

Good faith, I'll prove him,

Speed how it will. <sup>8</sup>You shall ere long have knowl-

edge

Of my success.

[*Exit.*]

*Com.*

He'll never hear him.

*Sic.*

Not?

*Com.* I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye

Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury

The jailer to his pity. I kneel'd before him;

'Twas very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me

Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,

He sent in writing after me; what he would not,

Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:

So that all hope is vain.

Unless his noble mother, and his wife;

Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,

And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.—<sup>9</sup>The Volscian Camp before Rome.

The Guards at their Stations.

*Enter to them, MENENIUS.*

1 *G.* Stay! Whence are you?

2 *G.*

Stand, and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men: 'tis well; but, by your

I am an officer of state, and come [leave,

To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.*

From whence?

*Men.*

From Rome.

<sup>a</sup> The *osprey* is an eagle that preys on fish.—<sup>b</sup> "From the casque to the cushion," i. e., from the duties of a soldier to the chair of civil authority.—<sup>c</sup> "Not all," i. e., not all in their full extent.—<sup>d</sup> That is, "such merit as should choke the utterance of his faults."—<sup>e</sup> "Coy'd," i. e., condescended unwillingly.

1 G. You may not pass; you must return: our Will no more hear from thence. [general

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, You'll speak with Coriolanus. [before

Men. Good my friends, If you have heard your general talk of Rome, And of his friends there, it is <sup>a</sup>lots to blanks, My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow, Thy general is my <sup>b</sup>lover: I have been The book of his good acts, whence men have read His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified; For I have ever <sup>c</sup>magnified my friends, (Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes, Like to a bowl upon a <sup>c</sup>subtle ground, I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise Have almost stamp'd the <sup>d</sup>leasing. Therefore, fellow, I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always <sup>e</sup>factionary on the party of your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the <sup>2</sup>queasy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution. You are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say: go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood,—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a <sup>f</sup>Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and cruelier in suffering: behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than

thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How? away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are <sup>g</sup>servanted to others: though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volscian <sup>h</sup>breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone: Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, <sup>i</sup>for I lov'd thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a <sup>3</sup>Paper.

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are <sup>k</sup>silent for keeping your greatness back?

2 G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by <sup>l</sup>himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, away! [Exit.

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how <sup>m</sup>plainly I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Loved me above the measure of a father: Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him; for whose old love, I have (Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only That thought he could do more. A very little I have yielded, too: fresh embassies, and suits, Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[Shout within

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow

<sup>a</sup> "Lots to blanks," i. e., chances to nothing.—<sup>b</sup> Friend.—<sup>c</sup> Deceitful.—<sup>d</sup> "Almost stamp'd the leasing," i. e., almost given the lie such a sanction as to render it current.—<sup>e</sup> "Factionary on the party of," i. e., a partisan in the cause of.—<sup>f</sup> "Jack guardant," i. e., Jack in office.

<sup>g</sup> Subjected.—<sup>h</sup> That is, the power of forgiveness rests with the Volscians.—<sup>i</sup> "For," i. e., because.—<sup>k</sup> Reprimanded.—<sup>l</sup> "By himself," i. e., by his own hands.—<sup>m</sup> Openly.

In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter, in mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then, the honor'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!  
All bond and privilege of nature, break!  
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—  
What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,  
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not  
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,  
As if Olympus to a molehill should  
In supplication nod; and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volscies  
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never  
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

*Vir.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
Makes you think so.

*Cor.* Like a dull actor, now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say  
For that, "Forgive our Romans."—O! a kiss  
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!  
Now, by the jealous <sup>a</sup>queen of heaven, that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,  
And the most noble mother of the world  
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth;

[*Kneels.*]

Of thy deep duty more impression show  
Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O, stand up bless'd!  
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
I kneel before thee, and unproperly  
Show duty, as <sup>1</sup>mistaking all this while  
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*]

*Cor.* What is this?  
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?  
Then, let the pebbles on the <sup>b</sup>hungry beach  
<sup>c</sup>Filipp the stars; then, let the mutinous winds  
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,  
Murdering impossibility, to make  
What cannot be slight work.

<sup>2</sup>[*Rising and raising her.*]

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior;  
I hold to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

*Cor.* The noble sister of Publicola,  
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,  
That's <sup>3</sup>curdled by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours,  
Which, by the interpretation of full time,  
May show like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove  
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' her wars  
Like a great sea-mark, standing every <sup>d</sup>flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee!

*Vol.*

Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That's my brave boy!

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

*Cor.*

I beseech you, peace;

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:  
The things I have forsworn to grant may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.*

O! no more, no more!

You have said, you will not grant us any thing;  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;  
That, if <sup>4</sup>we fail in our request, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore, hear us.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volscies, mark; for we'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private. <sup>5</sup>[*Takes his seat.*—Your request?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,  
And state of bodies, would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
How more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should  
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-

forts,

[*row;*]

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sor-  
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
His country's bowels out; and <sup>6</sup>so poor we,  
Thine <sup>7</sup>enemies most capital. Thou barr'st us  
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,  
Alas! how can we, for our country pray,  
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,  
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose  
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,  
Our comfort in the country. We must find  
An evident calamity, though we had  
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou  
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
With manacles through our streets, or else  
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,  
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till  
These wars <sup>8</sup>determine: if I cannot persuade thee  
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,  
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country, than to tread  
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,  
That brought thee to this world.

*Vir.*

Ay, and mine,

That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
Living to time.

*Boy.*

He shall not tread on me:  
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be, <sup>9</sup>[*Aside.*]  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*]

*Vol.*

Nay, go not from us thus.

If it were so, that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volscies whom you serve, you might condemn us,  
As poisonous of your honor: no; our suit  
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscies  
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,  
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd  
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,  
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,  
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

<sup>a</sup> Juno.—<sup>b</sup> Sterile.—<sup>c</sup> Strike.—<sup>d</sup> Gust; storm.

<sup>e</sup> Conclude; cnd.

Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses,  
Whose chronicle thus writ,—“The man was noble,  
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,  
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains  
To each ensuing age abhorr'd.” Speak to me, son!  
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,  
To imitate the graces of the gods;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?  
Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you;  
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:  
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons. There is no man in the world  
More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me prate  
Like one i' the stocks.—Thou hast never in thy life  
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;  
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,  
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
Loaden with honor. Say, my request's unjust,  
And spurn me back; but, if it be not so,  
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,  
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:  
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.

<sup>2</sup>[*All kneel.*]

To his surname, Coriolanus, 'longs more pride,  
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;  
This is the last;—so we will home to Rome,  
And die among our neighbors.—Nay, behold us:  
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,  
Does reason our petition with more strength  
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go.  
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;  
His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our despatch:  
I am hush'd until our city be afire,  
And then I'll speak a little.

<sup>3</sup>[*He holds VOLUNIA by the hand, long, and self-struggling.*]

*Cor.* <sup>4</sup>O mother, mother!

What have you done? Behold! the heavens do ope,  
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
They laugh at. O my mother! mother! O!  
You have won a happy victory to Rome;  
But, for your son,—believe it, O! believe it,—  
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.—  
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
Were you in my stead, would you have heard  
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

*Anf.* I was mov'd withal.

*Cor.* I dare be sworn, you were:  
And, sir, it is no little thing to make  
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part,  
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,  
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

*Anf.* <sup>5</sup>[*Aside.*] I am glad, thou hast set thy  
mercy and thy honor

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work  
Myself a <sup>6</sup>firmer fortune.<sup>7</sup>

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*]

*Cor.* Ay, by and by;

[*To VOLUNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*]

But we will drink together; and you shall bear  
A better witness back than words, which we

On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.  
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you: all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—Rome. A Public Place.

*Enter MENENIUS and SICIINIUS.*

*Men.* See you yond' <sup>b</sup>coign o' the Capitol; yond'  
corner-stone?

*Sic.* Why, what of that?

*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace it with  
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of  
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him:  
but I say, there is no hope in't. Our throats are  
sentenced, and <sup>c</sup>stay upon execution.

*Sic.* Is't possible, that so short a time can alter  
the condition of a man?

*Men.* There is difference between a grub, and a  
butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Mar-  
cius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings;  
he's more than a creeping thing.

*Sic.* He loved his mother dearly.

*Men.* So did he me; and he no more remembers  
his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The  
tarnish of his face sours ripe grapes: when he  
walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground  
shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a  
corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his  
<sup>d</sup>hem! is a battery. He sits in his <sup>d</sup>state, as a  
thing <sup>e</sup>made for Alexander. What he bids be  
done, is finished with his bidding: he wants nothing  
of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Men.* I paint him in the character. Mark what  
mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no  
more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male  
tiger; that shall our poor city find; and all this is  
<sup>f</sup>long of you.

*Sic.* The gods be good unto us!

*Men.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good  
unto us. When we banished him, we respected not  
them; and, he returning to break our necks, they  
respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house.  
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,  
And <sup>h</sup>hale him up and down; all swearing, if  
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,  
They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sic.* What's the news?

*Mess.* Good news, good news!—The ladies have  
prevail'd,

The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.

A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,

No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

*Mess.* As certain, as I know the sun is fire:  
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?  
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

<sup>9</sup>[*Shouts, Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and  
Drums beaten, all together.*<sup>10</sup>]

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*]

<sup>b</sup> Angle.—<sup>c</sup> “Stay upon,” i. e., wait but for.—<sup>d</sup> “State,”  
i. e., chair of state.—<sup>e</sup> “As a thing made for,” i. e., as one  
made to resemble.—<sup>f</sup> Drag.

*Men.* This is good news.  
I will go meet the ladies. This Volunmia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,  
A sea and land-full. You have pray'd well to-day:  
This morning for ten thousand of your throats  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Shouting and Music.*]

*Sie.* First, the gods bless you for 'the tidings: next,  
Accept my thankfulness.

*Mess.* Sir, we have all  
Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sie.* They are near the city.

*Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sie.* We will meet them,  
And help the joy. [*Going.*]

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the Stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!  
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,  
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before  
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius; [them.  
\* Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:  
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!

All. Welcome, ladies!  
Welcome! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Antium. A Public Place.

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the lords of the city, I am here.  
Deliver them this paper: having read it,  
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,  
Even in theirs' and in the commons' ears,  
Will vouch the truth of it. <sup>b</sup> Him I accuse  
The city <sup>c</sup> ports by this hath enter'd, and  
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping  
To purge himself with words. Despatch.  
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

2 *Enter Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' Faction.*  
Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?  
*Auf.* Even so,  
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,  
If you do hold the same intent, wherein  
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell:  
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.* I know it;  
And my pretext to strike at him admits  
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,  
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends; and to this end  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and <sup>d</sup> fierce.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,—

*Auf.* That I would have spoke of.  
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;  
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;  
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way

In all his own desires; nay, let him choose  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men: serv'd his designments  
In mine own person; help to reap the fame  
Which he did <sup>e</sup> ear all his; and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and  
He waged me with his <sup>d</sup> countenance, as if  
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord;  
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,  
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd  
For no less spoil, than glory,—

*Auf.* There was it;  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.  
At a few drops of women's <sup>e</sup> rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor  
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear  
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more.  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the City.*

*Lords.* You are most welcome home.  
*Auf.* I have not deserv'd it.  
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you?

*Lords.* We have.  
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines; but there to end,  
Where he was to begin, and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own <sup>f</sup> charge, making a treaty where  
There was a yielding; this admits no excuse.

*Auf.* He approaches: you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colors; a crowd of Citizens with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;  
No more infected with my country's love,  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
Under your great command. You are to know,  
That prosperously I have attempted, and  
With bloody passage led your wars, even to  
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,  
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
The charges of the action. We have made peace,  
With no less honor to the Antiates,  
Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,  
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords;  
But tell the traitor in the highest degree  
He hath abus'd your powers.

\* Recull.—<sup>b</sup> "Him," i. e., he whom —<sup>c</sup> Gates.

<sup>d</sup> "Waged me with his countenance," i. e., rewarded me with good looks.—<sup>e</sup> Tears.—<sup>f</sup> "Answering us with our own charge," i. e., rewarding us with our own expenses; making the cost of the war its recompense.

Cor. Traitor!—How now!—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously He has betray'd your business, and given up For certain drops of <sup>a</sup> salt your city, Rome: I say your city, to his wife and mother, Breaking his oath and resolution, like A twist of rotten silk; never admitting Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears He whin'd and roar'd away your victory, That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No <sup>b</sup> more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!— Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords, Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion (Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join To thrust the lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and lads, Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound! If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there, That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli: Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords, Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune, Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart, 'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces; do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—he killed my Cousin Marcus:—he killed my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage:—peace!

The man is noble, and his fame folds in This orb o' the <sup>c</sup> earth. His last offences to us Shall have <sup>d</sup> judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius, And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O! that I had him, With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill

CORIOLANUS, who falls: AUFIDIUS stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus!—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valor will weep. [quiet.—

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be Put up your swords. [rage,

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice That he is thus cut off. Please it your honors To call me to your senate, I'll deliver Myself your loyal servant, or endure Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body, And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded, As the most noble corse that ever herald Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame. Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone, And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:— Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.— Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully; Trail your steel spikes.—Though in this city he Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one, Whicth to this hour bewail the injury, Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

Assist. [Exeunt, bearing the Body of CORIOLANUS.

A dead March, <sup>1</sup> while they pass round the Stage.

<sup>a</sup> Tears.—<sup>b</sup> "No more," i. e., no more than a *boy of tears*.

<sup>c</sup> "Folds in this orb o' the earth," i. e., overspreads the world.—<sup>d</sup> Judicial.

# TITUS ANDRONICUS.



ACT II.—Scene 3.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.

BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.

LUCIUS, }  
QUINTUS, } Sons to Titus Andronicus.  
MARTIUS, }  
MUTIUS, }

Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus the Tribune.

EMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS, }  
DEMETRIUS, } Sons to Tamora.

CHIRON,

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.  
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol.

*The Tomb of the Andronicii appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the <sup>1</sup>Capitol. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other; with Drum and Colors.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive <sup>a</sup> title with your swords.  
<sup>b</sup> I am the first-born son, of him the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome:  
Then, let my father's honors live in me,

Nor wrong mine <sup>b</sup> age with this indignity. [right,

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favorers of my

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,

Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,

Keep then this passage to the Capitol;

And suffer not dishonor to approach

Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,

To justice, <sup>c</sup> conscience, and nobility,

But let desert in pure election shine;

And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,

Ambitiously for rule and empery,

Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand

A special party, have by common voice

In election for the Roman <sup>c</sup> empery,

<sup>a</sup> "My successive title," i. e., my title to the succession.

<sup>b</sup> "Mine age," i. e., my seniority in point of age.—<sup>c</sup> Empire; sovereignty.



Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,  
 For many good and great deserts to Rome :  
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
 Lives not this day within the city walls.  
 He by the senate is <sup>a</sup>accited home,  
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;  
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
 Ten years are spent since first he undertook  
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms  
 Our enemies' pride : five times he hath return'd  
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
 In coffins from the field ;  
 And now at last, laden with honor's spoils,  
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
 Let us entreat,—by honor of his name,  
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed,  
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
 Whom you pretend to honor and adore,—  
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength :  
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

*Sat.* How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts.

*Bas.* Marcus Andronicus, so I do <sup>b</sup>affy  
 In thy uprightness and integrity,  
 And so I love and honor thee and thine,  
 Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,  
 And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;  
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favor,  
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.*]

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward in my  
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ; [right,  
 And to the love and favor of my country  
 Commit myself, my person, and my cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,  
 As I am confident and kind to thee.—  
 Open the <sup>2</sup>brazen gates, and let me in.

*Bas.* Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol ; and exeunt  
 with Senators, MARCUS, &c.*]

## SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter a Captain, and others.*

*Cap.* Romans, make way ! The good Andronicus,  
 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
 Successful in the battles that he fights,  
 With honor, and with fortune, is return'd,  
 From where he circumscribed with his sword,  
 And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Sound Drums and Trumpets, &c. Enter MARTIUS  
 and MUTIUS : after them, two Men bearing a Cof-  
 fin covered with black ; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS.  
 After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS ; and then TAM-  
 MORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,  
 AARON, and other Goths, prisoners ; Soldiers  
 and People, following. The Beavers set down  
 the Coffin.<sup>3</sup>*

*Tit.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds !  
 Lo ! as the bark that hath discharg'd her <sup>c</sup>fraught  
 Returns with precious lading to the bay,  
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
 To re-salute his country with his tears ;

Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.  
 Thou great defender of this <sup>d</sup>Capitol,  
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !  
 Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,  
 Half of the number that king Priam had,  
 Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !  
 These that survive let Rome reward with love ;  
 These that I bring unto their latest home,  
 With burial amongst their ancestors :  
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.  
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?  
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The Tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !  
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
 How many sons <sup>4</sup>hast thou of mine in store,  
 That thou wilt never render to me more ?

*Lub.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths  
 That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
 Before this earthly prison of their bones ;  
 That so <sup>5</sup>their shadows be not unappeas'd,  
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on <sup>e</sup>earth.

*Tit.* I give him you ; the noblest that survives.  
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

*Tam.* Stay, Roman brethren !—Gracious conqueror,  
 Victorious Titus, 'twee the tears I shed,  
 A mother's tears in <sup>f</sup>passion for her son :  
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
 O ! think my son to be as dear to me.

Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,  
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,  
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;  
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,  
 For valiant doings in their country's cause ?  
 O ! if to fight for king and common weal  
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.  
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?  
 Draw near them, then, in being merciful :  
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

*Tit.* Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.  
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld  
 Alive, and dead ; and for their brethren slain,  
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice :  
 To this your son is marked ; and die he must,  
 To appease their groaning shadows that are <sup>6</sup>dust.

*Luc.* Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;  
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
 Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and  
 MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*]

*Tam.* O cruel, irreligious piety !

*Chi.* Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

*Dem.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest ; and we survive  
 To tremble under Titus' threatening look.  
 Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,  
 The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy  
 With opportunity of sharp revenge  
 Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,  
 May favor Tamora, the queen of Goths,  
 (When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)  
 To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

<sup>d</sup> Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.—<sup>e</sup> It was sup-  
 posed that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to solicit  
 the rites of funeral.—Lament.—<sup>f</sup> "In passion," i. e., in  
 grief.

\* Summoned.—<sup>b</sup> Confide.—<sup>c</sup> Freight.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their Swords bloody.*

*Luc.* See, lord and father, how we have perform'd Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd, And entrails feed the sacrificing fire, Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky. Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren, And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

*Tit.* Let it be so; and let Andronicus Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the Coffins laid in the Tomb.*]

In peace and honor rest you here, my sons;

<sup>1</sup>[*Kneeling.* Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest, Secure from worldly chances and mishaps! Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells, Here grow no damned grudges; here <sup>2</sup>no storms, No noise, but silence and eternal sleep. In peace and honor rest you here, my sons!

<sup>3</sup>[*Rising.*]

*Enter LAVINIA.*

*Lav.* In peace and honor live lord Titus long; My noble lord and father, live in fame. Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears I render, for my brethren's obsequies; And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome: O! bless me here with thy victorious hand, Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

*Tit.* Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!— Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days, And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and others.*

*Mar.* Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother, Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

*Tit.* Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

*Mar.* And welcome, nephews, from successful wars, You that survive, and you that sleep in fame. Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all, That in your country's service drew your swords; But safer triumph is this funeral pomp, That hath aspir'd to Solon's <sup>a</sup>happiness, And triumph's over chance in honor's bed.— Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome, Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust, This <sup>b</sup>palliment of white and spotless hue; And name thee in election for the empire, With these our late-deceased emperor's sons. Be *candidatus* then, and put it on, And help to set a head on headless Rome.

*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits, Than his that shakes for age and feebleness: What! should I <sup>c</sup>don this robe, and trouble you? <sup>d</sup>Be chose with acclamations to-day; To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life, And set <sup>e</sup>abroach new business for you all?— Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years, And led my country's strength successfully, And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons, Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms, In right and service of their noble country. Give me a staff of honor for mine age, But not a sceptre to control the world: Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

*Mar.* Titus, thou shalt <sup>e</sup>obtain the <sup>d</sup>empire.

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?— *Tit.* Patience, prince Saturninus.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right.— Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.— Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell, Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

*Luc.* Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

*Tit.* Content thee, prince: I will restore to thee The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

*Bas.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee, But honor thee, and will do till I die: My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends, I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men Of noble minds, is honorable meed.

*Tit.* People of Rome, and people's tribunes, here I ask your voices, and your suffrages:

Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

*Trib.* To gratify the good Andronicus, And gratulate his safe return to Rome, The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make, That you create your emperor's eldest son, Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope, Reflect on Rome, as <sup>e</sup>Titan's rays on earth, And ripen justice in this common-weal: Then, if you will elect by my advice, Crown him, and say,—“Long live our emperor!”

*Mar.* With voices and applause of every sort, Patricians, and plebeians, we create Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor, And say,—“Long live our emperor Saturnine!”

[*A long Flourish. <sup>1</sup>Shouts.*]

*Sat.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done To us in our election this day,

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts, And will with deeds requite thy gentleness: And, for an onset, Titus, to advance Thy name and honorable family, Lavinia will I make my empress, Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart, And in the sacred Pantheon her spouse. Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

*Tit.* It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match I hold me highly honor'd of your grace: And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine, King and commander of our common-weal, The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners; Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord: Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe, Mine honor's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

*Sat.* Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!

How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts, Rome shall record; and, when I do forget The least of these unspeakable deserts, Romans, forget your fealty to me.

*Tit.* Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;

[*To TAMORA.*]

To him, that for your honor and your state, Will use you nobly, and your followers.

*Sat.* A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue <sup>8</sup>[*Aside.* That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—

<sup>9</sup>[*To her.*] Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:

[*cheer,*

Though chance of war hath wrought this change of Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:

Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent

Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you,

<sup>a</sup> The maxim alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced happy before his death.—<sup>b</sup> Robe.—<sup>c</sup> Put on.—<sup>d</sup> Empire; sovereignty.

<sup>e</sup> “Titan's,” i. e., the sun's.

Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—  
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

*Lar.* Not I, my lord; <sup>a</sup>sith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.  
*Sat.* Thanks, sweet Lavinia,—Romans, let us go.  
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:  
Proclaim our honors, lords, with trump and drum.

*Bas.* Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*]

*Tit.* How, sir! Are you in earnest, then, my lord?  
*Bas.* Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,  
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*]

*Mar.* *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:  
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

*Luc.* And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

*Tit.* Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's  
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd. [guard?]

*Sat.* Surpris'd! By whom?

*Bas.* By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.*]

*Mut.* Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*]

*Tit.* Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

*Mut.* My lord, you pass not here.

*Tit.* What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome? [Titus kills MUTIUS.]

*Mut.* Help, Lucius, help!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,  
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

*Tit.* Nor thou, nor he, nor any sons of mine:  
My sons would never so dishonor me.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

*Luc.* Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,

That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

*Sat.* No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:

I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonor me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a <sup>b</sup>stale,

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

*Tit.* O monstrous! what reproachful words are  
these?

*Sat.* But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece  
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To <sup>c</sup>ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,

Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—

<sup>d</sup>Sith priest and holy water are so near,

And tapers burn so bright, and every thing

In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

*Tam.* And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth. [*company*]

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, ac-

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,

Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:

There shall we consecrate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS and his Followers; TAMORA,  
and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*]

*Tit.* I am not <sup>e</sup>bid to wait upon this bride.

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,

Dishonor'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

*Mar.* O, Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*Tit.* No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonor'd all our family:

Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

*Luc.* But let us give him burial, as becomes:

Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

*Tit.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.

This monument five hundred years hath stood,

Which I have sumptuously re-edified:

Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,

Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.

Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

*Mar.* My lord, this is impiety in you.

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:

He must be buried with his brethren.

*Quin. Mart.* And shall, or him we will accompany.

*Tit.* And shall! What villain was it spoke that

word?

*Quin.* He that would vouch't in any place but here.

*Tit.* What! would you bury him in my despute?

*Mar.* No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee

To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

*Tit.* Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,

And, with these boys, mine honor thou hast wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;

So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*Mart.* He is <sup>f</sup>not himself: let us withdraw <sup>g</sup>awhile.

*Quin.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.*]

*Mar.* Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

*Quin.* Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

*Mar.* Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

*Mar.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honor and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,

That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

*Tit.* Rise, Marcus, rise.—

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonor'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the Tomb.*]

*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb! [friends,

*All.* No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*Mar.* My lords,—to step out of these dreary

dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths

<sup>a</sup> Since.—<sup>b</sup> Stalking-horse.—<sup>c</sup> "To ruffle," i. e., to play the  
bully.—<sup>d</sup> Since.

<sup>e</sup> Invited.

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

*Tit.* I know not, Marcus, but I know it is;  
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.  
Is she not, then, beholding to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so far?  
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended; TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON: at the other side, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.*

*Sat.* So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize?  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

*Bas.* And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,  
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

*Sat.* Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

*Bas.* Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;  
Mean while, I am possess'd of that is mine.

*Sat.* 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;  
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

*Bas.* My lord, what I have done, as best I may,  
Answer I must, and shall do with my life:  
Only thus much I give your grace to know.

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honor, wrong'd;  
That in the rescue of Lavinia

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.

Receive him, then, to favor, Saturnine,

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

*Tit.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonor'd me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge.

How I have lov'd and honor'd Saturnine.

*Tam.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

*Sat.* What, madam! be dishonor'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge?

*Tam.* Not so, my lord: the gods of Rome forefend,

I should be author to dishonor you!

But, on mine honor, dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs.

Then, at my suit look graciously on him;

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;

<sup>1</sup>[*Aside to SAT.*

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:

You are but newly planted in your throne;

Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant <sup>2</sup>you for ingratitude,

Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,

Yield at <sup>3</sup>entreats, and then let me alone.

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction, and their family,

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,

To whom I sued for my dear son's life;

And make them know what 'tis to let a queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—

<sup>4</sup>[*Aloud.*

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart

<sup>a</sup> Cease.—<sup>b</sup> Entreaties.

That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*Sat.* Rise, Titus, rise: my empress hath prevail'd.

*Tit.* I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily,

And must advise the emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—

And let it be mine honor, good my lord,

That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—

For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd

My word and promise to the emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable.—

And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia.—

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,

You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

*Luc.* We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,

<sup>3</sup>[*They kneel.*

Tendering our sister's honor, and our own.

*Mar.* That on mine honor here I do protest.

*Sat.* Away, and talk not: trouble us no more.—

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends.

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace:

I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

*Sat.* Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,

I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

<sup>4</sup>[*They stand up.*

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,

I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come; if the emperor's court can feast two brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty,

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bonjour*.

*Sat.* Be it so, Titus, and gramecy too.

<sup>6</sup>[*Trumpets. Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before the Palace.

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash,  
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,

And having gilt the ocean with his beams,

Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,

And overlooks the highest-peering hills;

So Tamora.—

Upon her <sup>6</sup>will doth earthly honor wait,

And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.

Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,

To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress;

And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,

And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,

Than <sup>7</sup>was Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds, and servile thoughts!

I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,

To wait upon this new-made empress.

To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,

This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,

This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,

And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.  
Holla! what storm is this?

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.*

*Dem.* Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge  
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,  
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

*Chir.* Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,  
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.

'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,  
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:

I am as able, and as fit, as thou,

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;

And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love. [peace.

*Aar.* Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the

*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother, unadvise'd,

Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,

Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?

Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,

Till you know better how to handle it.

*Chir.* Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,  
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

*Dem.* Ay, boy; grow ye so brave? [They draw.

*Aar.* Why, how now, lords!

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,

And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:

I would not for a million of gold,

The cause were known to them it most concerns;

Nor would your noble mother for much more

Be so dishonor'd in the court of Rome.

For shame! put up.

*Dem.* Not I; till I have sheath'd

My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,

Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,

That he hath breath'd in my dishonor here.

*Chir.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,

Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

*Aar.* Away, I say!

Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous

It is to jet upon a prince's right?

What! is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,

Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware!—an should the emperor know

This discord's ground, the music would not please.

*Chir.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world:

I love Lavinia more than all the world. [choice:

*Dem.* Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

*Aar.* Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths

By this device.

*Chir.* Aaron, a thousand deaths

Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

*Aar.* To achieve her!—How?

*Dem.* Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy 'tis

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

*Aar.* Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [Aside.

*Dem.* Then, why should he despair, that knows to

With words, fair looks, and liberality? [court it

What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

*Aar.* Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so

Would serve your turns.

*Chir.* Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* Would you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools,

To square for this? Would it offend you, then,

That both should speed?

*Chir.* Faith, not me.

*Dem.* Nor me, so I were one. [jar.

*Aar.* For shame! be friends, and join for that you

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would achieve,

You must, perforce, accomplish as you may.

Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious,

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.

Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come; our empress, with her sacred wit,

To villainy and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.

The emperor's court is like the house of fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:

The woods are ruthless, dreadless, deaf, and dull;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your

turns:

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

*Chir.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

*Dem.* *Sûl fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

*Per Styga, per manes vehor.* [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Forest near Rome. Horns, and  
cry of Hounds heard.

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c.* MAR-  
CUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

*Tit.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are wide.

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,

And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,

And rouse the prince, and sing a hunter's round,

That all the court may echo with the sound.

Sons, let it be your charge, and so will I,

To attend the emperor's person carefully:

I have been troubled in my sleep this night,

\* Clubs! was the cry for help in street riots.—b "Dancing rapier," i. e., a sword worn in dancing.—c Know.—d Brawl; squabble.—e Intrude.—f "Propose," i. e., propose to venture.

e Slice.—b Quarrel.—c Nature.—k Sacred here signifies accursed: a Latinism.—l The allusion is to the smoothing operations of the file, by which the motion of machinery is facilitated.

But dawning day <sup>1</sup> brought comfort and delight.

[*Horns wind: <sup>2</sup> they sing "The hunt is up."*]

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,  
DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and Attendants.

*Tit.* Many good morrows to your majesty:—

Madam, to you as many and as good.—

I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

*Sat.* And you have rung it lustily, my lords,  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

*Bas.* Lavinia, how say you?

*Lav.* I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

*Sat.* Come on, then: horse and chariots let us have,  
And to our sport.—Madam, now shall ye see  
Our Roman hunting. [*To TAMORA.*

*Mar.* I have dogs, my lord,

Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest <sup>3</sup> promontory's top.

*Tit.* And I have horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

*Dem.* Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor  
hound;

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—A desert Part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.

*Aar.* He, that had wit, would think that I had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to <sup>a</sup> inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so objectly,  
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villany:

And so repose, sweet gold, for their <sup>b</sup> unrest,

That have their alms out of the empress' chest. [*Hides the Gold.*

Enter TAMORA.

*Tam.* My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?  
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;

The snake lies <sup>c</sup> coiled in the cheerful sun;

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
As if <sup>d</sup> a double hunt were heard at once,

Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:

And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd

The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,  
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,

And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—

We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;

Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,  
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song

Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

*Aar.* Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
Saturn is dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?

My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,  
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll

To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venerable signs:

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,  
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus;

His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:

Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.

Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,  
And give the king this fatal plotted scroll.—

Now question me no more; we are espied:

Here comes a <sup>e</sup> parcel of our hopeful booty,  
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

*Tam.* Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

*Aar.* No more, great empress. Bassianus comes:

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons

To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

*Bas.* <sup>f</sup> Whom have we here? Rome's royal em-  
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop? [*press,*  
Or is it Dian, habited like her;

Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
To see the general hunting in this forest?

*Tam.* Saucy controller of <sup>g</sup> my private steps!

Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently

With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds  
Should <sup>h</sup> dine upon thy new-transformed limbs,

Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

*Lav.* Under your patience, gentle empress,

'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;

And to be doubted, that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments.

Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!

'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

*Bas.* Believe me, queen, your <sup>i</sup> swarth Cimmerian

Doth make your honor of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train,  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,

If foul desire had not conducted you?

*Lav.* And being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated

For sauciness!—I pray you, let us hence,  
And let her <sup>j</sup> joy her raven-colored love:

This valley fits the purpose passing well.

*Bas.* The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him noted long,  
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd.

*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

*Dem.* How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious  
mother!

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have <sup>k</sup> 'tic'd me hither to this place,  
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,  
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many <sup>l</sup> urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
As any mortal <sup>m</sup> barely hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
But straight they told me, they would bind me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,  
And leave me to this miserable death:

<sup>a</sup> Possess. — <sup>b</sup> Disquiet.

<sup>f</sup> Part. — <sup>g</sup> Dusky. — <sup>h</sup> Hedgehogs.

And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,  
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms  
That ever ear did hear to such effect;  
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
This vengeance on me had they executed.  
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* *BASSIANUS*.

*Chi.* And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise*.

*Lav.* Ay, come, Semiramis!—nay, barbarous *Tam.* For no name fits thy nature but thy own. [mora;

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard: you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

*Dem.* Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her: First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.

This minion stood upon her chastity,  
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
And with that painted shape she braves your might:  
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

*Chi.* An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,  
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

*Tam.* But when ye have the honey ye desire,  
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting. [sure.—

*Chi.* I warrant you, madam, we will make that  
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

*Lav.* O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak: away with her!

*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

*Dem.* Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory  
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain. [dam?

*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones teach the  
O! do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.

The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;  
Even at her teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:  
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[*To* *CHIRON*.

*Chi.* What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a  
bastard?

*Lav.* 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:  
Yet have I heard, O, could I find it now!

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure  
To have his princely claws par'd all away.

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

*Tam.* I know not what it means. Away with her!

*Lav.* O! let me teach thee: for my father's sake,  
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain

Be not obdurate. Open thy deaf ears. [thee,

*Tam.* Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,  
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,  
To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent.  
Therefore, away, and use her as you will:

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

*Lav.* O Tamora! be call'd a gentle queen,  
[*Knocking*.

And with thine own hands kill me in this place;  
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long:

Poor I was slain when Bassianus died. [me go.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let

*Lav.* 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,  
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.

O! keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit,  
Where never man's eye may behold my body:  
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:  
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

*Dem.* Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

*Lav.* No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly  
creature, [Rising.

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall—

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou  
her husband: [Dragging off *LAVINIA*.

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt*.

*Tam.* Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her  
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed, [sure,  
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,  
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit*.

## SCENE IV.—The Same.

*Enter* *AARON*, with *QUINTUS* and *MARTIUS*.

*Aar.* Come on, my lords, the better foot before:  
Straight will I bring you to the lonesome pit,  
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

*Quin.* My sight is very dull, what'er it bodes.

*Mart.* And mine, I promise you: we're not for  
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*Martius falls into the Pit*.

*Quin.* What! art thou fallen? What subtle hole  
is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,  
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me.—  
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Mart.* [Under the stage.] O, brother! with the  
dismall'st object hurt,

That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

*Aar.* [Aside.] Now will I fetch the king to find  
them here;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,  
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit* *AARON*.

*Mart.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me out  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

*Quin.* I am surprised with an uncouth fear;

A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints:  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

*Mart.* To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

*Quin.* Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold

The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.

O! tell me how it is; for ne'er till now  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

*Mart.* Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Quin.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

*Mart.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:

So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
O brother! help me with thy fainting hand,—

If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—  
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Corytus' misty mouth.

*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;  
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.  
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

*Mart.* Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

*Quin.* Thy hand once more: I will not loose again,  
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.—  
Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

*Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.*

*Sut.* Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,  
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.  
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

*Mart.* The unhappy son of old Andronicus,  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

*Sat.* My brother dead! I know, thou dost but jest:  
He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;  
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

*Mart.* We know not where you left him all alive,  
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

*Tam.* Where is my lord, the king? [*grief.*]

*Sat.* Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing

*Tam.* Where is thy brother Bassianus?

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:  
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

*Tam.* Then, all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
[*Giving a Letter.*]

The complot of this timeless tragedy;  
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

*Sat.* [*Reads.*] "An if we miss to meet him hand-  
somerly,—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.

Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder tree,

Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

*Aar.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Showing it.*]

*Sat.* Two of thy whelps, [*To TITUS.*] fell curs  
of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

*Tam.* What! are they in this pit? O wondrous  
How easily murder is discovered. [*thing!*]

*Tit.* High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,

*Sat.* If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

*Tam.* Andronicus himself did take it up.

*Tit.* I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;

For by my father's reverend tomb I vow,  
They shall be ready at your highness' will,  
To answer<sup>1</sup> this suspicion with their lives.

*Sat.* Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.  
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:  
Let them not speak a word,<sup>2</sup> their guilt is plain;  
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
That end upon them should be executed.

*Tam.* Andronicus, I will entreat the king:

Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

*Tit.* Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with  
them. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.—The Same.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, rav-  
ished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.*

*Dem.* So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,  
Who 'twas<sup>3</sup> cut out thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;  
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

*Dem.* See, how with signs and tokens she can  
scrawl. [*hands.*]

*Chi.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy  
*Dem.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;  
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

*Chi.* An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

*Dem.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.  
[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

<sup>4</sup> *Wind Horns.* *Enter MARCUS, from hunting.*

*Mar.* Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?  
Cousin, a word: where is your husband?—

If I do dream, 'would all my<sup>5</sup> wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungente hands  
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches; those sweet ornaments,  
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness,  
As<sup>6</sup> have thy love? Why dost not speak to me—

Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy<sup>6</sup> roseate lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,

And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—

Yet do thy cheeks look red, as Titan's face

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?

O! that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my mind.

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee:

A craftier<sup>7</sup> Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could have better sew'd than Philomel.

O! had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,

He would not then have touch'd them for his life;

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,

Which that sweet tongue hath made<sup>8</sup> in minstrelsy,

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,

\* Untimely.

<sup>5</sup> "Would all my wealth," i.e., would that the giving of  
all my wealth.



As Cerberus at the Thracian <sup>a</sup>poet's feet.  
Come; let us go, and make thy father blind;  
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.  
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;  
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?  
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:  
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the Place of Execution; TITUS going before, pleading.*

*Tit.* Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!  
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;  
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;  
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;  
And for these bitter tears, which now you see  
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;  
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,  
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought  
For two and twenty sons I never wept,  
Because they died in honor's lofty bed:  
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]

My heart's deep <sup>1</sup>anguish in my soul's sad tears.  
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;  
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.*]

O earth! I will befriend thee <sup>2</sup>with more rain,  
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,  
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:  
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;  
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,  
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter Lucius, with his Sword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes! gentle, aged men!  
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;  
And let me say, that never wept before,  
My tears are now prevailing orators.

*Luc.* O, noble father! you lament in vain:  
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,  
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

*Tit.* Ah, Lucius! for thy brothers let me plead.—  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

*Luc.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

*Tit.* Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,  
They would not mark me; <sup>3</sup>or if they did mark,  
They would not pity me, <sup>4</sup>yet plead I must,  
And bootless unto them.

Therefore, I tell my sorrows to the stones;  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale. <sup>5</sup>[*Rising.*]  
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;  
And were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;  
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.  
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from their death;

For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

*Tit.* O happy man! they have befriended thee.  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?  
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,  
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,  
From these devourers to be banished?  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

*Enter MARCUS and Lavinia.*

*Mar.* Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

*Mar.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*Luc.* Ah me! this object kills me.

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?  
What fool hath added water to the sea,  
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?  
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,  
And now, like <sup>b</sup>Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—  
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,  
And they have nurs'd this woe in feeding life;  
In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:  
Now, all the service I require of them  
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—  
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,  
For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?  
*Mar.* O! that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
<sup>6</sup>Rich varied notes, enchanting <sup>7</sup>old and young.

*Luc.* O! say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

*Mar.* O! thus I found her straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,  
That hath receiv'd some <sup>8</sup>unrecurring wound.

*Tit.* It was my deer; and he that wounded her  
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:

For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone,  
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;  
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,  
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,  
It would have maddled me; what shall I do  
Now I behold thy <sup>9</sup>living body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,  
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:  
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death,  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.

Look, Marcus; ah! son Lucius, look on her:  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd. [*husband;*]

*Mar.* Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her  
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,  
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—  
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;

<sup>a</sup> The Thracian poet is *Orpheus*.

<sup>b</sup> The river Nile.—<sup>c</sup> Irrem-diable.

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,  
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,  
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd, <sup>1</sup>as meadows yet not dry,  
With miry slime left on them by a flood?  
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?  
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?  
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows  
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,  
Plot some device of farther misery,  
To make us wonder'd at in time to come. [grief,

*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your  
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

*Mar.* Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry  
thine eyes.

*Tit.* Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I <sup>a</sup>wot,  
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

*Luc.* Ah, my Lavinia! I will wipe thy cheeks.

*Tit.* Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs.  
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
That to her brother which I said to thee:  
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,  
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
O! what a sympathy of woe is this;  
As far from help as <sup>b</sup>limbo is from bliss.

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,  
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
And send it to the king: he for the same,  
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,  
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

*Tit.* O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark  
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
With all my heart, <sup>c</sup>I'll send my hand to him.  
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

*Luc.* Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn.  
My youth can better spare my blood than you,  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*Mar.* Which of your hands hath not defended  
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe, [Rome,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?  
O! none of both but are of high desert.  
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve  
To ransom my two nephews from their death,  
Then, have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aar.* Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come.

*Mar.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By heaven, it shall not go.

*Tit.* Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as  
these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

*Luc.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,  
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

*Mar.* And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,  
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*Tit.* Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

*Mar.* But I will use <sup>3</sup>it.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*  
*Tit.* Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:  
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
<sup>4</sup>[*Aside.*

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*He cuts off Titus's Hand, <sup>5</sup>with his Sword.*

<sup>6</sup>*Re-enter LUCIUS with an Axe, and MARCUS.*

*Tit.* Now, stay your strife: what shall be, is de-  
spatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers. Bid him bury it:

More hath it merited; that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

*Aar.* I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.—

[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

*Tit.* O! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call.—What! wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To LAVINIA.*

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our  
prayers,

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the <sup>c</sup>welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds

When they do lug him in their melting bosoms.

*Mar.* O! brother, speak with possibilities,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

*Tit.* Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?

Then, be my passions bottomless with them.

*Mar.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I bind my woes.

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,

Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this <sup>d</sup>coil?

I am the sea; I bark, how her sighs do blow!

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then, must my sea be moved with her sighs;

Then, must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd.

For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then, give me leave, for losers will have leave

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, with Two Heads and a Hand.*

*Mess.* Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.

Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;

And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back:

Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd,

That woe is me to think upon thy woes,

More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

*Mar.* Now, let hot *Ætna* cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!

These miseries are more than may be borne.

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,

But sorrow flouted at is double death.

<sup>a</sup> Know.—<sup>b</sup> The "limbo" (*Limbus patrum*) of the schoolmen  
was supposed to be in the neighborhood of hell.

<sup>c</sup> Sky.—<sup>d</sup> Stir; bustle.

*Luc.* Ah, that this sight should make so deep a  
And yet deatched life not shrink thereat! [wound,  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*]

*Mar.* Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfortless,  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have an end?

*Mar.* Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus.  
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;  
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;  
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control my griefs:  
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!  
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Mar.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

*Tit.* Why, I have not another tear to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears;  
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,  
Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—  
You heavy people, circle me about,  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—  
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take 'one head;  
And in this hand the other will I bear:  
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.  
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight:  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.  
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;  
And, if you love me, as I think 'tis true,  
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.*]

*Luc.* Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;  
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome.  
Farewell, proud Rome: till Lucius come again,  
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.  
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;  
O, would thou wert as thou 'fore hast been!  
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,  
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.  
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,  
And make proud Saturnine, and his empress,  
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in TITUS's House. A Ban-  
quet set out.

*Enter TITUS, MARTIUS, LAVINIA, and young LU-  
CIUS, a Boy.*

*Tit.* So, so, now sit; and look, you eat no more  
Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
MARCUS, unkint that sorrow-wreathen knot:  
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
And cannot 'passionate our tenfold grief  
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;

And when my heart, all mad with misery,  
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
Then, thus I thump it down.—  
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,

[*To LAVINIA.*]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,  
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;  
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,  
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,  
May run into that sink, and soaking in,  
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

*Mar.* Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay  
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

*Tit.* How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?  
Why, MARCUS, no man should be mad but I.  
What violent hands can she lay on her life?  
Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?  
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,  
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?  
O! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,  
Lest we remember still, that we have none.  
Fie, fie! how frantically I square my talk!  
As if we should forget we had no hands,  
If MARCUS did not name the word of hands.—  
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.—  
Here is no drink. Hark, MARCUS, what she says;  
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs:  
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,  
Brew'd with her sorrow, 'mesh'd upon her cheeks.—  
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;  
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,  
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:  
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,  
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,  
And by 't still practice learn to know thy meaning.

*Boy.* Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep  
lamentations:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

*Mar.* Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

*Tit.* Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,  
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the Dish with a Knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, MARCUS, with thy knife?

*Mar.* At that that I have kill'd, my lord—a fly.

*Tit.* Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;  
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:  
A deed of death, done on the innocent,  
Becomes not TITUS's brother. Get thee gone;  
I see, thou art not for my company.

*Mar.* Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

*Tit.* But how, if that fly had a father and mother  
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
And buz lamenting doings in the air?  
Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody, [him.  
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd!

*Mar.* Pardon me, sir: it was a black ill-favor'd fly,  
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore, I kill'd him.

*Tit.* O, O, O!

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou hast done a charitable deed.  
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor  
Come hither purposely to poison me.— [rah!—  
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora. Ah, 'sir—  
Yet I think we are not brought so low,

<sup>b</sup> 'Mesh'd,' i. e., *mesh'd*, an allusion to brewing.—<sup>c</sup> 'Still,' i. e., constant; continual.—<sup>d</sup> *Sirrah* was formerly not a disrespectful expression.

<sup>a</sup> 'Passionate,' i. e., express passionately.

But that between us we can kill a fly,  
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

*Mar.* Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,  
He takes false shadows for true substances.

*Tit.* Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:  
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee  
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—  
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before TITUS's House.

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.*

*Boy.* Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia  
Follows me every where, I know not why.—  
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—  
Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

*Mar.* Stand by me, Lucius: do not fear thine aunt.  
*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

*Boy.* Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.  
*Mar.* What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

*Tit.* Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she  
mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:  
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy! Cornelia never with more care  
Led to her sons, than she hath read to thee,  
Sweet poetry, and Tully's <sup>a</sup> Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

*Boy.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,  
Unless some fit, or frenzy do possess her;  
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,  
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;  
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy  
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;  
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt  
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;  
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,  
Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt;  
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,  
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

*Mar.* Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS  
had let fall. [this?]

*Tit.* How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means  
Some book there is that she desires to see.—  
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—  
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;  
Come, and take choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—  
What book?

Why lifts she up her arms in <sup>b</sup> sequence thus? [one

*Mar.* I think, she means, that there was more than  
Confederate in the fact.—Ay, more there was;  
Or else to heaven she leave them <sup>c</sup> to revenge.

*Tit.* Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

*Boy.* Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*:  
My mother gave't me.

*Mar.* For love of her that's gone,  
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

*Tit.* Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!  
Help her: what would she find?—Lavinia, shall I  
This is the tragic tale of Philomel, [read?

And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;  
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy. [leaves.

*Mar.* See, brother, see! note, how she <sup>e</sup> quotes the

*Tit.* Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,  
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,  
Forc'd to the <sup>d</sup> ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—  
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,  
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,  
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

*Mar.* O! why should nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies? [friends,

*Tit.* Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but  
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed? [me.—

*Mar.* Sit down, sweet niece!—brother, sit down by  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—

My lord, look here:—look here, Lavinia:  
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,  
This after me, <sup>2</sup> where I have writ my name

[He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides  
it with Feet and Mouth.

Without the help of any hand at all.

Curs'd be the heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—  
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,  
What God will have discover'd for revenge.

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[She takes the Staff in her mouth, and guides it  
with her stumps, and writes.

*Tit.* O! do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?  
*Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.*

*Mar.* What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora  
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

*Tit.* Magni dominator poli,  
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

*Mar.* O! calm thee, gentle lord, although, I know,  
There is enough written upon this earth,  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
And arm the minds of infants to exclamings.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel,  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,  
<sup>3</sup> [They kneel.

And swear with me,—as with the woful <sup>e</sup> feere,  
And father, of that chaste dishonor'd dame,

Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucrece' rape,—

That we will prosecute, by good advice,  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,

And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

<sup>4</sup> [They rise.

*Tit.* 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how <sup>5</sup> to do it;

But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:

The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,

She's with the lion deeply still in league,

And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back;

And when he sleeps will she do what she list.

You're a young huntsman: Marcus, let it alone;

And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,

And with a <sup>f</sup> gad of steel will write these words,

And lay it by. The angry northern wind

Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,

And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

*Boy.* I say, my lord, that if I were a man,

Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe

For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

*Mar.* Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft

For his ungrateful country done the like.

*Boy.* And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

<sup>a</sup> Tully's treatise on Eloquence, entitled '*Orator*.'—<sup>b</sup> Succession.

<sup>e</sup> Observes.—<sup>d</sup> Pitiless.—<sup>f</sup> Husband.—<sup>g</sup> Stile; graver.

*Tit.* Come, go with me into mine armory;  
*Lucius.* I'll fit thee: and withal, my boy  
 Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
 Presents, that I intend to send them both.  
 Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

*Boy.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-sire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so; I'll teach another course.  
*Lavinia.* come.—*Marcus.* look to my house:  
*Lucius* and I'll go brave it at the court;  
 Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* *TITUS, LAVINIA, and BOY.*]

*Mar.* O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,  
 And not relent, or not compassion him?  
*Marcus.* attend him in his ecstacy,  
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,  
 Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield;  
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—  
 Revenge, 'ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter* *AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, at one Door: at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.*

*Chi.* Demetrius, here's the son of *Lucius*;  
 He hath some message to deliver us. [*father.*]

*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-  
*Boy.* My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
 I greet your honors from Andronicus;— [*both.*]

[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods, confound you  
*Dem.* Gramercy, lovely *Lucius*. What's the news?  
*Boy.* [*Aside.*] That you are both deciper'd,  
 that's the news, [*please you,*]

For villains mark'd with rape. [*To them.*] May it  
 My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me  
 The goodliest weapons of his armory,  
 To gratify your honorable youth,  
 The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say,  
 And so I do, and with his gifts present  
 Your lordships, that whenever you have need,  
 You may be armed and appointed well.  
 And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

*Dem.* What's here? A scroll, and written round  
 Let's see; [*about?*]

*Integer vita, seclerisque purus,  
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

*Chi.* O! 'Tis a verse in *Horace*. I know it well:  
 I read it in the grammar long ago. [*have it.*]

*Aar.* Ay, just!—a verse in *Horace*;—right, you  
 [*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!  
 Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their  
 guilt,

And sends <sup>3</sup> them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,  
 That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick;  
 But were our witty empress well a-foot,  
 She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.— [*star*]  
<sup>4</sup> [*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not a happy  
 Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,  
 Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate,  
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

*Dem.* But me more good, to see so great a lord  
 Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

*Aar.* <sup>5</sup> Hath he not reason, lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

*Dem.* I would, we had a thousand Roman dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

*Chi.* A charitable wish, and full of love.

*Aar.* Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.

*Dem.* Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods  
 For our beloved mother in her pains.

*Aar.* Pray to the devils; the gods have given us  
 over.<sup>6</sup> [*Trumpets sound.*]

*Dem.* Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

*Chi.* Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

*Dem.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse 'hiding a Black-a-moor Child in her Arms.*

*Nur.* Good morrow, lords. O! tell me, did you see  
 Aaron the Moor.

*Aar.* Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
 Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

*Nur.* O, gentle Aaron, we are all undone!  
 Now help, or woe betide thee evermore.

*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep.

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

*Nur.* O! that which I would hide from heaven's eye,  
 Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.—  
 She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.

*Aar.* To whom?

*Nur.* I mean she's brought to bed.

*Aar.* Well, God

Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

*Nur.* A devil. [*issue.*]

*Aar.* Why, then she's the devil's dam: a joyful

*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad

<sup>8</sup> [*Showing it.*]

Amongst the fairest <sup>9</sup> burdens of our crime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

*Aar.* <sup>10</sup> Zounds! ye whore is black so base a hue?—

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

*Dem.* Villain, what hast thou done?

*Aar.* That which thou canst not undo.

*Chi.* Thou hast undone our mother.

*Aar.* Villain, I have done thy mother.

*Dem.* And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

*Chi.* It shall not live.

*Aar.* It shall not die.

*Nur.* Aaron, it must: the mother will it so.

*Aar.* What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I,

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Dem.* I'll <sup>b</sup> broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.

*Nurse.* give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

*Aar.* Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*]

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not <sup>c</sup> Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great <sup>d</sup> Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue;

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am a <sup>11</sup> man

<sup>12</sup> [*To the Nurse.*]

<sup>a</sup> "Gramercy" (Fr. *grand merci*), i. e., great thanks.

<sup>b</sup> Spite.—<sup>c</sup> Enceladus, a giant, the son of Titan and Terra.  
<sup>d</sup> Hercules.

To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

*Dem.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress; this, myself; The vigor, and the picture of my youth: This, before all the world, do I prefer; This, \*maugre all the world, will I keep safe, Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

*Dem.* By this our mother is for ever shamed.

*Chi.* Rome will despise her this foul <sup>b</sup>escape.

*Nur.* The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this <sup>c</sup>ignomy.

*Aar.* Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears. Fie! treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing The close enacts and counsels of the heart:

Here's a young lad fram'd of another <sup>d</sup>leer.

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father, As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were, He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

*Nur.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

*Dem.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice:

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:

Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety. [*They sit <sup>1</sup>at a distance.*]

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his?

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords: when we all join in I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor, [*league,*

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—

But say again, how many saw the child?

*Nur.* Cornelia the midwife, and myself;

And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

*Aar.* The empress, the midwife, and yourself:

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away.

Go to the empress; tell her, this I said.—

[*Stabbing her: <sup>2</sup>she screams.*]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepared to the spit.

*Dem.* What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?

*Aar.* O lord! sir, 'tis a deed of policy.

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.

And now be it known to you my full intent.

<sup>3</sup>Not far hence Muli lives, my countryman;

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.

His child is like to her, fair as you are:

Go <sup>4</sup>pack with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all;

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the court,

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords; ye see, I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral:

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.

This done, see that you <sup>4</sup>make no long delays,

But send the midwife presently to me:

The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,

Then, let the ladies tattle what they <sup>5</sup>may.

*Chi.* Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air With secrets.

*Dem.* For this care of Tamora, Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*]

*Aar.* Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—

Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave; I'll bear you hence,

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:

I'll make you <sup>6</sup>thrive on berries and on roots,

And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,

And cabin in a cave; and bring you up

To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit <sup>7</sup>with the Child.*]

### SCENE III.—The Same. A public Place.

*Enter TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters on the ends of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with Bows.*

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, come.—Kinsmen, this is the Sir boy, now let me see your archery: [*way.*—

Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.

*Terras Astræa reliquit:*

Be you remember'd Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;

Happily you may <sup>8</sup>catch her in the sea,

Yet there's as little justice as at land.—

No; and Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;

'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you, deliver him this petition;

Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid,

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—

Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—

Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man of war unsearched:

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,

And kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

*Mar.* O, Publius! is not this a heavy case,

To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,

By day and night t' attend him carefully;

And feed his humor kindly as we may,

Till time beget some careful remedy.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

Join with the Goth; and with revengeful war

Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,

And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine. [*What!*

*Tit.* Publius, how now! how now, my masters!

Have you met with her?

*Pub.* No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall.

Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,

He thinks with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Tit.* He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,

And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;

No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size,

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back; [*bear:*

Yet <sup>9</sup>wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can

And, <sup>10</sup>sith no justice is in earth nor hell,

We will solicit heaven, and move the gods

To send down justice for to <sup>11</sup>wreak our wrongs.

\* "Maugre," i. e., in spite of.—<sup>b</sup> "This foul escape," i. e., this foul illegitimate child.—<sup>c</sup> Ignominy.—<sup>d</sup> Complexion.—<sup>e</sup> "Pack," i. e., contrive; bargain.

<sup>f</sup> Strained.—<sup>g</sup> Since.—<sup>h</sup> Revengo.

Come, to this <sup>a</sup>gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the Arrows.*]

*Ad Jovem*, that's for you:—here, *ad Apollinem*:—

*Ad Martem*, that's for myself:—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy: Marcus, loose when I bid.

Of my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

*Tit.* Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas.

*Mar.* My lord, I aim'd a mile beyond the moon:

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

*Tit.* Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

*Mar.* This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,

The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;

And who should find them but the empress' villain.

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present. [*Joy.*]

*Tit.* Why, there it goes: God give <sup>2</sup>this lordship

*Enter the Clown, with a Basket and Two Pigeons.*

News! news from heaven! Marcus the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

*Clo.* Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

*Tit.* But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

*Clo.* Alas, sir! I know not Jupiter: I never drank with him in all my life.

*Tit.* Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

*Clo.* Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

*Tit.* Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

*Clo.* From heaven? alas, sir! I never came there.

God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal <sup>b</sup>plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

*Mar.* Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor for you.

*Tit.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

*Clo.* Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

*Tit.* Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,

But give your pigeons to the emperor:

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold; mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

*Clo.* Ay, sir.

*Tit.* Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

*Clo.* I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration, [*it.*—

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.—

And when thou hast given it to the emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clo.* God be with you, sir: I will.

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. Before the Palace.

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords and others: SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand, <sup>3</sup>that had been shot.*

*Sat.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was An emperor of Rome thus overborne, [ever seen Troubled, confronted thus: and, for the extent Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?

My lords, you know, <sup>4</sup>the mightful gods no less, (However these disturbers of our peace Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath pass'd, But even with law, against the wilful sons

Of old Andronicus. And what an if

His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,

Shall we be thus afflicted in his <sup>5</sup>freaks,

His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?

And now he writes to heaven for his redress:

See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;

This to Apollo; this to the god of war;

Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!

What's this but libelling against the <sup>6</sup>state,

And blazoning our injustice every where?

A goodly humor, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

But if I live, his feigned ecstasies

Shall be no shelter to these outrages;

But he and his shall know, that justice lives

In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,

He'll so awake, as she in fury shall

Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

[*Takes his scat.*]

*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,

Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,

Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, [heart;

Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his

And rather comfort his distressed plight,

Than prosecute the meanest, or the best, [come

For these contempts. [*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall be

High-witted Tamora to <sup>7</sup>gloze with all:

But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,

<sup>8</sup>The life-blood on't. If Aaron now be wise,

Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow! would'st thou speak with us?

*Clo.* Yea, forsooth, an your mistresship be imperial.

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

*Clo.* 'Tis he.—God, and Saint Stephen,

Give you good <sup>9</sup>even.

I have brought you a letter,

And a couple of pigeons <sup>10</sup>for want of better.

[*SATURNINUS reads the Letter.*]

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clo.* How much money must I have?

*Tam.* Come, sirrah; you must be hang'd.

*Clo.* Hang'd! By'r lady, then, <sup>11</sup>friend,

I have <sup>12</sup>brought my neck to a fair end.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

*Sat.* Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds.

May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair:

Nor age, nor honor, shall <sup>13</sup>have privilege.—

<sup>a</sup> "Gear," i. e., business; matter.—<sup>b</sup> "The tribunal plebs," i. e., the tribune of the people.

• Flatter.

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;  
Sly frantic wretch, that help'st to make me great,  
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

What news with thee, Æmilius? [*cause.*]  
*Æmil.* Arm, my lords! Rome never had more  
The Goths hath gather'd head, and with a power  
Of high resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;  
Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

*Sat.* Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?  
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.  
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.  
'Tis he the common people love so much:  
Myself hath 'very often heard them say,  
When I have walked like a private man,  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not 'our city strong?

*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favor Lucius,  
And will revolt from me to succeed him. [*name.*]  
*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts 'imperious, like thy  
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly 'in's flame?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby;  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing,  
He can at pleasure 'stint their melody:  
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.  
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus,  
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;  
When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
The other rotted with delicious 'food.

*Sat.* But he will not entreat his son for us.

*Tam.* If Tamora entreat him, then he will;  
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear  
With golden promises, that were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—  
Go thou before; be our ambassador: [*To ÆMILIUS.*]  
Say that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,  
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

*Sat.* Æmilius, do this message honorably:  
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

*Æmil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually.  
[*Exit ÆMILIUS.*]

*Tam.* Now will I to that old Andronicus,  
And temper him with all the art I have,  
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Sat.* Then go successfully, and plead 'fore him.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

*Enter Lucius, and an Army of Goths, with Drums  
and Colors.*

*Luc.* Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,

And how desirous of our sight they are.

Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;  
And, wherein Rome hath done you any 'scath,  
Let him make treble satisfaction. [*cus,*]

1 *Goth.* Bravo slip, sprung from the great Androni-  
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;  
Whose high exploits, and honorable deeds,  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,  
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

*Goths.* And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his  
Arms.*

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery; [*stray'd,*]  
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.

I made unto the noise; when soon I heard  
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:—  
"Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!  
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:  
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
They never do beget a coal-black calf. [*babe,—*  
Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the  
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;  
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,  
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."  
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,  
To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,  
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:  
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' 'd eye,  
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—  
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey  
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? no, not a word?  
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*Aar.* Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

*Luc.* Too like the sire for ever being good.—  
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;  
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.  
Get me a ladder. [*A Ladder brought.*]

*Aar.* Lucius, save the child;  
And bear it from me to the empress.  
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,  
That highly may advantage thee to hear:  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

*Luc.* Say on; and if it please me which thou speak'st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

*Aar.* An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,  
[*Speaking on the Ladder.*]

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;  
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies  
Ruthful to hear, 'dispiteously perform'd:  
And this shall all be buried 'in my death,  
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

*Luc.* Tell on thy mind: I say, thy child shall live.

\* Imperial.—<sup>b</sup> Stop.

<sup>c</sup> Harm.—<sup>d</sup> Alluding to the proverb, 'A black man is a  
pearl in a fair woman's eye.'



*Aar.* Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

*Luc.* <sup>1</sup>Whom should I swear by? thou believ'st no that granted, how canst thou believe an oath? [God:

*Aar.* What if I do not, as, indeed, I do not;

Yet, for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience,  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,  
Therefore I urge thy oath:—for that, I know,  
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,  
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,  
To that I'll urge him.—Therefore, thou shalt vow  
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,  
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up,  
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*Luc.* Even by my god I swear to thee, I will.

*Aar.* First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

*Luc.* O most insatiate, <sup>a</sup>luxurious woman!

*Aar.* Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,  
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,

<sup>2</sup>Cut her hands off, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

*Luc.* O, detestable villain! call'st thou that triumphing? [and 'twas

*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;  
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

*Luc.* O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,  
As sure a card as ever won the set:

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,  
As true a dog as ever fought at <sup>b</sup>head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold, within the letter mentioned,

Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it!

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses. [blush?

*Goth.* What! canst thou say all this, and never

*Aar.* Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

*Aar.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse)

Wherein I did not some notorious ill:

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle <sup>3</sup>ofttimes break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."

Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things,

As willingly as one would kill a fly;

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

*Luc.* Bring down the devil, for he must not die  
So sweet a death as hanging, presently.

*Aar.* If there be devils, would I were a devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire,

So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

*Enter a Goth.*

*Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

Welcome, Æmilius! what's the news from Rome?

*Æmil.* Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me:

And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,

Willing you to demand your hostages,

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

*I Goth.* What says our general?

*Luc.* Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

And we will come.—March! away! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Rome. Before TITUS's House.

*Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised  
as Revenge, Rapine, and Murder.*

*Tam.* Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,

I will encounter with Andronicus,

And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,

To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.—

Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,

To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:

Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,

And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.

*TITUS opens his study door above.*

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation?

Is it your trick to make me ope the door,

That so my sad decrees may fly away,

And all my study be to no effect?

You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,

See here, in bloody lines I have set down,

<sup>6</sup>[Showing a Paper.  
And what is written shall be executed.

*Tam.* <sup>6</sup>Old Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

*Tit.* No; not a word. How can I grace my talk

Wanting a hand to give it action?

Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk  
with me.

*Tit.* I am not mad; I know thee well enough:

Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson  
lines;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care;

Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

*Tam.* Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

I am Revenge; sent from th' infernal kingdom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;

Confer with me of murder and of death.

<sup>a</sup> Lascivious.—<sup>b</sup> "Fought at head;" an allusion to bull-dogs,  
whose courage is shown by meeting the bull in front.

There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,  
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,  
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,  
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,  
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,  
To be a torment to mine enemies?

*Tam.* I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee.  
Lo! by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stand;  
Now, give some 'surance that thou art Revenge:  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,  
And then I'll come, and be thy wagoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globes.

Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,  
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:  
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel  
Trot like a servile footman all day long,  
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,  
Until his very downfall in the sea:  
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come with me.

*Tit.* Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

*Tam.* Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,  
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good lord! how like the empress' sons they are;  
And you, the empress: but we worldly men  
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.  
O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;  
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus above.*]

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy.  
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,  
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,  
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;  
And being credulous in this mad thought,  
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son,  
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,  
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.  
See! here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

[*Enter Titus, & below.*]

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.  
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house.—  
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too.—  
How like the empress and her sons you are!  
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—  
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?  
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,  
But in her company there is a Moor;  
And would you represent our queen aright,  
It were convenient you had such a devil.

But welcome as you are. What shall we do?

*Tam.* What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

*Dem.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

*Chi.* Show me a villain that hath done a rape,  
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him. [wrong,

*Tam.* Show me a thousand that have done thee  
And I will be revenged on them all.

*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,  
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,  
Good Murder, stab him: he's a murderer.—  
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap  
To find another that is like to thee,  
Good Rapine, stab him: he is a ravisher.—  
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court

There is a queen, attended by a Moor:  
Well may'st thou know her by thine own proportion,  
For up and down she doth resemble thee.  
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;  
They have been violent to me and mine.

*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us: this shall we do.  
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,  
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,  
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
What says Andronicus to this device?

*Tit.* Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

[*Enter Marcus.*]

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;  
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:  
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;  
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.  
Tell him, the emperor, and the empress too,  
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.  
This do thou for my love, and so let him,  
As he regards his aged father's life.

*Mar.* This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

*Tam.* Now will I hence about thy business,  
And take my ministers along with me.

*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,  
Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

*Tam.* [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys?  
will you abide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,  
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?  
Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair,  
And tarry with him, till I turn again.

*Tit.* [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad;

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,  
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

*Dem.* Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

*Tam.* Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes  
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit.*]

*Tit.* I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, fare-  
well.

*Chi.* Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

*Tit.* Tut! I have work enough for you to do.—  
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

[*Enter Publius, and others.*]

*Pub.* What's your will?

*Tit.* Know you these two?

*Pub.* The empress' sons

I take them; Chiron, and Demetrius.

*Tit.* Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it: therefore, bind them sure,

And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit Titus.*—*PUBLIUS, &c., seize CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS.*]

*Chi.* Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

*Pub.* And therefore do we what we are com-  
manded.

*Caius.* Stop close their mouths; let them not  
speak a word.

Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing a Bason, and he a Knife.*

*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—

Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me, But let them hear what fearful words I utter.— O villains! Chiron and Demetrius, [mud; Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with This goodly summer with your winter mix'd. You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death, My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity, Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say, if I should let you speak? Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace. Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you. This one hand yet is left to cut your throats, Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold The bason, that receives your guilty blood.

You know, your mother means to feast with me, And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad. Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste; And of the paste a <sup>a</sup> coffin I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads; And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam, Like to the earth, swallow her own <sup>b</sup> increase.

This is the feast that I have bid her to, And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter, And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.

And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia come, [He cuts their Throats, and she catches the Blood.

Receive the blood: and when that they are dead, Let me go grind their bones to powder small,

And with this hateful liquor temper it;

And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.—

Come, come, be every one officious To make this banquet; which I wish may prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,

And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes. [Exit, bearing the dead Bodies.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths; with AARON, Prisoner.*

*Luc.* Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind, That I repair to Rome, I am content. [will.

*1 Goth.* And ours, with <sup>c</sup> thine, befall what fortune

*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil.

Let him receive no sustenance; fetter him,

Till he be brought unto the empress' face,

For testimony of her foul proceedings.

I fear the ambush of our friends be strong;

I see the emperor means no good to us.

*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in mine ear, And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[Exit Goths with AARON. <sup>2</sup> Trumpets sound. The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators, and others.*

*Sat.* What! hath the firmament more suns than one? *Luc.* What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

*Mar.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, <sup>d</sup> break the These quarrels must be quietly debated. [parle;

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honorable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

*Sat.* Marcus, we will.

[Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the dishes on the table.*

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goth; <sup>3</sup> and welcome, Lucius; And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs: please you eat of it.

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well, To entertain your highness, and your empress.

*Tam.* We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart, you were. My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginus,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

*Sat.* It was, Andronicus.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord!

*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive her shame, And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[He kills LAVINIA. And with thy shame thy father's sorrow <sup>d</sup> flee.

*Sat.* What hast thou done? unnatural and unkind!

*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me I am as woful as Virginus was, [blind.

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

*Sat.* What! was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

*Tit.* Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

*Tit.* Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.* Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[Killing TAMORA.

*Sat.* Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[Killing TITUS.

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[Killing SATURNINUS. A great Tumult. The People in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their Partisans, ascend the Steps before

TITUS's House.

*Mar.* You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O! let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

<sup>a</sup> A Coffin is the term for the crust of a raised pie.—<sup>b</sup> "Her own increase," i. e., her own produce.—<sup>c</sup> "Ours, with thine," i. e., our content runs parallel with thine.

<sup>d</sup> "Break the parole," i. e., begin the parley.

These broken limbs again into one body.

<sup>1</sup> Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;  
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,  
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,  
Do shameful execution on herself.  
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesses of true experience,  
Cannot induce you to attend my words,  
Speak, Rome's dear friend; <sup>2</sup> as erst our ancestor,  
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,  
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,  
The story of that baleful burning night,  
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.  
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,  
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,  
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.  
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel,  
Nor can I utter all my bitter grief;  
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
And break my very utterance, even i' the time  
When it should move you to attend me most,  
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;  
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

*Luc.* Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,  
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius  
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;  
And they it was that ravished our sister.  
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,  
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely <sup>a</sup>cozen'd  
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,  
And sent her enemies unto the grave.  
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,  
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;  
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:  
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,  
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;  
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.  
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;  
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,  
That my report is just, and full of truth.  
But, soft! methinks, I do digress too much,  
Citing my worthless praise. O! pardon me;  
For when no friends are by men praise themselves.

*Mar.* Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child;  
Of this was Tamora delivered;  
The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.  
The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
<sup>3</sup> And, as he is, to witness this is true.  
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge  
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,  
Or more than any living man could bear.  
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?  
Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,  
And from the place where you behold us now,  
The poor remainder of Andronici  
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us <sup>b</sup> down,  
And on the rugged stones beat forth our brains,  
And make a mutual closure of our house.  
Speak, Romans, speak! and, if you say, we shall,  
Lo! hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

*Emil.* Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,  
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,  
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,

The common voice doth cry, it shall be so.

*Mar.* Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal emperor.—

*LUCIUS, &c., descend.*

Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,

[*To an Attendant.*

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
To be adjudg'd some direful <sup>4</sup> lingering death,  
As punishment for his most wicked life.—  
Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor.

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,  
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!  
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,  
For nature puts me to a heavy <sup>5</sup> style.—  
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,  
To shed obsequious tears upon this <sup>6</sup> bier.—  
O! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,  
The last true duties of thy noble son!

*Mar.* Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:  
O! were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

*Luc.* Come hither, boy: come, come, and learn of us  
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;  
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy:  
In that respect, then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
Because kind nature doth require it so:  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.  
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;  
Do him that kindness, <sup>7</sup> all that he can have.

*Boy.* O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart  
Would I were dead, so you did live again.—  
O lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping;  
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Enter Attendants, with AARON.*

*I Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes:  
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and furnish him;  
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:  
If any one relieves, or pities him,  
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:  
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

*Aar.* O! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?  
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers  
I should repent the evils I have done.  
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did  
Would I perform, if I might have my will:  
If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul.

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,  
And give him burial in his father's grave.  
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith  
Be closed in our household's monument.  
As for that <sup>8</sup> ravenous tiger, Tamora,  
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,  
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;  
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey.  
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;  
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.  
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:  
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,  
That like events may ne'er it ruiniate. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> That is, 'and he basely cozened.'—<sup>b</sup> That is, 'He, the poor remainder, &c., will cast us down.'

# ROMEO AND JULIET.



ACT I.—Scene I.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.  
 PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.  
 MONTAGUE, } Heads of two hostile Houses.  
 CAPULET, }  
 Uncle to Capulet.  
 ROMEO, Son to Montague.  
 MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.  
 BENVOLIO, Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.  
 TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.  
 FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.  
 FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.  
 Citizens of Verona; male and female Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

BALTHASAR, Servant to Romeo.  
 SAMPSON, } Servants to Capulet.  
 GREGORY, }  
 PETER, Another Servant to Capulet.  
 ABRAM, Servant to Montague.  
 An Apothecary.  
 Musicians.  
 CHORUS. Boy; Page to Paris; an Officer.  
 LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague.  
 LADY CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.  
 JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.  
 Nurse to Juliet.

SCENE, during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona: once, in the fifth Act, at Mantua.

## PROLOGUE.

CHORUS.

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
 Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.  
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
 Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
 The which if you with patient ears attend,  
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A public Place.

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with Swords, and Bucklers.*

*Sam.* Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry <sup>a</sup> coals.  
*Gre.* No, for then we should be colliers.  
*Sam.* I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.  
*Gre.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.  
*Sam.* I strike quickly, being moved.  
*Gre.* But thou art not quickly moved to strike.  
*Sam.* A dog of the house of Montague moves me.  
*Gre.* To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to

<sup>a</sup> To "To carry coals" is to put up with insults.

stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

*Sam.* A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

*Gre.* That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

*Sam.* 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall;—therefore, I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

*Gre.* The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

*Sam.* 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

*Gre.* The heads of the maids?

*Sam.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

*Gre.* They must take it in sense, that feel it.

*Sam.* Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*Gre.* 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here come two of the house of the Montagues.

*Enter* ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

*Gre.* How! turn thy back, and run?

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No marry: I fear thee!

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

*Gre.* I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?

*Gre.* No.

*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

*Sam.* If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, sir.

*Enter* BENVOLIO, at a Distance.

*Gre.* Say—better: here comes one of my master's kinsman.

*Sam.* Yes, better, sir.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [They fight.]

*Ben.* Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do. [Beats down their swords with his.]

*Enter* TYBALT.

*Tyb.* What! are thou drawn among these heartless hinds? [Draws.]

Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me. [word,]

*Tyb.* What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward.

[They fight.]

*Enter several persons of both Houses, who join the Fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs or Partisans.*

*1 Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*Enter* CAPULET, in his Gown; and Lady CAPULET.

*Cap.* What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

*La. Cap.* A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter* MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go. [foe.]

*La. Mon.* Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a

*Enter the Prince, with his Train.*

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel!—

Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins, On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets; And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave besecming ornaments, To wield old partisans, in hands as old,

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate. If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace: For this time all the rest depart away.

You, Capulet, shall go along with me; And, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. [Exeunt the Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.]

*Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary, And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.

I drew to part them: in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;

Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, He swung about his head, and cut the winds,

Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn. While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Came more and more, and fought on part and part, Till the prince came, who parted either part. [day?]

*La. Mon.* Oh! where is Romeo? saw you him to- Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore

That westward rooteth from the city's side, So early walking did I see your son.

Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me, And stole into the covert of the wood:

I, measuring his affections by my own, [found, Which then most sought where most might not be

\* "Poor John" is *hake*, dried and salted.—b To "bite the thumb" was a common mode of insult, in order to begin a quarrel, in Shakespeare's time.—c Gregory alludes to *Tybalt*, who enters immediately after *Benvolio*.—d Swaggering; dashing.

\* Angry.—f Pikes.—g "Free-town," said to be the castle of the Capulets.

Being one too many by my weary self,  
Pursu'd my humor, not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself;  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
And makes himself an artificial night.  
Black and portentous must this humor prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

*Mon.* I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

*Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?

*Mon.* Both by myself, and many other friends;  
But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with <sup>1</sup>the envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

*Enter ROMEO, at a distance.*

*Ben.* See, where he comes: so please you, step  
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied. [*aside*;

*Mon.* I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To hear true <sup>2</sup>shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.*]

*Ben.* Good morrow, cousin.

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ah me! sad hours seem long.  
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

*Ben.* It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's  
hours? [*short.*]

*Rom.* Not having that, which, having, makes them

*Ben.* In love?

*Rom.* Out.

*Ben.* Of love?

*Rom.* Out of her favor where I am in love.

*Ben.* Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

*Rom.* Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

*Ben.* No, coz; I rather weep.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.

*Rom.* Why, such, <sup>2</sup>Beuollio, is love's transgres-

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast; [*sion.*—

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs;

Being <sup>3</sup>puff'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz. [*Going*]

*Ben.* Soft, I will go along:

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here:

This is not Romeo; he's some other where.

*Ben.* Tell me in <sup>b</sup>sadness, who <sup>4</sup>is't that you love

*Rom.* What! shall I groan, and tell thee?

*Ben.* Groan! why, no;

But <sup>c</sup>sadly tell me, who.

*Rom.* Bid a sick man in <sup>b</sup>sadness make his will;

A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.—

In <sup>b</sup>sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

*Ben.* I aim'd so near, when, I suppos'd you lov'd.

*Rom.* A right good mark-man!—And she's fair I  
love.

*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

*Rom.* Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit;

And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd.

From love's weak childish bow she lives <sup>b</sup>encharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O! she is rich in beauty; only poor,

That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn, that she will still live  
chaste? [*waste*;

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise; too wisely fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O! teach me how I should forget to think.

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes:

Examine other beauties.

*Rom.*

'Tis the way  
To call her's, exquisite, in <sup>d</sup>question more.

These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair:

He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

Show me a mistress that is passing fair;

What doth her beauty serve, but as a note

Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A street.

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.*

*Cap.* But Montague is bound as well as I,

In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,

For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honorable <sup>e</sup>reckoning are you both;

And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before.

My child is yet a stranger in the world,

She hath not seen the change of fourteen years:

Let two more summers wither in their pride,

Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.

<sup>b</sup> "In sadness," i. e., seriously.—<sup>c</sup> Seriously; gravely.—  
<sup>d</sup> That is, "To make her exquisite beauty more the subject of  
conversation."—<sup>e</sup> Estimation; account.

\* Confession.

*Cap.* And too soon marr'd are those so early  
<sup>1</sup>married.

Earth <sup>2</sup>up hath swallowed all my hopes but she,  
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth :  
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
 My will to her consent is but a <sup>3</sup>part ;  
 An she agree, within her scope of choice  
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
 This night I hold an old accusom'd feast,  
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
 Such as I love ; and you, among the store,  
 One more most welcome makes my number more.  
 At my poor house look to behold this night  
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :  
 Such comfort, as do lusty young <sup>4</sup>men feel,  
 When well-appareld April on the heel  
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
 Inherit at my house : hear all, all see,  
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be :  
 Which, on more view of many, mine being one,  
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.  
 Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about  
 Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,  
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,

[*Giving a Paper.*]

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*]

*Serv.* Find them out, whose names are written  
 here ? It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle  
 with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the  
 fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets ;  
 but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are  
 here writ, and can never find what names the writing  
 person hath here writ. I must to the learned :—in  
 good time.

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Tut, man ! one fire burns out another's burn—  
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ; [ing,  
 Turn giddy, and be <sup>3</sup>help by backward turning ;  
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish :  
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

*Rom.* Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

*Ben.* For what, I pray thee ?

*Rom.* For your broken shin.

*Ben.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a madman is :  
 Shut up in prison, kept without my food, [low,  
 Whipp'd, and tormented, and—<sup>d</sup> Good-den, good fel—

*Serv.* God gi' good den.—I pray, sir, can you read ?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. [but,

*Serv.* Perhaps you have learn'd it without book ;  
 I pray, can you read any thing you see ?

*Rom.* Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

*Serv.* Ye say honestly. Rest you merry. <sup>4</sup>[*Going.*]

*Rom.* Stay, fellow ; I can read. [*Reads.*]

"Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters ;  
 County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters ; the  
 lady widow of Vitruvio ; Signor Placentio, and his  
 lovely nieces ; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine ;  
 mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters ; my fair  
 niece Rosaline ; Livia ; Signior Valentio, and his  
 cousin Tybalt ; Lucio, and the lively Helena." <sup>5</sup>  
 A fair assembly ; whither should they come ?

*Serv.* Up.

*Rom.* Whither ? to supper ?

*Serv.* To our house.

*Rom.* Whose house ?

*Serv.* My master's.

*Rom.* Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

*Serv.* Now, I'll tell you without asking. My master  
 is the great rich Capulet ; and if you be not of  
 the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a  
 cup of <sup>e</sup>wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
 Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lovest,  
 With all the admired beauties of Verona :  
 Go thither ; and, with unattainted eye,  
 Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
 And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye  
 Maintain such falsehood, then turn tears to fires ;  
 And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,  
 Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.

One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun  
 Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

*Ben.* Tut ! you saw her fair, none else being by,  
 Herself pois'd with herself in either eye ;  
 But in those crystal scales let there be weigh'd  
 Your lady's love against some other maid,  
 That I will show you shining at this feast,  
 And she shall <sup>f</sup>scant show well, that now shows best.

*Rom.* I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
 But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

*La. Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter ? call her  
 forth to me. [*Old,*

*Nurse.* Now, by my maiden-head at twelve year  
 I bade her come.—What, lamb ! what, lady-bird !—  
 God forbid !—where's this girl ?—what, Juliet !

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* How now ! who calls ?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Jul.* Madam, I am here : [*awhile,*

*La. Cap.* This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave  
 We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again :  
 I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.  
 Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

*Nurse.* Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

*La. Cap.* She's not fourteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,

And yet to my <sup>g</sup>teen be it spoken I have but four,  
 She is not fourteen. How long is it now  
 To Lammastide ?

*La. Cap.* A fortnight, and odd days.

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
 Come Lammastide at night shall she be fourteen.  
 Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls !—  
 Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God ;  
 She was too good for me. But, as I said,  
 On Lammastide at night shall she be fourteen  
 That shall she, marry : I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years ;  
 And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—  
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day ;  
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall :  
 My lord and you were then at Mantua.—  
 Nay, I do bear a <sup>h</sup>brain :—but, as I said,  
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,  
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug !

<sup>a</sup> "Is but a part," i.e., is in comparison but a part.—  
<sup>b</sup> "Young men" was formerly used for *youngmen*.—<sup>c</sup> "Inherit,"  
 i.e., possess.—<sup>d</sup> "Good den," i.e., good day ; good morning.

<sup>e</sup> To "crush a cup of wine," was a cant phrase, as we  
 now say, "crack a bottle of wine."—<sup>f</sup> Scarcely.—<sup>g</sup> Sorrow.—  
<sup>h</sup> To "bear a brain" was to possess much mental capacity,  
 or a good memory.



Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,  
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years;  
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,  
She could have run and waddled all about,  
For even the day before she broke her brow:  
And then my husband—God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man,—took up the child:  
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holy-dam,  
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—"Ay."  
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!  
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?"  
quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it <sup>a</sup>stinted, and said—"Ay."  
*La. Cap.* Enough of this: I pray thee, hold thy  
peace.

*Nurse.* Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh,  
To think it should leave crying, and say—"Ay:"  
And yet, I warrant, it had upon his brow  
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone,  
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.

"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?" it <sup>a</sup>stinted, and said—"Ay."

*Jul.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.  
*Nurse.* Peace! I have done. God mark thee to  
his grace,

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:  
An I might live to see thee married once,  
I have my wish.

*La. Cap.* Marry, that marry is the very theme  
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married?

*Jul.* It is an honor that I dream not of.  
*Nurse.* An honor! were not I thine only nurse,  
I would say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

*La. Cap.* Well, think of marriage now; younger  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, [*than you,*]  
Are made already mothers: by my count,  
I was your mother, much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady! lady, such a man,  
As all the world—Why, he's a man of <sup>b</sup>wax.

*La. Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.  
*Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

*La. Cap.* What say you? can you love the gentle-  
This night you shall behold him at our feast: [*man?*]

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.  
Examine every married lineament,  
And see how one another lends content;  
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,  
Find written in the margin of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
To beautify him only lacks a cover:

The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,  
For fair without the fair within to hide.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;  
So shall you share all that he doth possess  
By having him, making yourself no less.

*Nurse.* No less! nay, bigger women grow by men.

*La. Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move;  
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serr.* Madam, the guests are come, supper served  
up, you called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse  
cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I  
must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

*La. Cap.* We follow thee.—Juliet, the county  
stays.

*Nurse.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.—A Street.

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six  
Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and others, <sup>1</sup>preceded by  
a Drum.*

*Rom.* What, shall this speech be spoke for our  
excuse,

Or shall we on without apology?

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity:  
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,  
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;  
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
After the prompter, for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,  
We'll measure them a <sup>d</sup>measure, and be gone.

*Rom.* Give me a <sup>c</sup>torch; I am not for this ambling:  
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

*Mer.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

*Rom.* Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes,  
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,  
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

*Mer.* You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,  
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

<sup>2</sup>*Ben.* And, to sink in it, should you burden love;  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*Rom.* Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—  
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[*Putting on a Mask.*]

A visor for a visor!—what care I,  
What curious eye doth <sup>d</sup>quote deformities?  
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

*Ben.* Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,  
But every man betake him to his legs.

*Rom.* A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,  
Tickle the senseless <sup>e</sup>rushes with their heels;  
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on:  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

*Mer.* Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own  
word.

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire  
Of this save-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears. Come, we burn <sup>h</sup>day-light, ho!

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment <sup>3</sup>hits  
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

*Rom.* And we mean well in going to this mask,  
But 'tis no wit to go.

<sup>a</sup> Count.—<sup>d</sup> Dance.—<sup>e</sup> A torch-bearer was formerly an attendant to every troop of maskers.—<sup>f</sup> Note; mark.—<sup>g</sup> Alluding to the custom, previous to the use of carpets, of strewn rooms with rushes.—<sup>h</sup> To burn daylight was a phrase applied to superfluous actions.

<sup>a</sup> To "stint" is to stop.—<sup>b</sup> "A man of wax," i. e., as well made as wax-work.

*Mer.* Why, may one ask?  
*Rom.* I dreamt a dream to-night.  
*Mer.* And so did I.  
*Rom.* Well, what was yours?  
*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.  
*Rom.* In bed asleep, while they do dream things true. [you.]

*Mer.* O! then, I see, queen Mab hath been with  
 She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little <sup>a</sup>atomies  
 Over men's noses as they lie asleep:  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:  
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Pick'd from the lazy finger of a <sup>2</sup>milkmaid.  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.  
 Sometime she gallops o'er a <sup>2</sup>counsellor's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:  
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
 Then he dreams of another benefice.  
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;  
 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;  
 And bakes the <sup>b</sup>elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,  
 Making them women of good carriage.  
 This, is she—

*Rom.* Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!  
 Thon talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams,  
 Which are the children of an idle brain,  
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,  
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
 Turning his <sup>4</sup>tide to the dew-dropping south.

*Ben.* This wind, you talk of, blows us from our  
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late. [selves;]

*Rom.* I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,  
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,  
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
 With this night's revels; and expire the term  
 Of a despised life, clos'd in my <sup>6</sup>breath,  
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:  
 But he, that hath the steerage of my course,  
 Direct my sail.—On, lusty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup>Atoms.—<sup>b</sup>Fairy locks.

# SCENE V.—A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take  
 away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one  
 or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a  
 foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the  
 court-cupboard, look to the plate.—Good thou,  
 save me a piece of <sup>4</sup>marcpane; and, as thou lov-  
 est me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and  
 Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked  
 for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly,  
 boys: be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.  
 [They retire.<sup>6</sup>]

*Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests, and the  
 Maskers.*

*Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their  
 toes

Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you:—  
 Ah, ha, my mistresses! which of you all  
 Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,  
 I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?  
 You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,  
 That I have worn a visor, and could tell

<sup>7</sup>[To ROMEO, &c.]

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
 Such as would please:—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.  
 You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians,  
 play.

A hall! a <sup>a</sup>hall! give room, and foot it, girls.  
 [Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up,  
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—  
 Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,  
 For you and I are past our dancing days:  
 How long is't now, since last yourself and I  
 Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so  
 'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, [much:]  
 Come pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.  
 2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;  
 His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

*Rom.* What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand  
 Of yonder knight. <sup>8</sup>[Pointing to JULIET.]

*Serv.* I know not, sir.

*Rom.* O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
 Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear;  
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The 'measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
 And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  
 I never saw true beauty till this night.

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—  
 Fetch me my rapier, boy.—<sup>9</sup>[Exit Boy.] What!  
 dares the slave

<sup>a</sup> The court-cupboard was a sideboard, or stand for plate.—  
<sup>4</sup> Marcpane was a kind of sweet cake, composed of almonds,  
 filberts, pistachios, etc.—<sup>6</sup> "A hall!" an exclamation signal-  
 lying make way! give place! make room!—<sup>8</sup> Dance.

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,  
To floor and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin. [you so?]

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm  
*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;

A villain, that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is it?

*Tyb.* 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;

He bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.

I would not for the wealth of all this town,

Here, in my house, do him disparagement;

Therefore, be patient, take no note of him:

It is my will; the which if thou respect,

Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

*Tyb.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest.

I'll not endure him.

1 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd:

What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—go to;

1 *Go to:* am I the master here, or you?

You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests.

You will set cock-a-loop: you'll be the man.

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy.—Is't so, indeed?—

This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—

Well said, my hearts!—You are a <sup>b</sup> prince; go:—

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame!

I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts!

*Tyb.* Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*]

*Rom.* If I profane with my unworthiest hand

[*To JULIET.*]

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too

much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

*Rom.* Have not saints lips, and holy <sup>c</sup> palmers too?

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

*Rom.* O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

*Jul.* Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'

sake.

[*take.*]

*Rom.* Then move not, while my prayer's effect I

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*]

*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

*Jul.* You kiss by the book. <sup>2</sup>[*Kissing her again.*]

*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a word with

you.

<sup>3</sup>[*JULIET retires.*]

*Rom.* What is her mother?

*Nurse.*

Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you—he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.

*Rom.*

Is she a Capulet?

O, dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

*Ben.* Away, begone: the sport is at the best.

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

<sup>4</sup>[*Going.*]

1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet <sup>d</sup>towards.—

Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest.

<sup>5</sup>[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentle-

man? <sup>6</sup>[*The Guests retire severally.*]

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

*Jul.* What's he, that now is going out of door?

*Nurse.* Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

*Jul.* What's he, that follows here, that would not

*Nurse.* I know not.

[*dance?*]

*Jul.* Go, ask his name.—If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

*Nurse.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

<sup>7</sup>[*Going and returning.*]

The only son of your great enemy.

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

<sup>8</sup>[*Exeunt all Guests.*]

*Nurse.* What's this? what's this?

*Jul.* A rhyme I learn'd even now

Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, JULIET!*]

*Nurse.*

Anon, anon.—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

### Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,

And young affection gapes to be his heir;

That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-belov'd any where:

But passion lends them power, time means to meet

Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—An open Place, adjoining CAPULET'S Garden.

### Enter ROMEO.

*Rom.* Can I go forward, when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

*Ben.* Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

*Mer.*

He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

*Ben.* He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

*Mer.*

Nay, I'll conjure too.—

<sup>a</sup> "Scath you," i. e., do you an injury. — <sup>b</sup> "A prince," i. e., a pert, forward youth. — <sup>c</sup> Pilgrims.

<sup>d</sup> "Towards," i. e., ready; at hand. — <sup>e</sup> "That fair," i. e., that beauty.

Romeo, humors, madman, passion, lover!  
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:  
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
 Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove;  
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,  
 Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so true,  
 When king Cophetua lov'd the <sup>a</sup>beggar-maid.—  
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
 The <sup>b</sup>ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—  
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

*Ben.* An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him; 'twould anger him  
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
 Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;  
 That were some spite. My invocation  
 Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,  
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,  
 To be consorted with the <sup>c</sup>humorous night:  
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
 Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,  
 As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—  
 O Romeo! that she were, O! that she were  
<sup>a</sup>An open *et cetera*, thou a poppin pear!  
 Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;  
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.—  
 Come, shall we go?

*Ben.* Go, then; for 'tis in vain  
 To seek him here, that means not to be found.  
 [Exit.

## SCENE II.—CAPULET'S Garden.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[JULIET appears above, at a window.  
 But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?  
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.—  
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
 That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:  
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
 Her vestal livery is but <sup>b</sup>white and green,  
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—  
 It is my lady; O! it is my love:  
 O, that she knew she were!—  
 She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?  
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—  
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
 As daylight doth a lamp: her eyes in heaven  
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,  
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.  
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
 O! that I were a glove upon that hand,  
 That I might touch that cheek.

*Jul.* Ah me!

*Rom.* She speaks:  
 O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
 As is a winged messenger of heaven  
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
 When he bestrides the <sup>c</sup>lacy-passing clouds,  
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:  
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:  
 Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.  
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
 Belonging to a man. O! be some other name.  
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose,  
 By any other name would smell as sweet;  
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
 Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name;  
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
 Take all myself?

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word.  
<sup>d</sup>[Starting forward.

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;  
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo. [night,

*Jul.* What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in  
 So stumble on my counsel?

*Rom.* By a name  
 I know not now to tell thee who I am:  
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
 Because it is an enemy to thee:  
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words  
 Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.  
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

*Rom.* Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,  
 And the place death, considering who thou art,  
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here. [walls;

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'erperch these  
 For stony limits cannot hold love out:  
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
 Therefore, thy kinsmen are no <sup>e</sup>let to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
 Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,  
 And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;

And <sup>f</sup>but thou love me, let them find me here:

My life were better ended by their hate,  
 Than death <sup>g</sup>prorogued, wanting of thy love.

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

*Rom.* By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;  
 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
 I am no pilot: yet, wert thou as far  
 As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
 I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;  
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,  
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
 What I have spoke: but farewell <sup>h</sup>compliment.

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to an old ballad, called 'The King and the Beggar.'—<sup>b</sup> *Ape* was an expression of tenderness, as *poor fool*, etc.—<sup>c</sup> Humid; damp.

<sup>d</sup> Hinderance. — <sup>e</sup> "But," i. e., unless. — <sup>f</sup> Postponed. — <sup>g</sup> "Farewell compliment," i. e., farewell attention to forms.

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;  
 And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,  
 Thou may'st prove false: at lovers' perjuries,  
 They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo!  
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
 So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.  
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
 And therefore thou may'st think my havior light;  
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
 Than those that have more cunning to be <sup>a</sup>strange.  
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
 But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,  
 My true love's passion: therefore, pardon me;  
 And not impute this yielding to light love,  
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,  
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

*Jul.* O! swear not by the moon, th' inconstant  
 That monthly changes in her circled orb, [moon,  
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;  
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
 Which is the god of my idolatry,  
 And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love—  
*Jul.* Well, then, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,  
 I have no joy of this contract to-night:  
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;  
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
 Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night!  
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
 Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

*Rom.* O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

*Rom.* Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;  
 And yet I would it were to give again. [pose, love?

*Rom.* Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose?  
*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again;

And yet I wish but for the thing I have.  
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
 The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*  
 I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!—  
 Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.  
 Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.]

*Rom.* O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,  
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*Re-enter JULIET above.*

*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good night  
 If that thy bent of love be honorable, [indeed.  
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
 Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;  
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

*Nurse.* [Within.] Madam!

*Jul.* I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,  
 I do beseech thee,—

*Nurse.* [Within.] Madam!

*Jul.* By and by; I come.—  
 To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:  
 To-morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my soul,—  
*Jul.* A thousand times good night. [Exit.  
*Rom.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy  
 light.— [books;

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their  
 But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.  
 [Going.]

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*Jul.* Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,  
 To lure this <sup>b</sup>tercel-gentle back again!  
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;  
 Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,  
 And make her airy voice more hoarse than mine  
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

*Rom.* It is my soul, that calls upon my name:  
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
 Like softest music to attending ears!

*Jul.* Romeo!

*Rom.* My dear.

*Jul.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
 Shall I send to thee?

*Rom.* By the hour of nine.

*Jul.* I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.  
 I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me stand here, till thou remember it.

*Jul.* I shall forget to have thee still stand there,  
 Remembering how I love thy company.

*Rom.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
 Forgetting any other home but this.

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;  
 And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,  
 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
 So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would, I were thy bird.

*Jul.* Sweet, so would I:  
 Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. [row,  
 Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,  
 That I shall say good night, till it be morrow. [Exit.]

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy  
 breast!—

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
 Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;  
 His help to crave, and my good hap to tell. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.*

*Fri.* The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning  
 night,  
 Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;  
 And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
 From forth day's path and <sup>d</sup>Titan's fiery wheels.  
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye  
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,  
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,  
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.  
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;  
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb;  
 And from her womb children of divers kind  
 We sucking on her natural bosom find:  
 Many for many virtues excellent,  
 None but for some, and yet all different.  
 O! mickle is the powerful <sup>e</sup>grace that lies  
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:  
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
 But to the earth some special good doth give;

<sup>b</sup>The *tercel-gentle* is the male of the goshawk.—  
<sup>c</sup>"Flecked," i. e., spotted; dappled.—<sup>d</sup>"Titan's," i. e., the  
 sun's.—<sup>e</sup>"Mickle is the powerful grace," i. e., great is the  
 efficacious virtue.

<sup>a</sup>"To be strange," i. e., to be shy, distant.

Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.  
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower  
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:  
 For this, being smelt, with that <sup>1</sup>act cheers each part;  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such opposed kings encump them still  
 In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;  
 And where the worser is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Good morrow, father.

*Fri.* *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—  
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,  
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
 But where <sup>2</sup>unbused youth, with unstuff'd brain,  
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.  
 Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,  
 Thou art up-ris'd by some distemperature:  
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—  
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri.* God pardon sin! wert thou with Rosaline?

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*Fri.* That's my good son: but where hast thou  
 been, then?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy;  
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,  
 That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
 Within thy help and holy physic lies:  
 I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo!  
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;  
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift. [set

*Rom.* Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is  
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine  
 By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,  
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,  
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

*Fri.* Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!  
 Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
 So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies  
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

*Jesu Maria!* what a deal of brine  
 Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
 How much salt water thrown away in waste  
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
 Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.  
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:  
 And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence,  
 then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

*Rom.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*Fri.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Fri.* Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:  
 The other did not so.

*Fri.* O! she knew well,  
 Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.  
 But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
 For this alliance may so happy prove,  
 To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

*Rom.* O! let us hence; I stand on sudden <sup>a</sup>haste.

*Fri.* Wisely, and slow: they stumble that run fast.  
 [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Street.

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*Mer.* Where the devil should this Romeo be?—  
 Came he not home to-night?

*Ben.* Not to his father's: I spoke with his man.

*Mer.* Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench,  
 that Rosaline,  
 Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,  
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life.

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any man that can write may answer a letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how  
 he dares, being dared.

*Mer.* Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead!  
 stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run <sup>b</sup>through  
 the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his  
 heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's <sup>c</sup>butt-shaft;  
 and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*Mer.* More than prince of <sup>d</sup>cats, I can tell you.  
 O! he is <sup>e</sup>a courageous captain of compliments.  
 He fights as you sing <sup>f</sup>prick-song, keeps time, distance,  
 and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one,  
 two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher  
 of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman  
 of the very first <sup>g</sup>house, of the first and second <sup>h</sup>cause.  
 Ah, the immortal <sup>i</sup>passado! the punto <sup>j</sup>diverso!  
 the <sup>k</sup>hay!

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fan-  
 tasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—"By Jesu,  
 a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good  
 where!"—Why, is not this a lamentable thing,  
<sup>l</sup>grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with  
 these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these  
<sup>m</sup>pardonnez-mois, who stand so much on the new  
 form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?  
 O, their <sup>n</sup>bons, their <sup>o</sup>bons!

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried herring.—O  
 flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for  
 the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his  
 lady, was a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a bet-  
 ter love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopa-  
 tra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots;  
 Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—  
 Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French saluta-  
 tion to your French <sup>p</sup>slop. You gave us the coun-  
 terfeit fairly last night.

<sup>a</sup> "I stand on sudden haste," i. e., I am in great haste.—

<sup>b</sup> Through.—<sup>c</sup> Arrow.—<sup>d</sup> An allusion to "Tybalt, prince of cats," in the story-book of Reynard the Fox.—<sup>e</sup> "Prick-song," i. e., a song by notes *pricked* down.—<sup>f</sup> "Of the first house," i. e., of the first rank among duellists.—<sup>g</sup> Terms of the fencing-school.—<sup>h</sup> Humorously apostrophizing his ancestors.—<sup>i</sup> "French slop," i. e., wide-kneed French trowsers.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

*Mer.* The slip, sir, the <sup>a</sup>slip: can you not conceive?

*Rom.* Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

*Mer.* That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom.* Meaning—to courtesy.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

*Rom.* Pink for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then is my <sup>b</sup>pump well flowered.

*Mer.* Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

*Rom.* O single-soled jest! solely singular for the singleness.

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fail.

*Rom.* Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

*Mer.* Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

*Rom.* Thou shalt never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

*Mer.* I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good goose, bite not.

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter <sup>c</sup>sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

*Rom.* And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

*Mer.* O! here's a wit of <sup>d</sup>cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

*Rom.* I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide abroad—goose.

*Mer.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

*Ben.* Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

*Mer.* O! thou art deceived. I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

*Rom.* Here's goodly <sup>e</sup>geer!

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

*Mer.* A sail, a sail!

*Ben.* Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

*Nurse.* Peter, pr'ythee give me my fan.

*Mer.* Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good <sup>f</sup>den, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Is it good den?

*Mer.* 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the <sup>g</sup>prick of noon.

*Nurse.* Out upon you! what a man are you.

*Rom.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

*Nurse.* By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth'a!—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

*Rom.* I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

*Nurse.* You say well.

*Mer.* Yea! is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

*Nurse.* If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

*Ben.* She will invite him to some supper.

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

*Rom.* What hast thou found?

*Mer.* No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. *An old hare <sup>h</sup>hoar, and an old hare hoar,* <sup>i</sup>[*Staging.*]

*Is very good meat in lent:*

*But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score, When it hoars ere it be spent.*—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

*Rom.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewell, ancient lady;

*Farewell, lady, lady, lady.* <sup>2</sup>[*Singing.*]

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

*Nurse.* Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his <sup>i</sup>ropery?

*Rom.* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand in a month.

*Nurse.* An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his <sup>k</sup>skains-mates.—And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

*Pet.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

*Nurse.* Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.—Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very <sup>3</sup>wicked dealing.

*Rom.* Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

*Nurse.* Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, lord! she will be a joyful woman.

*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

*Nurse.* I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

*Rom.* Bid her devise some means to come to <sup>1</sup>shrift

<sup>a</sup> A pun on counterfeit money called *slips*.—<sup>b</sup> "Pump well flowered." It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes, in the shape of *flowers*.—<sup>c</sup> *Sweetening*: an apple so named.—<sup>d</sup> "Cheverel," i. e., soft stretching leather.—<sup>e</sup> Business.—<sup>f</sup> "God ye good den," i. e., God give you a good even.

<sup>g</sup> Point.—<sup>h</sup> Hoary; mouldy.—<sup>i</sup> Roguery.—<sup>k</sup> Swaggering companions.—<sup>l</sup> Confession.

This afternoon;  
And there she shall at friar Laurence's cell  
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No, truly, sir; not a penny.

*Rom.* Go to; I say, you shall.

[*Giving her money.*]

*Nurse.* This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

*Rom.* And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:  
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,  
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;  
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy  
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll 'quite thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress. [you, sir.

*Nurse.* Now, God in heaven bless thee!—Hark

*Rom.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,  
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

*Rom.* I warrant thee; my man is true as steel.

*Nurse.* Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady  
—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—  
O!—There's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that  
would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul,  
had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I  
anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the  
proper man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so,  
she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world.  
Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a  
letter?

*Rom.* Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

*Nurse.* Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R  
is for thee? no: I know it begins with some other  
letter; and she hath the prettiest sententions of it,  
of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to  
hear it.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady.

[*Exit.*]

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

*Pet.* Anon?

*Nurse.* Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—CAPULET'S Garden.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* The clock struck nine, when I did send the  
In half an hour she promis'd to return. [nurse;  
Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—  
O! she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams  
Driving black shadows over lowering hills:  
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve  
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.  
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,  
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;  
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
And his to me: but old folks, seem as dead;  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and dull as lead.

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

O God! she comes.—O honey nurse! what news?  
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*]

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st  
thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

*Nurse.* I am weary, give me leave awhile.—

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

*Jul.* I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:  
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse,  
speak.

*Nurse.* Jesu, what haste! can you not stay awhile?  
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast  
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice; you  
know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he;  
though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg  
excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a  
body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they  
are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,  
—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy  
ways, wench: serve God.—What, have you dined  
at home?

*Jul.* No, no: but all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

*Nurse.* Lord, how my head aches! what a head

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. [have I:

My back! o' t' other side.—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

*Jul.* I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

*Nurse.* Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And, I warrant, a virtuous.—Where is your mother?

*Jul.* Where is my mother?—why, she is within:

Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st;

“Your love says like an honest gentleman,—

Where is your mother?”

*Nurse.* O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultrie for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil—Come, what says Romeo?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then, hie you hence to friar Laurence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;

They'll be in scarlet straightway at my news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, fare-  
well. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

*Fri.* So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.* Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy

That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words;

Then love-devouring death do what he dare;

It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri.* These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,

\* “Like a tackled stair,” i. e., like stairs of rope in the  
tackle of a ship.

† Bustle.



Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady.—O! so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:  
A lover may bestride the gossamers  
That idle in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.  
*Jul.* As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

*Rom.* Ah, Juliet! if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum the sum of half my wealth. [work;

*Fri.* Come, come with me, and we will make short  
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Public Place.

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows that,  
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me  
his sword upon the table, and says, "God send me  
no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the  
second cup, draws him on the drawer, when, indeed,  
there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack, in thy  
mood, as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be  
moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

*Ben.* And what to?

*Mer.* Nay, an there were two such, we should  
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.  
Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath  
a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou  
hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking  
nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast  
hazel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spy  
out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels,  
as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath  
been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling.  
Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the  
street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath  
lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with  
a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter?  
with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband?  
and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

*Ben.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any  
man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour  
and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee-simple? O simple!

\* Conceit here means imagination.

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Enter TYBALT, and others.*

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—  
Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us? Couple  
it with something; make it a word and a blow.

*Tyb.* You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if  
you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without  
giving?

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.—

*Mer.* Consort! what! dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear  
nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's  
that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

<sup>2</sup> [*Striking his hip!*]

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men:

Either withdraw into some private place,

<sup>3</sup> And reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us. [gaze:

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes  
my man.

*Mer.* But, I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

*Tyb.* Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford  
No better term than this—thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much exceed the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting:—villain am I none;  
Therefore farewell: I see, thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore, turn and draw.

*Rom.* I do protest, I never injur'd thee;  
But love thee better than thou canst desire,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!

<sup>4</sup> *A la stoccata* carries it away.

[*Draws* <sup>5</sup> as TYBALT is going.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

*Tyb.* What would'st thou have with me?

*Mer.* Good king of <sup>6</sup> cats, nothing, but one of your  
nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and,  
as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of  
the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his  
<sup>7</sup> pikeber by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about  
your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* I am for you. [*Drawing.*

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons.—Gentlemen, for shame  
Forbear this outrage!—Tybalt—Mercutio—

The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying  
In Verona streets.—Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio!

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*

*Mer.* I am hurt;—<sup>8</sup> [ROMEO supports MERC.  
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—  
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.*

What! art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis  
enough.—

<sup>5</sup> Consort was the old term for a company of musicians.—

<sup>6</sup> *A la stoccata*, the Italian term for a thrust with a rapier.—

<sup>7</sup> Alluding to his name; see Act ii. Sc. 4.—<sup>8</sup> Scabbard.

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.]

*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me: I have it, and soundly too!—your houses!

[Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my cousin.—O sweet Juliet! Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soften'd valor's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's dead; That gallant spirit bath<sup>a</sup> aspir'd the clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days doth de- This but begins the woe others must end. [pend;

Re-enter TYBALT.

*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*Rom.* Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain! Away to heaven, <sup>b</sup>respective lenity, And fire-ey'd fury be my <sup>c</sup>conduct now!— Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again, That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keep him company: Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him. [here, *Tyb.* Thou, wretched boy, that didst <sup>d</sup>consort him Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shalt determine that.

[They fight; TYBALT falls.]

*Ben.* Romeo, away! begone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:— Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death, If thou art taken.—Hence!—begone!—away!

*Rom.* O! I am fortune's fool.

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay? [Exit ROMEO.]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio? Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* You, sir:—go with me; I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and others.

*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

*Ben.* O noble prince! I can discover all The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl: There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. [child!

*La. Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's O prince! O cousin! O, the blood is spill'd Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art <sup>e</sup>true,

For blood of ours shed blood of Montague. O cousin, cousin!

*Prin.* <sup>2</sup>Who began this bloody fray?

[slay:

*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink How 'nice the quarrel was; and urg'd withal Your high displeasure:—all this, uttered With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd, Could not take truce with the unruly spleen Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast; Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point, And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats Cold death aside, and with the other sends It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity Retorts it <sup>3</sup>home. Romeo he cries aloud, "Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points, And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm, An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled; But by and by comes back to Romeo, Who had but newly entertain'd revenge, And to't they go like lightning; for ere I Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain, And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly. This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

*La. Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Montague; Affection makes him false, he speaks not true: Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give: Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

*Prin.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio; Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

*Mon.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend; His fault concludes but what the law should end, The life of Tybalt.

*Prin.* And for that offence, Immediately we do exile him hence: I have an interest in your hate's proceeding, My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding; But I'll <sup>4</sup>amerge you with so strong a fine, That you shall all repent the loss of mine. I will be deaf to pleading and excuses, Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses; Therefore, use none: let Romeo hence in haste, Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. Bear hence this body, and attend our will: Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET's House.

Enter JULIET.

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner As Phaeton would whip you to the west, And bring in cloudy night immediately.— Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, That 'enemies' eyes may wink, and Romeo Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!— Lovers can see to do their amorous rites By their own beauties; or if love be blind, It best agrees with night.—Come, <sup>5</sup>civil night, Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, And learn me how to lose a winning match, Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:

<sup>a</sup> Aspired to; ascended.—<sup>b</sup> "Respective," i. e., considerate. —<sup>c</sup> Conductor.—<sup>d</sup> Accompany.—<sup>e</sup> "As thou art true," i. e., as thou art just and upright.

<sup>f</sup> "How nice," i. e., how trifling, unimportant. —<sup>g</sup> "Amerge," i. e., punish by fine. —<sup>h</sup> "Civil," i. e., grave solemn.

Hood my unmamm'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
 With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,  
 Think true love acted simple modesty.  
 Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night;  
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—  
 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
 Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,  
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
 That all the world will be in love with night,  
 And pay no worship to the <sup>h</sup>garish sun.—  
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
 But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,  
 Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day,  
 As is the night before some festival  
 To an impatient child that hath new robes,  
 And may not wear them. O! here comes my nurse.

*Enter Nurse, with a Ladder of Cords.*

And she brings news; and ev'ry tongue, that speaks  
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—  
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?  
 That Romeo had thee fetch? [the cords

*Nurse.* Ay, ay, the cords. [Throws them down.

*Jul.* Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring  
 thy hands? [dead!

*Nurse.* Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's  
 We are undone, lady, we are undone!—  
 Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious?

*Nurse.* Romeo can,  
 Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—  
 Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

*Jul.* What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
 Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but <sup>e</sup>I,  
 And that bare vowel, <sup>i</sup>I, shall poison more  
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:  
 I am not I, if there be such an <sup>i</sup>I;  
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, <sup>i</sup>I.  
 If he be slain, say—I; or if not—no:  
 Brief sounds determine <sup>2</sup>or my weal or woe.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—  
 God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:  
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,  
 All in gore blood;—I <sup>d</sup>swooned at the sight.

*Jul.* O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at  
 To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty: [once!  
 Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,  
 And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had:  
 O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*Jul.* What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
 Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?  
 My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—  
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom;  
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

*Nurse.* Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished:  
 Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished. [blood?

*Jul.* O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's?

*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day! it did.  
*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! volkish-ravens lamb!  
 Despised substance of divinest show!  
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;

A damned saint, an honorable villain!—  
 O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,  
 When thou didst <sup>3</sup>pour the spirit of a fiend  
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—  
 Was ever book containing such vile matter,  
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell  
 In such a gorgeous palace!

*Nurse.*

There's no trust,  
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,  
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—  
 Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua vita*:—  
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
 Shame come to Romeo!

*Jul.*

Blister'd be thy tongue,  
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;  
 For 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd  
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that kill'd  
 your cousin?

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall <sup>e</sup>smooth thy  
 name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—  
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my hus-  
 band:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?  
 Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,  
 That murder'd me. I would forget it fain;  
 But, O! it presses to my memory,  
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
 Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished!  
 That—banished, that one word—banished,  
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,  
 And needily will be rank'd with other griefs,—  
 Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,  
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
 Which <sup>e</sup>modern lamentation might have mov'd?  
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
 Romeo is banished!—to speak that word,  
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
 All slain, all dead:—Romeo is banished!—  
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—  
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

*Nurse.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:  
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

*Jul.* Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall  
 be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
 Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,  
 Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd:

<sup>4</sup>[Taking them up.

He made you for a highway to my bed,  
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
 Come, cords; come, nurse: I'll to my wedding bed;  
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

*Nurse.* Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo  
 To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.  
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:  
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

<sup>a</sup> These are terms of falconry. — <sup>b</sup> Gaudy; showy. —

<sup>c</sup> In Shakespeare's time the particle *ay* was written *I*. —

<sup>d</sup> Swooned.

<sup>e</sup> "Smooth," i. e., speak well of.—<sup>f</sup> "Hath slain," i. e., is  
 worse than the loss of.—<sup>g</sup> "Modern," i. e., common; trite.

*Jul.* O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Eccent.*]

SCENE III.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

*Fri.* Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful  
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts, [man:  
And thou art wedded to calamity. [doom?

*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the prince's  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

*Fri.* Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company:  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom. [doom?

*Rom.* What less than dooms-day is the prince's  
*Fri.* A gentler judgment<sup>1</sup> parted from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

*Fri.* Hence from Verona art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death:—then, banished  
Is death misterr'd: calling death banishment,  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath brush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not.—More<sup>2</sup> a validity,  
More honorable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
This may flies do, when I from this must fly,  
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?  
But Romeo may not; he is banished.  
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:  
They are free men, but I am banished.  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
But—banished—to kill me; banished?  
O friar! the damned use that word in hell;  
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word—banished?

*Fri.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

*Rom.* O! thou wilt speak again of banishment.

*Fri.* I'll give thee armor to keep off that word;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet banished!—Hang up philosophy:  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

*Fri.* O! then I see that madmen have no ears.

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men have  
no eyes?

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy<sup>b</sup> estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of<sup>c</sup> that thou dost not  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, [feel.  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished, [thy hair,  
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear  
And fall upon the ground as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Fri.* Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thy  
self. [Falling  
[Knocking within.

*Rom.* Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking.  
*Fri.* Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—  
Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while.—Stand up;  
Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will!

What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come.

[Knocking.  
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's  
your will? [know my errand:

*Nurse.* [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall  
I come from lady Juliet.

*Fri.* Welcome, then.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O holy friar! O! tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo? [drunk.

*Fri.* There on the ground, with his own tears made  
*Nurse.* O! he is even in my mistress' case;  
Just in her case.

*Fri.* O woeful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament!

*Nurse.* Even so lies she,  
Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubbing.—  
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

*Rom.* Nurse! <sup>4</sup>[*Romco groans.*  
<sup>5</sup>[*Rising suddenly.*

*Nurse.* Ah sir! ah sir!—Death is the end of all.

*Rom.* Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?  
Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
With blood remov'd but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
My conceal'd<sup>d</sup> lady to our cancell'd love? [weeps;

*Nurse.* O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and  
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
And then down falls again.

*Rom.* As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman.—O! tell me, friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion. [Drawing his sword.

*Fri.* Hold thy desperate hand!  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man;  
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!  
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself,  
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee,

<sup>b</sup> "Dispute with thee of thy estate," i. e., converse with  
thee of thy condition.—<sup>c</sup> "My conceal'd lady," i. e., 'my  
lady whose marriage, or relation to me, is concealed.'

<sup>a</sup> Worth; value.

By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
 Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
 In thee at once, which thou at once would'st lose.  
 Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,  
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,  
 And nest none in that true use indeed  
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
 Digressing from the valor of a man;  
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,  
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;  
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,  
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,  
 Is set afire by thine own ignorance,  
 And thou dismember'd with thine own <sup>a</sup>defence.  
 What! rouse thee, man: thy Juliet is alive,  
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too;  
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,  
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;  
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
 But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,  
 Thou pou'st upon thy fortune and thy love.  
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was <sup>1</sup>agreed,  
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;  
 But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,  
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;  
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back,  
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—  
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:  
 Romeo is coming. [night,

Nurse. O Lord! I could have stay'd here all the  
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—  
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. <sup>2</sup>Here is a ring she bid me give you, sir.  
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[Exit Nurse.  
 Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence. Good night; and here stands all  
 your <sup>b</sup>state:—

Either be gone before the watch be set,  
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.  
 Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,  
 And he shall signify from time to time  
 Every good hap to you that chances here.  
 Give me thy hand: 'tis late; farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
 It were a grief so brief to part with thee:  
 Farewell. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in CAPULET's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,  
 That we have had no time to move our daughter.  
 Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
 And so did I:—well, we were born to die.—  
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:  
 I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.—  
 Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;

To-night she's mew'd up <sup>3</sup>in her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a 'desperate tender  
 Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd  
 In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
 Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,  
 And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
 But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is  
 too soon;

O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her,

She shall be married to this noble earl.—

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado:—a fiend, or two;—

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much.

Therefore, we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone; o' Thursday be it then.—

Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!

Afore me! it is so very late, that we  
 May call it early by and by.—Good night. [Exit.

#### SCENE V.—JULIET's Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale; look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light; I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,

To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua:

Therefore, stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale <sup>4</sup>reflex of Cynthia's <sup>5</sup>brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

I have more <sup>6</sup>care to stay, than will to go:—

Come, death, and welcome: Juliet wills it so.—

How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords, and unpleasant sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet <sup>7</sup>division;

This doth not so, for she divideth us:

Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O! now I would they had chang'd voices too,

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

<sup>a</sup> "Dismember'd with thine own defence," i. e., torn to pieces with thine own weapons.—<sup>b</sup> "Here stands all your state," i. e., 'the whole of your fortune depends on this.'

<sup>c</sup> Bold; adventurous.—<sup>d</sup> "Reflex of Cynthia's brow," i. e., reflection of the moon.—<sup>e</sup> Inclination.—<sup>f</sup> A division in music is a variation in melody.

Hunting thee hence with <sup>a</sup>hunts-up to the day.  
O! now be gone: more light and light it grows.

*Rom.* More light and light, more dark and dark  
our woes.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Madam!

*Jul.* Nurse.

*Nurse.* Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:  
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

*[Exit Nurse.]*

*Jul.* Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

*Rom.* Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

*[Descending.]*

*Jul.* Art thou gone so? love, lord! ay, husband, friend!

I must leave from thee <sup>1</sup>every hour in the day,  
For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,  
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

*Rom.* Farewell! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

*Jul.* O! think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

*Rom.* I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*Jul.* O God! I have an ill-divining soul:  
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*Rom.* And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

*[Exit ROMEO.]*

*Jul.* O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For, then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

*La. Cap.* *[Within.]* Ho! daughter, are you up?

*Jul.* Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause <sup>b</sup>procures her hither?

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet?

*Jul.* Madam, I am not well.

*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
An if thou <sup>2</sup>would'st, thou could'st not make him live;

*[Love:]*

Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of wit.  
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

*Jul.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*La. Cap.* So shall you feel the loss, but not the  
Which you weep for.

*[Friend]*

*Jul.* Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

*La. Cap.* Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for  
his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

*Jul.* What villain, madam?

*La. Cap.* That same villain, Romeo.

*Jul.* Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man, like <sup>3</sup>him, doth grieve my heart.

*La. Cap.* That is, because the traitor murderer  
lives.

*[Hands.]*

*Jul.* Ay, madam, from the reach of these my  
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

*La. Cap.* We will have vengeance for it, fear  
thou not:

Then, weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

*Jul.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.—

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it,

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet.—O! how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him! *[A man.]*

*La. Cap.* Find thou the means, and I'll find such

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needy time.

What are they, I beseech your ladyship? *[Child:]*

*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father,

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman, *[Morn,]*

The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church

Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

*Jul.* Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris.

*La. Cap.* These are news indeed!

Here comes your father; tell him so yourself.

And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Cap.* When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son

It rains downright.—

How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeist'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife!

Have you deliver'd to her our decree? *[thanks.]*

*La. Cap.* Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you

I would, the fool were married to her grave. *[wife.]*

*Cap.* Soft, take me with you, take me with you,

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud you have, but thankful that you

Proud can I never be of what I hate; *[have:]*

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now, how now, chop-logic! What is  
this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—

And yet not proud?—Mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!

You tallow face!

<sup>a</sup> The *hunts' up* was a tune to awaken sportsmen; also, a morning song to a new married woman.—<sup>b</sup> Brings.

*La. Cap.* Fie, fie! what, are you mad!

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient  
wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face.  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;  
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd  
That God had lent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her.  
Out on her, a hilding!

*Nurse.* God in heaven bless her!  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,  
Good prudence: smatter with your gossips; go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.* O! God ye good den.

*Nurse.* May not one speak?

*Cap.* Peace, you mumbling fool!  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.

*La. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* God's bread! it makes me mad.  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd; and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd (as they say) with honorable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining <sup>b</sup>mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer—"I'll not wed,"—"I cannot love,"—  
"I am too young,"—"I pray you, pardon me,"—  
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you;  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:  
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.  
And you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.  
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Is there no pity in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—  
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*La. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* O God!—O nurse! how shall this be pre-  
vented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
How shall that faith return again to earth,  
Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
By leaving earth?—Comfort me, counsel me.—  
<sup>a</sup>Ah! that heaven should practise stratagems  
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—  
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
Some comfort, nurse.

*Nurse.* Faith, here 'tis. Romeo  
Is banished, and all the world to nothing,  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the county.  
O! he's a lovely gentleman;  
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,  
As living here and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nurse.* And from my soul too;  
Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.*

Amen!

*Nurse.*

What?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.  
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,  
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Ancient damnation! O, most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath praised him with above compare  
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—  
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;  
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.*

*Fri.* On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.  
*Fri.* You say, you do not know the lady's mind:  
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And, therefore, have I little talk'd of love;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,  
That she doth give her sorrows so much way,  
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears;  
Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be put from her by society.  
Now do you know the reason of this haste?

*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[*Aside.*]

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Par.* Happily met, my lady, and my wife.

*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

*Par.* That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

*Jul.* What must be shall be.

*Fri.* That's a certain text.

*Par.* Come you to make confession to this father?

*Jul.* To answer that, I should confess to you.

*Par.* Do not deny to him that you love me.

*Jul.* I will confess to you that I love him.

*Par.* So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

*Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,  
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

*Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

*Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that;  
For it was bad enough before their spite. [*Report.*]

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that

*Jul.* That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,

<sup>a</sup> Base woman.—<sup>b</sup> Puppet.

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

*Fri.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—  
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

*Par.* God shield, I should disturb devotion!—  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:  
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit PARIS.*]

*Jul.* O! shut the door; and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

*Fri.* O Juliet! I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits:  
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this<sup>2</sup> count.

*Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:  
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

<sup>3</sup>[*Showing it.*]

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the<sup>a</sup> label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,  
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the<sup>b</sup> umpire; arbitrating that,  
Which the<sup>c</sup> commission of thy years and art  
Could to no issue of true honor bring.  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

<sup>4</sup>[*Offers to strike.*]

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fri.* Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,  
Which craves as desperate an execution  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
If, rather than to marry county Paris,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;  
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;  
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

*Fri.* Hold, then: go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:  
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humor; for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To pale ashes; thy eye's windows fall,  
Like death when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:

<sup>a</sup> The seals of deeds were formerly appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed.—<sup>b</sup> Shall play the umpire," i. e., shall decide the struggle between me and my distress.—<sup>c</sup> Authority; power.

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,  
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave:  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shalt Romeo by my letters know our drift;  
And hither shall he come, and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo hear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame,  
If no unconscionable<sup>d</sup> toy, nor womanish fear,  
Alate thy valor in the acting it.

*Jul.* Give me, give me! O! tell me not of fear.

*Fri.* Hold; get you gone: be strong and prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

*Jul.* Love, give me strength, and strength shall  
help afford.

Farewell, dear father.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.*

*Cap.* So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

*2 Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try  
if they can lick their fingers.

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so?

*2 Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick  
his own fingers: therefore, that cannot lick his  
fingers goes not with me.

*Cap.* Go, begone.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

*Nurse.* Ay, forsooth.

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do some good on her.  
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Nurse.* See, where she comes from<sup>e</sup> shrift with  
merry look.

*Cap.* How now, my headstrong! where have you  
been gadding?

*Jul.* Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests, and am enjoin'd  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, <sup>5</sup>[*Kneeling.*]  
And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you:  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

*Cap.* Send for the county: go tell him of this.  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;  
And gave him what<sup>6</sup> becoming love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

*Cap.* Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:  
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county:  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—  
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,  
All our whole city is much bound to him.

*Jul.* Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

<sup>d</sup> "No unconscionable toy," i. e., no *fiekie freak*; no light caprice; no change of fancy.—<sup>e</sup> Confession.



*La. Cap.* No, not till Thursday: there is time enough.

*Cap.* Go, nurse, go with her.—We'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

*La. Cap.* We shall be short in our provision: 'Tis now near night.

*Cap.* Tush! I will stir about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife. Go thou to Juliet; help to deck up her: I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone; I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—They are all forth: well, I will walk myself To county Paris, to prepare him up Against to-morrow. My heart is wond'rous light, Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—JULIET's Chamber.

*Enter JULIET and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse, I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night; For I have need of many oisons To move the heavens to smile upon my state, Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

*Jul.* No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities As are behoveful for our state to-morrow: So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you; For, I am sure, you have your hands full all, In this so sudden business.

*La. Cap.* Good night: Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need. [*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]  
*Jul.* Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:  
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—  
Nurse!—What should she do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—  
Come, phial.—  
What if this mixture do not work at all,  
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—  
No, no; this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—  
[*Laying down a Dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd,  
Because he married me before to Romeo?  
I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man:  
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—  
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point.  
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,—  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies<sup>a</sup> festering in his shroud; where, as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort:—

<sup>a</sup> Corrupting.

Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,  
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,  
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—  
O! if I wake, shall I not be<sup>b</sup> distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears,  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—  
Romeo! Romeo! Romeo!—here's drink!—drink to  
thee. [*She throws herself on the bed.*]

## SCENE IV.—CAPULET's Hall.

*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

*La. Cap.* Hold; take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse. [*Cap.* pastry.

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces in the

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.—

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:

Spare not for cost.

*Nurse.* Go, go, you cot-quean, go.  
Get you to bed: 'faith you'll be sick to-morrow  
For this night's watching. [*now*

*Cap.* No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd ere  
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

*La. Cap.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

*Cap.* A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fel-  
What's there? [*low,*

*Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.*

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*]  
Sirrah, fetch drier logs:

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,  
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

*Cap.* 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!  
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith! 'tis day:  
The county will be here with music straight,  
[*Musie within.*]

For so he said he would.—I hear him near.—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

*Enter Nurse.*

Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up:

I'll go and chat with Paris.—Hie, make haste,

Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already.

Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.—JULIET's Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast,  
I warrant!—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why,  
bride!— [*now:*

What! not a word?—You take your pennyworths  
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

<sup>b</sup> Distracted.—“The pastry,” i. e., the room where the pastry was made.

The county Paris hath set up his rest,  
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,  
Marry and amen, how sound is she asleep!  
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!  
Ay, let the county take you in your bed:  
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?—  
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!  
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady, lady!—  
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—  
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!  
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* What noise is here?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* What is the matter!

*Nurse.* Look, look! O heavy day!

*La. Cap.* O me! O me!—my child, my only life,  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—  
Help, help!—call help.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

*Nurse.* She's dead, deccas'd: she's dead; alack!

*La. Cap.* Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,  
she's dead.

*Cap.* Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she's cold;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated:  
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* O woful time!

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.*

*Fri.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return.—

O son! the night before thy wedding day  
Hath death lain with thy wife: there she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;  
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,  
And leave him all; life, living, all is death's!

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's face,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

*La. Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw

In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

*Nurse.* O wo, O woful, woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day! most woful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woful day, O woful day!

*Par.* Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

*Cap.* Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now

To murder, murder our solemnity?—

O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—

Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;

And with my child my joys are buried. [not

*Fri.* Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure lies

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all;

And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death,  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion,

For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd;

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O! in this love you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

She's not well married that lives married long,

But she's best married that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse: and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church;

For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's meriment.

*Cap.* All things, that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our instruments to melancholy bells;

Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri.* Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—

And go, sir Paris:—every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave.

The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;

Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, and*

*Friar.*

*1 Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

*Nurse.* Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up;  
for, well you know, this is a piteful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*

*1 Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

*Enter PETER.*

*Pet.* Musicians, O, musicians! "Heart's ease,  
Heart's ease!" O! an your will have me live, play  
—"Heart's ease."

*1 Mus.* Why "Heart's ease?"

*Pet.* O, musicians! because my heart itself plays  
"My heart is full of woe!" O! play me some marry  
a dump, to comfort me.

*2 Mus.* Not a dump we: 'tis no time to play now.

*Pet.* You will not, then?

*Mus.* No.

*Pet.* I will, then, give it you soundly.

*1 Mus.* What will you give us?

*Pet.* No money, on my faith; but the <sup>b</sup>gleek: I  
will give you the minstrel.

*1 Mus.* Then, will I give you the serving-creature.

*Pet.* Then, will I lay the serving-creature's dagger  
on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll <sup>r</sup>re  
you, I'll <sup>r</sup>fa you. Do you note me?

<sup>1</sup>[*Drawing his Dagger.*

*1 Mus.* An you <sup>r</sup>re us, and <sup>r</sup>fa us, you note us.

*2 Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out  
your wit.

*Pet.* Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-  
beat you with <sup>2</sup>my iron wit, and put up my iron dag-  
ger.—Answer me like men:

*When gripping grief the heart doth wound,*

*And doleful dumps the mind oppress,*

*Then music, with her silver sound;*

Why, "silver sound?" why, "music with her silver  
sound?" What say you, Simon Catling?

*1 Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet  
sound.

\* *Dumps* were heavy mournful tunes.—<sup>b</sup>To *gleek* is to  
scoff; and a *gleekman* signified a minstrel.

*Pet.* 'Thou pratest!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

*2 Mus.* I say "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

*Pet.* 'Thou pratest too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

*3 Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

*Pet.* O! I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is "music with her silver sound," because musicians have seldom gold for sounding:—

*Then music with her silver sound,  
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit.*<sup>3</sup>

*1 Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same.

*2 Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattering <sup>4</sup>death of sleep, My dreams presage some joyful news at hand. My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne; And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead; (Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips, That I reviv'd, and was an emperor. Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter BALTHASAR.*

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar? Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar? How doth my lady? Is my father well? How fares my Juliet? That I ask again; For nothing can be ill if she be well.

*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill: Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument, And her immortal part with angels lives. I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, And presently took post to tell it you. O pardon me for bringing these ill news, Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it e'en so? then, I defy you, stars!—Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper, And hire post horses; I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* I do beseech you, sir, have patience: Your looks are pale and wild, and do import Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush! thou art deceiv'd: Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*Bal.* No, my good lord.

*Rom.* No matter; get thee gone, And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night. Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.

I do remember an apothecary, And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows, Culling of simples: meager were his looks, Sharp misery had worn him to the bones; And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves A beggarly account of empty boxes, Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds, Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses, Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show. Noting this penury, to myself I said— And if a man did need a poison now, Whose sale is present death in Mantua, Here lives a cutill' wretch would sell it him. O! this same thought did but forerun my need, And this same needy man must sell it me. As I remember, this should be the house: Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—What, ho! Apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Ap.* Who calls so loud?

*Rom.* Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have <sup>5</sup>[poor; A dram of poison; such soon-speeding <sup>6</sup>a geer As will disperse itself through all the veins, That the life-weary taker may fall dead; And that the trunk may be discharge'd of breath As violently, as hasty powder fir'd Doth burry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law Is death to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness, And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks, Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, Contempt and beggary hang <sup>5</sup>on thy back, The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law: The world affords no law to make thee rich; Then, be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

[*Exit and returns.*

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will, And drink it off; and, if you had the strength Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world, [sell: Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none. Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

*Enter Friar JOHN.*

*John.* Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter Friar LAURENCE.*

*Lau.* This same should be the voice of friar John.—Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo? Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

*John.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out, One of our order, to associate me, Here in this city visiting the sick, And finding him, the searchers of the town, Suspecting that we both were in a house Where the infectious pestilence did reign, Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth; So that my speed to Mantua was stay'd.

*Lau.* Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

*John.* I could not send it,—here it is again,—

[*Giving it.*

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, So fearful were they of infection.

\* "Geer," i. e., stuff.

*Lau.* Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
The letter was not <sup>a</sup>nice, but full of charge  
Of dear import; and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;  
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it! [*Exit.*]

*Lau.* Now must I to the monument alone.  
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;  
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:  
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Churchyard; in it the Monument  
of the Capulets.

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing Flowers, and a Torch.*

*Par.* Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. [*aloof;—*  
Under yond' yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go.

[*Giving a basket.*]

*Page.* I am almost afraid to <sup>2</sup>stay alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I  
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones, [*strew.*]  
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,  
Or wanting that with tears distill'd by moans:  
The obsequies, that I for thee will keep,  
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep!

[*The Boy whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?  
What! with a torch?—muffle me, night, a while.

[*Retires.*]

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a Torch,  
Mattock, &c.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock, and the wrenching  
Hold, take this letter: early in the morning [*iron.*]  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death  
Is partly to behold my lady's face;  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring, a ring that I must use  
In dear <sup>b</sup>employment. Therefore hence, be gone:  
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
In what I farther shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.  
The time and my intents are savage, wild;  
More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take  
thou that: [*Giving his Purse.*]

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

*Bal.* For all this same, I'll hide me here about:  
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit.*]

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the Monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

*Par.* This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,  
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—  
And here is come to do some villainous shame  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

[*Advancing.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.  
Can vengeance be pursu'd farther than death?  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:  
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must, indeed; and therefore came I  
hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;  
Fly hence and leave me:—think upon these gone;  
Let them afflict thee.—I beseech thee, youth,  
Put not another sin upon my head,  
By urging me to fury:—O! be gone.

By heaven, I love thee better than myself,  
For I come hither arm'd against myself.  
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*Par.* I do defy <sup>2</sup>commiseration,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? then, have at thee,  
boy. [*They fight.*]

*Page.* O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.  
[*Exit Page.*]

*Par.* O! I am slain. [*Falls.*—] If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

*Rom.* In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris!—  
What said my man, when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,  
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:  
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so?—O! give me thy hand,

[*Taking it.*]

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—  
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,  
For here lies Juliet; and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting <sup>c</sup>presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the Monument.*]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,  
Have they been merry, which their keepers call  
A lightning before death: O! how may I  
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O! what more favor can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,  
To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah! dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? <sup>2</sup>I will believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous;  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour.

<sup>a</sup> "Was not nice," i. e., was upon no trivial or unimportant subject.—<sup>b</sup> "In dear employment," i. e., in a matter of importance.

For fear of that I still will stay with thee,  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again: here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O! here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last:  
Arms, take your last embrace; and lips, O! you,  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.—  
Come bitter <sup>2</sup>conduct, come, unsavory guide!  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.  
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies* <sup>1</sup>near JULIET.

*Enter, at the other End of the Churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade; <sup>2</sup>and BALTHASAR following.*

*Fri.* Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?  
*Bal.* Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you  
well.

*Fri.* Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,  
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capulets' monument.

*Bal.* It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,  
One that you love.

*Fri.* Who is it?

*Bal.* Romeo.

*Fri.* How long hath he been there?

*Bal.* Full half an hour.

*Fri.* Go with me to the vault.

*Bal.* I dare not, sir.

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;  
And fearfully did menace me with death,  
If I did stay to look on his intents. [me;]

*Fri.* Stay, then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon  
O! much I fear some ill untrifling thing.

*Bal.* As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him. <sup>3</sup>[*Exit.*

*Fri.* Romeo!—[*Advancing.*  
Alack, alack! what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discolor'd by this place of peace!

[*Entering the Monument.*

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what! Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood?—Ah! what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—  
The lady stirs. [JULIET wakes.]

*Jul.* O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*

*Fri.* I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too: Come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*] I dare no  
longer stay. [Exit.]

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—  
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—  
O churl! drink all, and left no friendly drop,

To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]  
Thy lips are warm!

<sup>1</sup> Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy:—which way?

*Jul.* Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy  
dagger! [Snatching Romeo's Dagger.]  
This is thy sheath; [Stabs herself;] there's rest, and  
let me die. [Dies.]

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.*

*Page.* This is the place; there, where the torch  
doth burn. [Churchyard.]

<sup>1</sup> Watch. The ground is bloody: search about the  
Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.

[*Ereunt some.*

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;  
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—  
Go, tell the Prince,—run to the Capulets,—  
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search.—

[*Ereunt other Watchmen.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes  
We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.*

<sup>2</sup> Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in  
the churchyard. [Hither.]

<sup>1</sup> Watch. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come  
*Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.*

<sup>3</sup> Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,  
and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

<sup>1</sup> Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

*Enter the Prince and Attendants.*

*Prince.* What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning rest?

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.*

*Cap.* What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

*La. Cap.* O! the people in the street cry Romeo,  
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run  
With open outcry toward our monument. [ears?]

*Prince.* What fear is this which startles in your

<sup>1</sup> Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris  
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, [slain;  
Warm and new kill'd. [der comes.]

*Prince.* Search, seek, and know how this foul mur-

<sup>1</sup> Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's  
With instruments upon them, fit to open [man,  
These dead men's tombs. [bleeds!]

*Cap.* O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter  
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his <sup>b</sup>house  
Is empty on the 'back of Montague,  
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

*La. Cap.* O me! this sight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and others.*

*Prince.* Come, Montague; for thou art early up,  
To see thy son and heir more early down.

*Mon.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.  
What farther woe conspires against mine age?

*Prince.* Look, and thou shalt see.

*Mon.* O thou untaught! what manners is in this,  
To press before thy father to a grave?

*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of <sup>5</sup>outcry for a while,  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,

<sup>b</sup> "His house," i. e., its (the dagger's) scabbard.—<sup>c</sup> "On the back?" the dagger was anciently worn behind the back.

And know their spring, their head, their true descent;  
And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience.—  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Do make against me, of this direful murder;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned, and myself excus'd. [this.]

*Prince.* Then, say at once what thou dost know in

*Fri.* I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:  
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;  
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,  
To county Paris: then, comes she to me,  
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means  
To rid her from this second marriage,

Or in my cell there would she kill herself.  
Then gave I her, (so tutor'd by my art)  
A sleeping potion; which so took effect  
As I intended, for it wrought on her

The form of death. Meantime, I writ to Romeo,  
That he should hither come, as this dire night,  
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,  
Being the time the potion's force should cease:

But he which bore my letter, friar John,  
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight  
Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone,  
At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,  
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,  
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:

But, when I came, (some minute ere the time  
Of her awakening) here untimely lay  
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.  
She wak'd; and I entreated her come forth,  
And bear this work of heaven with patience:  
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,  
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.  
All this I know, and to the marriage

Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this  
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
Be sacrificed some hour before <sup>3</sup> the time,  
Unto the rigor of severest law.

*Prince.* We still have known thee for a holy man.—  
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

*Bal.* I brought my master news of Juliet's death,  
And then in post he came from Mantua,  
To this same place, to this same monument.  
This letter he early bid me give his father;  
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,  
If I departed not, and left him there.

*Prince.* Give me the letter, I will look on it.—  
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—  
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

*Page.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's  
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did: [grave,  
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb,  
And, by and by, my master drew on him;  
And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prince.* This letter doth make good the friar's words,  
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;  
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison  
Of a poor 'pothecary; and therewithal  
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—  
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love;  
And I, for winking at your discords too,  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

*Cap.* O, brother Montague! give me thy hand:  
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more  
Can I demand. <sup>4</sup> [They shake hands.]

*Mon.* But I can give thee more;  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,  
That, while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set,  
As that of <sup>5</sup> fair and faithful Juliet.

*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity. [brings,

*Prince.* A glooming peace this morning with it  
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:  
For never was a story of more woe,  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt.]

# TIMON OF ATHENS.



Act IV.—Scene 3.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS, }  
LUCULLUS, } <sup>1</sup> Three flattering Lords  
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian <sup>2</sup> Captain.

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS, }  
LUCILIUS, } Servants to Timon.  
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS,  
PHILOTUS,  
TITUS,  
LUCIUS,  
HORTENSIVS,

} Servants to Timon's Creditors.

<sup>3</sup> Servants of Varro, Ventidius, and Isidore:  
two of Timon's Creditors.

Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant,

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA, }  
TIMANDRA, } Mistresses to Alcibiades.

<sup>4</sup> Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several Doors.*

*Poet.* Good day, sir.

*Pain.* I am glad you're well.

*Poet.* I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.

*Poet.* Ay, that's well known;

But what particular rarity? what strange,

Which manifold record not matches? See,

Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power

Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

*Pain.* I know them both: th' other's a jeweller.

*Mer.* O! 'tis a worthy lord.

*Jew.* Nay, that's most fix'd.

*Mer.* A most incomparable man; <sup>a</sup> breath'd, as it  
To an untirable and continue goodness: [were,  
He <sup>b</sup> passes.

*Jew.* I have a jewel here— <sup>5</sup> [Showing it.

*Mer.* O! pray, let's see't. For the lord Timon, sir?

*Jew.* If he will touch the <sup>c</sup> estimate; but, for that—

*Poet.* "When we for recompense have prais'd the  
It stains the glory in that happy verse [vile,  
Which aptly sings the good."

*Mer.* 'Tis a good form.

*Jew.* And rich: here is a water, look ye.

*Pain.* You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedi-  
To the great lord. [cation

*Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me.  
Our poesy is as a gum, which <sup>6</sup> issues

<sup>a</sup> "Breath'd," i. e., exercised, inured by constant practice.—<sup>b</sup> "Passes," i. e., exceeds; goes beyond common bounds.—<sup>c</sup> "Touch the estimate," i. e., come up to the price.

From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint  
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame  
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

*Pain.* A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my <sup>a</sup>presentment, sir.  
Let's see your piece.

*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece. [*Showing it.*]

*Poet.* So 'tis: this comes off <sup>b</sup>well, and excellent.

*Pain.* Indifferent.

*Poet.* Admirable! How this grace  
Speaks his own standing; what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth; how big imagination  
Moves in this lip; to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might <sup>c</sup>interpret.

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch; is't good?

*Poet.* I'll say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial <sup>d</sup>strife  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators, who pass over the Stage.*

*Pain.* How this lord is follow'd!

*Poet.* The senators of Athens:—happy men!

*Pain.* Look, more! [*visitors.*]

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of  
I have in this rough work shap'd out a man,  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment: my free drift  
Halts not <sup>e</sup>particularly, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of <sup>f</sup>verse: no level'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold,  
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I will <sup>g</sup>unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,  
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as  
Of grave and austere quality) tender down  
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues, and <sup>h</sup>properties to his love and tendance,  
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd <sup>i</sup>flatterer  
To Apemantus, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.

*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base <sup>j</sup>of the mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,  
That labor on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their <sup>k</sup>states: amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame;  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand waxes to her,  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'Tis conceiv'd to <sup>l</sup>scope.  
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd

<sup>a</sup> That is, 'as soon as my book has been presented to Timon.'—<sup>b</sup> "This comes off well," i. e., this is well executed.  
<sup>c</sup> "Might interpret," i. e., might venture to supply words.  
<sup>d</sup> "Artificial strife," i. e., the contest of art with nature.  
<sup>e</sup> "My free drift halts not particularly," i. e., my design stops not at any particular character.—<sup>f</sup> "Unbolt," i. e., open; explain.—<sup>g</sup> "Properties," i. e., appropriates.—<sup>h</sup> "The glass-fac'd flatterer," i. e., one who shows by reflection the looks of his patron.—<sup>i</sup> "To propagate their states," i. e., to improve their conditions.—<sup>j</sup> "Conceiv'd to scope," i. e., largely conceived.

In our <sup>1</sup>condition.

*Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on.  
All those which were his fellows but of late,  
(Some better than his value) on the moment  
Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with tendance,  
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,  
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him  
Drink the free <sup>m</sup>air.

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these?

*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,  
Which labor'd after him to the mountain's top,  
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show,  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's  
More pregnant than words. Yet you do well,  
<sup>3</sup>To show lord Timon that: mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you?

*Ven. Serv.* Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strait:

Your honorable letter he desires

To those have shut him up; which failing,  
Periods his comforts.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius! Well;

I am not of that feather, to shake off

My friend when he <sup>n</sup>most needs me. I do know him

A gentleman that well deserves a help,

Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

*Ven. Serv.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.—

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,

But to support him after.—Fare you well.

*Ven. Serv.* All happiness to your honor! [*Exit.*]

*Enter an old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

*Tim.* I have so: what of him? [*thee.*]

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man before

*Tim.* Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

*Enter LUCILIUS.*

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man

That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,

And my estate deserves an heir, more rais'd

Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well; what farther?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I; no kin else,  
On whom I may confer what I have got:

The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,

And I have bred her at my dearest cost

In qualities of the best. This man of thine

Attempts her love: I prythee, noble lord,

Join with me to forbid him her resort;

Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon:

His honesty rewards him in itself;

<sup>1</sup> "In our condition," i. e., in our art; in painting.—  
<sup>2</sup> "Through him drink the free air," i. e., breathe freely at his will only.



It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Ath.* She is young, and apt:

Our own precedent passions do instruct us

What levity's in youth.

*Tim.* [To *LUCILIUS*.] Love you the maid?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose

Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,

And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd,  
If she be mated with an equal husband?

*Old Ath.* Three talents on the present; in future all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:

To build his fortune I will strain a little,

For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,

And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,

Pawn me to this your honor, she is his.

*Tim.* My hand to thee; mine honor on my promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,

Which is not <sup>a</sup>ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

*Pect.* Vouchsafe my labor, and long live your lordship.

*Tim.* I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:  
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

*Pain.* A piece of painting, which I do beseech

Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man:

For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,

He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are

Even such as they give <sup>b</sup>out. I like your work,

And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance

Till you hear farther from me.

*Pain.* The gods preserve you!

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Jew.* What, my lord, dispraise?

*Tim.* A mere satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,

It would <sup>c</sup>unclew me quite.

*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated

As those which sell would give: but you well know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners,

Are prized by their masters. Believe't, dear lord,

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

*Mer.* No, my good lord; he speaks the common

Which all men speak with him. [tongue,

*Tim.* Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

*Jew.* We'll bear, with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good  
morrow; <sup>d</sup>when thou art Timon's dog, and these  
knaves honest. [know'st them not.

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves? thou

*Apem.* Are they not Athenians?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

*Tim.* Whither art going?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.

*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

*Apem.* The best, for the innocence.

*Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?

*Apem.* He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

*Pain.* Y'are a dog.

*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* No; I eat not lords.

*Tim.* An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

*Apem.* O! they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*Apem.* So thou apprehend'st. Take it for thy labor.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Not so well as <sup>e</sup>plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet!

*Pect.* How now, philosopher!

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Pect.* Art not one?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Pect.* Then, I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Pect.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then, thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

*Pect.* That's not feign'd; he is so.

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labor: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

*Tim.* What would'st do then, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thyself?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore?

*Apem.* That I had <sup>f</sup>so hungry a wish to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

*Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.*

*Tim.* What trumpet's that?

*Serv.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

*Tim.* Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [Exeunt some Attendants.

You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence, Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir!

*Apem.*

So, so, there.—

<sup>a</sup> "Ow'd to you," i. e., due to you; held for your service.

<sup>b</sup> "Such as they give out," i. e., what they profess to be.

<sup>c</sup> "Unclew me quite," i. e., draw out the whole mass of my fortunes.—<sup>d</sup> "When," i. e., which will happen when.

<sup>e</sup> Alluding to the proverb, 'Plain dealing is a jewel, but they who use it die beggars.'

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—  
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet  
knaves, [out  
And all this courtesy! The 'strain of man's bred  
Into baboon and monkey.

*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed  
Most hungrily on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, sir:  
Ere we 'depart, we'll share a bounteous time  
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*

*Enter two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The more accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

*Apem.* Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat

*Lord.* Fare thee well; fare thee well. [fools.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I  
mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make  
thy requests to thy friend. [thee hence.

2 *Lord.* Away, 'unappeasable dog, or I'll spurn

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall  
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes [we in,  
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Phutus, the god of gold,  
Is but his steward: no 'd meed, but he repays  
Sevenfold above itself: no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
All use of 'quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,  
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. A Room of State in  
TIMON'S House.

*Hautboys playing loud Musie. A great banquet served  
in; FLAVIUS and others attending: then, enter  
TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEM-  
PRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VEN-  
TIDIUS, whom TIMON redeemed from prison, and  
Attendants: then comes, dropping after all, APE-  
MANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.*

*Ven.* Most honor'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods  
to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

*Tim.* O! by no means,  
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love.

I gave it freely ever; and there's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives.

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.

*Ven.* A noble spirit! <sup>12</sup>

*Tim.* Nay, my lords,  
Ceremony was but devis'd at first,

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
Pray, sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than my fortunes to me.

[*They sit.*

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confessed it.

*Apem.* Ho, ho! confess'd it? hang'd it, have you

*Tim.* O, Apemantus!—you are welcome. [not?

*Apem.* No, you shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. [there

*Tim.* Fie! thou'rt a churl: you have got a humor  
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis* 'est,

But yond' man is ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

*Apem.* Let me stay at thine 'sapperil, Timon:

I come to observe; I give thee warning out'.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee; thou art an Atheni-  
an, therefore, welcome. I myself would have no  
power; pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, 'for  
I should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a  
number of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!  
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat in one  
man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them  
up 'too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:

Methinks, they should invite them without knives,

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that sits  
next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges the  
breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest  
man to kill him: it has been proved. If I were a  
huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,  
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:  
Great men should drink with ' harness on their  
throats. [round.

*Tim.* My lord, in 'heart; and let the health go

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way? A brave fellow!—he  
keeps his tides well. Those health will make thee  
and thy state look ill, Timon.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a 'fire,

Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:

This and my food are equals, there's no odds;

Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;

I pray for no man, but myself.

Grant I may never prove so 'fond,

To trust man on his oath or bond:

Or a harlot for her weeping;

Or a dog that seems a sleeping;

Or a keeper with my freedom;

Or my friends, if I should need 'em,

Amen. So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks*

Much good 'do't thy good heart, Apemantus!

*Tim.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field  
now.

*Alcib.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies,  
than a dinner of friends.

*Alcib.* So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's

\* "Strain," i. e., race; generation.—"Bred out," i. e.,  
degenerated.—Part; separate.—"Meed" here means desert.  
—"All use of quittance," i. e., all the customary returns  
made in discharge of obligations.

<sup>1</sup> That is, "Anger is a short madness."—<sup>2</sup> Peril.—<sup>3</sup> For is  
used for because.—<sup>4</sup> The allusion is to a pack of hounds  
trained to pursuit, by being gratified with the blood of an  
animal which they kill; and the wonder is, that the animal,  
on which they are feeding, cheers them to the chase.—  
<sup>5</sup> Armor.—"My lord, in heart," i. e., my lord's health in  
sincerity.—<sup>6</sup> Foolish.

no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

*Apem.* 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

*1 Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever <sup>a</sup>perfect.

*Tim.* O! no doubt, my good friends; but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from <sup>b</sup>thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er had need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O! what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes. O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apem.* Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

*2 Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant, like a babe, sprung up.

*Apem.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard. [much.]

*3 Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me

*Apem.* 'Much! [Tucket sounded.]

*Tim.* What means that trumpet?—How now!

<sup>a</sup> Enter a Servant.

*Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies! What are their wills?

*Serv.* There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy pleteous bosom. The ear, Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

*Tim.* They're welcome all. Let them have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome. [Exit CUPID.]

*1 Lord.* You see, my lord, how amply y'are belov'd.

*Music.* Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.

*Apem.* Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance: they are mad women.  
Like madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.  
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;  
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
Upon whose age we void it up again,  
With poisonous spite, and envy.

Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?  
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves  
Of their friends' gift?

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,  
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done.  
Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace,  
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, [fair ladies,  
Which was not half so beautiful and kind:  
You have added worth unto't, and lustre,  
And entertain'd me with mine own device;  
I am to thank you for it.

*1 Lady.* My lord, you take us <sup>1</sup>ever at the best.

*Apem.* 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet  
Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Lad.* Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt CUPID, and Ladies.]

*Tim.* Flavius!

*Flav.* My lord.

*Tim.*

The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord. [Aside.] More jewels yet!  
There is no crossing him in his humor;  
Else I should tell him,—well,—if faith, I should,  
When all's spent, he'd be <sup>d</sup>cross'd then: and he could,  
'Tis pity 'bounty had not eyes 'behind,  
That man might ne'er be wretched for his <sup>e</sup>mind.

[Exit, and returns with the Casket.]

*1 Lord.* Where be our men?

*Serv.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

*2 Lord.* Our horses!

*Tim.* O, my friends! [lord,  
I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good  
I must entreat you, honor me so much,  
As to <sup>a</sup>advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,  
Kind my lord.

*1 Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

*All.* So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Flav.* I beseech your honor,  
Vouchsafe me a word: it does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:  
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

*Flav.* I scarce know how. [Aside.]

Enter another Servant.

*2 Serv.* May it please your honor, lord Lucius,  
Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

*Tim.* I shall except them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now! what news?

*3 Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honorable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honor two brace of greyhounds.

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,  
Not without fair reward.

<sup>a</sup> "For ever perfect." i.e., arrived at the perfection of happiness.—<sup>b</sup> That is, "Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of *endearment*, the title of *friend*, did you not, &c."—<sup>c</sup> Much! was an ironical expression of doubt, suspicion, or contempt.

<sup>d</sup> A quibble on the word *cross'd* is intended; to be *cross'd* is to have one's hand crossed with money, or with coins being a *cross*; also, to be *crossed*, thwarted.—<sup>e</sup> "Bounty," i.e., profusion.—<sup>f</sup> "Eyes behind," to see the miseries that follow it.—<sup>g</sup> "For his mind," i.e., for his nobleness of soul.—<sup>h</sup> "Advance this jewel," i.e., raise it to honor by wearing it.

*Flav.* [*Aside.*] What will this come to?

He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,  
And all out of an empty coffer:  
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good.  
His promises fly so beyond his state,  
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes  
For every word: he is so kind, that he now  
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.  
Well, would I were gently put out of office,  
Before I were forc'd out!  
Happier is he that has no friend to feed  
Than such as do even enemies exceed.  
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Tim.* You do yourselves  
Much wrong: you bate too much of your own merits.  
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love. [*Receive it.*

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will

3 *Lord.* O! he's the very soul of bounty.

*Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you gave  
Good words the other day of a bay courser  
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it. [*that.*

2 *Lord.* O! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord: I know  
Can justly praise, but what he does affect: [no man  
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;  
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All *Lords.* O! none so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all, and your several visitations,  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:  
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich:  
It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast  
Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib.* Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

*Tim.* And so  
Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,—

*Tim.* All to you.—Lights! more lights!

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,  
Honor, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon.

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.*

*Apen.* What a coil's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!  
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums  
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:  
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.  
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,  
I'd be good to thee.

*Apen.* No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd  
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and  
then thou wouldest sin the faster. Thou giv'st so  
long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself  
in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps,  
and vain glories?

*Tim.* Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I  
am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and  
come with better music. [*Exit.*

*Apen.* So;—thou wilt not hear me now;—  
Thou shalt not then; I'll lock thy heaven from thee.  
O, that men's ears should be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit.*

"All to you," i. e., all happiness attend you.—*Coil* is  
bustle, tumult.—"Serving of becks," i. e., offering salutations.  
—"A play upon the word leg, as it signifies a limb, and a bone  
or act of obedience.—"That is, he is ruined by securities entered  
into.—By heaven is meant good advice, the only thing by  
which Timon could be saved.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in a Senator's  
House.

*Enter a Senator, with Papers in his Hand.*

*Sen.* And late, five thousand to Varro; and to  
Isidore

He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum,  
Which makes it five-and-twenty—Still in motion  
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,  
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:  
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more  
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight  
A stable o' horses. No porter at his gate;  
But rather one that smiles, and still invites  
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason  
Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho!  
Caphis, I say!

*Enter CAPHIS.*

*Caph.* Here, sir: what is your pleasure?

*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord

Timon:

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd  
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—  
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap  
Plays in the right hand, thus;—but tell him, sirrah,  
My uses cry to me. I must serve my turn  
Out of mine own: his days and times are past,  
And my reliances on his fractured dates  
Have smit my credit. I love, and honor him,  
But must not break my back to heal his finger.  
Immediate are my needs; and my relief  
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,  
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:  
Put on a most importunate aspect,  
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,  
When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

*Caph.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* Ay, go, sir.—Take the bonds along with you,  
And have the dates in compt.

*Caph.* I will, sir.

*Sen.* Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his Hand.*

*Flavius.* No care, no stop: so senseless of expense,  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account  
How things go from him; no reserve; no care  
Of what is to continue. Never mind  
Was surely so unwise, to be so kind.  
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel.  
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.  
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and  
VARRO.*

*Caph.* Good even, Varro. What!

You come for money?

*Var. Serv.* Is't not your business too?

*Caph.* It is.—And yours too, Isidore?

*Isid. Serv.* It is so.

*Caph.* Would we were all discharg'd!

"Sound," i. e., give out; proclaim.—"Ceased," i. e.,  
stopped; stayed.—Broken; violated.—"Good even" was  
the salutation from noon.

*Var. Serv.*

I fear it.

*Caph.* Here comes the lord.*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.,<sup>1</sup> as from hunting.**Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again, My Alcibiades.—With me! what is your will?*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.*Tim.* Dues! Whence are you?*Caph.* Of Athens here, my lord.*Tim.* Go to my steward.*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion

To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,

That with your other noble parts you'll a suit,

In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend,

I prythee, but repair to me next morning.

*Caph.* Nay, <sup>2</sup>my good lord,—*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, good my lord,—*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore:

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,— [weeks,*Var. Serv.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six And past,—*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my lord;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath.—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither: pray you.

[*To FLAVIUS.*

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of debt, broken bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business:

Your importunity cease till after dinner,

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends.

See them well entertain'd. [Exit TIMON.

*Flav.* Pray, draw near. [Exit FLAVIUS.*Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.**Caph.* Stay, stay; here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's have some sport with 'em.*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog!*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool?*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.*Apem.* No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away.[*To the Fool.**Isid. Serv.* [To *Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single; thou'rt not on him yet.*Caph.* Where's the fool now?*Apem.* He has asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men; bawds between gold and want.*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?*Apem.* Asses.*All Serv.* Why?*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?*All Serv.* Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress?*Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would, we could see you at Corinth!*Apem.* Good: gramercy.*Enter Page.**Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress' page.*Page.* [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?*Apem.* Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.*Page.* Prythee, Apemantus, read me the super-scription of these letters: I know not which is which.*Apem.* Canst not read?*Page.* No.*Apem.* There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.*Page.* Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt furnish, a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.

[Exit Page.

*Apem.* Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.*Fool.* Will you leave me there?*Apem.* If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers!*All Serv.* I would they served us.*Apem.* So would I,—as good a trick as ever hang-man served thief.*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?*All Serv.* Ay, fool.*Fool.* I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away <sup>3</sup>merrily; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?*Var. Serv.* I could render one.*Apem.* Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool?*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.*Apem.* That answer might have become Apemantus.*All Serv.* Aside, aside: here comes lord Timon.*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.**Apem.* Come, with me, fool; come.*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, woman; sometime, the philosopher.[*Exeunt APEMANTUS, and Fool<sup>4</sup> after him.**Flav.* Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. [Exit *Apem.**Tim.* You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me,

That I might so have rated my expense

As I had leave of means?

*Flav.*

You would not hear me:

<sup>1</sup> "You'll suit," i. e., you will be consistent with your other noble qualities.

At many leisuress I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took;  
When my indisposition put you back;  
And that unaptness made you minister,  
Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.* O, my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,  
Laid them before you: you would throw them off,  
And say, you found them in mine honesty.  
When for some trifling present you have bid me  
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;  
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you  
To hold your hand more close: I did endure  
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have  
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,  
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,  
Though you hear now, 't is now's a time too late,  
The greatest of your having lacks a half  
To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues. The future comes apace;  
What shall defend the interim? and at length  
How goes our reckoning?

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O, my good lord! the world is but a word;  
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone?

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,  
Call me before th' exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,  
When all our offices have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept  
With drunken spilt of wine; when every room  
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,  
I have retir'd me to a wasteful nook,  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Pr'ythee, no more.

*Flav.* Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this  
lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,  
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord  
Timon's,

Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?  
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couch'd.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no farther.  
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,  
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart,  
If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,  
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,  
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts!

*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wants of mine are  
crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these  
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you  
Mistake my fortunes: I am wealthy in my friends.  
Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.*

*Serv.* My lord, my lord,—

*Tim.* I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord  
Lucius;—to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his  
honor to-day:—you, to Sempronius. Commend me  
to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occa-  
sions have found time to use them toward a supply  
of money: let the request be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

*Flav.* Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph!

*Tim.* Go you, sir, [To another Serv.] to the sen-  
ators,

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant  
A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold,

(For that I knew it the most general way)  
To them to use your signet, and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is't true? can't be?

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honorable,—  
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—  
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity.—  
And so, intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,  
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them!

Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; these old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind,  
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—  
Go to Ventidius,—[To a Serv.] Pr'ythee, [To  
FLAVIUS,] be not sad;

Thou art true, and honest: ingeniously I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee.—[To Serv.] Ventidius  
lately

Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd  
Into a great estate: when he was poor,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,  
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;  
Bid him suppose some good necessity  
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd  
With those five talents:—that had, [To FLAV.]  
give it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

*Flav.* I would, I could not think it; that thought  
is bounty's foe:

Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in LUCULLUS'S  
House.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

*Serv.* I have told my lord of you; he is coming  
down to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

\* "So much," i. e., a certain sum.—<sup>b</sup> "Offices," i. e., the apartments allotted to culinary offices.—<sup>c</sup> Spilt is any thing split or wasted.—<sup>d</sup> "The argument," i. e., the contents: the argument of a book was a brief sum of all it contained.—<sup>e</sup> "Crown'd," i. e., dignified; made respectable.

<sup>f</sup> "At fall," i. e., at an ebb.—<sup>g</sup> "Intending," i. e., turning their attention to.—<sup>h</sup> "Fractions," i. e., broken hints.—<sup>i</sup> A half cap is a cap slightly moved, not put off.—<sup>j</sup> Ingenuously.—<sup>k</sup> "Free," i. e., liberal; not parsimonious.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

*Serv.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night.—Flamininus, honest Flamininus, you are very <sup>a</sup>respectively welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honorable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flamininus?

*Flam.* 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honor to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and <sup>b</sup>honesty is his: I have told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from it.

*Re-enter Servant with Wine.*

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*Lucul.* Flamininus, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who exit.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flamininus. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

<sup>1</sup>[*Giving money.*

*Flam.* Is't possible, the world should so much differ,

And we alive that <sup>c</sup>liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*

*Lucul.* Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

[*Exit LUCULLUS.*

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may Let molten coin be thy damnation, [scald thee! Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turns in less than two nights? O you gods! I feel my master's <sup>d</sup>passion. This slave Unto <sup>e</sup>his humor has my lord's meat in him: Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment, When he is turn'd to poison? O! my diseases only work upon't, [ture, And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of na— Which my lord paid for, be of any power To expel sickness, but prolong his <sup>f</sup>hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Public Place.

*Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

*Luc.* Who? the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honorable gentleman.

<sup>1</sup>*Stran.* We 'know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumors: now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*Luc.* Fie! no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

<sup>2</sup>*Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How?

<sup>2</sup>*Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honorable man? there was very little honor showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Serv.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honor.—My honored lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honorable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Serv.* May it please your honor, my lord hath sent—

*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord, he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

*Serv.* He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with <sup>3</sup>five hundred talents.

*Luc.* I know, his lordship is but merry with me: He cannot want <sup>4</sup>five hundred talents.

*Serv.* But in the meantime he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not <sup>5</sup>virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Serv.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honorable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor!—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast <sup>6</sup>I, I say.—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

*Serv.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit SERVILIUS.*

<sup>1</sup> Acknowledge.—<sup>2</sup> That is, 'if he did not want it for a good use.'

<sup>a</sup> Respectfully.—<sup>b</sup> Honesty here means liberality.—<sup>c</sup> 'Alive that liv'd,' i. e., alive now that lived then.—<sup>d</sup> 'Passion,' i. e., suffering; grief.—<sup>e</sup> 'His hour,' i. e., his hour of suffering.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed ;  
And he that's, once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this

Is the world's soul ; and just of the same piece  
Is every flatterer's <sup>1</sup>port.<sup>a</sup> Who can call him  
His friend, that dips in the same dish ? for, in  
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,  
And kept his credit with his purse,  
Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money  
Has paid his men their wages : he ne'er drinks,  
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;  
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man,  
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !)  
He does deny him, in respect of <sup>b</sup>his,  
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,  
I never tasted Timon in my life,  
Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,  
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
And honorable carriage,  
Had his necessity made use of me,  
I would have put my wealth into donation,  
And the best half should have return'd to him,  
So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,  
Men must learn now with pity to dispense :  
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS'S House.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in't, humph !  
'bove all others ?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;  
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison : all these  
Owe their estates unto him.

*Serv.* My lord,  
They have all been <sup>c</sup>touch'd, and found base metal ;  
For they have all denied him.

*Sem.* How ! have they denied him ?  
Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him,  
And does he send to me ? Three ? humph !  
It shows but little love or judgment in him : [cians,  
Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like physi-  
Thrice give him over ; must I take the cure upon me ?  
He has much disgrac'd me in't : I am angry at him.  
That might have known my place. I see no sense  
But his occasions might have woo'd me first ; [for't,  
For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er received gift from him :  
And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
That I'll requite it last ? No : so it may prove  
An argument of laughter to the rest,  
And amongst lords I be thought a fool.  
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;  
I'd such a <sup>d</sup>courage to do him good. But now return,  
And with their faint reply this answer join ;  
Who bates mine honor shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*

*Serv.* Excellent ! Your lordship's a goodly villain.  
The devil knew not what he did, when he made man <sup>e</sup>politie : he crossed himself by't ; and I

<sup>a</sup> "Port," i. e., behavior ; bearing.—<sup>b</sup> "In respect of his," i. e., in respect of his fortune.—<sup>c</sup> Alluding to the trial of metals by the touchstone.—<sup>d</sup> "Such a courage," i. e., such ardor ; such an eager desire.—<sup>e</sup> "Politie," i. e., crafty ; full of cunning shifts.

cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul ? takes virtuous copies to be wicked ; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,  
Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead,  
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
Now to guard sure their master :  
And this is all a liberal course allows ;  
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his 'house.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVUS, and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*Var. Serv.* Well met ; good-morrow, Titus and Tit. The like to you, kind Varro. [*Hortensivus.*

*Hor.* Lucius ?

What, do we meet together ?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay ; and, I think,  
One business does command us all, for mine  
Is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs, and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*Luc. Serv.* And, sir,  
Philotus too !

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour ?

*Phi.* Laboring for nine.

*Luc. Serv.* So much ?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet ?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.

*Phi.* I wonder on't : he was wont to shine at seven.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are waxed shorter  
with him :

You must consider, that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's ; but not, like his, recoverable.  
I fear 'tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse ;  
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll show you how t' observe a strange event.  
Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which I wait for money.

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em. [*Enter :*

*Hor.* I'm weary of this <sup>f</sup>charge, the gods can wit-  
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns ;

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine. [*What's yours ?*

1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep : and it should seem  
by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine ;  
Else, surely, his had equal'd.

*Enter FLAMINIUS.*

*Tit.* One of lord Timon's men.

<sup>f</sup> "Keep his house," i. e., keep within doors for fear of duns.—<sup>g</sup> "This charge," i. e., this office or employment.



*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. *[Exit FLAMINIUS.]*

*Enter FLAVIUS in a Cloak, muffled.*

*Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, sir?

*1 Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

*Flav.* What do you ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.* Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'Twere sure enough. Why then prefer'd you not  
Your sums and bills, when your false masters ate  
Of my lord's meat? Then, they could smile, and  
Upon his debts, and take down the interest *[fawn]*  
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but  
To stir me up; let me pass quietly: *[wrong,*  
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end:  
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.* If 'twill not serve,  
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. *[Exit.]*

*1 Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship matter?

*2 Var. Serv.* No matter what: he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Tit.* O! here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

*Ser.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him: he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers, are not And if<sup>1</sup> he be so far beyond his health, *[sick:]*  
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,  
And make a clear way to the gods.

*Ser.* Good gods!

*Tit.* We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

*Flam. [Within.]* Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

*Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS, following.*

*Tim.* What! are my doors oppos'd against my passage? Have I been ever free, and must my house *[rage:]*  
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?  
The place which I have feasted, does it now,  
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

*Luc. Serv.* Here's mine.

*Hor. Serv.* And mine, my lord.

*Both Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills. *[the girdle.]*

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to

*Luc. Serv.* Alas! my lord,—

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?—

*1 Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*2 Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*Tim.* Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you! *[Exit.]*

*Hor.* Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. *[Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the Creditors?—devils! *[slaves<sup>1</sup>] [Exit.]*

*Flav.* My dear lord,—

*Tim.* What if it should be so?

*Flav.* My lord,—

*Tim.* I'll have it so.—My steward!

*Flav.* Here, my lord.

*Tim.* So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Flav.* O my lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul:

There is not so much left to furnish out

A moderate table.

*Tim.* Be't not in thy care: go, I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—The Same. The Senate-house.

*The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

*1 Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't: the fault's bloody; 'tis necessary he should die. Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

*2 Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

*Alcib.* Honor, health, and compassion to the senate!

*1 Sen.* Now, captain?

*Alcib.* I am a humble suitor to your virtues; For pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine; who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that without heed do plunge into't.

He is a man, setting his<sup>2</sup> fault aside,

Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;

(An honor in him which buys out his fault)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did<sup>3</sup> reprove his anger, ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but<sup>4</sup> mov'd an argument.

*1 Sen.* You<sup>5</sup> undergo too<sup>6</sup> strict a paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:

Your words have took such pains, as if they labor'd

To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valor; which, indeed,

Is valor misbegot, and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born.

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer *[wrongs]*

The worst that man can<sup>7</sup> breathe, and make his

His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, care-

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart, *[lessly,*

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,

What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

*Alcib.* My lord,—

<sup>1</sup> "With 'em," i. e., with the bills; a quibble upon bills, which also meant battle-axes.

<sup>2</sup> Undertake.—<sup>3</sup> "Too strict," i. e., too hard.—<sup>4</sup> Utter.

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear:  
To revenge is no valor, but to bear.

*Alcib.* My lords, then, under favor, pardon me,  
If I speak like a captain.  
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
Without repugnancy? if there be  
Such valor in the bearing, what make we  
'Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,  
And the ass more captain than the lion; the fellow,  
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,  
If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords!  
As you are great, be pitifully good:  
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?  
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest <sup>g</sup> gust;  
But in defence, <sup>c</sup> by mercy, 'tis most just.  
To be in anger, is impiety;  
But who is man, that is not angry?  
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.* In vain? his service done  
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that? [vice,

*Alcib.* Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair ser-  
And slain in fight many of your enemies.  
How full of valor did he bear himself  
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,  
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin, that often  
Drowns him, and takes his valor prisoner.

<sup>2</sup> Were there no foes, that were itself enough  
To overcome him: in that beastly fury  
He has been known to commit outrages,  
And cherish factions. 'Tis infer'd to us,  
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.* Hard fate! he might have died in war.  
My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
And be in debt to none, yet, more to move you,  
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:  
And for, I know, your reverend ages love  
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all  
My honor to you, upon his good returns.  
If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore;  
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,  
On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,  
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

*Alcib.* Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,  
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How!

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.*

What!

*Alcib.* I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;  
It could not else be, I should prove so <sup>d</sup> base.  
To sue, and be denied such common grace.  
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?  
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:  
We banish thee for ever.

*Alcib.* Banish me!

Banish your dotage, banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine Athens contain thee,

\* "What make we abroad?" i. e., 'what have we to do in the field?'—<sup>b</sup> *Gust* here means *rashness*.—<sup>c</sup> "By mercy," i. e., I call mercy to witness: an adjuration.—<sup>d</sup> *Base* for dishonored.

Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell  
our spirit,

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*

*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough; that  
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you.

I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money, and let out  
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,  
Rich only in large hurts:—all those, for this?  
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate  
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!  
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd:  
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up  
My discontented troops, and lay for <sup>c</sup> hearts.  
'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds;  
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—A Banquet-hall in TIMON'S House.

*Mus.* Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter  
divers Lords, at several Doors.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this hon-  
orable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts 'tiring, when  
we encountered. I hope, it is not so low with him,  
as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his  
new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so. He hath sent me an  
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did  
urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me be-  
yond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my im-  
portunate business, but he would not hear my ex-  
cuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me,  
that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I under-  
stand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he  
have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

*Enter TIMON, and Attendants.*

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And  
how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your  
lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more  
willingly, than we your lordship.

*Tim.* [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter;  
such summer-birds are men. [*To them.*] Gentle-  
men, our dinner will not recompense this long stay:  
feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will  
fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't  
presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your  
lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

*Tim.* O! sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,—

*Tim.* Ah! my good friend, what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*

2 *Lord.* My most honorable lord, I am e'en sick  
of shame that, when your lordship this other day  
sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

\* "Lay for hearts," i. e., endeavor to win the affections of  
the people.—<sup>c</sup> To tire on any thing meant to be idly employed  
on it.

*Tim.* Think not on't, sir.  
 2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—  
*Tim.* Let it not cumber you better<sup>a</sup> remembrance.  
 —Come, bring in all together. <sup>1</sup> [*To the Servants.*  
 2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!  
 1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.  
 3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season  
 can yield it.  
 1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?  
 3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?  
 1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!  
 3 *Lord.* 'Tis so; be sure of it.  
 1 *Lord.* How? how?  
 2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?  
*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near?  
 3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble  
 feast<sup>b</sup> toward.  
 2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.  
 3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?  
 2 *Lord.* It does; but time<sup>c</sup> will show?  
 3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that spur as he  
 would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be  
 in all<sup>c</sup> places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to  
 let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first  
 place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

"You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with  
 thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves  
 praised, but reserve still to give, lest your deities be  
 despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need  
 not lend to another; for, were your godheads to bor-  
 row of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the  
 meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it.  
 Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of vil-  
 lains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a  
 dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your<sup>d</sup>  
 foes, O gods!—the senators of Athens, together  
 with the common<sup>e</sup> tag of people,—what is amiss in  
 them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For  
 these, my present friends,—as they are to me noth-  
 ing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are  
 they welcome."

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean?

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold,  
 You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm  
 water

Is your<sup>d</sup> perfection. This is Timon's last;  
 Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,  
 Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,  
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears;  
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's<sup>e</sup> flies,  
 Cap and knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks!  
 Of man, and beast, the infinite malady  
 Crust you quite o'er!—What! dost thou go?  
 Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou:—

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—  
 What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,  
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.  
 Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be  
 Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

<sup>a</sup> "Your better remembrance," i. e., your good memory.  
<sup>b</sup> "Toward," i. e., near at hand; in prospect.—<sup>c</sup> "In all  
 places alike;" This alludes to the mode in which guests were  
 formerly placed at table according to rank.—<sup>d</sup> "Your per-  
 fection," i. e., the highest of your excellence.—<sup>e</sup> "Time's  
 flies," i. e., flies of a season.—"Minute-jacks," i. e., autom-  
 aton figures appended to clocks.

*Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.*

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords!

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's  
 fury?

3 *Lord.* Push! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but  
 humor sways him. He gave me a jewel the other  
 day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did  
 you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.*

I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day  
 stones. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,  
 That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,  
 And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;  
 Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,  
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,  
 And minister in their steads! to general<sup>a</sup> filths  
 Convert o' the instant green virginity!  
 Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;  
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
 And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!  
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;  
 Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,  
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,  
 With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,  
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
 Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood,  
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,  
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
 Decline to your confounding<sup>b</sup> contraries,  
 And let confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,  
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,  
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
 As lamely as their manners! lust and<sup>c</sup> liberty  
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,  
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,  
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop  
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath,  
 That their society, as their friendship, may  
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
 But nakedness, thou detestable town.

<sup>e</sup> [*Cast away his Clothes*

Take thou that too, with multiplying<sup>k</sup> bans.  
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
 Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind!  
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)  
 The Athenians, both within and out that wall!  
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!  
 Amen. [*Exit.*

<sup>a</sup> "General filths," i. e., common strumpets.—<sup>b</sup> Contrari-  
 eties.—<sup>c</sup> Libertinism.—<sup>k</sup> "Multiplying bans," i. e., accumu-  
 lating curses.

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1 Serv. Hear you, master steward! where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you? Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, I am as poor as you.

1 Serv. Such a house broke!  
So noble a master fallen! All gone, and not  
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him!

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs  
From our companion, thrown into his grave,  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disense of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
That see I by our faces: we are fellows still,  
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark;  
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
Hearing the surges' threat: we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,  
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,  
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;

[Giving them money.]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:  
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[They embrace, and part several ways.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!  
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since riches point to misery and contempt?  
Who'd be so mock'd with glory<sup>1</sup> as to live  
But in a dream of friendship?<sup>2</sup> and revive  
To have his pomp, and<sup>3</sup> all state comprehends,  
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?  
Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart;  
Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual<sup>4</sup> blood,  
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!  
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?  
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.  
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,  
Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes  
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat  
Of monstrous friends;  
Nor hath he with him to supply his life,  
Or that which can command it.  
I'll follow, and inquire him out:  
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;  
Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Woods.

Enter TIMON, with a Spade.

Tim. O, blessed breeding sun! draw from the earth  
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb  
Infect the air. Twin'd brothers of one womb,

\* "His familiars to his buried fortunes," i. e., those who familiarly participated in his buried fortunes.—<sup>2</sup> *Fierce* here means *vehement*.—<sup>3</sup> "Blood," i. e., propensity; disposition.—<sup>4</sup> "Thy sister's," i. e., the moon's.

Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
Scarce is<sup>1</sup> dividant, touch them with several fortunes,  
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,  
(To whom all sores lay siege) can bear great fortune,  
But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and<sup>2</sup> decline that lord;  
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
The beggar native honor.  
It is the pasture lards the<sup>3</sup> rother's sides, [dares,  
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who  
In purity of manhood stand upright,  
And say, "This man's a flatterer?" If one be,  
So are they all; for every<sup>4</sup> grise of fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;  
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhor'd!  
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
His<sup>5</sup> semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
Destruction<sup>6</sup> fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate  
With thy most<sup>7</sup> operant poison—What is here?

<sup>6</sup> [Finding gold.]

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,  
I am no<sup>8</sup> idol votarist. Roots, you<sup>9</sup> clear heavens!  
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul,  
fair;  
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, val-  
iant.  
Ha! you gods, why this? What this? You gods!  
why, this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.  
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
With senators on the bench: this is it,  
That makes the<sup>10</sup> wappen'd widow wed again:  
She, whom the<sup>11</sup> ospital-house, and ulcerous sores  
Would cast the<sup>12</sup> gorge at, this embalms and spices  
To the April<sup>13</sup> day again. Come, damned earth,  
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds  
Among the route of nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right nature.—[March afar off.]—Ha! a  
drum!—Thou'rt<sup>14</sup> quick,  
But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,  
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.—  
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[Reserving some gold.]

Enter ALCIBIADES, with Drum and Fife, in warlike  
manner; and PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?  
Speak. [Heart,

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy  
For showing me again the eyes of men! [Thee,  
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to  
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;  
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I  
know thee,

\* "Dividant," i. e., different; separate.—<sup>1</sup> *But by* is used here for *without*.—<sup>2</sup> *Rother-beasts* are horned cattle.—<sup>3</sup> "Grise," i. e., step; degree.—<sup>4</sup> "Semblable," i. e., like.—<sup>5</sup> "Fang," i. e., seize.—<sup>6</sup> *Operative*.—<sup>7</sup> *Pure*.—<sup>8</sup> *Sorrowful*.—<sup>9</sup> *Hospital*.—<sup>10</sup> *To* "cast the gorge" is to revolt or turn the stomach.—<sup>11</sup> *To* "the April day," i. e., to the freshness of youth.—<sup>12</sup> "Thou'rt quick," i. e., thou hast life and motion in thee.

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, \*gules:  
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;  
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look.

*Phry.* Thy lips rot off!

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee; then, the rot returns  
To thine own lips again.

*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to this change?  
*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light to give:  
But then, renew I could not, like the moon;  
There were no suns to borrow of.

*Alcib.* Noble Timon,  
What friendship may I do thee?

*Tim.* None, but to  
Maintain my opinion.

*Alcib.* What is it, Timon?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none:  
if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for  
thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,  
for thou art a man!

*Alcib.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

*Alcib.* I see them now; then was a blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of barlots.

*Timan.* Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the  
b Voic'd so regardfully? [world

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra?

*Timan.* Yes. [thee:

*Tim.* Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use  
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves  
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth  
To the tub-fast, and the c diet.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster!

*Alcib.* Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits  
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have had but little gold of late, brave Timon,  
The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard and griev'd,  
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbor states,  
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

*Tim.* I pry thee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

*Alcib.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Ti-  
mon. [trouble?

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost  
I had rather be alone.

*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well:  
Here is some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep it, I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alcib.* Ay Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all in thy conquest;  
And thee after, when thou hast conquered:

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That, by killing of villains,  
Thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one.

Pity not honor'd age for his white beard;  
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy d trenchant sword; for those milk-  
paps,

That through the window-bars bore at man's eyes,  
Are not within the leaf of pity writ, [babe,  
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the  
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: swear against sjects;

Put armor on thine ears, and on thine eyes,

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests, in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:

Make large confusion; and thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not; be gone.

*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold  
thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel. [upon thee!

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse

*Phry. & Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon:

hast thou more?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores abhorr'd. Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons meutant: you are not oathable,—

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,

The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;

And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six

months,

Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs

With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,

No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face: [still;

A pox of wrinkles!

*Phry. & Timan.* Well, more gold.—What then?—

Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,

And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,

That he may never more false title plead,

Nor sound his squillets shrilly: hoar the b flamen,

That scolds against the quality of flesh,

And not believes himself: down with the nose,

Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away

Of him, that his particular to foresee,

Smells from the general weal: make curi'd-pate

ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war

Derive some pain from you. Plague all,

That your activity may defeat and quell

The source of all erection.—There's more gold:

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,

And ditches b grave you all!

*Phry. & Timan.* More counsel with more money,  
bounteous Timon.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first: I have  
given you earnest.

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens! Fare-  
well, Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee away,

\* Gules, a term in heraldry denoting red.—b "Voic'd so regardfully," i. e., praised so highly.—c Alluding to the cure then in practice for *lues venerea*.—d Cutting.

—e "Sans remorse," i. e., without pity.—f Dispositions.—g Subtleties.—h "Flamen," i. e., priest.—i To foresee his particular is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves right scent of public good.—k To grave is to bury.

And take thy beagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him.—  
Strike!

[*Drums beat.* *Exeunt* *ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.*]

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,

[*Digging.*]

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all the abhorred births below<sup>a</sup> crisp heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;  
Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
'Ensear thy fertile and conception womb;  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented!—O! a root:—dear thanks!  
Dry up thy<sup>1</sup> meadows, vines, and plough-torn leas;  
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips—

*Enter* *APEMANTUS.*

More man? Plague! plague!

*Apem.* I was directed hither: men report,  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog  
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but infected;  
A poor unmanly melancholy, spring [place?  
From change of fortune. Why this spade! this  
This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,  
Hug their discus'd perfumes, and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a<sup>d</sup> carper.  
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,  
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,  
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
And call it excellent. Thou wast told this;  
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade wel-  
come,

To knaves, and all approachers: 'tis most just,  
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like  
thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees,  
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold  
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—  
Those naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;  
O! thou shalt find—

*Tim.* A fool of thee. Depart.

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not, but say thou art a caittiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out?

*Apem.*

To vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

*Apem.*

Ay.

*Tim.* What! a knave too?

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou  
Dost it enforcedly: thou'ldst courtier be again,  
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery  
Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd<sup>e</sup> before:  
The one is filling still, never complete;  
The other, at high wish, best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his<sup>f</sup> breath, that is more miserable.  
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
With favor never clasp'd, but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first<sup>g</sup> swath, proceeded  
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords

To such as may the passive<sup>h</sup> dugs of it  
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth

In different beds of lust; and never learn'd

The icy precepts of<sup>i</sup> respect, but follow'd

The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary;

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men

At duty, more than I could frame<sup>j</sup> employment;

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush

Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,

That never knew but better, is some burden:

Thy nature did commence in<sup>k</sup> sufferance, time

Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate  
men?

They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,

Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff

To some she beggar, and compounded thee

Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,

Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

*Apem.*

Art thou proud yet?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.*

I, that I was

No prodigal.

*Tim.*

I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—

That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root.

*Apem.*

Here; I will mend thy feast.

[Offering something.

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thyself.

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of  
thine.

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What wouldst thou have to Athens?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,

<sup>a</sup> That is, arrives sooner at the completion of its wishes.—

<sup>f</sup> "By his breath," i. e., by his voice, sentence.—<sup>g</sup> "First

swath," i. e., from the first sowing-band; from infancy.—

<sup>h</sup> "The icy precepts of respect," i. e., the cold admonitions  
of prudence.—<sup>i</sup> Employment for.—<sup>k</sup> "Sufferance," i. e., mis-  
ery; pain.

<sup>a</sup> The serpent called the blind-worm.—<sup>b</sup> Curved.—<sup>c</sup> "En-  
near," i. e., close; stop up.—<sup>d</sup> "The cunning of a carper" is  
the fastidiousness of a critic.

Tell them there I have gold: look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best, and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

*Tim.* Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat: or, rather, where I eat it.

*Tim.* Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

*Apem.* Where would'st thou send it?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gift, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity: in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

*Tim.* Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

*Apem.* Ay, Timon.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livest but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert germane to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast! and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

*Apem.* If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou

shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

*Apem.* A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

*Tim.* All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee.—

I'd beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would, my tongue could rot them off.

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.*

Would thou would'st burst!

*Tim.*

Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee. [Throws a stone at him.]

*Apem.*

Beast!

*Tim.*

Slave!

*Apem.*

Toad!

*Tim.*

Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.]

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought But even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the gold.]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That soldier'st close impossibilities, [tongue,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

*Apem.*

Would 'twere so;

But not till I am dead.—I'll say, thou'st gold:

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.*

Throng'd to?

*Apem.*

Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I pr'y thee.

*Apem.*

Live, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[Exit APEMANTUS.]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

1 Band. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender out of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling from him of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 Band. It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Band. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it!

2 Band. True, for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

1 Band. Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 Band. 'Tis his description.

3 Band. He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both two; and women's sons.

<sup>a</sup> "Too much curiosity," i. e., too much finical nicety.—

<sup>b</sup> Remotion is removing away; removing afar off.

<sup>c</sup> "The cap," i. e., the top; the principal.—<sup>d</sup> Touch for touchstone.

*All.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want. [meat.]

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

*1 Band.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts, and birds, and fishes. [fishes;]

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you <sup>a</sup>con, That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft In <sup>b</sup>limited professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,

<sup>1</sup> [Throwing gold.]

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob: take wealth and lives together; Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't, Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery: The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun: The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief, That feeds and breeds by a <sup>c</sup>composture stolen From general excrement: each thing's a thief. The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away! Rob one another. There's more gold; cut throats;

<sup>2</sup> [Throwing it.]

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go: Break open shops; nothing can you steal, But thieves do lose it. Steal <sup>3</sup>no less for this I give you; and gold confound you howsoever! Amen.

[TIMON retires to his Cave.]

*3 Band.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

*1 Band.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

*2 Band.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

*1 Band.* Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable, but a man may be <sup>d</sup>true.

[Exeunt Banditti.]

Enter FLAVIUS.

*Flav.* O you gods! Is yond' despis'd and ruinous man my lord? Full of decay and failing? O monument, And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd! What an alteration of <sup>e</sup>honor has desperato want made!

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends? How rarely does it meet with this time's guise, When man was wish'd to love his enemies: Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo Those that would mischief me, than those that do! He has caught me in his eye: I will present My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord, Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

*Tim.* Away! what art thou?

<sup>a</sup> To con thanks was used formerly for to thank.—<sup>b</sup> Limited for allowed.—<sup>c</sup> Compost; manure.—<sup>d</sup> That is, 'There is no hour in a man's life so wretched, but he always has it in his power to become true, i. e., honest.'—<sup>e</sup> An alteration of honor is an alteration of an honorable state to a state of disgrace.—<sup>f</sup> 'Rarely,' i. e., admirably.

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir?

*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men; Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours. [thee.]

*Tim.* Then, I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I; All I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness, Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

*Tim.* What! dost thou weep?—Come nearer:—then, I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never <sup>g</sup>give, But <sup>h</sup>thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping: Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord, T'accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts, To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable? It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man Was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one; No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—

How fain would I have hated all mankind, And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee, I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise; For by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou might'st have sooner got another service, For many so arrive at second masters,

Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true, (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, <sup>i</sup>Is't not a usuring kindness <sup>j</sup>as rich men deal gifts, Expecting in return twenty for one?

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master; in whose breast Doubt and <sup>k</sup>suspect, alas! are plac'd too late.

You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:

Suspect still comes <sup>l</sup>when an estate is least.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love, Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,

Care of your food and living: and, believe it, My most honor'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me,

Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange

For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth To requite me by making rich yourself.

*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis so.—Thou singly honest man, Here, take:—the gods out of my misery

<sup>7</sup> [Giving gold.]

Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy; But thus condition'd:—thou shalt build from <sup>m</sup>men;

Hate all, curse all; show charity to none,

But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone, Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs

Wh t thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em, Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blasted

woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!

And so, farewell, and thrive.

*Flav.* O! let me stay,

And comfort you, my master.

*Tim.* If thou hat'st

<sup>g</sup> "Give," i. e., give way to tears.—<sup>h</sup> Through.—<sup>i</sup> Suspicion.—<sup>j</sup> "From men," i. e., away from human habitation.



Curses, stay not: fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free.  
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

<sup>1</sup>[*Exit FLAVIUS; and TIMON into his Cave.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before TIMON's Cave.

*Enter Poet and Painter.*

*Pain.* As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? Does the rumor hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

*Pain.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

*Pain.* Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss ~~we~~ tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, And is very likely to load our purses with what <sup>2</sup>we travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation; only, I will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

*Pain.* Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of <sup>3</sup>a saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

*Enter TIMON, <sup>4</sup>behind, from his Cave.*

*Tim.* Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

*Poet.* I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personation of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

*Tim.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I have gold for thee.

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True;

When the day serves, before <sup>5</sup>black-cover'd night,  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.  
Come.

*Tim.* I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold, That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,  
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;  
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship; and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

Fit I meet them.

[*Advancing.*]

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon!

*Pain.* Our late noble master.

*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

*Poet.* Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,  
Whose thankless natures—O, abhorred spirits!  
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—  
What! to you,  
Whose starlike nobleness gave life and influence  
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see't the better:  
You, that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen, and known.

*Pain.* He, and myself,  
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.* Ay, you are honest men.

*Pain.* We are hither come to offer you our service.

*Tim.* Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

*Tim.* You are honest men. You have heard that I have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth; you are honest men.

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore  
Came not my friend, nor I. [terfeit]

*Tim.* Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a <sup>b</sup>count-  
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* Even so, sir, as I say.—And for thy fiction,  
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,  
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,  
I must needs say, you have a little fault:  
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,  
You take much pains to mend.

*Both.* Beseech your honor,  
To make it known to us.

*Tim.* You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Tim.* Will you, indeed?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him <sup>c</sup>cog, see him dis-  
semble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd,  
That he's a made-up <sup>d</sup>villain.

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,  
Rid me these villains from your companies:  
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,  
Confound them by some course, and come to me  
I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord; let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this; but two is com-  
Each man apart, all single and alone, [pany:—  
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company,  
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter.*]

Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside  
[*To the Poet.*]

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—  
Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye  
slaves:

\* "The deed of saying," i. e., the *doing* of what we have said we would do.

<sup>b</sup> Portrait.—<sup>c</sup> Flatter.—<sup>d</sup> "A made-up villain," i. e., a complete, finished villain.

You have done work for me, there's payment: hence!  
You are an alchymist, make gold of that.  
Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating them out.*]

## SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.*

*Flav.* It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself,  
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,  
Is friendly with him.

*1 Sen.* Bring us to his cave:  
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,  
To speak with Timon.

*2 Sen.* At all times alike  
Men are not still the same. 'Twas time, and griefs,  
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand  
Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,  
And chance it as it may.

*Flav.* Here is his cave.—  
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!  
Look out, and speak to friends. Th' Athenians,  
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:  
Speak to them, noble Timon.

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak,  
and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister; and each false  
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking!

*1 Sen.* Worthy Timon,—  
*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

*2 Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.  
*Tim.* I thank them; and would send them back  
the plague,  
Could I but catch it for them.

*1 Sen.* O! forget  
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.  
The senators, with one consent of <sup>a</sup>love,  
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought  
On special dignities, which vacant lie  
For thy best use and wearing.

*2 Sen.* They confess  
Toward thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;  
Which now the public body, which doth seldom  
Play the recanter, feeling in itself  
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal  
Of its own <sup>b</sup>fall, restraining aid to Timon;  
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd <sup>c</sup>render,  
Together with a recompense, more fruitful  
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;  
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,  
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,  
And write in thee the figures of their love,  
Ever to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it;  
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:  
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll beweepe these comforts, worthy senators.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,  
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take  
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
<sup>d</sup>Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name  
Live with authority:—so, soon we shall drive back  
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
His country's peace.

*2 Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword  
Against the walls of Athens.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—  
*Tim.* Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;  
thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,  
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,  
In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him,—that I care not.  
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,  
While you have throats to answer: for myself,  
There's not a <sup>e</sup>whittle in th' unruly camp,  
But I do prize it at my love, before  
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you  
To the protection of the <sup>f</sup>prosperous gods,  
As thieves to keepers.

*Flav.* Stay not: all's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph,  
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness  
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go; live still:  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough!

*1 Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my country; and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
As common <sup>g</sup>bruit doth put it.

*1 Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—  
*1 Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass  
through them.

*2 Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers  
In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* Commend me to them;  
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love, <sup>h</sup>and other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do  
them.

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

*2 Sen.* I like this well; he will return again.

*Tim.* I have a tree, which grows here in my <sup>b</sup>close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.

*Flav.* Trouble him no farther; thus you still shall  
find him.

*Tim.* Come not to me again; but say to Athens,  
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
Whom once a day with his <sup>2</sup>embosomed froth  
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,  
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—  
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:  
What is amiss, plague and infection mend:  
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain.  
Sun, hide thy beams: Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit TIMON.*]

<sup>a</sup> "With one consent of love," i. e., with one united voice of affection.—<sup>b</sup> "Hath sense of its own fall," i. e., hath a sense of the danger of its own fall.—<sup>c</sup> *Render* is confession.—<sup>d</sup> "Allowed," i. e., confirmed.

<sup>e</sup> A *whittle* is a *clasp-knife*.—<sup>f</sup> Propitious.—<sup>g</sup> Report; rumor.—<sup>h</sup> Enclosure.

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead. Let us return, And strain what other means is left unto us In our<sup>a</sup> dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—The Walls of Athens.

*Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.*

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files As full as thy report?

*Mess.* I have spoke the least; Besides, his expedition promises Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

*Mess.* I met a courier, one nine ancient friend, Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd, Yet our old love made a particular force, And made us speak like friends: this man was riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, With letters of entreaty, which imported His fellowship i' the cause against your city, In part for his sake mov'd.

*Enter Senators from Timon.*

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon; nothing of him except.—

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare: Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—The Woods. TIMON'S Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.

*Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.*

*Sold.* By all description this should be the place. Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer!—What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span: Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man. Dead, sure, and this his grave.—What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax: Our captain hath in every figure skill; An ag'd interpreter, though young in days. Before proud Athens he's set down by this, Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE V.—Before the Walls of Athens.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.*

*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town Our terrible approach. [*A Parley sounded.*]

*Enter Senators, on the Walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and filled the time With all licentious measure, making your wills The scope of justice: till now myself, and such As slept within the shadow of your power, Have wander'd with our travers'd<sup>b</sup> arms, and breath'd

Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is<sup>c</sup> flush, When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong, Cries of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease; And pury insolence shall break his wind With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young, When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit, Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear, We sent to thee, to give thy races balm, To wipe out our ingratitude with loves Above<sup>d</sup> their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo Transformed Timon to our city's love, By humble message, and by promis'd means: We were not all unkind, nor all deserve The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours Were not erected by their hands, from whom You have receiv'd your grief: nor are they such That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living, Who were the motives that you first went<sup>e</sup> out: Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord, Into our city with thy banners spread: By decimation, and a tithed death (If thy revenges hunger for that food Which nature loathes) take thou the destin'd tenth; And by the hazard of the spotted die Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended; For those that were, 'tis not severe to take, On those that are, revenge? crimes, like lands, Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman, Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage: Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin, Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall With those that have offended. Like a shepherd, Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth, But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt, Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile, Than have to't with thy sword.

2 *Sen.* Set but thy foot Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope, So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before, To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove, Or any token of thine honor else, That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress, And not as our confusion, all thy powers Shall make their harbor in our town, till we Have seal'd thy full desire.

*Alcib.* Then, there's my glove. Descend, and open your uncharged<sup>f</sup> ports. Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own, Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof, Fall and no more; and,—to<sup>g</sup> atone your fears With my more noble meaning,—not a man Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream Of regular justice in your city's bounds, But shall be remedied<sup>h</sup> by your public laws At heaviest answer.

*Both.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the Gates.*]

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sold.* My noble general, Timon is dead, Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea; And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which With wax I brought away, whose soft impression Interprets for my poor ignorance.

<sup>a</sup> Dreadful.—<sup>b</sup> "With our travers'd arms," i. e., with our arms crossed.—<sup>c</sup> Mature; ripe.

<sup>d</sup> Their refers to griefs.—<sup>e</sup> That is, "Who made the motion for your exile."—<sup>f</sup> Skill; wisdom.—<sup>g</sup> Uncharged ports, i. e., unattacked gates.—<sup>h</sup> "Atone," i. e., reconcile.

*Alcib.* [*Reads.*] "Here lies a wretched corse, of  
wretched soul bereft:  
Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked  
caitiffs left! [*hate:*  
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did  
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not  
here thy gait."

These well express in thee thy later spirits:  
Though thou abhorrest in us our human griefs,  
Scorn'st our brain's <sup>a</sup>flow, and those our droplets,  
which

---

<sup>a</sup> "Our brain's flow," i. e., our *tears*.

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
On thy low grave on faults forgiven. Dead  
Is noble Timon; of whose memory  
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,  
And I will use the olive with my sword:  
Make war breed peace; make peace <sup>b</sup>stint war;  
make each  
Prescribe to other, as each other's <sup>c</sup>leech.—  
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

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<sup>b</sup> Stop.—<sup>c</sup> Physician.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.



ACT III.—Scene 1.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.  
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, }  
 MARCUS ANTONIUS, } Triumvirs, after the Death  
 M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } of Julius Cæsar.  
 CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA; Senators.  
 MARCUS BRUTUS, }  
 CASSIUS, }  
 CASCA, }  
 TREBONIUS, }  
 LIGARIUS, }  
 DECIUS BRUTUS, }  
 METELLUS CIMBER, }  
 CINNA, }  
 FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.

Conspirators against  
 Julius Cæsar.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.  
 A Soothsayer.  
 CINNA, a Poet. Another Poet.  
 LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO,  
 VOLUMNIUS; Friends to Brutus and Cassius.  
 VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS,  
 DARDANIUS; Servants to Brutus.  
 PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.  
 PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome: afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a<sup>1</sup> body of Citizens.*

*Flav.* Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you  
 Is this a holiday? What! know you not, [home.  
 Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
 Upon a laboring day without the sign  
 Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

*1 Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?  
 What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—

*You, sir; what trade are you?*

*2 Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I  
 am but, as you would say, a cobbler. [ly.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer me direct-

*2 Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a  
 safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of  
 bad soles.

*Flav.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty  
 knave, what trade?

*2 Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with  
 me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What mean'st thou by that? Mend me,  
 thou saucy fellow!

*2 Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl:  
 I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's  
 matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon  
 to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-  
 cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon  
 neats-leather have gone upon my handywork.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?  
 Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings What tributaries follow him to Rome, [he home? To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O! you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome: And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her banks, To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way, That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen; and for this fault Assemble all the poor men of your <sup>a</sup>sort: Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears Into the channel, till the lowest stream Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, <sup>b</sup>where their basest metal be not mov'd; They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness. Go you down that way towards the Capitol: This way will I. Disrobe the images, If you do find them deck'd with <sup>c</sup>ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal. *Flav.* It is no matter; let no images Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about, And drive away the vulgar from the streets: So do you too, where you perceive them thick. These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing, Will make him fly an ordinary pitch, Who else would soar above the view of men, And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Public Place.

*Enter, in Procession, <sup>1</sup>with Trumpets and other Music, CÆSAR, ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a Soothsayer, and a crowd following them.*

*Cas.* Calphurnia,—

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*]

*Cas.* Calphurnia,—

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cas.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,

When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

*Cas.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase, Shake off their steril curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.

*Cas.* Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*]

*Sooth.* Cæsar!

*Cas.* Ha! who calls?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again! [*Music ceases.*]

*Cas.* Who is it in the <sup>d</sup>press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry, Cæsar! Speak: Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cas.* What man is that?

*Br.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

*Cas.* Set him before me; let me see his face.

*Cas.* Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar. [*again.*]

*Cas.* What say'st thou to me now? Speak once

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cas.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him.—Pass.

[*Scenet. Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.*]

*Cas.* Will you go see the order of the course?

*Br.* Not I.

*Cas.* I pray you, do.

*Br.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; I'll leave you.

*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late: I have not from your eyes that gentleness, And show of love, as I was wont to have: You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand Over your friend that loves you.

*Br.* Cassius, Be not deceiv'd; if I have veil'd my look, I turn the trouble of my countenance Merely upon myself. Vexed I am Of late with passions of some difference, Conceptions only proper to myself, Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behavior; But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd, (Among which number, Cassius, be you one)

Nor construe any farther my neglect, Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war, Forgets the shows of love to other men. [*passion;*]

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook you By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

*Br.* No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself, But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis just; And it is very much lamented, Brutus, That you have no such mirrors, as will turn Your hidden worthiness into your eye, That you might see your shadow. I have heard, Where many of the best respect in Rome, (Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus, And groaning underneath this age's yoke, Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes. [*sus,*]

*Br.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cæsar? That you would have me seek into myself For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear: And, since you know you cannot see yourself So well as by reflection, I, your glass, Will modestly discover to yourself That of yourself, which you yet know not of. And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus: Were I a common laughèr, or did use To <sup>e</sup>stale with ordinary oaths my love To every new protester; if you know That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

<sup>a</sup> Condition; rank.—<sup>b</sup> Whether.—<sup>c</sup> "With ceremonies," i. e., with ornaments, tokens of respect.

<sup>d</sup> Crowd.—<sup>e</sup> Flourish of instruments.—<sup>f</sup> "Your passion," i. e., the nature of your feelings.—<sup>g</sup> To stale is to make common.

And after scandal them; or if you know  
That I profess myself, in banqueting,  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and Shout.*]

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear, the  
Choose Cæsar for their king. [people  
*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it?

Then, must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently;

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love

The name of honor more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favor.

Well, honor is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but for my single self

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,

And stemming it, with hearts of controversy;

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,

Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man

Is now become a god; and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And, when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:

His coward lips did from their color fly;

And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,

Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan;

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble <sup>b</sup>temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

*Bru.* Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.<sup>1</sup>

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.

When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,

When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd

Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,

As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;

How I have thought of this, and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter: for this present,

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,

I will consider; what you have to say,

I will with patience hear, and find a time

Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, <sup>d</sup>claw upon this:

Brutus had rather be a villager,

Than to repute himself a son of Rome

Under <sup>e</sup>such hard conditions, as this time

Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad, that my weak words

Have struck but such small show of fire from Brutus.

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.*

*Cas.* As they pass by pluck Casca by the sleeve;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you

What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Bru.* I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius;

The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,

And all the rest look like a chidden train.

Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero

Looks with such <sup>e</sup>ferret and such fiery eyes,

As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cas.* Antonius!

*Ant.* Cæsar.

*Cas.* Let me have men about me that are fat;

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;

He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous:

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cas.* 'Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;

He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,

Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,

Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

<sup>a</sup> "I have some aim," i. e., I guess at.—<sup>d</sup> "Chew," i. e.,  
ruminate.—<sup>e</sup> A ferret has red eyes.

<sup>a</sup> Arrive at.—<sup>b</sup> Temperament; constitution.

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exit CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chane'd to-day, That Casar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not, then, ask Casca what hath chane'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and, being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too. [for?]

*Cas.* They shouted thrice: what was the last cry

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted.

*Cas.* Who offer'd him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown:—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again, but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time: he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement<sup>1</sup> shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like he hath the falling-sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no<sup>a</sup> true man.

*Bru.* What said he, when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any<sup>b</sup> occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabl'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that he came thus sad away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news, too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well: there was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit CASCA.*]

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be. He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now, in execution Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you: To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, Thy honorable metal may be wrought From that it is dispos'd: therefore, 'tis meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes; For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd? Cæsar doth bear me<sup>c</sup> hard, but he loves Brutus: If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, He should not<sup>d</sup> humor me. I will this night, In several hands, in at his windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, Writings, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at: And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure, For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,*

*CASCA, with his Sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar<sup>e</sup> home?

Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Shakes like a thing unfirm? O, Cicero! [earth I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam, To be exalted with the threatening clouds; But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.]

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

*Casca.* A common slave (you know him well by sight)

<sup>a</sup> "Doth bear me hard," i. e., hath an unfavorable opinion of me.—<sup>b</sup> Cajole.—<sup>c</sup> "Brought you Cæsar home," i. e., did you attend Cæsar home.

<sup>1</sup> Honest.—<sup>b</sup> "A man of any occupation," i. e., a mechanic.



Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glur'd upon me, and went surly by,  
Without annoying me: and there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw  
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,  
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
"These are their <sup>1</sup> seasons,—they are natural;"  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius

Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICERO.*]

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is  
this?

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full of  
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night;  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the <sup>b</sup>thunder-stone:  
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it. [*heavens?*]

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the  
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life,  
That should be in a Roman, you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;  
But if you would consider the true cause,  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;  
Why old men, fools, and children <sup>c</sup>calculate;  
Why all these things change from their ordinance,  
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,  
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,  
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night;  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol:  
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,  
In personal action; yet <sup>d</sup>prodigious grown,  
And fearful, as these strange interruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Have <sup>e</sup>thewes and limbs like to their ancestors,  
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and suzerance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:  
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger, then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak strong;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,  
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*]

*Casca.* So can I: The  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?

Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate

So vile a thing as Cæsar?—But, O grief!  
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this  
Before a willing bondman: then I know  
My answer must be 'made; but I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca; and to such a man,  
That is no <sup>f</sup>fleeing tell-tale. Hold, my <sup>h</sup>hand:  
Be <sup>i</sup>factions for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honorable, dangerous consequence;  
And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir, or walking in the streets,  
And the complexion of the element  
In <sup>k</sup>favor's like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Enter CINNA.*

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in  
haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait:  
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

*Cin.* To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cim-

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate [*ber?*]

To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.  
O, Cassius! if you could but win the noble Brutus  
To our party—

*Cas.* Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,

<sup>a</sup> Entirely; altogether.—<sup>b</sup> Thunderbolt.—<sup>c</sup> "Calculate,"  
i. e., foretell; prophecy.—<sup>d</sup> Portentous.

<sup>e</sup> "Thewes," i. e., muscle; muscular strength.—<sup>f</sup> "My  
answer must be made," i. e., I must answer for my words.  
—<sup>g</sup> Mocking.—<sup>h</sup> "Hold, my hand," i. e., Here's my hand.—  
—<sup>i</sup> "Be factions," i. e., be enterprising, active.—<sup>k</sup> *Favor* here  
is put for *appearance, look, countenance*.

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will lie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already; and the man entire,  
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

*Casca.* O! he sits high in all the people's hearts;  
And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—The Same. BRUTUS'S <sup>a</sup>Orchard.

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: what, Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Bru.* It must be by his death; and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general point. He would be crown'd:  
How that might change his nature, there's the  
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;  
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.

Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
<sup>b</sup>Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common <sup>c</sup>proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scornful the base degrees  
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:  
Then, lest he may, prevent: and, since the quarrel  
Will bear no color for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these, and these extremities;  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his <sup>d</sup>kind, grow mis-  
And kill him in the shell. [*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> Orchard and garden were formerly synonymous.—

<sup>b</sup> Pity; tenderness.—<sup>c</sup> "A common proof," i. e., proved by common experience.—<sup>d</sup> "As his kind," i. e., like the rest of his species.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Giving him the paper.*]

*Bru.* Get you to bed again; it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Bru.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the <sup>2</sup>paper, and reads.*]

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.  
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!  
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocking within.*]

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,  
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The Genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the state of a man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks, [ears,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of <sup>e</sup>favor.

*Bru.* Let them enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O! then, by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-

Hide it in smiles, and affability: [spiracy;

For if thou path, thy native semblance <sup>f</sup>on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METEL-  
LUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest:  
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour; awake, all night.  
Know I these men that come along with you?

<sup>e</sup> Countenance.—<sup>f</sup> That is, 'If thou walk in thy true form.'

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them; and no man here,  
But honors you: and every one doth wish,  
You had but that opinion of yourself,  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This Casca; this Cinna;

And this Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night!

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

*Dec.* Here lies the east: doth not the day break  
*Casca.* No. [*here?*]

*Cin.* O! pardon, sir, it doth; and yond' gray lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.  
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

[*He takes their hands.*]

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: if not the face of a men,  
The sulliance of our souls, the time's abuse,  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor  
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur, but our own cause,  
To prick us to redress? what other bond,  
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
And will not <sup>b</sup>palter? and what other oath,  
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
Swear priests, and cowards, and men <sup>c</sup>caut'ous,  
Old feeble carions, and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear  
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain  
The even virtue of our enterprize,  
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
To think that, or our cause, or our performance,  
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood,  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
If he do break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?  
I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O! let us have him; for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good <sup>d</sup>opinion,  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:  
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;  
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,  
But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O! name him not; let us not break with <sup>e</sup>him,  
For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then, leave him out.

<sup>a</sup> "The face of men," i. e., the countenance, the esteem of the public.—<sup>b</sup> Shallow; equivocate.—<sup>c</sup> Artful; insidious.—<sup>d</sup> Character.—<sup>e</sup> Break with him," i. e., break the matter to him.

*Casca.* Indeed he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæ-

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,  
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together. [*sins,*]

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cas-  
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,  
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas!  
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's <sup>a</sup>crave him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall <sup>b</sup>mark  
Our purpose necessary, and not envious;  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him,  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

*Bru.* Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him.

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself; take <sup>c</sup>thought, and die for Cæsar:  
And that were much he should; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him; let him not die,  
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

*Bru.* Peace! count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;  
For he is superstitious grown of late,  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams, and <sup>b</sup>ceremonies.  
It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,  
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear,  
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;  
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,  
He says, he does, being then most flattered.  
Let me work;

For I can give his humor the true bent,  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:  
I wonder, none of you have thought of him:

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by <sup>c</sup>him:

<sup>a</sup> Malice.—<sup>b</sup> To take thought is to grieve, to be troubled in mind.—<sup>c</sup> Omens.—<sup>d</sup> By him," i. e., by his house.

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.—

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember  
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.  
Let not our looks put <sup>a</sup> on our purposes;  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:  
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;  
Enjoy the <sup>b</sup>heavy honey-dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no <sup>c</sup>figures, nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,  
Brutus,

Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.  
I urg'd you farther; then, you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;  
But, with an angry wafure of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,  
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your <sup>c</sup>condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick, and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors  
Of the <sup>d</sup>dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night,  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of: and upon my knees

<sup>2</sup>[*Kneeling.*]

I <sup>a</sup>charm you, by my once commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you; for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia. <sup>3</sup>[*Raising her.*]  
*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honorable wife;  
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this  
secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.

Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them.

I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods!

Render me worthy of this noble wife.

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the <sup>e</sup>charactery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*]

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

Lucius, who 'is't that knocks?

*Luc.* Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O! what a time have you chose out, bravo  
Caius,

To wear a kerchief. Would you were not sick!

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

<sup>6</sup>[*Throwing away his bandage.*]

Brave son, deriv'd from honorable loins,

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick men  
whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must make  
sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot,

And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,

To do I know not what; But it sufficeth,

That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> "Put on," i. e., show.—<sup>b</sup> "Figures," i. e., shapes created by imagination.—<sup>c</sup> Condition is temper, disposition.—<sup>d</sup> Damp.  
—<sup>e</sup> "I charm you," i. e., I entreat you.

<sup>f</sup> "All the charactery of," i. e., all that is characterized on.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night :

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out, "Help, ho ! They murder Cæsar !" —Who's within ?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord.

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice, And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter CALPHURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to walk forth ?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day. [*me,*

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth : the things that threaten'd Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on a ceremonies, Yet now they fright me. There is one within, Besides the things that we have heard and seen, Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch. A lioness hath welped in the streets ; And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead ; Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war, Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol : The noise of battle <sup>b</sup>hurled in the air ; Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ; And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets. O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided, Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ? Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die there are no comets seen ; The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths, The valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear, Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come, when it will come.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers ?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day. Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice : Cæsar should be a beast without a heart, If he should stay at home to-day for fear. No, Cæsar shall not : danger knows full well, That Cæsar is more dangerous than he. We <sup>1</sup>are two lions litter'd in one day, And I the elder and more terrible ; And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas ! my lord, Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence. Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear That keeps you in the house, and not your own. We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house, And he shall say, you are not well to-day : Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this. <sup>2</sup>[*Kneeling.*]

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ; And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

<sup>3</sup>[*Raising her.*]

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar : I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time To bear my greeting to the senators, And tell them that I will not come to-day. Cannot is false ; and that I dare not, falser : I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say, he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie ? Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far, To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth ? Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause, Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will ; I will not come : That is enough to satisfy the senate ;

But, for your private satisfaction, Because I love you, I will let you know. Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home. She dream'd to-night she saw my statue, Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts, Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it. And these does she apply for warnings, and portents <sup>4</sup>Of evils imminent ; and on her knee Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted : It was a vision, fair and fortunate.

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, In which so many smiling Romans bath'd, Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance. This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say : And know it now. The senate have concluded To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar : If you shall send them word, you will not come, Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock Apt to be render'd, for some one to say, "Break up the senate till another time, When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams." If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper, "Lo ! Cæsar is afraid ?"

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love To your proceeding bids me tell you this, And reason to my love is <sup>c</sup>liable.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal ! I am ashamed I did yield to them.— Give me my robe, for I will go :—

*Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCIA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.— What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ?— Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius, Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy, As that same ague which hath made you lean.— What is't o'clock ?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis <sup>5</sup>stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter ANTONY.*

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

<sup>a</sup> "Stood on ceremonies," i. e., paid regard to prodigies or omens.—<sup>b</sup> Clashed ; resounded.

<sup>c</sup> "Liable," i. e., subordinate.

Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me.

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar!

[*Aside.*

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street near the Capitol.

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.*

*Art.* "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

"ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar! thou may'st live;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house: Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Why dost thou stay!

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—

O constancy! be strong upon my side:

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else,

And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth: and take good note,

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter 2 the Soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow.

Which way hast thou been?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

\*Envy.

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand, To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me, I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him? [may chance.

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I fear

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

*Por.* I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is. O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,

That Cæsar will not grant.—O! I grow faint.—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say, I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

*A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIOUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O, Cæsar! read mine first; for mine's a suit That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* 3 That touches us? ourself shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What! is the fellow mad?

*Pub.*

*Cæs.* What! urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.*

*All the Senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cæs.* What enterprise, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well. [*Advances to CÆSAR.*

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cæs.* He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

*Cæs.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done. If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

*Bru.*

Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cæs.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way, [*Brutus,*

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR*

*and the Senators take their Seats.*

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar. [him.]

*Bru.* He is <sup>a</sup>address'd: press near, and second

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

<sup>1</sup>*Casca.* Are we all ready?

*Cas.* What is now amiss,

That Cæsar and his senate must redress? [Cæsar,

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart.— [Kneeling.

*Cas.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These <sup>2</sup>crouchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn <sup>b</sup>pre-ordinance, and first decree,

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

<sup>3</sup>Low-crouched courtesies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice, more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cas.* What, Brutus!

*Cas.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cas.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;

But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality,

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place.

So, in the world: 'tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet in the number I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of <sup>c</sup>motion: and, that I am he,

Let me a little show it, even in this,

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar!—

*Cas.* Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,—

*Cas.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me.

[CÆSAR STABS CÆSAR IN THE NECK. CÆSAR

CATCHES HOLD OF HIS ARM. HE IS THEN

STABBED BY SEVERAL OTHER CONSPIRATORS,

AND <sup>d</sup>LAST BY MARCUS BRUTUS.

*Cas.* Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in

confusion.

*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”

*Bru.* People, and senators! be not affrighted.

Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's  
Should chance—

*Bru.* Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer:

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so:—and let no man abide this deed,

But we, the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

*Cas.* Where's Antony?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,

As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures.—

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Casca.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd

His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood

Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;

Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages

Hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,

In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,

No worthier than the dust?

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What! shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

*Bru.* Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

<sup>6</sup>[Kneeling.

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him;

Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolv'd

How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,

Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

<sup>6</sup>[Rising.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman:

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,

He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,

Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.

*Bru.* I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish, we may; but yet have I a mind,

That fears him much, and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

<sup>a</sup> "Address'd," i. e., ready.—<sup>b</sup> "Pre-ordinance," i. e., ordinance already established.—<sup>c</sup> "Intelligent; capable of apprehending."—<sup>d</sup> "Unshak'd of motion," i. e., unshaken by suit or solicitation.

<sup>1</sup> Enter ANTONY.

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?

<sup>2</sup> [*Kneeling over the Body.*]

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, <sup>3</sup> [*Rising.*]  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death hour; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony! beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done.  
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:  
Our arms, in strength of welcome, and our hearts,  
Of brother's temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand:

<sup>6</sup> [*One after the other.*]

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—  
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—  
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O! 'tis true:

<sup>7</sup> [*Turning to the Body, and bending over it.*]

If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better, than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies. [*Hart;*  
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave  
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.  
O world! thou wast the loser to this hart;  
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—  
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie?

*Cas.* Mark Antony!

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;

Then, in a friend it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so,  
But what compact mean you to have with us?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,  
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.  
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,  
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle.  
Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor, that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.—  
You know not what you do: do not consent.

<sup>9</sup> [*Apart.*]

That Antony speak in his funeral.  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter?

*Bru.* By your pardon;  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission;  
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall  
Have all <sup>10</sup> due rites, and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall: I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;  
And say, you do't by our permission,  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral: and you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so;  
I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

*Ant.* O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,  
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)  
A curse shall light upon the <sup>11</sup>loins of men;  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war,  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial!

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.



*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming,  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—  
O Cæsar!

[*Seeing the body.*]

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water. Is thy master coming?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what bath  
chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet:

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;

Thou shalt not back, till I have borne his corpse

Into the market-place: there shall I try,

In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S Body.*]

### SCENE II.—The Same. The Forum.

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

*Cit.* We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

*Br.* Then follow me, and give me audience,  
Cassius, go you into the other street, [friends.—

And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

*1 Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*2 Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their  
When severally we hear them rendered. [reasons.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*]

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

*3 Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

*Br.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and <sup>a</sup>lovers! hear me for my  
cause, and be silent that you may hear: believe me  
for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that  
you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and  
awake your senses that you may the better judge.  
If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of  
Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar  
was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand,  
why Brutus rose against Cæsar? this is my answer,  
—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome  
more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die  
all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all  
free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as  
he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant,  
I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him.  
There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune;  
honor for his valor; and death for his ambition.  
Who is here so base, that would be a bondman?  
If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is  
here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any,  
speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so  
vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak;  
for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

<sup>1</sup>*All.* None, Brutus, none.<sup>2</sup>

*Br.* Then, none have I offended. I have done  
no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus.  
The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol;  
his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy,  
nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered  
death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S Body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony:

who, though he had no hand in his death, shall re-  
ceive the benefit of his dying, a place in the com-  
monwealth; as which of you shall not? With this  
I depart; that, as I slew my best <sup>b</sup>lover for the good  
of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when  
it shall please my country to need my death.

<sup>3</sup>*All.* Live, Brutus! live! live!

*1 Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

*2 Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

*3 Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

*4 Cit.*

Cæsar's better parts  
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus. [and clamors.

*1 Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts

*Br.* My countrymen,—

*2 Cit.*

Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

*1 Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Br.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone;

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

*1 Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*3 Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair:

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

*4 Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

*3 Cit.*

He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

*4 Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

*1 Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

*3 Cit.*

Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

*2 Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Cit.*

Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your

ears: I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. [ears:

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones:

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honorable man,

So are they all, all honorable men)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

<sup>a</sup> Lover and friend were formerly synonymous.

<sup>b</sup> Friend.

And I must pause till it come back to me. [ings.]

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his say-

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take  
the crown:

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with  
weeping. [Antony.]

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world: now, lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their handkerchiefs in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,

Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends; I must not  
read it:

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O! what would come of it?

4 *Cit.* Read the will! We'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will: Cæsar's will!

*Ant.* Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?

I have o'er-shot myself to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honorable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honorable men!

*All.* The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The will!  
read the will.

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then, make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

*All.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [He comes down.]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring! stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the bier; stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

*All.* Stand back! room! bear back!

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O! now you weep; and I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls! what! weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors! villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

*All.* We will be revenged. Revenge! about,—  
seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor  
live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen. [They are rushing out.]

1 *Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die  
with him. [you up]

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know,  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then! come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

*All.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony; most noble An-  
tony. [what.]

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas! you know not:—I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of. [will.]

*All.* Most true;—the will:—let's stay, and hear the

\* That is, 'The meanest man is above doing reverence to Cæsar,—' Handkerchiefs.

"Cæsar's angel," i. e., his guardian Angel, or the being in whom he most trusted.—<sup>d</sup> Stroke.—<sup>e</sup> Defaced; destroyed.—<sup>f</sup> Grievances.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.  
*2 Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.  
*3 Cit.* O royal Cæsar!  
*Ant.* Hear me with patience.  
*All.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tyber: he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar: when comes such another?

*1 Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.  
*2 Cit.* Go, fetch fire.  
*3 Cit.* Pluck down benches.  
*4 Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.  
[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*]  
*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischievous, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt.—How now, fellow!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.  
*Ant.* Where is he?  
*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.  
*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him.  
He comes upon a wish: Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.  
*Serv.* I heard<sup>1</sup> them say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.  
*Ant.* Believe, they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,  
And things<sup>2</sup> unlikely charge my fantasy.  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

*1 Cit.* What is your name?  
*2 Cit.* Whither are you going?  
*3 Cit.* Where do you dwell?  
*4 Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?  
*2 Cit.* Answer every man directly.  
*1 Cit.* Ay, and briefly.  
*4 Cit.* Ay, and wisely.  
*3 Cit.* Ay, and truly; you were best.  
*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going?  
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a  
bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly,  
Briefly, wisely, and truly, wisely I say, I am a  
bachelor.

*2 Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools  
that marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.  
Proceed: directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

*1 Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

*2 Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

*4 Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*3 Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*1 Cit.* Tear him to pieces: he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet; I am Cinna the poet.

*4 Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for  
his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

*2 Cit.* It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck  
but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

*3 Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come: brands, ho!  
firebrands! To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all. Some  
to Decius' house, and some to Cæsar's; some to  
Ligarius. Away! go!

[*Exeunt, forcing out CINNA.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in ANTONY'S  
House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a  
Table.

*Ant.* These many, then, shall die; their names  
are prick'd. [Lepidus?]

*Oct.* Your brother, too, must die: consent you,  
*Lep.* I do consent.

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony. [him.]

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I<sup>a</sup> damn  
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;  
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.]

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,  
The threefold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him;  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die  
In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
And though we lay these honors on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze<sup>4</sup> on commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will.  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius; and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender;  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit:  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth.  
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations,  
Which, out of use and staled by other men,  
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,  
But as a<sup>b</sup> property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius,  
Are levying powers: we must straight make head;  
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd, [out;  
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so, for we are at the stake,  
And bayed about with many enemies;

<sup>a</sup> "Damn," i. e., condemn.—<sup>b</sup> "As a property," i. e., as a  
thing quite at our disposal.

And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp  
near Sardis.

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and  
Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.*

*Bru.* Stand, ho!

*Luc.* Give the word, ho! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

*Luc.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a Letter to BRUTUS.]

*Bru.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt,  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

*Bru.* He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:  
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

*Luc.* With courtesy and with respect enough;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath used of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on? [ter'd:]

*Luc.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. [March within.]

*Bru.* Hark! he is arriv'd.—  
March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand. [One after the other, and fainter.]

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;  
And when you do them—

*Bru.* Cassius, be content;  
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man  
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Within the Tent of BRUTUS.

LUCIUS and TITINIUS at some distance from it.

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm?  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or by the gods this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this corruption,  
And chastisement does therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement! [ber.]

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remem-  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me,  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself:  
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this? ay, more. Fret, till your proud  
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humor? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me,  
Brutus;

I said, an older soldier, not a better:

Did I say, better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have  
mov'd me. [him.]

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted  
Cas. I durst not?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What! durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For you life you durst not.

\* Nice here is simple; silly. —b "To hedge me in," i. e., to limit my authority. —c "To make conditions," i. e., to know how to confer offices at my disposal.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts  
Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.  
*Cas.* I did not: he was but a fool,  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd  
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they 'd id ap-  
As huge as high Olympus. [*pear*]

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aware of the world:  
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;  
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and cona'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes.—There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold will give my heart.  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him  
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius. [better]

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger.  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.  
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb,  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart, too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!—

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humor, which my mother gave me,  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

*Poet.* [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals.  
There is some grudge between them; 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

*Luc.* [Within.] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet.*

*Cas.* How now! What's the matter? [mean?]

*Poet.* For shame, you generals! What do you  
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be,  
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme.

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah: saucy fellow, hence.

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humor, when he knows his time.

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?

<sup>a</sup> Companion, hence.

*Cas.* Away, away! be gone. [*Exit Poet.*]

*Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. [you,  
*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with  
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

*Cas.* I did not think you had been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha! Portia?

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—  
O, insupportable and touching loss!—  
Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,

And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death  
That tidings came.—With this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O, ye immortal gods!

*Enter Lucius, with Wine and Tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of  
wine:

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messa-  
Now sit we close about this taper here, [la.—  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree:

Mine speak of seventy senators, that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one?

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

<sup>a</sup> Companion was formerly a term of contempt; as we say  
at present fellow!

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messa—  
With meditating that she must die <sup>a</sup> once, [la:  
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in <sup>b</sup> art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive.—What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is.

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness. [ter.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to bet—  
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection,

For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, <sup>c</sup> new-hearted, and encourag'd;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.

Our legions are brimful, our cause is ripe:

The enemy increaseth every day;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat,

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:

We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night has crept upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity,

Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say?

Cas. No more.—Good night:

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [Exit Lucius.]—Fare—  
well, good Messala:—

Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O! my dear brother,

This was an ill beginning of the night.

Never come such division 'twixen our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[Exeunt Cas. Tit. and Mes.]

Re-enter Lucius, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep:

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius. [pleasure.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs:

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here is the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Servants lie down.]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forget-

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, [ful.

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might:

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee. [Music, and a Song.

This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber!

<sup>2</sup>[Lucius falls asleep.]

Lay'st thou thy leaden <sup>c</sup> mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—

Let me see, let me see: is not the leaf turn'd down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down <sup>3</sup> to read.]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns.—Ha! who comes here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[Ghost vanishes.]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord. [out?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criest?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any

thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

<sup>a</sup> "Once," i. e., at one time or other.—<sup>b</sup> "In art," i. e., in theory.

<sup>c</sup> Mace is the ancient term for a sceptre.

Fellow thou : awake !

*Var.* My lord.

*Clau.* My lord.

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

*Var. Clau.* Did we, my lord ?

*Bru.* Ay : saw you any thing ?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius :

Bid him set on his powers betimes-before,

And we will follow.

*Var. Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.  
You said, the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions ;  
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;  
They mean to <sup>a</sup>warn us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut ! I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it : they could be content  
To visit other places ; and come down  
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals ;  
The enemy comes on in gallant show :  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

*Oct.* I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[*March.*]

*Drum.* *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army ;  
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth : the generals would have some words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows ; is it so, countrymen ?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes,

Octavius.

[*words :*]

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good  
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, " Long live ! hail, Cæsar ! "

*Cas.*

*Antony,*

The posture of your blows <sup>1</sup> is yet unknown ;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.*

Not stingless, too.

*Bru.* O ! yes, and soundless too ;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains ! you did not so when your vile  
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like  
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;

While damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers !

*Cas.* Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself :

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have rul'd.

[*sweat,*]

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause : if arguing make us  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look ; I draw sword against conspirators ;—

When think you that the sword goes up again ?—

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds

Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the <sup>2</sup> word of traitor.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.*

So I hope :

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O ! if thou wert the noblest of thy <sup>3</sup> strain,  
Young man, thou could'st not die more honorable.

*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still.

*Oct.*

Come, Antony ; away !—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

*Cas.* Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and  
swim bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius ! hark, a word with you.

*Luc.* My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.*]

*Cas.* Messala !

*Mes.* What says my general ?

*Cas.*

Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :

Be thou my witness, that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion : now, I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our <sup>3</sup> forward ensign

Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;

Who to Philippi here consorted us :

This morning are they fled away, and gone,

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.*

I but believe it partly,

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd

To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius. <sup>4</sup> [LUCILIUS stands back.]

*Cas.*

Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly <sup>1</sup> that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age ;

But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together :

What are you then determined to do ?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy,

By which I did blame Cato for the death

<sup>a</sup> "To warn," i. e., to summon.

<sup>b</sup> "Strain," i. e., race ; family.—<sup>c</sup> Friends.

Which he did give himself. I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to <sup>a</sup>prevent  
The <sup>4</sup>term of life,—arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of <sup>2</sup>those high powers,  
That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
<sup>b</sup>Through the streets of Rome? [*man.*]

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Ro-  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind: but this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March <sup>3</sup>began,  
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.  
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take:—  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius.  
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;  
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus.  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might  
know  
The end of this day's business, ere it come!  
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. The Field of Battle.

*Alarum.* Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these  
bills  
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud Alarum.*]  
Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. Another Part of the Field.

*Alarum.* Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look! the villains fly.  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:  
This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.  
*Tit.* O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early;  
Who having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:  
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.  
*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;  
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?  
*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,  
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought.  
[*Exit.*]

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—  
[*Exit PINDARUS.*]  
This day I breathed first; time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end:

My life is run his compass.—<sup>c</sup> *Sirrah*, what news?  
*Pin.* [*Above.*] O my lords!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—  
Yet he spurs on:—now they are almost on him.  
Now, Titinius!—now some 'light:—O! he 'lights  
too:—

He's ta'en: and, hark! [*Shout.*] they shout for joy.  
*Cas.* Come down; behold no more.—  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah.  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do, [*oath:*]  
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine  
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;  
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies*]

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,

With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living.—O my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set:  
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.  
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
O hateful error! melancholy's child,  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O error! soon conceiv'd,  
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;  
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,  
As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie, you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit MESSALA.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?  
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me give it thee? Didst not thou hear  
their shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.  
But hold thee; take this garland on thy brow:  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

<sup>a</sup> To prevent here means to anticipate.—<sup>b</sup> Through.

<sup>c</sup> *Sirrah* was the usual address in speaking to servants and children.



Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—  
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Dies.]

*Alarum.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young  
CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?  
*Mes.* Lo! yonder; and Titinius mourning it.  
*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.  
*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet:  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails. [Low Alarums.]

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!  
Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!  
*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?  
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
It is impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—  
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:  
His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—  
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—  
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on!—  
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarum.* Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies;  
then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your  
heads. [Ine?]  
*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will go with  
I will proclaim my name about the field.—  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!  
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;  
Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus.  
[Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is over-  
powered, and falls.]

*Luc.* O, young and noble Cato! art thou down?  
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,  
And may'st be honor'd being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Luc.* Only I yield to die:  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

[Offering Money.]  
Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news:—Here comes the gen-  
eral.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Luc.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,  
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,  
Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
Such men as friends, than enemies. Go on,  
And see wher Brutus be alive, or dead;

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,  
How every thing is chanc'd. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO and  
VOLUMNIUS.

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this  
rock.

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,  
He came not back: he is or ta'en, or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[Whispering.]

*Cli.* What! I, my lord? No, not for all the  
world.

*Bru.* Peace then: no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius! [Whispers him.]

*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed?

*Cli.* O, Dardanius!

*Dar.* O, Clitus!

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius.

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night: at Sardis once;

And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.

I know my hour is come.

*Vol.*

Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[Low Alarums.]

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together:

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.]

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Vol-  
umnius.—<sup>2</sup>[Shaking hands severally.]

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history.

Night haags upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly!]

*Cli.* Fly, my lord, fly!

*Bru.*

Hence: I will follow.

[Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.]

I pry'thee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:

Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

*Str.* Give me your hand first: fare you well, my  
lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his Sword, and Dies.]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man.—*Strato*, where is thy master?

*Stra.* Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala*:  
The conquerers can but make a fire of him;  
For *Brutus* only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honor by his death.

*Luc.* So *Brutus* should be found.—I thank thee,  
*Brutus*,  
That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius*' saying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd *Brutus* I will entertain <sup>a</sup> them.  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Stra.* Ay, if *Messala* will <sup>b</sup> prefer me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good *Messala*.

*Mes.* How died my master, *Strato*?

*Stra.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.<sup>c</sup>

*Mes.* *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great *Cæsar*;  
He, only, in a <sup>1</sup>generous honest thought  
<sup>2</sup>Of common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect, and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.—

So, call the field to rest; and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> "Will entertain them," i. e., will receive them into my service.—<sup>b</sup> "Prefer," i. e., recommend.

# MACBETH.



Act III.—Scene 4.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.  
MALCOLM, his Sons.  
DONALBAIN, }  
MACBETH, } Generals of his Army.  
BANQUO, }  
MACDUFF, }  
LENOX, }  
ROSSE, }  
MENTETH, }  
ANGUS, }  
CATHNESS, }  
FLEANCE, Son to BANQUO. }  
Thanes of Scotland.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General  
of the English Forces.  
YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.  
SEYTON, an Officer attending Macbeth.  
Son to Macduff.  
AN ENGLISH DOCTOR. A Scotch Doctor.  
A Soldier. A Porter. An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.  
LADY MACDUFF.  
Gentlewoman attending Lady Macbeth.  
HECATE, and Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth Act, in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—An open Placé.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?  
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.  
3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.  
1 *Witch.* Where the place?  
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:  
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.  
1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!  
*All.* A Paddock calls:—Anon.—  
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

\* Paddock was the name for a toad or a frog.

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

### SCENE II.—A Camp near Fores.

<sup>1</sup> *Sennet within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the sergeant,  
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought  
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king <sup>2</sup> thy knowledge of the broil,  
As thou didst leave it.

*Sold.* Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together

(And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald  
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying villainies of nature  
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles

<sup>a</sup>Of Kernes and <sup>b</sup>Gallowglasses is supplied;  
And fortune, on his dammed quarrel smiling,  
Show'd like a rebel's <sup>c</sup>whore: but all's too weak;  
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smok'd with bloody execution,  
Like valor's minion, carv'd out his passage,  
Till he fac'd the slave;  
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*Dun.* O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Sold.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had, with valor arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,  
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

*Sold.* Yes;

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
If I say <sup>d</sup>sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;  
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another <sup>e</sup>Golgotha,  
I cannot tell.—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help. [wounds:  
*Dun.* So well thy words become thee, as thy  
They smack of honor both.—Go, get him surgeons.  
[Exit Soldier, attended.

*Enter Rosse and Angus.*

Who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthythane of Rosse.

*Len.* What <sup>1</sup>haste looks through his eyes!  
So should he look, that <sup>2</sup>comes to speak things strange.

*Rosse.* God save the king!

*Dun.* Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

*Rosse.* From Fife, great king;

Where the Norwegian banners <sup>f</sup>flout the sky  
And fan our people cold.  
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,  
Thethane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;  
Till that Bellona's <sup>g</sup>bridegroom, lapp'd in <sup>h</sup>proof,  
Confronted him with <sup>i</sup>self-comparisons,  
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,  
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,  
The victory fell on us;—

*Dun.* Great happiness!

*Rosse.* That now

Sveno, the Norway's king, craves <sup>k</sup>composition;  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
Till he disburs'd at Saint Colmes' <sup>l</sup>Inch  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more thatthane of Cawdor shall deceive

<sup>a</sup>Of is used here for *with*.—<sup>b</sup>Kernes and Gallowglasses were light and heavy armed infantry.—<sup>c</sup>Show'd like a rebel's whore," i. e., deceived him.—<sup>d</sup>Truth.—<sup>e</sup>That is, make another Golgotha as memorable as the first.—<sup>f</sup>"Flout," i. e., mock; defy.—<sup>g</sup>"Bellona's bridegroom," i. e., Macbeth.—<sup>h</sup>"Lapp'd in proof," i. e., defended by armor of proof.—<sup>i</sup>"Confronted him with self-comparisons," i. e., gave him as good as he brought.—<sup>k</sup>"Composition," i. e., a treaty of peace.—<sup>l</sup>"Saint Colmes' Inch" was a small island in the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh.

Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present  
And with his former title greet Macbeth. [death,  
*Rosse.* I'll see it done.

*Dun.* What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.  
[Exit.

### SCENE III.—A Heath.

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,  
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:  
"Give me," quoth I:—

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed <sup>a</sup>ronyon cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And, like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;  
And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's <sup>c</sup>card <sup>3</sup>to show.

I'll drain him dry as hay:  
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,  
Hang upon his pent-house lid;  
He shall live a man <sup>f</sup>forbid.

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.—

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [Drum within.

3 *Witch.* A drum! a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.

All. The <sup>a</sup>weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about:  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again, to make up nine.  
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH AND BANQUO.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How faris't call'd to Fores?—What are these  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand me  
By each at once her chappy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can.—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane  
of Glamis! [of Cawdor!]

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king  
hereafter.

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,  
Are ye <sup>a</sup>fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

<sup>a</sup>"Aroint," i. e., avaunt.—<sup>b</sup>"Rump-fed ronyon," i. e., scurvy woman, fed on offals.—<sup>c</sup>"The shipman's card" is the seaman's *chart*.—<sup>d</sup>"Forbid," i. e., bewitched; charmed.—<sup>e</sup>"Weird," i. e., prophetic.—<sup>f</sup>"Fantastical," i. e., creatures of fantasy.

You greet with present grace, and great prediction  
Of noble <sup>a</sup>having, and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,  
Your favors, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.  
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.  
By Sinel's death, I know, I amthane of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*]

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them.—Whither are they vanish'd?

*Macb.* Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,  
melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had stay'd!

*Ban.* Were such things here, as we do speak about,  
Or have we eaten on the insane <sup>b</sup>root,  
That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* Andthane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

*Ban.* To the self-same tune, and words. Who's  
here?

*Enter Rosse and Angus.*

*Rosse.* The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend,  
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,  
In viewing o' the rest o' the self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as <sup>c</sup>tale,  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent,  
To give thee from our royal master thanks;  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

*Rosse.* And, for an earnest of a greater honor,  
He bade me from him call thee thane of Cawdor:  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,  
For it is thine.

*Ban.* What! can the devil speak true?

*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you  
In borrow'd robes? [dress me]

*Ang.* Who was the thane, lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life [bin'd]  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was com-  
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He labor'd in his country's wreck, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,

Have overthrown him.

*Macb.* Glamis, andthane of Cawdor:  
The greatest is behind. <sup>1</sup>[*Aside.*] Thanks for your  
pains.—

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,  
Promis'd no less to them?

*Ban.* That, <sup>2</sup>thrust'd home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.—  
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. <sup>3</sup>[*Aside.*] I thank you, gen-  
tlemen.—

This supernatural <sup>4</sup>soliciting <sup>4</sup>[*Aside.*]

Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I yield to that <sup>5</sup>suggestion,  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my <sup>6</sup>seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.  
My thought, <sup>6</sup>where murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smother'd in <sup>7</sup>surmise, and nothing is,  
But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt.

*Macb.* If chance will have me king, why, chance  
may crown me,  
Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honors come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,  
But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* <sup>8</sup>Give your favor: my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten.—Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are register'd where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—  
<sup>7</sup>[*To Banquo.*] Think upon what hath chanc'd;  
and, at more time,  
The interim having <sup>b</sup>weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

*Flourish.* *Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,  
LENOX, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor; or not  
Those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege,

They are not yet come back; but I have spoke  
With one that saw him die, who did report,  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,  
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth  
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it: he died  
As one that had been studied in his <sup>1</sup>death,

<sup>a</sup>Incitement.—<sup>c</sup>Temptation.—<sup>d</sup>"Seated," i.e., firmly fixed.

—<sup>e</sup>"Function is smother'd in surmise," i.e., the powers  
of action are oppressed by conjecture.—<sup>b</sup>"The interim  
having weigh'd it," i.e., you having weigh'd it in the interim.  
—<sup>1</sup>"Studied in his death," i.e., well instructed in the art of  
dying.

<sup>a</sup> "Having," i. e., fortune; estates.—<sup>b</sup> "The insane root"  
was probably *herbane*.—<sup>c</sup> "As thick as tale," i. e., as fast as  
they could be counted.

To throw away the dearest thing he <sup>a</sup>ow'd,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

*Dun.* There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.—

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.*  
O worthiest cousin! <sup>1</sup>[*Embrace.*]

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,  
That swiftest <sup>2</sup>wind of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee: would thou hadst less deserv'd,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been <sup>3</sup>more! only I have left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties: and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;  
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing  
Safe toward your love and honor.

*Dun.* Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor  
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known  
No less to have done so; let me infold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart. <sup>4</sup>[*Embrace.*]

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*Dun.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter  
The prince of Cumberland: which honor must  
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us farther to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labor, which is not us'd for you:  
I'll be myself the harbingers, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So, humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor!  
*Macb.* The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, [*Aside.*]  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires:  
Let not light see my black and deep desires;  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*]

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,  
And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Inverness. A Room in MACBETH'S  
Castle.

*Enter Lady MACBETH, with a letter.*

*Lady M.* <sup>a</sup>[*Reads.*] "They met me in the day of  
success; and I have learned by the perfectest <sup>b</sup>re-  
port, they have more in them than mortal knowledge.  
When I burned in desire to question them farther,  
they made themselves air, into which they vanished.  
Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came <sup>c</sup>mis-  
sives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of  
Cawdor,' by which title, before, these weird sisters  
saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of

time, with, 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I  
thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of  
greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of  
rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is  
promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."  
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy nature:  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition; but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'dst have, great  
Glamis, <sup>[it;]</sup>  
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valor of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden <sup>d</sup>round,  
Which fate and <sup>e</sup>metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee <sup>f</sup>crown'd withal.—

*Enter an Attendant.*

What is your tidings?

*Atten.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it.  
Is not thy master with him? Who, wer't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation. [*ing.*]

*Atten.* So please you, it is true: our thane is com-  
One of my fellows had the speed of him;  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.* Give him tending:  
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*] The raven  
himself is hoarse,

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on <sup>g</sup>mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty: make thick my blood,  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,  
And <sup>h</sup>pull thee in the dunest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the <sup>i</sup>blankness of the dark,  
To cry, "Hold, hold!"—

*Enter MACBETH.*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

<sup>8</sup>[*They embrace.*]  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant <sup>j</sup>present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when goes hence?

*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady M.* O! never

Shall sun that morrow see.  
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men  
May read strange matters: to beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

<sup>a</sup> Owned; possessed.—<sup>b</sup> "The perfectest report," i. e., the  
best intelligence.—<sup>c</sup> "Missives," i. e., messengers.

<sup>d</sup> "The golden round," i. e., the diadem.—<sup>e</sup> "Metaphysical-  
cal," i. e., supernatural.—<sup>f</sup> "To have thee crown'd," i. e.,  
to desire to have thee crown'd.—<sup>g</sup> "Mortal," i. e., deadly.—  
<sup>h</sup> "Pull thee," i. e., wrap thee.—<sup>i</sup> "This ignorant present,"  
i. e., the present time, which is ignorant of the future.

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming  
Must be provided for; and you shall put  
This night's great business into my despatch,  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak farther.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear:  
To alter <sup>a</sup> favor ever is to fear.  
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same. Before the Castle.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant <sup>b</sup> seat: the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:  
Where they much breed and haunt, I have observ'd,  
The air is delicate.

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Dun.* See, see! our honor'd hostess.—  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love: herein I teach you,  
How you shall <sup>d</sup> bid God <sup>e</sup> yield us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady M.* All our service,  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honors deep and broad, wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

*Dun.* Where's the thane of Cawdor?  
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in <sup>f</sup> compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*Dun.* Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Castle.

*Haillboys and torches. Enter and pass over the stage, a <sup>b</sup> Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then, Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then  
'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his <sup>i</sup> surcease success; that but this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague th' inventor: <sup>2</sup> thus even-handed justice  
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject;  
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead, like angels trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd  
Upon the sightless <sup>3</sup> couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,  
And falls on the other.—

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

How now! what news?

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd. Why have you  
left the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady M.* Know you not, he has?

*Macb.* We will proceed no farther in this business:  
He hath honor'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valor,  
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the <sup>4</sup> adage?

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace.  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

*Lady M.* What <sup>5</sup> boast was't, then,  
That made you break this enterprize to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
Did then <sup>m</sup> adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness  
<sup>now</sup>

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

*Macb.*

If we should fail?

*Lady M.* We fail!  
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains

<sup>a</sup> Favor is countenance.—<sup>b</sup> Seat, i. e., situation.—<sup>c</sup> Coigne of vantage, i. e., convenient corner.—<sup>d</sup> To bid, here, means to pray.—<sup>e</sup> God yield us, i. e., God reward us.—<sup>f</sup> Hermits, i. e., beadsmen.—<sup>g</sup> In compt, i. e., subject to account.—<sup>h</sup> A sewer was a servant whose office it was to place dishes on the table.—<sup>i</sup> Surcease is cessation.

<sup>1</sup> Sightless couriers of the air, i. e., the *viceless winds*.  
<sup>2</sup> The adage was; 'The cat would eat fish, and would not wet her feet.'—<sup>3</sup> Adhere, i. e., cohere.

Will I with wine and <sup>a</sup>wassel so <sup>b</sup>convince,  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A <sup>c</sup>limbeck only: when in swinish sleep  
Their <sup>d</sup>drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great <sup>e</sup>quell?

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only!  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be <sup>f</sup>receiv'd,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar  
Upon his death?

*Macb.* I am settled; and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. Court within the Castle.

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch before him.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take't, 'tis later, sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword.—There's <sup>g</sup>husbandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers!  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature  
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:  
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great <sup>h</sup>largess to your <sup>i</sup>offices.

This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut <sup>k</sup>up  
In measureless content.

*Macb.* Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect,  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my <sup>l</sup>consent, when  
It shall make honor for you. [*'Tis,*

*Ban.* So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsell'd.

*Macb.* Good repose, the while.

*Ban.* Thanks, sir: the like to you.

[*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE.*]

*Macb.* Go; bid thy mistress, when my drink is  
ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed,—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me, [*thence:—*  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.—

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still:

And on thy blade, and <sup>m</sup>dudgeon, <sup>n</sup>gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd <sup>o</sup> sleeper: witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,

Alarm'd by his sentinel the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell,

That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk hath  
made me bold:

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—

Hark!—Peace!—

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd

their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live, or die.

*Macb.* [*Within.*] Who's there!—what, ho!

*Lady M.* Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,

He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* I have done the deed.—Didst thou not  
hear a noise? [*cry.*]

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets  
Did not you speak?

<sup>m</sup> Dudgeon is handle. — <sup>n</sup> Gouts (Fr. gouttes), i. e., drops.

<sup>a</sup> "Wassel," i. e., carousing.—<sup>b</sup> "Convince," i. e., overcome.—<sup>c</sup> "A limbeck" is a vessel through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient.—<sup>d</sup> "Drenched," i. e., drowned in drink.—<sup>e</sup> "Quell" is murder.—<sup>f</sup> "Received," i. e., understood; believed.—<sup>g</sup> "Husbandry," i. e., thrift; frugality.—<sup>h</sup> "Largess," i. e., bounty.—<sup>i</sup> "Offices" were rooms appropriated to servants.—<sup>k</sup> "Shut up," i. e., concluded.—<sup>l</sup> "Cleave to my consent," i. e., accord with my views.



*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M. Ay.*

*Macb.* Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

*Lady M.* A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, "murder!" [them:]

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard  
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen,"  
the other,

\*As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
Listening their fear, I could not say amen,  
When they did say God bless us.

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?  
I had most need of blessing, and amen  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep  
no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.—

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the  
house:

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why,  
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainlessly of things. Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: go, carry them, and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again, I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit.*—*Knocking within.*]

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?—

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

*Re-enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your color; but I slume  
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking  
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber.  
A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it, then? Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knock.*] Hark! more  
knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 'twere best not know  
myself. [*Knock.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking: I would thou  
couldst! [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—The Same.

*Enter a Porter.* [*Knocking within.*]

*Porter.* Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man  
were porter of hell-gate, he should have 'old turn-  
ing the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock.  
Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?—Here's a  
farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of  
plenty: come in time; have 'napkins enough about  
you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock,  
knock. Who's there, in the other devil's name?—  
'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in  
both the scales against either scale; who committed  
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equiv-  
ocate to heaven: O! come in, equivocator. [*Knock-  
ing.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there?—  
'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for  
stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor;  
here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock,  
knock. Never at quiet! What are you?—But this  
place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no fur-  
ther: I had thought to have let in some of all pro-  
fessions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting  
bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon: I pray you, re-  
member the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

*Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

*Por.* 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second  
cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three  
things.

*Macd.* What three things does drink especially  
provoke?

*Port.* Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.  
Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it pro-  
vokes the desire, but it takes away the performance.  
Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equiv-  
ocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him;  
it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades  
him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and  
not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him a-sleep,  
and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

*Macd.* I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Por.* That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me:  
but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being  
too strong for him, though he took up my legs some-  
time, yet I made a shift to cast him.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?—

*Enter MACBETH, i' his night-gown.*

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good-morrow, noble sir.

*Macb.* Good-morrow, both.

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.*

Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him:  
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.*

I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;

\* As for as if.—b That is, listening to their fear.—c Sleeve is unwrought silk, sometimes floss silk.—d To incarnadine is to stain of a red color.

e "Old," i. e., frequent.—f Handkerchiefs.—g "Till the second cock," i. e., till three o'clock.

But yet, 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labor we delight in 'physicks pain.  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my <sup>b</sup>limited service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does:—he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of  
And prophesying with accents terrible [*death,*  
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird  
Clamor'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor  
Cannot conceive, nor name thee. [*heart,*

*Macb. Len.* What's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master-piece.  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.

*Macb.* What is't you say? the life?

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your  
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak:  
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarm-bell!—Murder, and treason!  
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself:—up, up, and see  
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites  
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell!

[*Bell rings.*]

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

*Macd.* O, gentle lady!  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,

*Enter BANQUO, 'unready.*

Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!  
Our royal master's murder'd!  
*Lady M.* Woe, alas!

What! in our house?

*Ban.* Too cruel, any where.  
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,  
And say, it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.*

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time, for from this instant  
There's nothing serious in mortality;  
All is but toys: renown and grace <sup>2</sup>are dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.*

O! by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't.  
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;  
So were their daggers, which, unwp'd, we found  
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted.  
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O! yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.*

Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and  
furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with <sup>e</sup> gore. Who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make's love known?

*Lady M.*

Help me hence, ho!

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

[*Lady MACBETH swoons.*]

*Mal.*

Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* What should be spoken

Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,

May rush, and seize us? Let's away: our tears

Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.*

Nor our strong sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady.—

[*Lady MACBETH is borne out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties <sup>d</sup>hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it farther. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,  
Against the undivulg'd <sup>d</sup>pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.*

And so do I.

*All.*

So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

*All.*

Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with  
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office [*them:*  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland, I: our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,  
The nearer <sup>d</sup>bloody.

*Mal.*

This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—Without the Castle.

*Enter ROSSE and an Old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well;  
Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore night

<sup>e</sup> "Breech'd with gore," i. e., covered with blood to the  
hilt.—<sup>d</sup> That is, "When we have clothed our half-dressed  
bodies."—<sup>e</sup> "Pretence," i. e., design; intention.—*Macbeth*  
was nearest in blood to the two princes, being the cousin-  
german of Duncan.

<sup>a</sup> "Physicks," i. e., alleviates.—<sup>b</sup> "Limited," i. e., appointed.

Hath trifled former knowings.

*Rosse.* Ah! good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

*Rosse.* And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange  
and certain)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, fling out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
Make war with mankind.

*Old M.* 'Tis said, they ate each other.  
*Rosse.* They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.—

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Rosse.* Is't known who did this more than bloody  
*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain. [deed!

*Rosse.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

*Macd.* They were suborn'd.  
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

*Rosse.* 'Gainst nature still:  
Thrifless ambition, that will ravine up  
Thine own life's means!—Then, 'tis most like,  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

*Macd.* He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone  
To be invested.

*Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body?

*Macd.* Carried to Colme-kill;

The sacred store-house of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

*Rosse.* Will you to Scone?

*Macd.* No, cousin; I'll to Fife.

*Rosse.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there:—  
adieu—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

*Rosse.* Farewell, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you; and with those,  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter BANQUO.*

*Ban.* Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,  
Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was said,  
It should not stand in thy posterity;  
But that myself should be the root, and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,  
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches show)  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

*Sennet.* Enter MACBETH, as King; Lady MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all thing unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Lay your highness'  
Command upon me, to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord. [vice

*Macb.* We should have else desir'd your good ad-  
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour, or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers

With strange invention. But of that to-morrow;

When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,

Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.— [*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night. To make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*]

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men

Our pleasure?

*Atten.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us.— [*Exit Atten.* ] To  
be thus is nothing,

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature [dares:

Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he

And to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor

To act in safety. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear, and under him

My genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings.

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren spectre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,

For Banquo's issue have I s'fil'd my mind,

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;

Put rancors in the vessel of my peace

Only for them; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings:

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,

\* "Towering in her pride of place," i. e., soaring to the highest pitch.—<sup>b</sup> Intend; design.

\* "Go not my horse the better," i. e., if my horse does not go well.—<sup>a</sup> Commit.—<sup>c</sup> Nobleness.—<sup>d</sup> "To," i. e., in addition to.—<sup>e</sup> Defiled.

And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

*1 Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.* Well then, now, Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know, That it was he, in the times past, which held you So under fortune; which, you thought, had been Our innocent self. This I made good to you In our last conference; pass'd in <sup>b</sup> probation with you, How you were borne in <sup>c</sup> hand; how cross'd; the instruments; [might]

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd, Say, "Thus did Banquo."

*1 Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so; and went farther, which is now Our point of second meeting. Do you find Your patience so predominant in your nature, That you can let this go? Are you so <sup>d</sup> gossell'd To pray for this good man, and for his issue, Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave, And beggar'd yours for ever?

*1 Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men, As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, <sup>e</sup> Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are <sup>f</sup> cleped All by the name of dogs: the valued <sup>g</sup> file Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, The house-keeper, the hunter, every one According to the gift which bounteous nature Hath in him clos'd, whereby he does receive Particular <sup>h</sup> addition, from the <sup>i</sup> quill That writes them all alike; and so of men. Now, if you have a station in the file Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it, And I will put that business in your bosoms, Whose execution takes your enemy off, Gripples you to the heart and love of us, Who wear our health but sickly in his life, Which in his death were perfect.

*2 Mur.* I am one, my liege, Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what I do to spite the world.

*1 Mur.* And I another, So <sup>2</sup> wearied with disasters, tugg'd with fortune, That I would set my life on any chance, To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Macb.* Both of you Know Banquo was your enemy.

*2 Mur.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine; and in such bloody <sup>1</sup> distance, That every minute of his being thrusts Against my near'st of life. And though I could With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight, And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, For certain fiends that are both his and mine, Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is, That I to your assistance do make love, Masking the business from the common eye For sundry weighty reasons.

*2 Mur.* We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

*1 Mur.* Though our lives—  
*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves, Acquaint you, with a perfect spy, o' the time, The moment on't; for't must be done to-night, And something from the palace; always thought, That I require a <sup>k</sup> clearness: and with him, (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work) Fleance his son, that keeps him company, Whose absence is no less material to me Than is his father's, must embrace the fate Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart: I'll come to you anon.

*2 Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]  
It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight, If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—The Same. Another Room.

*Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.*

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?

*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his leisure For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent, Where our desire is got without content: 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy, Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter MACBETH.*

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone, Of <sup>1</sup> sorriest fancies your companions making, Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died With them they think on? Things without remedy, Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it: She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth. But let the <sup>4</sup> eternal frame of things disjoint, Both the world suffer, Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams, That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead, Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace, Than on the torture of the mind to lie In restless <sup>m</sup> ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave; After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well; Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison, Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing Can touch him farther!

*Lady M.* Come on:

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks; Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you. Let your remembrance apply to Banquo: Present him <sup>n</sup> eminence, both with eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honors In these flattering streams, and make our faces Vizards to our hearts, disguising what they are.

*Lady M.* You must leave this.

*Macb.* O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife. Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

*Lady M.* But in them nature's <sup>o</sup> copy's not eterne.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are assailable:

\* "Champion me to the utterance," i. e., challenge me to extremities.—<sup>b</sup> "In probation with you," i. e., in proving to you.—<sup>c</sup> "Borne in hand," i. e., deluded by fair promises.—<sup>d</sup> "So gossell'd," i. e., so obedient to the precepts of the gospel.—<sup>e</sup> "Shoughs," i. e., shock-dogs.—<sup>f</sup> Called.—<sup>g</sup> The valued file is the descriptive list.—<sup>h</sup> "Addition," i. e., description.—<sup>i</sup> "Bloody distance" is mortal enmity.

<sup>k</sup> "That I require a clearness," i. e., that I must stand clear of suspicion.—<sup>l</sup> "Sorriest," i. e., most melancholy.—<sup>m</sup> "Agony."—<sup>n</sup> "Present him eminence," i. e., do him the highest honor.—<sup>o</sup> "Nature's copy's not eterne," i. e., the lease by which they hold their lives is not eternal.

Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons  
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest  
chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, 'seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,  
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond [crow  
Which keeps me pale!—Light ' thickens; and the  
Makes wing to the rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:  
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.  
So, pu'y thee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Park, with a road  
leading to the Palace.

*Enter three Murderers.*

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers  
Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To 'thy direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn; and ' here approaches  
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

*Ban.* [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then, 'tis he: the rest,  
That are within the note of ' expectation,  
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make their way walk.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [Strikes BANQUO.

*Ban.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!  
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!

[Dies. FLEANCE escapes.

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

2 *Mur.* There's but one down: the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is  
done. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. *Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees; sit down:  
And last the hearty welcome. [at first

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.

*Macb.* Ourselves will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.

\* "The shard-borne beetle," i. e., the beetle borne in the  
air by its shards or scaly wings.—b "Seeling," i. e., blind-  
ing.—"Light thickens," i. e., it is growing dark.—d "That  
are within the note of expectation," i. e., who are set down  
in the list of guests expected to supper.

Our hostess keeps her 'state; but in best time  
We will require her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;  
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.<sup>3</sup>

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts'  
thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst.  
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure

<sup>4</sup> *Enter first Murderer, to the door.*

The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than ' him within.  
Is he dispatch'd?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut throats;

Yet he is good that did the like for Fleance:

If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

*Mur.* Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had else been  
perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing air;

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trench'd gashes on his head,  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that.—

There the grown serpent lies: the worm, that's fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow

We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

*Lady M.* My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,

That is not often vouch'd the while 'tis making;

'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

*Len.* May it please your highness sit?

[The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits  
in MACBETH's place.

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,

Than pity for mischance!

*Rosse.* His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness

To grace us with your royal company?

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

<sup>6</sup> [Pointing to the Ghost.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that moves  
your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often  
thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat.

The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well. If much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his 'passion;

Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

<sup>7</sup> [Coming to MACBETH: aside to him.

\* "Her state," i. e., her chair of state.—f "Extend his pas-  
sion," i. e., prolong his fit.

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil.

*Lady M.* O, proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:  
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. O! these <sup>a</sup>flaws, and starts,  
(Impostors to true fear) would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool. [say you?—

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how  
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—  
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. [Exit Ghost.

*Lady M.* What! quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady M.* Fie! for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden  
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal; [time,  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
That when the brains were out the man would die,  
And there an end; but now, they rise again  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools. This is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

*Lady M.* My worthy lord,

[Going back to her state.

Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget.—

Do not <sup>b</sup>muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing [all;  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to  
Then, I'll sit down.—Give me some wine: fill full.—  
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,<sup>c</sup>  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:

<sup>3</sup> Re-enter Ghost.

Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to <sup>c</sup>all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight. Let the earth  
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,  
Which thou dost glare with.

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the <sup>d</sup>Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I <sup>e</sup>exhibit, then protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[Exit Ghost.

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,  
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the  
good meeting,

With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,

And <sup>e</sup>overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,  
Even to the disposition that I <sup>f</sup>owe,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.*

What sights, my lord?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not: he grows worse  
and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good night:  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Len.*

Good night; and better health

Attend his majesty.

*Lady M.*

A kind good night to all!

[Exit Lords and Attendants.

*Macb.* It will have blood, they say; blood will  
have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;  
<sup>g</sup>Angurs, and understood <sup>h</sup>relations, have [forth  
By <sup>i</sup>magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought  
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is  
which. [person,

*Macb.* How say'st <sup>k</sup>thou, that Macduff denies his  
At our great bidding?

*Lady M.*

Did you send to him, sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send.

There's not a one of them, but in his house  
<sup>5</sup>I'll keep a servant feed'd. I will to-morrow,  
(And sometimes I will) to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,  
All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,  
Which must be acted ere they may be <sup>l</sup>scann'd.

*Lady M.* You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-  
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: [abuse  
We are yet but young in deed. [Exit.

#### SCENE V.—The Heath.

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches, meeting  
HECATE.

*1 Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you look an-  
gerly.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,  
In riddles, and affairs of death;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' morning: thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.  
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,  
Your charms, and every thing beside.  
I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:  
Great business must be wrought ere noon.  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop <sup>m</sup>profound;

<sup>g</sup> Angurs for auguries.—<sup>h</sup> Understood relations," i. e.,  
connected circumstances relating to the crime.—Magpie's.  
—<sup>k</sup> "How say'st thou," i. e., "What say'st thou to this cir-  
cumstance?"—<sup>l</sup> Scann'd," i. e., nicely examined.—<sup>m</sup> "A  
vaporous drop profound," i. e., a drop that has deep or hid-  
den qualities.

<sup>a</sup> "Flaws," i. e., sudden gusts.—<sup>b</sup> "Muse," i. e., wonder.—  
<sup>c</sup> "All to all," i. e., all good wishes to all.—<sup>d</sup> Hyrcanian.—  
<sup>e</sup> "Overcome us," i. e., pass over us.—<sup>f</sup> Own; possess.

I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,  
Shall raise such artificial sprites,  
As by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his confusion.  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;  
And, you all know, security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

*Song.* [*Within.*] *Come away, come away, &c.*

Hark! I am call'd: my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Exit* <sup>1</sup> *HECATE.*

<sup>1</sup> *Witch.* Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be  
back again. [*Exit* <sup>2</sup> *Witches.*

SCENE VI.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter LENOX and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret further: only, I say, [Duncan  
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious  
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead;  
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;  
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,  
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.  
Who <sup>b</sup> cannot want the thought, how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,  
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!  
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,  
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely, too;  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,  
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well; and I do think,  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,  
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not) they should find  
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, [fail'd  
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.* The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff  
Is gone, to pray the holy king upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;  
That by the help of these, (with Him above  
To ratify the work) we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honors,  
All which we pine for now. And this report  
Hath so exasperate the king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I;"  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time  
That clogs me with this answer."

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England, and unfold  
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering <sup>d</sup> country

Under a hand accurs'd!

*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him! [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron.

*Thunder.* *Enter the three Witches.*

<sup>1</sup> *Witch.* Thrice the <sup>e</sup>brinded cat hath mew'd.

<sup>2</sup> *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

<sup>3</sup> *Witch.* Harper cries,—'Tis time, 'tis time.

<sup>1</sup> *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under <sup>3</sup> cold stone,

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

<sup>2</sup> *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and <sup>f</sup>blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

<sup>3</sup> *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;

Witches' mummy; maw, and <sup>g</sup>gulf

Of the <sup>b</sup>ravin'd salt-sea shark;

Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;

Liver of blaspheming Jew;

Gall of goat, and slips of yew

<sup>i</sup>Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;

Finger of birth-strangled babe

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab:

Add thereto a tiger's <sup>k</sup>chaudron,

For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

<sup>2</sup> *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood;

Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE, and <sup>4</sup> other Witches.*

*Hec.* O, well done! I commend your pains,

And every one shall share i' the gains.

And now about the cauldron sing,

Like elves and fairies in a ring,

Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music, and a Song.* "Black spirits," &c.

<sup>6</sup> *Exit* *HECATE.*

<sup>2</sup> *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes. [*Knocking.*  
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
What is't you do? [*hags!*

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the <sup>y</sup>esty waves

\* Arts.—<sup>b</sup> Cannot is probably used here for can.—<sup>c</sup> Exasperated.—<sup>d</sup> "Our suffering country," i. e., our country suffering under, &c.

\* "Brinded," i. e., spotted.—<sup>f</sup> The blind-worm is the slow-worm.—<sup>g</sup> "Gulf," i. e., throat.—<sup>h</sup> "Ravin'd," i. e., glutted.—<sup>i</sup> "Sliver'd," i. e., cut.—<sup>k</sup> "Chaudron," i. e., entrails.—<sup>l</sup> Foaming.

Confound and swallow navigation up; [down;  
Though <sup>1</sup>bleaded <sup>a</sup>corn be lodg'd, and trees blown  
Though castles topple <sup>2</sup>o'er their warders' heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do <sup>3</sup>stoop  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of nature's <sup>b</sup>germins tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'd'st rather hear it from our  
Or from our masters? [mouths,

*Macb.* Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine furrow; grease, that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come high, or low;  
Thyself, and office, <sup>c</sup>deftly show.

*Thunder.* 1 *Apparition, an armed Head.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—

2 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

1 *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware  
Macduff;

Beware the thine of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough.  
[*Descends.*

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution  
thanks: [more.—

Thou hast <sup>d</sup>harp'd my fear aright.—But one word

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's an-  
More potent than the first. [other,

*Thunder.* 2 *Apparition, a bloody Child.*

*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born

Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure, [thrice?

And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,

And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

*Thunder.* 3 *Apparition, a Child crowned, with a  
Tree in his hand.*

That rises like the issue of a king;

And wears upon his baby brow the round

And top of sovereignty?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to't.

*App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill

Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

*Macb.* That will never be:

Who can <sup>e</sup>impress the forest; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!

<sup>4</sup>Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise; and our high-plac'd Macbeth

Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart

Throbs to know one thing: tell me, (if your art  
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever

Reign in this kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,

And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.—  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

<sup>6</sup>[*The cauldron descends. Hantboys sound.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!  
*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;

Come like shadows, so depart.

*A show of eight Kings, and BANQUO <sup>6</sup>first and last,  
with a Glass in his Hand.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo:  
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls;—and thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow <sup>7</sup>art like the first:—

A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,

Which shows me many more; and some I see,

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.

Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the 'blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: but why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his <sup>8</sup>sprites,

And show the best of our delights.

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round;

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

*Macb.* Where are they? Gone?—Let this per-  
nicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—

Come in! without there!

*Enter LENOX.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride,

And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear

The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you  
Macduff is fled to England. [word,

*Macb.* Fled to England?

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* Time, thou <sup>h</sup>anticipat'st my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,

Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,

The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And even now, [done:

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;

Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

That <sup>i</sup>trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;

This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:

But no more <sup>8</sup>flights.—Where are these gentlemen?

Come; bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Fife. A Room in MACDUFF'S Castle.

*Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.*

*L. Macd.* What had he done to make him fly the

*Rosse.* You must have patience, madam. [land?

*L. Macd.* He had none:

\* "Bleaded," i. e., ripe; ready for the sickle.—<sup>b</sup> "Germins," i. e., seeds which have begun to germinate or sprout.—<sup>c</sup> *Deftly* is *adroitly*, *dexterously*.—<sup>d</sup> "Harp'd," i. e., touched, as a harper touches a string.—<sup>e</sup> "Impress the forest," i. e., command it to serve him, like a soldier *impressed*.

<sup>f</sup> "Blood-boltered," i. e., besmeared with blood.—<sup>g</sup> *Sprites*,—<sup>h</sup> "Anticipat'st," i. e., prevent'st, by taking away the opportunity.—<sup>i</sup> "Trace," i. e., follow; succeed.



His flight was madness. When our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

*Rosse.* You know not,  
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear. [*babes,*  
*L. Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his  
His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:  
He wants the natural <sup>a</sup> touch; for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love:  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Rosse.* My dearest coz',  
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the <sup>b</sup> season. I dare not speak much  
farther:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not 'know't ourselves; when we hold  
rumor

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea,  
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you:  
<sup>a</sup> T shall not be long but I'll be here again.  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

*Rosse.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.  
I take my leave at once. [*Exit Rosse.*

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead:  
And what will you do now? How will you live?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies?

*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net,  
The pit-fall, nor the gin. [*not lime,*

*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are  
not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for  
a father?

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any mar-

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again. [*ket.*

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit;

And yet i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor, and  
must be hanged.

*Son.* And must they all be hanged that swear and  
lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools; for  
there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest  
men, and hang upon them.

*L. Macd.* Now God help thee, poor monkey!  
But how wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you  
would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly  
have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,  
Though in your state of honor I am <sup>c</sup> perfect.  
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:  
If you will take a homely man's advice,  
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.  
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage,  
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!  
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?  
I have done no harm; but I remember now  
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm  
Is often laudable; to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

*Enter Murderers.*

*Mur.* Where is your husband?  
*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified,  
Where such as thou may'st find him.

*Mur.* He's a traitor.  
*Son.* Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain.

*Mur.* What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*  
Young fry of treachery.

*Son.* He has kill'd me, mother:  
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying murder,*  
and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III.—England. A Room in the King's  
Palace.

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and  
Weep our sad bosoms empty. [*there*

*Macd.* Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
Bestride our down-fall'n <sup>d</sup> birthdown. Each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolor.

*Mal.* What I believe, I'll wail;  
What know, believe; and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to <sup>e</sup> friend, I will:  
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but  
something

You may deserve of him through me, and <sup>f</sup> wisdom  
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil [*don:*  
In an imperial <sup>g</sup> charge. But I shall crave your par-  
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance, even there, where I did find my  
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,

<sup>a</sup> "Natural touch," i. e., natural affection.—<sup>b</sup> "The fits o' the season," i. e., the temper of the times.

<sup>c</sup> That is, "I am perfectly acquainted with your rank"—  
a "Birthday," i. e., the place of our birth.—<sup>d</sup> "To friend,"  
i. e., to befriend.—<sup>e</sup> "Wisdom," i. e., wisdom it is.—<sup>f</sup> "In  
an imperial charge," i. e., in the execution of a royal com-  
mission.

Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,  
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, [wrongs;  
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy  
Thy title is 'affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended:  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here, from gracious England, have I offer

<sup>1</sup>[*Showing a Paper.*  
Of goodly thousands; but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?  
*Mal.* It is myself I mean; in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That, when they shall be 'ripen'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
With my confinness<sup>b</sup> harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
<sup>c</sup>Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
<sup>d</sup>Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,  
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,  
Than such a one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been  
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours: you may  
<sup>e</sup>Enjoy your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.  
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be  
That vulture in you to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclin'd.

*Mal.* With this, there grows  
In my most ill-compos'd affection such  
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root,  
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;  
Scotland hath 'fouison<sup>e</sup> to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own. All these are 'portable

With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none. The king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland!  
*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:  
I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern!  
No, not to live.—O, nation miserable!  
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,  
Off'n'r upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast!  
Thy hope ends here.

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste; but God above  
Deal between thee and me, for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;  
At no time broke my faith; would not betray  
The devil to his fellow, and delight  
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking  
Was this upon myself. What I am truly  
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:  
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a point, was setting forth.  
Now, we'll together; and the chance of goodness  
Belike our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at  
'Tis hard to reconcile. [once,

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I  
pray you?

*Doct.* Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,  
That stay his cure: their malady<sup>b</sup> convinces  
The great assay of<sup>c</sup> heart; but at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*

*Macd.* What's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the evil:  
A most miraculous work in this good king,  
Which often, since my here remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,

<sup>a</sup> "Affeer'd," i. e., legally settled.—<sup>b</sup> "Confinness harms," i. e., measureless evils.—<sup>c</sup> "Lascivious"—<sup>d</sup> "Passionate."—<sup>e</sup> "Fouison," i. e., plenty.—"Are portable," i. e., may be endured.

<sup>e</sup> "From over-credulous haste," i. e., from over-hasty credulity.—<sup>b</sup> "Convinces," i. e., overcomes.

The mere despair of surgery, he cures;  
Hanging a golden <sup>a</sup>stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Rosse.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here?  
*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him not.  
*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.  
*Mal.* I know him now. Good God, betimes remove  
The means that make us strangers!

*Rosse.* Sir, amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?

*Rosse.* Alas, poor country!  
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:  
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,  
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern <sup>b</sup>ecstasy: the dead man's knell [lives  
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation,  
Too nice, and yet too true!

*Mal.* What is the newest grief?  
*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife?

*Rosse.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children?

*Rosse.* Well, too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

*Rosse.* No; they were well, at peace, when I did  
leave them. [it?

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes

*Rosse.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor  
Of many worthy fellows that were out;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.  
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
To <sup>c</sup>doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be it their comfort,  
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men:  
An older, and a better soldier, none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Rosse.* Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like! But I have words,  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air  
Where hearing should not <sup>d</sup>latch them.

*Macd.* What concern they?  
The general cause, or is it a <sup>e</sup>fee-grief,  
Due to some single breast?

*Rosse.* No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe, though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Humph! I guess at it.

<sup>a</sup> The "golden stamp" was the coin called an angel.—<sup>b</sup> "A modern ecstasy," i. e., a common grief.—<sup>c</sup> Put off.—<sup>d</sup> "Latch them," i. e., catch them.—<sup>e</sup> "A fee-grief," i. e., a grief that has but a single owner.

*Rosse.* Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and  
babes,  
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner  
Were, on the <sup>f</sup>quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven!—  
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:  
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too?

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence!  
My wife kill'd too?

*Rosse.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted:  
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure his deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children.—All my pretty ones?  
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* <sup>g</sup>Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so;

But I must also feel it <sup>h</sup>like a man:  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!  
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue.—But, gentle Heavens,  
Cut short all intermission; front to front,  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he <sup>i</sup>scupe,  
Heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.* This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above [may;  
Put on their <sup>j</sup>instruments. Receive what cheer you  
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I have two nights watched with you, but can  
perceive no truth in your report. When was it she  
last walked?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the field, I have  
seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown  
upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold  
it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and  
again return to bed; yet all this while in a most  
fast sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature, to receive at  
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watch-  
ing. In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her walking  
and other actual performances, what at any time have  
you heard her say?

<sup>f</sup> The quarry is the heap of game after it is killed.—<sup>g</sup> "Dispute it," i. e., contend with your sorrow.—<sup>h</sup> "Put on their instruments," i. e., thrust us, their instruments, forward against the tyrant.

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter Lady MACBETH, with a Taper.*

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

<sup>1</sup> [*Taking out his Tables.*]

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

<sup>2</sup> [*Writing.*]

*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord; no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gent.* Pray God, it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave.

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady MACBETH.*]

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician.—God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night: My mind she has <sup>a</sup>mated, and amaz'd my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> "Mated," i. e., astonished; confounded.

SCENE II.—The Country near Dunsinane.

*Enter, with Drum and Colors, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm, Excite the <sup>b</sup>mortified man.

*Ang.*

Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.

*Cath.* Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son, And many <sup>3</sup>untough youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.*

What does the tyrant?

*Cath.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies, Some say, he's mad: others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd <sup>4</sup>course Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.*

Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach: Those he commands move only in command, Nothing in love: now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.*

Who, then, shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn itself, for being <sup>5</sup>there?

*Cath.*

Well; march we on, To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd: Meet we the <sup>6</sup>medicine of the sickly weal; And with him pour we, in our country's purge, Each drop of us.

*Len.*

Or so much as it needs To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds. Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let them fly all: Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:—"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false And mingle with the English epicures: [thanes, The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear, Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd <sup>7</sup>loon! Where got'st thou that goose look?

*Serv.* There is ten thousand—

*Macb.*

Geese, villain!

*Serv.*

Soldiers, sir.

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear, Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, <sup>8</sup>patch? Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine Are counsellors to <sup>9</sup>fear. What soldiers, why-face?

<sup>b</sup> By the *mortified man* is meant a *religious man*.—<sup>c</sup> That is, "When all the faculties of his mind are employed in self-condemnation."—<sup>d</sup> By the *medicine* is here meant the *physician*.—<sup>e</sup> A *loon* is a base fellow.—<sup>f</sup> Patch was an appellation of contempt.—<sup>g</sup> "Are counsellors to fear," i. e., they infect others.

*Serv.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence.—<sup>1</sup> [*Exit Serv.*] Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push  
Will <sup>2</sup> chair me ever, or disseat me now.  
I have liv'd long enough: my <sup>3</sup> May of life  
Is full'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton!—

*Enter SEYTON.*

*Scy.* What is your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

*Scy.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be  
Give me my armor. [*back'd.*]

*Scy.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, <sup>a</sup> skirr the country round;  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.—  
How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that.  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous <sup>4</sup> grief,  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister <sup>5</sup> unto himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.—  
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.—  
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—  
Come, sir, despatch.—If thou could'st, doctor, cast  
The <sup>6</sup> water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—  
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence?—Hear'st thou  
of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me.—  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*]

*Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Country near Dunsinane: a Wood  
in view.

*Enter, with Drum and Colors, MALCOLM, old Si-  
ward, and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH,  
CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers  
marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,  
That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery

Err in report of us.

*Sold.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope;  
For where there is advantage to be <sup>6</sup> gotten,  
Both more and <sup>7</sup> less have given him the revolt,  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Siw.* The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know

What we shall say we have, and what we owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,

But certain issue strokes must <sup>8</sup> arbitrate;

Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

*Enter, with Drums and Colors, MACBETH, SEYTON,  
and Soldiers.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,  
Till famine and the ague eat them up.

Were they not <sup>7</sup> farc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,

<sup>8</sup> [*A cry within, of Women.*]

And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.

<sup>9</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of <sup>10</sup> fear.  
The time has been, my senses would have <sup>11</sup> quail'd  
To hear a night-shriek; and my <sup>12</sup> fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,  
As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors:  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

<sup>12</sup> *Re-enter SEYTON.*

Wherefore was that cry?

*Scy.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have died hereafter:

There would have been a time for such a word.—  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this pretty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story, quickly.

*Mess.* Gracious my lord,

I <sup>13</sup> should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do't.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.

*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar, and slave!

*Mess.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.

<sup>a</sup> Scour.—<sup>b</sup> To cast the water was the empiric phrase for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine.

<sup>c</sup> "Both more and less," i. e., both high and low; those of all ranks.—<sup>d</sup> Arbitrate," i. e., determine.—<sup>e</sup> Fell is skin, and here means the hairy scalp.

Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine <sup>a</sup>cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—  
I pull in resolution; and begin  
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—  
If this, which he avouches, does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.—  
Ring the alarm bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with <sup>b</sup>harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Plain before the  
Castle.

*Enter, with Drums and Colors, MALCOLM, old  
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army with  
Boughs.*

*Mal.* Now near enough: your leafy screens throw  
down,  
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,  
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,  
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well.—  
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. [all breath,  
*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak: give them  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.—The Same. Another Part of the  
Plain.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
I am to fear, or none.

*Enter young SIWARD.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou't be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter  
Than any is in hell. [name,

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth. [title

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce a  
More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. [sword

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman:—  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy  
face!

If thou be slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched <sup>c</sup>kernes, whose arms  
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be:  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems <sup>d</sup>bruited. Let me find him, fortune,  
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord.—The castle's gently  
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war.  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

*Re-enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashies  
Do better upon them.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn.

*Macb.* Of all <sup>e</sup>men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words;  
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

*Macb.* Thou locest labor.  
As easy may'st thou the <sup>e</sup>intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:  
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

*Macd.* Then, yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,  
"Here may you see the tyrant."

*Macb.* I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos'd <sup>f</sup> be of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be he that first cries, "Hold, enough!"  
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colors,  
MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, Thaness, and  
Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd

*Siw.* Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

*Rosse.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's  
He only liv'd but till he was a man, [debt:  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd

<sup>a</sup> "Cling," i. e., wither; shrivel.—<sup>b</sup> Armor.—<sup>c</sup> "Kernes,"  
i. e., foot-soldiers.

<sup>d</sup> "Bruited," i. e., reported with clamor.—<sup>e</sup> "The in-  
trenchant air," i. e., the air which cannot be cut.—<sup>f</sup> "That  
palter with us in a double sense," i. e., that shuffle with am-  
biguous expressions.

In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

*Siv.* Then he is dead?

*Rossc.* Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause  
of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*Siv.* Had he his hurts before?

*Rossc.* Ay, on the front.

*Siv.* Why then, God's soldier be he.

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

*Siv.* He's worth no more:  
They say, he parted well, and paid his score,  
—And God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S Head, on a*  
*<sup>2</sup> Pike.*

*Macd.* Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where  
stands <sup>3</sup>[*Sticking the Pike in the ground.*]  
The usurper's curs'd head: the time is free.

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's <sup>a</sup>pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—  
Hail, king of Scotland!

*All.*

Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of time,  
Before we reckon with your several loves, [men,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and kins-  
Henceforth be earls; the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honor nam'd. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,—  
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time, and place.  
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> "Thy kingdom's pearl," i. e., thy kingdom's ornament.

# HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.



Act V.—Scene 1.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.  
HAMLET, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.  
HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.  
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.  
LAERTES, <sup>1</sup>his Son.  
VOLTIMAND, }  
CORNELIUS, } Courtiers.  
ROSENCRANTZ, }  
GUILDENSTERN, }  
OSRICK, a Courtier.  
Another Courtier.  
A Priest.

MARCELLUS, } Officers.  
BERNARDO. }  
FRANCISCO, a Soldier.  
REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.  
A Captain. <sup>2</sup>Ambassadors.  
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.  
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.  
<sup>3</sup>Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.  
OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, <sup>4</sup>Players, Sailors, Messengers, and <sup>5</sup>Attendants.

SCENE, Elsinore.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. <sup>\*</sup>A Platform before the Castle.

FRANCISCO on his Post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there ?

Fran. Nay, answer me : stand, and unfold Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king !

Fran. Bernardo ?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis <sup>6</sup>new struck twelve : get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard ?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The <sup>a</sup>rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho ! Who is

Hor. Friends to this ground. [there !]

Mar. And <sup>b</sup>liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O ! farewell, honest soldier :

Who hath reliev'd you ?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night. [Exit FRANCISCO.]

Mar. Holla ! Bernardo !

Ber. Say.

What ! is Horatio there ?

<sup>a</sup> "Rivals," i. e., partners ; colleagues.—<sup>b</sup> "Liegemen," i. e., subjects.



*Hor.* A piece of him. [*lus.*]

*Ber.* Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcel-

*Hor.* What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

*Ber.* I have seen nothing.

*Mar.* Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him,  
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:  
Therefore, I have entreated him along  
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;  
That, if again this apparition come,  
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

*Hor.* Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.

*Ber.* Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we two nights have seen.

*Hor.* Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

*Ber.* Last night of all,

When yond' same star, that's westward from the pole,  
Had made his course 't'illuminate that part of heaven  
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,  
The bell then beating one,— [*again!*]

*Mar.* Peace! break thee off: look, where it comes

*Enter Ghost, 'armed.*

*Ber.* In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

*Ber.* Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

*Hor.* Most like:—it harrows me with fear, and

*Ber.* It would be spoke to. [*wonder.*]

*Mar.* Question it, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that fair and warlike form,  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark [*speak!*]  
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee,

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Ber.* See! it stalks away.

*Hor.* Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

*Exit Ghost.*

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer. [*pale.*]

*Ber.* How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look  
Is not this something more than fantasy?  
What think you on't?

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this believe,  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the king?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armor he had on,  
When he th' ambitious Norway combated:  
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parole,  
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange. [*hour,*]

*Mar.* Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead  
With martial stalk hath he gone by your watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work, I know  
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion, [*not;*]  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

*Mar.* Good now, sit down; and tell me, he that  
knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toils the subject of the land?  
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,  
And foreign mart for implements of war?  
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint laborer with the day?  
Who is't, that can inform me?

*Hor.*

That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,  
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet  
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)  
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,  
Well ratified by law and heraldry,  
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands,  
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:

Against the which, a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same 'co-mart,  
And carriage of the article design'd,  
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,  
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,  
For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in't: which is no other  
(As it doth well appear unto our state)  
But to recover of us, by strong hand

And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands  
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations,

The source of this our watch, and the chief head  
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

*Ber.* I think, it be no other, but 'e'en so:

Well may it sort, that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king  
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

*Hor.* A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:<sup>2</sup>

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,

Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse:  
And even the like precurse of fierce events—  
As harbingers preceding still the fates,

And prologue to the omen coming on—  
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
Unto our climatures and countrymen,—

*Re-enter Ghost.*

But soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!  
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,

That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which happily foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which, they say, your spirits oft walk in death,

[*Cock crows.*]

<sup>1</sup> "A moiety competent," i. e., a sufficient portion.—

<sup>2</sup> "Gaged," i. e., pledged.—<sup>3</sup> "Co-mart," i. e., covenant; bargain.—

<sup>4</sup> "Carriage of the article design'd," i. e., fulfilment of the treaty expressed.—

<sup>5</sup> "Unimproved mettle," i. e., untried courage.—

<sup>6</sup> "Shark'd up," i. e., picked up.—

<sup>7</sup> "A ston-ach," i. e., a determined purpose.—

<sup>8</sup> "Romage," i. e., rummage; ransacking.—

<sup>9</sup> "Sort," i. e., suit; fall in with the idea of.—

<sup>10</sup> "Question," i. e., subject.—

<sup>11</sup> "Palmy," i. e., prosperous.—

<sup>12</sup> "The moist star," i. e., the moon.—

<sup>13</sup> "The omen" is put here for the predicted event.

<sup>1</sup> "Approve our eyes," i. e., corroborate our testimony.—  
<sup>2</sup> "Avouch," i. e., evidence.—<sup>3</sup> "Parley; conference.—<sup>4</sup> "Polanders.—<sup>5</sup> "Jump," i. e., just.—<sup>6</sup> "In what particular thought to work," i. e., what particular train of thought to follow.—  
<sup>7</sup> "To impress shipwrights, signifies to retain them for service by giving them *prest* money.—<sup>8</sup> "Toward," i. e., at hand; in preparation.

Speak of it: stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my <sup>a</sup>partisan?

*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.

*Ber.* 'Tis here!

*Hor.* 'Tis here!

*Mar.* 'Tis gone. [Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,

To offer it the show of violence;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

*Ber.* It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started, like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day; and at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

Th' extravagant and <sup>b</sup>erring spirit hies

To his confine; and of the truth herein

This present object made <sup>c</sup>probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever <sup>d</sup>gainst that season comes

Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,

This bird of dawning singeth all night long:

And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,

No fairy <sup>e</sup>takes, nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallow'd and so <sup>e</sup>gracious is that time.

*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,

Walks o'er the dew of yond' high eastern hill.

Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,

Let us impart what we have seen to-night

Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,

This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,

As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know  
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State.

<sup>1</sup>*Sennet.* Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants. <sup>2</sup>The King takes his Seat.

*King.* Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's  
The memory be green, and that it us befitted [death

To <sup>b</sup>athe our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe;

Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,

That we with wisest sorrow think on him,

Together with remembrance of ourselves,

Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,

The imperial jointress of this warlike state,

Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—

With one auspicious, and one drooping eye,

With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and <sup>d</sup>dole,—

Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd

Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone

With this affair along: for all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,

Holding a weak supposal of our worth,

Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death

Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,

<sup>e</sup>Collegued with the dream of his advantage,

He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,

Importing the surrender of those lands

Lost by his father, with all <sup>b</sup>bands of law,

To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.

Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.

Thus much the business is: we have here writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—

Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears

Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress

His farther's gait herein, in that the levies,

The lists, and full proportions, are all made

Out of his subject: and we here dispatch

You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,

For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;

Giving to you no farther personal power

To business with the king, more than the scope

Of these dilated articles allow. <sup>4</sup>[Giving them.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

*Cor. Vol.* In that, and all things, will we show  
our duty.

*King.* We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[Exit VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,

And lose your voice: what would'st thou beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

The head is not more native to the heart,

The hand more <sup>b</sup>instrumental to the mouth,

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What would'st thou have, Laertes?

*Laer.* My dread lord,

Your leave and favor to return to France;

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation,

Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave? What says

Polonius? [Leave,

*Pol.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow

By laborious petition; and, at last,

Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:

I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,

And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

*Ham.* A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[Aside.

*King.* How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

*Ham.* Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy <sup>b</sup>night-like color off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy <sup>b</sup>veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that live must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

*Ham.* Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inkly cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy <sup>b</sup>supplication of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected <sup>b</sup>havior of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,

For they are actions that a man might play;

But I have that within, which passeth show,

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,

Hamlet,

<sup>a</sup>"Partisan," i. e., a sort of pike.—<sup>b</sup>"Erring," i. e., wandering.—<sup>c</sup>"Probation," i. e., proof.—<sup>d</sup>"Takes," i. e., blasts; strikes.—<sup>e</sup>"Gracious," i. e., favored.—<sup>f</sup>"Dole," i. e., grief.—<sup>g</sup>"Collegued," i. e., united.—<sup>h</sup>Bonds.

<sup>1</sup>"Gait," i. e., course; progress.—<sup>2</sup>"More instrumental," i. e., more allied; more necessary.—<sup>3</sup>"With thy veiled lids," i. e., with downcast eyes.—<sup>4</sup>"Supplication," i. e., sob, sigh.—<sup>5</sup>"Havior," i. e., appearance; seeming.

To give these mourning duties to your father:  
 But, you must know, your father lost a father;  
 That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound  
 In filial obligation, for some term,  
 To do <sup>a</sup>obsequious sorrow: but to persevere  
 In obstinate <sup>b</sup>condolement is a course  
 Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:  
 It shows a will most <sup>c</sup>incorrect to heaven;  
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,  
 An understanding simple and unschool'd:  
 For what, we know, must be, and is as common  
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,  
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme  
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
 From the first corse till he that died to-day,  
 "This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth  
 This <sup>d</sup>unprevailing woe, and think of us  
 As of a father; for, let the world take note,  
 You are the most immediate to our throne;  
 And, with no less <sup>e</sup>nobility of love  
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,  
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent  
 In going back to school in Wittenberg  
 It is most <sup>f</sup>retrograde to our desire;  
 And, we beseech you, <sup>g</sup>bend you to remain  
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son. [let.]  
*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Ham—  
 I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.  
*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you, madam.  
*King.* Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:  
 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;  
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet  
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,  
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,  
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,  
 And the king's rouse the heaven shall <sup>h</sup>bruit again,  
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish. Exit King, Queen, Lords, &c.*  
 POLONIUS, and LAERTES.

*Ham.* O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
 Thaw, and <sup>i</sup>resolve itself into a dew;  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
 His <sup>m</sup>canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world.  
 Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
 That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,  
 Possess it <sup>n</sup>merely. That it should come to this!  
 But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:  
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
<sup>o</sup>Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,  
 That he might not <sup>p</sup>betwixt the winds of heaven  
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,  
 As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—  
 Let me not think on't.—F frailty, thy name is wo-  
 man!—

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,  
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
 Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,

(O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
 Would have mourn'd longer)—married with my  
 uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,  
 Than I to Hercules: within a month;  
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
 She married.—O, most wicked speed, to post  
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;  
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

*Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.*

*Hor.* Hail to your lordship!

*Ham.* I am glad to see you:  
 Horatio,—or I do forget myself. [ever.]

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name  
 with you.

And what <sup>q</sup>make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—  
 Marcellus?

*Mar.* My good lord. [sir.]

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you; good even  
 But what, in faith, <sup>r</sup>make you from Wittenberg?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it trustor of your own report

Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student:  
 I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd <sup>s</sup>  
 meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my <sup>t</sup>dearest foe in heaven

Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—

My father,—methinks, I see my father.

*Hor.* O! where, my lord?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

*Hor.* I saw him once: he was a goodly king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw <sup>u</sup>whom?

*Hor.* My lord, the king your father.

*Ham.* The king my father!

*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while

With an <sup>v</sup>attent ear, till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

*Ham.* For God's love, let me hear.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
 Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
 In the dead <sup>w</sup>vast and middle of the night,  
 Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,  
 Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pié,  
 Appears before them, and with solemn march  
 Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,  
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes, [chill'd]  
 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, <sup>x</sup>be-  
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
 Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me  
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did,  
 And I with them the third night kept the watch;  
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

<sup>a</sup> "Obsequious," i. e., dutiful; observant.—<sup>b</sup> "Condolement," i. e., grief.—<sup>c</sup> "Incorrect," i. e., undisciplin'd.—  
<sup>d</sup> "Unavailing"—<sup>e</sup> "Nobility of love," i. e., disinterested love.  
<sup>f</sup> "Impart," i. e., dispense; bestow.—<sup>g</sup> "Retrograde," i. e.,  
 repugnant; contrary.—<sup>h</sup> "Betwixt you," i. e., incline you.  
<sup>i</sup> "Rouse," i. e., convivial draught.—<sup>j</sup> "Bruit," i. e., re-  
 port; resound.—<sup>k</sup> "Dissolve,"—"Canon," i. e., law; rule.—  
<sup>l</sup> "Merely," i. e., solely; absolutely.—<sup>m</sup> "Hyperion," i. e.,  
 Apollo.—<sup>n</sup> "Betwixt," i. e., allow; suffer.

The apparition comes. I knew your father;  
These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.* My lord, I did,

But answer made it none; yet once, methought,  
It lifted up its head, and did address  
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:  
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud,  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
And vanish'd from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honor'd lord, 'tis true;  
And we did think it writ down in our duty,  
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.  
Hold you the watch to-night?

*All.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*All.* Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*All.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then, saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O! yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

*Ham.* What! look'd he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more  
In sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there!

*Hor.* It would have much amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like,

Very like. Stay'd it long? [hundred.

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a

*Mar. Ber.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw it.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzled? no?

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silver'd.

*Ham.* I will watch to-night:

Perchance, 'twill walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:  
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

*All.* Our duty to your honor.

*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

[*Exit* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.  
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;  
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!  
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.  
[*Exit*.

### SCENE III.—A Room in POLONIUS's House.

*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

*Laer.* My necessities are embark'd; farewell:  
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,  
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

*Oph.*

Do you doubt that?

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,  
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;  
No more.

*Oph.* No more but so?

*Laer.*

Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone  
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;  
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch  
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,  
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,  
For he himself is subject to his birth:  
He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends  
The safety and health of this whole state;  
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd  
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,  
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves you  
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,  
As he in his particular act and place  
May give his saying deed; which is no farther,  
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.  
Then, weigh what loss your honor may sustain,  
If with too credent ear you list his songs,  
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open  
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;

And keep you in the rear of your affection,

Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,

If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:

The canker galls the infants of the spring,

Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth

Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:

Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

*Oph.* I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,

As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,

Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,

And recks not his own read.

*Laer.*

O! fear me not.

I stay too long;—but here my father comes.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

A double blessing is a double grace;

Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

*Pol.* Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,

And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with

you; [*Laying his Hand on LAERTES's Head.*

And these few precepts in thy memory

Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:

\* "Crescent," i. e., growing; increasing.—d "In thews," i. e., in sinews and muscular strength.—e "Caute," i. e., deceit; subtlety.—f "Besmirch," i. e., soil.—g "Subject to his birth," i. e., bound by the laws which relate to him as heir to the throne.—h "Credent," i. e., credulous.—i "List," i. e., listen to.—k "Unmaster'd," i. e., licentious.—l "Chariest," i. e., most cautious.—m "Reckless," i. e., negligent.—n "Recks not his own read," i. e., regards not his own lesson.—o "Character," i. e., write; imprint.

a "Address itself," i. e., prepare; make ready.—b The beaver was that part of the helmet which protects the lower part of the face, and may be lifted up.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not dull thy <sup>a</sup> palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,  
Bear't, that th' opposer may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's <sup>b</sup> censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
And they in France, of the best rank and station,  
Are of a most select and generous <sup>c</sup> choice in that.  
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of <sup>d</sup> husbandry.  
This above all,—to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell; my blessing <sup>e</sup> season this in thee!

*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

*Pol.* The time invites you: go; your servants  
<sup>f</sup> tend.

*Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well  
What I have said to you.

*Oph.* 'Tis in my memory lock'd,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell. [*Exit LAERTES.*]

*Pol.* What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the lord

*Pol.* Marry, well bethought: [*Hamlet.*]

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late  
Given private time to you; and you yourself  
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.  
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,  
You do not understand yourself so clearly,  
As it behoves my daughter, and your honor.  
What is between you? give me up the truth.

*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders  
Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection? pooh! you speak like a green girl,  
<sup>g</sup> Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

*Pol.* Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,

<sup>h</sup> Running it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,  
In honorable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his speech,  
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven. [*Know,*

*Pol.* Ay, springs to catch <sup>i</sup> woodcocks. I do

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,

Even in their promise, as it is a making,—

You must not take for fire. From this time,

Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence:

Set your <sup>j</sup> entreatments at a higher rate,

Than a command to parody. For lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young;

And with a larger <sup>k</sup> tether may he walk,  
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,  
Do not believe his vows, for they are <sup>l</sup> brokers  
Not of that die which their investments show,  
But mere <sup>m</sup> implorers of unholy suits,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious <sup>n</sup> bawds,  
The better to beguile. This is for all,—  
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,  
Have you so <sup>o</sup> squander any moment's leisure,  
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.  
Look to't, I charge you; <sup>p</sup> so now, come your ways.  
*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.—The Platform.

*Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping, and an <sup>q</sup> eager air.

*Ham.* What hour now?

*Hor.* I think, it lacks of twelve.

*Mar.* No, it is struck. [*The season,*

*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near  
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot  
off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord? [*A rouse,*

*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night, and takes his  
Keeps <sup>r</sup> wassel, and the swaggering <sup>s</sup> up-spring reels;  
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,  
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,  
And to the manner born,—it is a custom  
More honor'd in the breach, than the observance.  
This heavy-headed revel, east and west  
Makes us tradit'd and tax'd of other nations.  
They <sup>t</sup> clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase  
Soil our <sup>u</sup> addition; and, indeed, it takes  
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,  
The pith and marrow of our attribute.  
So, oft it chances in particular men,  
That for some vicious <sup>v</sup> mole of nature in them,  
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,  
Since nature cannot choose his origin)  
By their <sup>w</sup> o'ergrowth of some <sup>x</sup> complexion,  
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;  
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens  
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—  
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,  
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—  
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,  
As infinite as man may undergo,  
Shall in the general <sup>y</sup> censure take corruption  
From that particular fault: the dram of <sup>z</sup> ill  
Doth all the noble substance often <sup>a</sup> dout,  
To his own scandal.

*Enter Ghost, armed as before.*

*Hor.* Look, my lord! it comes.

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

<sup>b</sup> [*Pause.*]

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,

<sup>a</sup> "Dull thy palm," i. e., render it callous by too frequent shaking hands with strangers.—<sup>b</sup> "Censure," i. e., opinion; judgment.—<sup>c</sup> "Husbandry," i. e., thrift; prudence.—<sup>d</sup> "Season," i. e., temper; make acceptable.—<sup>e</sup> "Tend," i. e., wait; attend.—<sup>f</sup> "Unsifted," i. e., inexperienced.—<sup>g</sup> That is, 'arts to entrap simplicity.'—<sup>h</sup> "Entreatments," i. e., favors.

<sup>i</sup> "With a larger tether," i. e., with more liberty.—<sup>k</sup> "Brokers," i. e., panders.—<sup>l</sup> "Implorers," i. e., "Eager," i. e., sharp.—<sup>m</sup> "His rouse," i. e., his jovial draught.—<sup>n</sup> "Keeps wassel," i. e., devotes the time to festivity.—<sup>o</sup> "Up-spring," i. e., up-start; parvenu.—<sup>p</sup> "Clepe," i. e., call.—<sup>q</sup> That is, 'characterize us by a swinish epithet.'—<sup>r</sup> "Mole," i. e., spot; blemish.—<sup>s</sup> "Complexion," i. e., quality.—<sup>t</sup> "Censure," i. e., judgment; opinion.—<sup>u</sup> "Dout," i. e., do out.

Thou com'st in such a \*questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hamlet,  
King, Father, Royal Dane: O! answer me:  
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,  
Why thy canoniz'd bones, <sup>b</sup>hearsed in death,  
Have burst their <sup>c</sup>cerements? why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*The Ghost beckons HAMLET.*]

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
As if some <sup>e</sup>mpartment did desire  
To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action  
It waves you to a more remov'd ground:  
But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak; then, will I follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?  
I do not set my life at a pin's <sup>f</sup>fee;  
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?—  
It waves me forth again:—I'll follow it. [lord,

*Hor.* What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my  
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,  
That <sup>g</sup>beetles o'er his base into the sea,  
And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of <sup>h</sup>reason,  
And draw you into madness? think of it:  
The very place puts <sup>i</sup>toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.

*Ham.* It waves me still.—Go on,  
I'll follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be rul'd: you shall not go. <sup>j</sup>[*They struggle.*]

*Ham.* My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

[*Ghost beckons.*]

Still am I call'd.—Unhand me, gentlemen:—

[*Breaking from them.*]

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that <sup>k</sup>lets me:—  
I say, away!—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*]

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hor.* Have after.—To what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

*Hor.* <sup>l</sup>Heaven's will direct it!

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A more remote Part of the Platform.

*Enter Ghost and HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go

*Ghost.* Mark me. [no farther.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!

*Ghost.* Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

*Ham.* Speak; I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt

*Ham.* What? [hear.

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confin'd to <sup>m</sup>lasting fires,  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,  
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand an end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:  
But this eternal <sup>n</sup>blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!—  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

*Ham.* O God! [der.

*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural mur-

*Ham.* Murder?

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural. [swift

*Ham.* Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as  
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt;

And duller should'st thou be, than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Would'st stir not in this: now, Hamlet, hear.  
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,  
A serpent stung me: so the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O, my prophetic soul! my uncle?

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,  
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.  
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!  
From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage; and to decline  
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor  
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,  
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air:  
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,  
My custom always in the afternoon,  
Upon my <sup>o</sup>secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed <sup>p</sup>hebenon in a phial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous <sup>q</sup>distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body;

\* "Questionable," i. e., conversable; inviting question.—  
<sup>b</sup> Entombed.—<sup>c</sup> "Cerements," i. e., grave-clothes.—<sup>d</sup> "Dis-  
position," i. e., frame of mind.—<sup>e</sup> "Impartment," i. e., com-  
munication.—<sup>f</sup> "At a pin's fee," i. e., at the value of a pin.—  
<sup>g</sup> "Beetles," i. e., juts; overhangs.—<sup>h</sup> "That is," "Which might  
deprive you of your <sup>i</sup>command of reason,"—<sup>j</sup> "Toys," i. e.,  
whims.—<sup>k</sup> "Lets me," i. e., hinders me.

<sup>l</sup> "Blazon," i. e., discovery; display.—<sup>m</sup> "Secure," i. e.,  
unguarded.—<sup>n</sup> "Hebenon" is the poisonous *henbane*.—<sup>o</sup> "Distil-  
ment," i. e., distilled juice.

And with a sudden vigor it doth <sup>a</sup>posset,  
 And curd, like <sup>b</sup>eager droppings into milk,  
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;  
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
 Most <sup>c</sup>lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust  
 All my smooth body.  
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once <sup>1</sup>despoiled:  
 Cut off even in the <sup>2</sup>blossom of my sin,  
<sup>4</sup>Unhousel'd, <sup>e</sup>disappointed, <sup>f</sup>unaneled:  
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
 With all my imperfections on my head:  
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!  
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,  
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
 Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,  
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.  
 The glow-worm shows the matins to be near,  
 And 'gins to pale his <sup>g</sup>uneffectual fire:  
 Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*]

*Ham.* O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—<sup>3</sup>Hold, heart;  
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
 But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee?  
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
 In this distracted <sup>h</sup>globe. Remember thee?  
 Yea, from the table of my memory  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
 That youth and observation copied there,  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!  
 O, most pernicious <sup>i</sup>and perfidious woman!  
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:—

[*Writing.*]  
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
 It is,—"Adieu, adieu! remember me."  
 I have sworn't.

*Hor.* [*Within.*] My lord! my lord!

*Mar.* [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet!

*Hor.* [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!

*Mar.* [*Within.*] So be it!

*Hor.* [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho! boy! come, bird, <sup>i</sup>come.

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

*Mar.* How is't, my noble lord?

*Hor.* What news, my lord?

*Ham.* O, wonderful!

*Hor.* Good my lord, tell it.

*Ham.* No;

You'll reveal it.

*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by heaven.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord.

*Ham.* How say you, then; would heart of man  
 once think it?—

But you'll be secret.

*Hor. Mar.* Ay, by heaven, my lord.

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark but he's an arrant knave.

*Hor.* There needs no ghost, my lord, come from To tell us this. [*the grave*]

*Ham.* Why, right; you are i' the right;

And so, without more <sup>a</sup>circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:

You, as your business and desire shall point you,

For every man hath business and desire,

Such as it is; and, for mine own poor part,

Look you, I'll go pray. [*lrd.*]

*Hor.* These are but wild and whirling words, my

*Ham.* I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,  
 Faith, heartily.

*Hor.* There's no offence, my lord.

*Ham.* Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:

For you desire to know what is between us,

O'er-master 't as you may. And now, good friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

*Hor.* What is't, my lord?

*Mar.* <sup>b</sup>We will. [*night.*]

*Ham.* Never make known what you have seen to

*Hor. Mar.* My lord, we will not.

*Ham.* Nay, but swear't.

*Hor.* In faith,

My lord, not I.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord, in faith.

*Ham.* Upon my sword.

*Mar.* We have sworn, my lord, already.

*Ham.* Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there,  
 true-penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—  
 Consent to swear.

*Hor.* Propose the oath, my lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen,  
 Swear by my sword.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear. [*ground.—*]

*Ham.* <sup>c</sup>*Hic et ubique?* then, we'll shift our

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear. [*so fast?*]

*Ham.* Well said, old mole! can't work i' the earth

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

*Hor.* O day and night, but this is wondrous  
 strange!

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if  
 we would;"— [*might;*]

Or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be, an if they

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me:—this need not do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,

Swear.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear.

<sup>a</sup> "Posset," i. e., conglutinate.—<sup>b</sup> "Eager" (Fr. *aigre*), i. e., sour; acid.—<sup>c</sup> "Lazar-like," i. e., leprous.—<sup>d</sup> "Unhousel'd," i. e., without having received the sacrament.—<sup>e</sup> "Disappointed," i. e., unprepared.—<sup>f</sup> "Unaneled," i. e., without extreme unction.—<sup>g</sup> "Un-effectual fire" is light without heat.—<sup>h</sup> "This distracted globe," i. e., this head confused with thought.—<sup>i</sup> This is the call which falconers use to their hawks in the air when they would have them come down.

<sup>k</sup> "Circumstance," i. e., circumlocution.—<sup>l</sup> "*Hic et ubique*," i. e., here and everywhere.

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen, With all my love I do commend me to you: And what so poor a man as Hamlet is May do, t' express his love and friending to you, God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together; And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.— The time is out of joint; O cursed spite! That ever I was born to set it right.—  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A Room in POLONIUS's House.

*Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.*

*Pol.* Give him this money, and these notes, *Rey.*  
*Rey.* I will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]  
*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Rey.*  
Before you visit him, to make inquiry [*Exeunt.*]  
Of his behavior.

*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it. [*Exeunt.*]  
*Pol.* Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, Inquire me first what <sup>a</sup>Danckers are in Paris; And how, and who, what means, and where they keep, What company, at what expense; and finding, By this <sup>b</sup>encompassment and drift of question, That they do know my son, come you more nearer Than your particular demands will touch it. Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him; As thus,—“I know his father, and his friends, And, in part, him:”—do you mark this, *Reynaldo*?

*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]  
*Pol.* “And, in part, him; but,” you may say, “not But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild, Addicted so and so;”—and there put on him What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank As may dishonor him? take heed of that; But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual <sup>c</sup>slips, As are companions noted and most known To youth and liberty.

*Rey.* As gaming, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]  
*Pol.* Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrel-  
<sup>d</sup>Drabbing:—you may go so far.

*Rey.* My lord, that would dishonor him.  
*Pol.* 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge. You must not put another scandal on him, That he is open to incontinency: [*Exeunt.*]  
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so That they may seem the taints of liberty; The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind; A <sup>e</sup>savageness in unreclaimed blood, Of general <sup>f</sup>assault.

*Rey.* But, my good lord,—  
*Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?  
*Rey.* Ay, my lord,  
I would know that.

*Pol.* Marry, sir here's my drift; And, I believe, it is a <sup>g</sup>fetch of warrant. You laying these slight sullies on my son, As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working, Mark you, Your party in converse, him you would sound, Having ever seen in the <sup>h</sup>prenominate crimes The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd, He closes with you in this consequence: “Good sir,” or so; or “friend,” or “gentleman,”—

According to the phrase, or the addition Of man, and country.

*Rey.* Very good, my lord.

*Pol.* And then, sir, does he this,—he does— What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was About to say something:—where did I leave?

*Rey.* At closes in the consequence, As “friend or so,” and “gentleman.”

*Pol.* At, closes in the consequence,—ay, marry; He closes thus:—“I know the gentleman; I saw him yesterday, or t'other day, Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say, There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse; There falling out at tennis: or perchance, I saw him enter such a house of sale, *Videlicet*, a brothel” or so forth. See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth: And thus do we of wisdom and of reach, With windlasses, and with assays of <sup>i</sup>bias, By indirections find directions out: So, by my former lecture and advice, Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

*Rey.* My lord, I have.

*Pol.* God be wi' you; fare you well.

*Rey.* Good my lord.

*Pol.* Observe his inclination in <sup>k</sup>yourself.

*Rey.* I shall, my lord.

*Pol.* And let him ply his music.

*Rey.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter OPHELIA.*

*Pol.* Farewell!—How now, *Ophelia*? what's the matter?

*Oph.* Alas, my lord! I have been so affrighted!

*Pol.* With what, in the name of God?

*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;

No hat upon his head; his stockings <sup>l</sup>foul'd,

Ungarter'd, and <sup>m</sup>down-gyved to his ancle;

Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

And with a look so piteous in purport,

As if he had been loosed out of hell,

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

*Pol.* Mad for thy love?

*Oph.* My lord, I do not know;

But, truly, I do fear it.

*Pol.* What said he?

*Oph.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm,

And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

He falls to such <sup>n</sup>perusal of my face,

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so:

At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,

That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,

And end his being. That done, he lets me go,

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;

For out o' doors he went without their help,

And to the last bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.

This is the very <sup>o</sup>ecstasy of love;

Whose violent property <sup>p</sup>fordoes itself,

And leads the will to desperate undertakings,

As oft as any passion under heaven,

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—

What! have you given him any hard words of late?

<sup>a</sup> “Danckers,” i. e., Danes. — <sup>b</sup> “Encompassment,” i. e., circumlocution. — <sup>c</sup> “Slips,” i. e., errors; fallings. — <sup>d</sup> “Drabbing,” i. e., harlotry. — <sup>e</sup> “Savageness,” i. e., wildness. — <sup>f</sup> “Of general assault,” i. e., such as youth is generally assailed by. — <sup>g</sup> “Fetch of warrant,” i. e., justifiable stratagem. — <sup>h</sup> “Prenominate,” i. e., beforenamed.

<sup>i</sup> That is, “by crook'd devices and side essays.” — <sup>k</sup> “In yourself,” i. e., by your own observations. — <sup>l</sup> “Foul'd,” i. e., in wrinkles. — <sup>m</sup> “Down-gyved,” i. e., hanging down like gyves or fetters. — <sup>n</sup> “Perusal,” i. e., survey; examination. — <sup>o</sup> “Madness.” — <sup>p</sup> “Fordoes,” i. e., undoes.



*Oph.* No, my good lord; but, as you did command, I did repel his letters, and denied His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad. I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not <sup>a</sup>quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle, And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy. By heaven, it is as proper to our age To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions, As it is common for the younger sort To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king: This must be known; which, being kept close, might move More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.*

*King.* Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern:

Moreover, that we much did long to see you, The need we have to use you, did provoke Our hasty sending. Something have you heard Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it, <sup>b</sup>Sith nor th' exterior nor the inward man Resembles that it was. What it should be, More than his father's death, that thus hath put him So much from the understanding of himself, I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, That, being of so young days brought up with him, And since so neighbor'd to his youth and humor, That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court Some little time; so by your companies To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather, So much as from occasion you may glean, Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus, That, open'd, lies within our remedy. [you;]

*Queen.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of And, sure I am, two men there are not living, To whom he more adheres. If it will please you To show us so much <sup>c</sup>gentry, and good will, As to expend your time with us a while, For the supply and <sup>d</sup>profit of our hope, Your visitation shall receive such thanks As fits a king's remembrance.

*Ros.* Both your majesties Might, by the sovereign power you have <sup>e</sup>of us, Put your dread pleasures more into command Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* But we both obey; And here give up ourselves, in the full bent, To lay our service freely at your feet, To be commanded. [stern.]

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz. And I beseech you instantly to visit

My too much changed son.—Go, some of you, And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*Guil.* Heavens make our presence, and our practices Pleasant and helpful to him! [times,]

*Queen.* Ay, amen! [Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and some Attendants.]

*Enter POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord, Are joyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.

<sup>a</sup> "Quoted," i. e., observed.—<sup>b</sup> "Sith nor," i. e., since neither.—<sup>c</sup> "Gentry," i. e., gentle courtesy.—<sup>d</sup> "Supply and profit," i. e., aid and advantage.—<sup>e</sup> "Of us," i. e., over us.—<sup>f</sup> "In the full bent," i. e., most willingly.

*Pol.* Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege, I hold my duty, as I hold my soul, Both to my God, one to my gracious king: And I do think, (or else this brain of mine Hunts not the trail of policy so sure As it hath us'd to do) that I have found The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

*King.* O! speak of that; that do I long to hear. *Pol.* Give first admittance to th' ambassadors; My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

*King.* Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [Exit POLONIUS.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found The head and source of all your son's distemper.

*Queen.* I doubt, it is no other but the main; His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

*Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*

*King.* Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends.

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

*Volt.* Most fair return of greetings, and desires. Upon our first, he sent out to suppress His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack, But, better look'd into, he truly found It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,— That so his sickness, age, and impotence, Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests On Fortinbras; which he in brief obeys, Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine, Makes vow before his uncle, never more To give th' assay of arms against your majesty. Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee, And his commission to employ those soldiers, So levied as before, against the Polack: With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Giving a Paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass Through your dominions for this enterprise, On such <sup>a</sup>regards of safety, and allowance, As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well; And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read, Answer, and think upon this business: Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labor. Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together: Most welcome home.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

*Pol.* This business is well ended. My liege, and madam; to <sup>b</sup>expostulate What majesty should be, what duty is, Why day is day, night night, and time is time, Were nothing but to waste <sup>c</sup>day, night, and time. Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, I will be brief. Your noble son is mad: Mad call I it; for, to define true madness, What is't, but to be nothing else but mad: But let that go.

*Queen.* More matter, with less art.

*Pol.* Madam, I swear, I use no art at all. That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity, And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;

<sup>a</sup> "Trail," i. e., trace; track.—<sup>b</sup> "The fruit," i. e., dessert.—<sup>c</sup> "The Polack," i. e., Poland.—<sup>d</sup> "Falsely borne in hand," i. e., deceived; imposed upon.—<sup>e</sup> "To give th' assay of arms," i. e., to attempt any thing by force of arms.—<sup>f</sup> "Three thousand crowns in annual fee," i. e., a fee in land of the annual value of three thousand crowns.—<sup>g</sup> "Regards," i. e., conditions.—<sup>h</sup> "It likes," i. e., it pleases.—<sup>i</sup> "To expostulate," i. e., to inquire.

But farewell it, for I will use no art.  
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains,  
That we find out the cause of this effect;  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause:  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
\* Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;  
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.

<sup>1</sup> [Reads.

—“To the celestial, and my soul’s idol, the most  
beautified Ophelia,”—

That’s an ill phrase, a vile phrase; “beautified” is  
a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:

“In her excellent white bosom, these,” &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.—

“Doubt thou the stars are fire, [Reads.

Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt I love.

“O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers: I  
have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love  
thee best, O! most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst  
this machine is to him, Hamlet.”

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;

And more above, hath his solicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she

Receiv’d his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful, and honorable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you  
think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,

(As I perceiv’d it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me) what might you,

Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,

If I had play’d the desk, or table-book:

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;

Or look’d upon this love with idle sight;

What might you think? no, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:

“Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;

This must not be:” and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;

And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,

Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;

Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;

Thence to a lightness; and by this declension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves,

And <sup>2</sup> we all wail for.

King. Do you think ’tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely. [that,

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I’d fain know

That I have positively said, “’Tis so,”

When it prov’d otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

King. How may we try it farther?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks <sup>3</sup> for hours  
Here in the lobby. [together,

Queen. So he doth, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I’ll loose my daughter to him:

Be you and I behind an arras, then:

Mark the encounter; if he love her not,

And be not from his reason fallen thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state,

But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch  
comes reading.

Pol. Away! I do beseech you, both away.

I’ll board him presently:—O! give me leave.

[Exit King, Queen, and Attendants.

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then, I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes,  
is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That’s very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead  
dog, being a good kissing carrion,—Have you a  
daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i’ the sun: conception is  
a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive:  
—friend, look to’t.

Pol. [Aside.] How say you by that? Still harp-  
ing on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first;  
he said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far  
gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much ex-  
tremity for love; very near this. I’ll speak to him  
again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says  
here, that old men have grey beards; that their  
faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber,  
and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful  
lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of  
which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently  
believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set  
down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am,  
if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is meth-  
od in’t. [Aside.] Will you walk out of the air, my  
lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o’ the air.—<sup>4</sup> [Aside.]

How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a hap-  
piness that often madness hits on, which reason and  
sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I  
will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of  
meeting between him and my daughter.—<sup>5</sup> [To him.]  
My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave  
of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing  
that I will more willingly part withal; except my  
life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

\* “Perpend,” i. e., reflect; consider.—<sup>2</sup> That is, “Or given  
my heart a hint to be mute about their passion.”—<sup>3</sup> “Round,”  
i. e., roundly; without reserve.—<sup>4</sup> “Out of thy star,” i. e.,  
placed above thee by destiny.

\* Arras is tapestry, so called from the city of Arras, where  
it was manufactured.—<sup>1</sup> “Board him,” i. e., accost, address  
him.—<sup>2</sup> “Pregnant,” i. e., replete with meaning; ready;  
apt.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Pol.* You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

*Ros.* God save you, sir!

[*To* POLONIUS.  
[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

*Guil.* Mine honor'd lord!—

*Ros.* My most dear lord!

*Ham.* My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah! Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guil.* Happy, in that we are not overhappy;  
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe?

*Ros.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favors?

*Guil.* 'Faith, her privates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of fortune? O! most true: she is a strumpet. What news?

*Ros.* None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

*Guil.* Prison, my lord!

*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.

*Ros.* Then, is the world one.

*Ham.* A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst.

*Ros.* We think not so, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so; to me it is a prison.

*Ros.* Why then, your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

*Ham.* O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

*Guil.* Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Ros.* Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

*Ham.* Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs, and outstretched heroes, the beggar's shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my 'fay, I cannot reason.

*Ros. Guil.* We'll wait upon you.

*Ham.* No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what<sup>b</sup> make you at Elsinore?

*Ros.* To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come come; nay, speak.

*Guil.* What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Why any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to 'color: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

*Ros.* What say you?

[*To* GUILDENSTERN.]

*Ham.* Nay, then I have an 'eye of you. [*Aside.*—If you love me, hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moults no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this 'brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fires, why, it appeareth nothing to me, but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; [*Ros. smiles.*] no, no woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

*Ros.* My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh, then, when I said, man delights not me?

*Ros.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what<sup>1</sup> lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we 'coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his 'foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis: the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the 'sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

*Ros.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chanceth it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

*Ros.* I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

*Ros.* No, indeed, they are not.

*Ham.* How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

*Ros.* Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an 'merry of children, little 'nyases, that cry out on the top of 'question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so 'berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

<sup>a</sup> "Consonancy," i. e., agreement; fellowship.—<sup>b</sup> "I have an eye of you," i. e., I have an inkling of your purpose.—<sup>c</sup> "Brave," i. e., splendid; fine.—<sup>d</sup> "Congregation," i. e., collection.—<sup>e</sup> "Lenten," i. e., scanty; meagre.—<sup>f</sup> "Coted," i. e., overtook.—<sup>g</sup> "Foil," i. e., fencing blade.—<sup>h</sup> "Tickled o' the sere," i. e., tickled with a dry cough or huskiness.—<sup>i</sup> "An eryr," i. e., a nest; a brood.—<sup>j</sup> "Little nyases," i. e., young nestlings: properly, unfledged hawks.—<sup>k</sup> "On the top of question," i. e., at the top of their voice.—<sup>l</sup> "Berattle," i. e., fill with noise.

<sup>a</sup> "By my 'fay," i. e., by my faith.—<sup>b</sup> "What make you," i. e., what do you.—<sup>c</sup> "To color," i. e., to disguise.

*Ham.* What! are they children? who maintains them? how are they <sup>a</sup>escoted? Will they pursue the <sup>b</sup>quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are not better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

*Ros.* Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

*Ham.* Is it possible?

*Guil.* O! there has been much throwing about of brains.

*Ham.* Do the boys carry it away?

*Ros.* Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules, and his <sup>d</sup>load too.

*Ham.* It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make <sup>e</sup>mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Blood! there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Trumpets within.*]

*Guil.* There are the players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then; the appearance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me <sup>f</sup>comply with you in this garb, lest my <sup>g</sup>extent to the players (which, I tell you, must show fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

*Guil.* In what, my dear lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* Well be with you, gentlemen!

*Ham.* Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

*Ros.* Haply, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

*Pol.* My lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buz, Buz!

*Pol.* Upon my honor,—

*Ham.* Then came each actor on his ass,—

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of <sup>h</sup>writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

*Ham.* O Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

*Pol.* What treasure had he, my lord?

*Ham.* Why—

"One fair daughter, and no more,  
The which he loved passing well."

*Pol.* Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*]

*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

*Pol.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Pol.* What follows, then, my lord?

*Ham.* Why,

"As by lot, God wot,"

And then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was,"

The first <sup>i</sup>row of the pious <sup>k</sup>chanson will show you more; for look, where my <sup>l</sup>abridgment comes.

*Enter* Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all.—I am glad to see thee well!—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! why, thy face is <sup>m</sup>valenced since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress! By'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a <sup>n</sup>chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

*1 Play.* What speech, my good lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas <sup>o</sup>caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the <sup>p</sup>top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, <sup>q</sup>there was no salt in the lines to make the matter savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might <sup>r</sup>indict the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas <sup>s</sup>Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line:—

let me see, let me see;—  
"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,"

—'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,

"Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

"When he lay couched in the ominous horse,

"Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd

"With heraldry more dismal; head to foot

"Now is he total <sup>t</sup>gules; horribly <sup>u</sup>trick'd

"With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;

"Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,

"That lend a tyrannous and a damned light

"To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath, and fire,

"And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,

"With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus

"Old grandsire Priam seeks;"—

So proceed you.

*Pol.* 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

*1 Play.* "Anon he finds him

<sup>a</sup> "Escoted," i. e., paid. — <sup>b</sup> "The quality," i. e., the profession. — <sup>c</sup> To tarre them, is to set them on. — <sup>d</sup> The sign of Shake-speare's theatre is said to have been *Hercules carrying the globe*. — <sup>e</sup> Mouths. — <sup>f</sup> "Comply with you in this garb," i. e., embrace you in this fashion. — <sup>g</sup> "Extent," i. e., extending of the hand in friendship. — <sup>h</sup> Writ for writing.

<sup>i</sup> "Row," i. e., column. — <sup>k</sup> "Chanson," i. e., ballad. — <sup>l</sup> "My abridgment," i. e., those who come to abridge my talk. — <sup>m</sup> "Valenced," i. e., fringed with a beard. — <sup>n</sup> A chopine was a clog or shoe with a thick cork sole. — <sup>o</sup> Caviare was a condiment not generally relished. — <sup>p</sup> "In the top of," i. e., above. — <sup>q</sup> "Indict," i. e., impeach. — <sup>r</sup> Gules, in heraldry is red. — <sup>s</sup> "Trick'd," i. e., colored.

"Striking too short at Greeks: his antique sword,  
 "Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
 "Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,  
 "Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;  
 "But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
 "The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ham,  
 "Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
 "Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash  
 "Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword  
 "Which was declining on the milky head  
 "Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:  
 "So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;  
 "And, like a neutral to his will and matter,  
 "Did nothing.  
 "But, as we often see, against some storm,  
 "A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
 "The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
 "As <sup>b</sup>hush'd as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
 "Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,  
 "Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work,  
 "And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
 "On Mars's armor, forg'd for proof <sup>c</sup>eternae,  
 "With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
 "Now falls on Priam.—  
 "Out, out, thou trumpet, Fortune! All you gods,  
 "In general synod, take away her power;  
 "Break all the spokes and fellys from her wheel,  
 "And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,  
 "As low as to the fiends!"

*Pol.* This is too long.  
*Ham.* It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—  
 Prythee, say on: he's for a <sup>d</sup>jig, or a tale of bawdry,  
 or he sleeps. Say on: come to Hecuba.

*1 Play.* "But who, O! who had seen the <sup>e</sup>mobled queen?"—

*Ham.* The mobled queen?

*Pol.* That's good; mobled queen is good.

*1 Play.* "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames

"With bisson <sup>f</sup>rheum; a clout upon that head,  
 "Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe  
 "About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,  
 "A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up;  
 "Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,  
 "Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced:

"But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
 "When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport  
 "In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,  
 "The instant burst of clamor that she made,  
 "(Unless things mortal move them not at all)  
 "Would have made <sup>g</sup>milch the burning eyes of heaven,  
 "And <sup>h</sup>passionate <sup>i</sup>the gods."

*Pol.* Look, whether he has not turned his color, and has tears in's eyes!—Prythee, no more.

*Ham.* 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts, and brief chronicles, of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

*Pol.* My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

*Ham.* God's bodkin, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should <sup>j</sup>scape whipping? Use them after their own honor and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come, sirs.

[*Exit* POLONIUS, with some of the Players.

*Ham.* Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play the murder of Gonzago?

*1 Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

*1 Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*] My good friends, [*To Ros. and GUIL.*] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

*Ros.* Good my lord!

[*Enter* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

*Ham.* Ay, so, good bye you.—Now I am alone.—O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous, that this player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit, That from her working all his visage <sup>k</sup>wann'd; Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function suiting With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing: For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That he should weep for her? What would he do, Had he the motive and the <sup>k</sup>cue for passion, That I have? He would drown the stage with tears, And cleave the general ear with horrid speech; Make mad the guilty, and appal the free, Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed, The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I, A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, <sup>l</sup>peak, Like <sup>m</sup>"John a-dreams," unpregnant of my cause, And can say nothing; no, not for a king, Upon whose property, and most dear life, A damn'd <sup>n</sup>defeat was made. Am I a coward? Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across? Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face? Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha! 'Swords! I should take it; for it cannot be, But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall To make <sup>o</sup>transgression bitter, or ere this I should have fatted all the region kites With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain! Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, <sup>p</sup>kindless villain! O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave; That I, the son of a dear father murder'd, Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell, Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words, And fall a cursing, like a very <sup>q</sup>drab, A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! <sup>r</sup>"About my brain!"—I have heard, That guilty creatures, sitting at a play, Have by the very cunning of the scene Been struck so to the soul, that presently They have proclaimed their <sup>s</sup>malefactions; For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players Play something like the murder of my father,

<sup>1</sup> "Wann'd," i. e., turned pale or wan.—<sup>2</sup> "The cue," i. e., the hint or prompt-word: a technical phrase among players.—<sup>3</sup> "Peak," i. e., sneak.—<sup>4</sup> "John a-dreams" was a common term for a droning simpleton.—<sup>5</sup> "Unpregnant of," i. e., unimpressed with.—<sup>6</sup> "Defeat here signifies destruction."—<sup>7</sup> "Kindless," i. e., unnatural.—<sup>8</sup> "Drab," i. e., harlot.—<sup>9</sup> "About my brain!" i. e., To work, my brain!—<sup>10</sup> "Malefactions," i. e., evil deeds.

\* "The rack," i. e., the clouds.—<sup>b</sup> "As hush," i. e., as silent.—<sup>c</sup> "Eternal."—<sup>d</sup> "Jig," i. e., ballad; ditty.—<sup>e</sup> "Mobled," i. e., muffled.—<sup>f</sup> "Bisson rheum," i. e., blinding tears.—<sup>g</sup> "Made milch," i. e., filled with tears.—<sup>h</sup> "And passionate the gods," i. e., "And excited the compassion of the gods."

Before mine uncle : I'll observe his looks ;  
 I'll <sup>a</sup>tent him to the quick : if he but <sup>b</sup>blench,  
 I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,  
 May be the devil ; and the devil hath power  
 T' assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and, perhaps,  
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,  
 As he is very potent with such spirits,  
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds  
 More <sup>c</sup>relative than this : the play's the thing,  
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.  
 [Exit.]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference,  
 Get from him why he puts on this confusion,  
 Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
 With turbulent and dangerous Innacy ?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted ;  
 But from what cause he will by no means speak.

GUIL. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,  
 But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,  
 When we would bring him on to some confession  
 Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well ?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

GUIL. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question ; but <sup>1</sup>to our demands  
 Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him  
 To any pastime ?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players  
 We <sup>a</sup>o'er-raught on the way : of these we told him ;  
 And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
 To hear of it. They are about the court ;  
 And, as I think, they have already order  
 This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true :  
 And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,  
 To hear and see the matter. [tent me]

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much con-  
 To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a farther <sup>c</sup>edge,  
 And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too ;  
 For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,  
 That he, as 'twere by accident, may here [pials]  
 'Affront Ophelia : her father, and myself (lawful <sup>e</sup>es-  
 Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,  
 We may of their encounter frankly judge ;  
 And gather by him, as he is behav'd,  
 If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,  
 That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.—  
 And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,  
 That your good beauties be the happy cause  
 Of Hamlet's wildness ; so shall I hope, your virtues  
 Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
 To both your honors.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please  
 you,

We will <sup>b</sup>bestow ourselves.—Read on this book,  
 [To OPHELIA.]

That show of such an exercise may color  
 Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—  
 'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,  
 And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
 The devil himself.

King. O ! 'tis too true.—[Aside.] How smart  
 A lash that speech doth give my conscience !  
 The harlot's cheek, beautified with plastering art,  
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,  
 Than is my deed to my most painted word.  
 O heavy burden !

Pol. I hear him coming : let's withdraw, my lord.

[Exeunt King and POLONIUS. <sup>2</sup>Manet  
 OPHELIA behind, reading.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be : that is the question :—  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And by opposing end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—  
 No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep :—  
 To sleep ! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the rub ;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal <sup>1</sup>coil,  
 Must give us pause. There's the <sup>2</sup>respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life :  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of <sup>3</sup>time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare <sup>4</sup>bodkin ? who would <sup>5</sup>fardels bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,—  
 The undiscover'd country, from whose <sup>6</sup>bourn  
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of !  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you now !  
 The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy <sup>7</sup>perious  
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. <sup>8</sup>[Coming forward] Good my lord,  
 How does your honor for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thank you ; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
 That I have longed long to re-deliver ;  
 I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I ;  
 I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honor'd lord, <sup>9</sup>I know right well you did ;  
 And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd  
 As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,  
 Take these again ; for to the noble mind,  
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
 There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

<sup>a</sup> "Tent him," i. e., probe him.—<sup>b</sup> "Blench," i. e., shrink ; start back.—<sup>c</sup> "More relative," i. e., more intimately connected.—<sup>d</sup> "O'er-raught," i. e., overtook.—<sup>e</sup> "Edge," i. e., relish.—<sup>f</sup> "Affront," i. e., confront.—<sup>g</sup> "Espials," i. e., spies.

<sup>h</sup> "Bestow," i. e., hide ; place.—<sup>i</sup> "This mortal coil," i. e., the tumult and bustle of this life.—<sup>k</sup> "The respect," i. e., the consideration.—<sup>l</sup> "Of time," i. e., of the time.—<sup>m</sup> "Bodkin" was the term for a small dagger.—<sup>n</sup> "Fardels," i. e., burdens.—<sup>o</sup> "Bourn," i. e., bound ; limit.—<sup>p</sup> "Orisons," i. e., prayers.

*Oph.* My lord!

*Ham.* Are you fair?

*Oph.* What means your lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

*Ham.* Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery: why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

*Oph.* O! help him, you sweet heavens!

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

*Oph.* Heavenly powers, restore him!

*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings too, well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more on't: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit HAMLET.]

*Oph.* O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state, [sword:] The glass of fashion, and the mould of 'a form, Th' observ'd of all observers, quite down! And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, That suck'd the honey of his music vows, Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh; That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth, Blasted with 'ecstasy. O, woe is me! To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

*Re-enter King and POLONIUS.*

*King.* Love! his affections do not that way tend; Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little, Was not like madness. There's something in his soul, O'er which his melancholy sits on brood; And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose, Will be some danger: which for to prevent, I have, in quick determination,

Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England, For the demand of our neglected tribute:

Haply, the seas, and countries different,

With variable objects, shall expel

This something settled matter in his heart,

Whereon his brain still beating puts him thus

From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

*Pol.* It shall do well: but yet do I believe,

The origin and commencement of his grief

Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!

You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;

We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;

But, if you hold it fit, after the play

Let his queen mother all alone entreat him

To show his griefs: let her be 'round with him;

And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear

Of all their conference. If she find him not,

To England send him; or confine him where

Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.*

It shall be so:

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[Exit.]

## SCENE II.—A Hall in the Same.

*Enter HAMLET, and certain Players, <sup>2</sup>unready.*

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the 'groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing 'Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

*1 Play.* I warrant your honor.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and 'pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your 'allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

*1 Play.* I hope, we have reformed that indifferent-ly with us.

*Ham.* O! reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will

<sup>a</sup> "The mould of form," i. e., the model by whom all endeavored to form themselves.—<sup>b</sup> "Ecstasy," i. e., insanity.

<sup>c</sup> "Round," i. e., plain; candid.—<sup>d</sup> The groundlings were the spectators in the pit of the theatre.—<sup>e</sup> Termagant, in old romances, was the name given to the tempestuous god of the Saracens.—<sup>f</sup> "Pressure," i. e., impression; resemblance.—<sup>g</sup> "Allowance," i. e., estimation; approval.

themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary "question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.— [Exeunt Players.]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

[Exit POLONIUS.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. What, ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O! my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter; For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits, To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No; like the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, And crook the <sup>b</sup>pregnant lingings of the knee, Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear? Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, And could of men distinguish, her election Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing; A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those, Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled, That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what stop she please. Give me that man That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee.—Something too much of this.— There is a play to-night before the king: One scene of it comes near the circumstance, Which I have told thee, of my father's death: I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe mine uncle: if his <sup>c</sup>occulted guilt Do not itself unkennel in one speech, It is a damned ghost that we have seen, And my imaginations are as foul As Vulcan's <sup>d</sup>stithy. Give him heedful note; For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, And, after, we will both our judgments join In <sup>e</sup>censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord; If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing, And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play: I must be idle; Get you a place.

<sup>1</sup> Sennet. Danish March. <sup>2</sup> Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet: these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine none.—My lord, you played once in the university, you say? [To POLONIUS.]

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they 'stay upon your patience

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet; sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [To the King.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA's Feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord. [Legs.]

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids'

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by'r-lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, "For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot."

Trumpets sound. The dumb Show enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you will show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

<sup>a</sup> "Question," i. e., point.—<sup>b</sup> "Pregnant," i. e., quick; ready.—<sup>c</sup> "Occulted," i. e., concealed; secret.—<sup>d</sup> "Stithy," i. e., smithy; workshop.—<sup>e</sup> "Censure," i. e., opinion.

<sup>f</sup> "They stay upon your patience," i. e., they wait upon your will.—<sup>g</sup> "Miching mallecho," i. e., lurking mischief.



*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

*Pro.* "For us, and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently."

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Enter <sup>1</sup>the Player King and Player Queen.*

*P. King.* Foll thirty times hath Phœbus' <sup>2</sup>car gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;  
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,  
About the world have times twelve thirties been;  
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands. [moon]

*P. Queen.* So many journeys may the sun and Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.

But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,  
So far from cheer, and from your former state,  
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;  
For women's fear and love hold quantity,  
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is proof hath made you know,  
And as my love is <sup>a</sup>siz'd, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;  
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there. [too;]

*P. King.* 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly My <sup>b</sup>operant powers their functions leave to do:  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honor'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind  
For husband shalt thou—

*P. Queen.* O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:  
In second husband let me be accurst;  
None wed the second, but who killed the first.

*Ham.* [Aside.] Wormwood, wormwood.

*P. Queen.* The <sup>c</sup>instances, that second marriage move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:

A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed. [speak,

*P. King.* I do believe you think what now you But what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory,  
Of violent birth, but poor <sup>d</sup>validity;  
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,  
But full, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget  
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy  
Their own <sup>e</sup>enactors with themselves destroy:  
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;  
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,  
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favorite flies:

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies:  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,

For who not needs shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,

Our wills and fates do so contrary run,  
That our devices still are overthrown;  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:  
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,  
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

*P. Queen.* Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!

An <sup>a</sup>anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!

Each opposite, that <sup>b</sup>blanks the face of joy,

Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

*Ham.* If she should break <sup>c</sup>her vow,—

*P. King.* 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while:

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

*P. Queen.* Sleep rock thy brain;

And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.]

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Queen.* The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

*Ham.* O! but she'll keep her word.

*King.* Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

*Ham.* No, no; they do but jest, poison in jest: no offence 'i' the world.

*King.* What do you call the play?

*Ham.* The <sup>e</sup>mouse-trap. Marry, how? <sup>b</sup>Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon: 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the gal led jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

*Enter LUCIANUS.*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

*Oph.* You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

*Oph.* You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

*Oph.* Still better, and worse.

*Ham.* So you must take your husbands.—Begin, murderer: leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come.—The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's <sup>b</sup>ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears.]

*Ham.* He poisons him 'i' the garden for his estate.

His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ ten in very choice Italian. You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

*Oph.* The king rises.

*Ham.* What! frighted with false fire?

*Queen.* How fares my lord?

*Pol.* Give o'er the play.

*King.* Give me some light!—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exit all but HAMLET and HORATIO]

<sup>a</sup> "Siz'd," i. e., proportioned.—<sup>b</sup> "Operant," i. e., active.—<sup>c</sup> "The instances," i. e., the motives.—<sup>d</sup> "Validity," i. e., value; efficacy.

<sup>a</sup> Anchor's for anchoret's.—<sup>b</sup> "Blanks," i. e., blanches; whitens.—<sup>c</sup> "The mouse-trap," i. e., "The thing in which he'll catch the conscience of the king."—<sup>d</sup> "Tropically," i. e., figuratively.—<sup>e</sup> "Ban," i. e., curse.

*Ham.* Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalld play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep:  
Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the  
rest of my fortunes turn <sup>a</sup>Turk with me) with two  
Provincial roses on my <sup>b</sup>raised shoes, get me a fel-  
lowship in a <sup>c</sup>cry of players, sir?

*Hor.* Half a <sup>c</sup>share.

*Ham.* A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear!  
This realm dismantled was  
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here  
A very, very—peacock.

*Hor.* You might have rhymed.

*Ham.* O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word  
for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

*Hor.* Very well, my lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ha!—Come; some music! come; the  
<sup>d</sup>recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,  
Why then, <sup>e</sup>belike,—he likes it not, <sup>f</sup>perdy.—

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Come; some music!

*Guil.* Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Guil.* The king, sir,—

*Ham.* Ay, sir, what of him?

*Guil.* Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

*Ham.* With drink, sir?

*Guil.* No, my lord, with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should show itself more richer,  
to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him  
to his purgation would, perhaps, plunge him into  
more choler.

*Guil.* Good my lord, put your discourse into some  
frame, and start not so wildly from <sup>2</sup>the affair.

*Ham.* I am tame, sir: pronounce.

*Guil.* The queen your mother, in most great af-  
fliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of  
the right breed. If it shall please you to make me  
a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's com-  
mandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall  
be the end of my business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Guil.* What, my lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's  
diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you  
shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother:  
therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother,  
you say,—

*Ros.* Then, thus she says. Your behavior hath  
struck her into amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful son, that can so astonish a  
mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this  
mother's admiration? impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet,  
ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our  
mother. Have you any farther trade with us?

*Ros.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

*Ros.* Good my lord, what is your cause of dis-

temper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your  
own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice  
of the king himself for your succession in Den-  
mark?

*Ham.* Ay, sir, but "while the grass grows,"—the  
proverb is something musty.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter one with a Recorder.*

O! the <sup>4</sup>reorder:—let me see one.—To withdraw  
with you:—why do you go about to recover the  
<sup>5</sup>wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

*Guil.* O, my lord! if my duty be too bold, my  
love is too unmannerly.

*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will you  
play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you.

*Guil.* I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Ham.* It is as easy as lying: govern these <sup>b</sup>ven-  
tages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with  
your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent  
music. Look you, these are the stops.

*Guil.* But these cannot I command to any utter-  
ance of harmony: I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing  
you make of me. You would play upon me; you  
would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out  
the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from  
my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there  
is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ,  
yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood! do you  
think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call  
me what instrument you will, though you can fret  
me, you cannot play upon me.—

*Enter POLONIUS.*

God bless you, sir!

*Pol.* My lord, the queen would speak with you,  
and presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in  
shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks, it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or, like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

*Ham.* Then, will I come to my mother by and by,  
—They fool me to the top of my <sup>1</sup>bent.—I will come  
by and by.

*Pol.* I will say so. [*Exit POLONIUS.*]

*Ham.* By and by is easily said.—Leave me, my  
friends. [*Exeunt ROS., GUIL., HOR., &c*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot  
And do such bitter business as the day [blood]  
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—  
O, heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever  
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:  
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;

How in my words soever she be <sup>k</sup>shent,

To give them <sup>l</sup>seals never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup>To turn Turk was a familiar phrase for any violent  
change in condition or character.—<sup>b</sup>Cry was a term in fal-  
conry for a pack, a company.—<sup>c</sup>The players were paid by  
shares or portions of the profit, according to merit.—<sup>d</sup>The  
recorder was a kind of flute.—<sup>e</sup>"Belike," i. e., probably.—  
<sup>f</sup>Perdy, a corruption of the French *par Dieu*.

<sup>5</sup>"To recover the wind," i. e., to get to windward; to  
take advantage.—<sup>b</sup>"Ventages," i. e., holes.—<sup>c</sup>"To the top  
of my bent," i. e., to the utmost of my disposition.—  
<sup>k</sup>"Shent," i. e., reproved; disgraced.—<sup>l</sup>"To give them  
seals," i. e., to put them in execution.

## SCENE III.—A Room in the Same.

*Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* I like him not; nor stands it safe with us, To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you: I your commission will forthwith despatch, And he to England shall along with you. The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow Out of his lunacies.

*Guil.* We will ourselves provide. Most holy and religious fear it is, To keep those <sup>1</sup>very many bodies safe, That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

*Ros.* The single and peculiar life is bound, With all the strength and armor of the mind, To keep itself from <sup>2</sup>hoyance; but much more That spirit, upon whose <sup>3</sup>weal depend and rest The lives of many. The <sup>4</sup>cease of majesty Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel, Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount, To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls, Each small annexment, petty consequence, Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

*King.* Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage; For we will fetters put upon this fear, Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ros. and Guil.* We will haste us.  
[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

*Enter POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* My lord, he's going to his mother's closet. Behind the arras I'll convey myself, [home; To hear the process: I'll warrant, she'll tax him And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother, Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear The speech, of <sup>4</sup>vantage. Fare you well, my liege: I'll call upon you ere you go to bed, And tell you what I know.

*King.* Thanks, dear my lord.  
[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven; It hath the <sup>6</sup>primal eldest curse upon't, A brother's murder!—Pray can I not, Though inclination be as sharp as will: My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent; And, like a man to double business bound, I stand in pause where I shall first begin, And both neglect. What if this cursed hand Were thicker than itself with brother's blood, Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens, To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy, But to confront the visage of offence? And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,— To be forestalled, ere we come to fall, Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up: My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!— That cannot be; since I am still possess'd Of those effects for which I did the murder, My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen. May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence? In the corrupted currents of this world, Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice, And oft 'tis seen, the wicked <sup>2</sup>purse itself Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above: There is no shuffling, there the action lies

In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd, Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults, To give in evidence. What then? what rests? Try what repentance can: what can it not? Yet what can it, when one can not repent? O wretched state! O bosom, black as death! O limed soul, that struggling to be free, Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay: Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel, Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe. All may be well. <sup>3</sup>[*Kneels.*]

*Enter HAMLET <sup>4</sup>behind, his Sword drawn.*

*Ham.* Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying; And now I'll do't:—and so he goes to heaven, And so am I reveng'd? That would be <sup>5</sup>scann'd: A villain kills my father; and for that, I, his sole son, do this same villain send To heaven. Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge. He took my father grossly, full of bread; With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May, And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven? But, in our circumstance and course of thought, 'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd, To take him in the purging of his soul, When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid <sup>6</sup>hment. When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage; Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed; At gaming, swearing; or about some act, That has no relish of salvation in't; Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven, And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black, As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays: This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.<sup>5</sup>*]  
*King.* <sup>6</sup>[*Rising.*] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:

Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit*]

## SCENE IV.—A Room in the Same.

*Enter Queen and POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him; Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with, And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between Much heat and him. I'll <sup>1</sup>seonce<sup>1</sup> me even here Pray you, be round with him.

*Ham.* [Within.] Mother, mother, mother!  
*Queen.* I'll warrant you; Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

<sup>2</sup>[*Exit POLONIUS behind the Arras*]

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Now, mother: what's the matter?

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended  
*Queen.* Come, come; you answer with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go; you question with a wicked tongue.

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet!

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No, by the <sup>3</sup>rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

*Queen.* Nay then, I'll <sup>4</sup>send those to you that can speak.

<sup>1</sup> "Weal," i. e., welfare.—<sup>2</sup> "Cease," i. e., extinction.—  
<sup>3</sup> "Arras," i. e., tapestry.—<sup>4</sup> "Of vantage," i. e., for advantage.—<sup>5</sup> "Primal," i. e., original.

<sup>6</sup> "Limed," i. e., caught as with birdlime.—<sup>7</sup> "That would be scann'd," i. e., that should be considered.—<sup>8</sup> "Hent," hold; opportunity.—<sup>9</sup> "Seonce me," i. e., secrete myself.—  
<sup>10</sup> "The rood," i. e., the cross.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge:

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you. [*me.*]

*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder Help, help, ho!

*Pol. [Behind.]* What, ho! help! help! help!

*Ham.* How now! a rat? [*Draves.*] Dead for a ducat, dead.

[*HAMLET makes a pass through the Arras.*]

*Pol. [Behind.]* O! I am slain. [*Falls and dies.*]

*Queen.* O me! what hast thou done?

*Ham.* <sup>1</sup>[*Coming forward.*] Nay, I know not: Is it the king?

[*Lifts the Arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.*]

*Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

*Ham.* A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king!

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word.— Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.

<sup>2</sup>[*Seeing the body of POLONIUS.*]

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands. Peace! sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it is proof and bulwark against sense. [*tongue*]

*Queen.* What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O! such a deed,

As from the body of <sup>a</sup> contraction plucks

The very soul; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow,

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With <sup>b</sup>tristful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

*Queen.* Ah me! what act, That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture, and on this;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

<sup>c</sup>Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A <sup>d</sup>station like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man.

This was your husband: look you now, what follows.

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And <sup>e</sup>batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it, love; for, at your age,

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment

Would <sup>3</sup>stoop from this to this? <sup>f</sup>Sense, sure, you have,

Else, could you not have motion; but, sure, that sense

Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,

But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,

To serve in such a difference. What devil was't, That thus hath cozen'd you at <sup>g</sup>hoodman-blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling <sup>h</sup>sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so <sup>i</sup>mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? <sup>j</sup>Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,

When the compulsive ardor gives the charge,

Since frost itself as actively doth burn,

And reason panders will.

*Queen.* O Hamlet! speak no more.

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;

And there I see such black and <sup>k</sup>grained spots,

As will not leave their <sup>l</sup>tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an <sup>m</sup>enseamed bed;

Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love

Over the nasty sty;—

*Queen.* O, speak to me no more!

These words, like daggers enter in mine ears:

No more, sweet Hamlet.

*Ham.* A murderer, and a villain;

A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe

Of your precedent lord:—a <sup>n</sup>vice of kings!

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,

And put it in his pocket!

*Queen.* No more!

*Enter Ghost, <sup>4</sup>unarmed.*

*Ham.* A king of shreds and patches.—

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,

You heavenly guards!—What would you, gracious

*Queen.* Alas! he's mad. [*figure?*]

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

That, laps'd in <sup>5</sup>fume and passion, lets go by

Th' important acting of your dread command?

O, say!

*Ghost.* Do not forget. This visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:

O! step between her and her fighting soul;

<sup>6</sup>Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas! how is't with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,

And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;

And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,

Your bedded hair, like life in <sup>7</sup>excrements,

Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son!

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him, on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

Would make them <sup>8</sup>capable.—Do not look upon me;

Lest with this piteous action you convert

My stern <sup>9</sup>effects: then, what I have to do

Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

<sup>a</sup> "Of contraction," i. e., of the marriage contract.—  
<sup>b</sup> "Tristful," i. e., sad; sorrowful.—<sup>c</sup> "Hyperion's," i. e., Apollo's.—<sup>d</sup> "A station," i. e., an attitude.—<sup>e</sup> "Batten," i. e., feed grossly.—<sup>f</sup> Sense is used here for sensation, perception.

<sup>g</sup> "Hoodman-blind," i. e., blindman's buff.—<sup>h</sup> "Sans," i. e., without.—<sup>i</sup> "Could not so mope," i. e., could not be so stupid.—<sup>j</sup> "Grained," i. e., dyed in grain.—<sup>k</sup> "Tinct," i. e., color.—<sup>l</sup> "Enseamed," i. e., greasy; rank; gross.—<sup>m</sup> "A vice," i. e., a mimic; a counterfeit.—<sup>n</sup> "Conceit," i. e., imagination.—<sup>o</sup> The hair is excrementitious, that is, without life or sensation.—<sup>p</sup> "Capable," i. e., susceptible; intelligent.—<sup>q</sup> "Effects," i. e., affections of the mind; dispositions.

*Queen.* Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Queen.* No, nothing but ourselves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there! look, how it steals  
My father, in his habit as he liv'd! [away!  
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation <sup>a</sup>ecstasy  
Is sure cunning in.

*Ham.* Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness,  
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word, which madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come,  
And do not spread the <sup>b</sup>compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;  
For in the fitness of these pursty times,  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,  
Yea, <sup>c</sup>curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

*Queen.* O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in  
twain.

*Ham.* O throw away the worse part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.  
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat  
Of habits, devil, is angel yet in this;  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,  
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And master the devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:  
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.

I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,  
To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—  
I must be cruel, only to be kind:  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—  
One word more, good lady.

*Queen.* What shall I do?

*Ham.* Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:  
Let the bloated king tempt you again to bed;  
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his <sup>d</sup>mouse;  
And let him, for a pair of <sup>e</sup>reechy kisses,  
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know;  
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
Would from a <sup>f</sup>paddock, from a bat, a <sup>g</sup>gib,  
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?  
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,  
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,

To try <sup>h</sup>conclusions in the basket creep,  
And break your own neck down.

*Queen.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,  
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to England; you know that.

*Queen.* Alack!  
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on. [follows,—

*Ham.* There's letters seal'd, and my two school  
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—  
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,  
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;  
For 'tis the sport, to have the enginer  
Hoist with his own <sup>i</sup>petar, and it shall go hard,  
But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
And blow them at the moon. O! 'tis most sweet,  
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—  
This man shall set me packing:  
I'll lug the guts into the <sup>k</sup>neighbor room.—  
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor  
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,  
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.—  
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—  
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in* POLONIUS.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—The Same.

*Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDEN-*  
STERN.

*King.* There's matter in these sighs: these pro-  
found heaves  
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.  
Where is your son?

*Queen.* Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

*King.* What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

*Queen.* Mad as the sea and wind, when both con-  
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit, [tend  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat! a rat!"  
And in his brainish apprehension kills  
The unseen good old man.

*King.* O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there.  
His liberty is full of threats to all;  
To you yourself, to us, to every one.  
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?  
It will be laid to us, whose providence  
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of 'haunt,  
This mad young man; but so much was our love,  
We would not understand what <sup>i</sup>most was fit,  
But, like the owner of a foul disease,  
To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

*Queen.* To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;  
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore  
Among a <sup>m</sup>mineral of metals base,  
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

*King.* O, Gertrude! come away.  
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed  
We must, with all our majesty and skill,

\* "Ecstasy," i. e., frenzy; madness.—<sup>b</sup> "Compost," i. e., manure.—<sup>c</sup> "Curb," i. e., bow; do obsequence.—<sup>d</sup> "Mouse" was formerly a term of endearment.—<sup>e</sup> "Reechy," i. e., filthy; foul.—<sup>f</sup> "Paddock," i. e., toad.—<sup>g</sup> "Gib," i. e., cat.

<sup>h</sup> "Conclusions," i. e., experiments.—<sup>i</sup> "Hoist with his own petar," i. e., blown up with his own bomb, or mortar.  
—<sup>k</sup> "Neighboring," i. e., out of company.—  
<sup>m</sup> "A mineral," i. e., a mine.

Both countenance and excuse.—Ho ! Guildenstern !

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Friends both, go join you with some father aid.  
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,  
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him :  
Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body  
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

*[Exit Ros. and GUIL.]*

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends ;  
And let them know, both what we mean to do,  
And what's untimely done : so, haply, slander,—  
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
As level as the cannon to his <sup>a</sup>blank,  
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,  
And hit the <sup>b</sup>woundless air.—O, come away !  
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Safely stowed.—*[Ros., &c., within. Hamlet ! lord Hamlet !]* But soft ! what noise ?—Who calls on Hamlet ?—O ! here they come.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body ?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.  
*Ros.* Tell us where 'tis ; that we may take it thence,  
And bear it to the chapel.

*Ham.* Do not believe it.

*Ros.* Believe what ?

*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what <sup>c</sup>replication should be made by the son of a king ?

*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

*Ham.* Ay, sir ; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end : he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed : when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it : a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Ros.* My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

*Ham.* The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

*Guil.* A thing, my lord !

*Ham.* Of nothing : bring me to him. Hide <sup>d</sup>fox, and all after. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter King, attended.*

*King.* I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose !

Yet must not we put the strong law on him :

He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ;

And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem

Deliberate pause : diseases, desperate grown,

By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ.*

Or not at all.—How now ! what hath befallen ?

*Ros.* Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,  
We cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is he ?

*Ros.* Without, my lord ; guarded, to know your

*King.* Bring him before us. *[pleasure.]*

*Ros.* Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

*Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper ! Where ?

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten :  
a certain convocation of <sup>1</sup>palated worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet :  
we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service ; two dishes, but to one table : that's the end.

*King.* Alas, alas !

*Ham.* A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king ; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

*King.* What dost thou mean by this ?

*Ham.* Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a <sup>2</sup>progress through the guts of a beggar.

*King.* Where is Polonius ?

*Ham.* In heaven : send thither to see ; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

*King.* Go seek him there. *[To some Attendants]*

*Ham.* He will stay till you come.

*[Exit Attendants.]*

*King.* Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—  
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve  
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence  
With fiery quickness : therefore, prepare thyself.  
The bark is ready and the wind at <sup>3</sup>help,  
Th' associates <sup>4</sup>tend, and every thing is bent  
For England.

*Ham.* For England ?

*King.* Ay, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come, for England !—Farewell, dear mother.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother : father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my mother. Come, for England ! *[Exit.]*

*King.* Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed aboard :

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.

Away, for every thing is seal'd and done,  
That else leans on th' affair : pray you, make haste

*[Exit Ros. and GUIL.]*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,

(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly <sup>5</sup>see

Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

By letters conjuring to that effect,

The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,

Howe'er my <sup>3</sup>hopes, my joys were ne'er begun.

*[Exit.]*

\* The blank was the mark aimed at.—<sup>b</sup> "Woundless," i. e., invulnerable.—<sup>c</sup> "Replication," i. e., reply.—<sup>d</sup> "Hide fox," the juvenile sport of *hide and seek*.

\* "A progress," i. e., a journey.—<sup>f</sup> "The wind at help," i. e., the wind serves.—<sup>g</sup> "Tend," i. e., attend.

## SCENE IV.—A Plain in Denmark.

*Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.*

*For.* Go, captains, from me greet the Danish king:  
Tell him, that by his license Fortinbras  
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march  
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.  
If that his majesty would aught with us,  
We shall express our duty in his <sup>a</sup>eye;  
And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will do't, my lord.

*For.* Go safely on.

[*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.*

*Ham.* Good sir, whose powers are these?

*Cap.* They are of Norway, sir.

*Ham.* How purpos'd, sir,

I pray you?

*Cap.* Against some part of Poland.

*Ham.* Who

Commands them, sir?

*Cap.* The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

*Ham.* Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,  
Or for some frontier?

*Cap.* Truly to speak, and with no addition,  
We go to gain a little patch of ground,  
That hath in it no profit but the name.  
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;  
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,  
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

*Ham.* Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

*Cap.* Yes, 'tis already garrison'd. [ducats,

*Ham.* Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand  
Will not debate the question of this straw:  
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,  
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without  
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

*Cap.* God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

*Ros.* Will't please you go, my lord?

*Ham.* I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
If his chief good, and <sup>b</sup>market of his time,  
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure, he, that made us with such large <sup>c</sup>discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason,  
To <sup>d</sup>fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some <sup>e</sup>craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,— [dom,  
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wis-  
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know  
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"  
'Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,  
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:  
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,  
Led by a delicate and tender prince,  
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,  
Makes mouths at the invisible event;  
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,  
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,  
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
When honor's at the stake. How stand I, then,  
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason and my blood,

And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That for a fantasy, and trick of fame,  
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a <sup>f</sup>plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;  
Which is not tomb enough, and <sup>h</sup>continent,  
To hide the slain?—O! from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE V.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle

*Enter <sup>1</sup> Queen, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.*

*Queen.* I will not speak with her.

<sup>2</sup> *Gent.* She is importunate; indeed, distract:  
Her mood will needs be pitied.

*Queen.*

What would she have?

*Gent.* She speaks much of her father; says, she  
hears, [heart;

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her  
Spurns <sup>i</sup>enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,  
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,  
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to <sup>k</sup>collection; they <sup>l</sup>aim at it,  
And both the words up fit to their own thoughts;  
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield  
them,

Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,  
Though nothing sure, yet much <sup>m</sup>unhappily.

*Hor.* 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she  
may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

*Queen.* Let her come in.— [*Exit HORATIO*]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each <sup>n</sup>toy seems prologue to some great amiss:  
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA, <sup>3</sup>distracted.*

*Oph.* Where is the beautiful majesty of Denmark?

*Queen.* How now, Ophelia?

*Oph.* How should I your true love know [Singing.  
From another one?

*By his cockle hat and staff,*

*And his sandal <sup>o</sup>shoon.*

*Queen.* Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?

*Oph.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

*He is dead and gone, lady,* [Singing.

*He is dead and gone;*

*At his head a <sup>4</sup>green grass turf,*

*At his heels a stone.*

O, ho!

*Queen.* Nay, but Ophelia,—

*Oph.* Pray you, mark.

*White his shroud as the mountain snow,* [Singing.

*Enter King.*

*Queen.* Alas! look here, my lord.

*Oph.* <sup>p</sup>Larded with sweet flowers;

*Which bewept to the grave did go,*

*With true-love showers.*

*King.* How do you, pretty lady?

*Oph.* Well, <sup>q</sup>God'ild you! They say, the owl  
was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we

<sup>a</sup> "In his eye," i. e., in his presence.—<sup>b</sup> "Market," i. e., profit.—<sup>c</sup> "Such large discourse," i. e., such great power of comprehension.—<sup>d</sup> "To fust," i. e., to grow mouldy.—<sup>e</sup> "Craven," i. e., cowardly.—<sup>f</sup> "Since

<sup>g</sup> "A plot," i. e., a plot of ground.—<sup>h</sup> "Continent" means here that which contains.—<sup>i</sup> "Enviously," i. e., spitefully.—<sup>k</sup> "To collection," i. e., to collect or draw conclusions from her speech.—<sup>l</sup> "Aim," i. e., guess.—<sup>m</sup> "Unhappily," i. e., mischievously.—<sup>n</sup> "Toy," i. e., trifle.—<sup>o</sup> "Shoon," i. e., shoes.—<sup>p</sup> "Larded," i. e., garnished.—<sup>q</sup> "God'ild you," i. e., God reward you.

are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

*King.* Conceit upon her father.

*Oph.* Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

*To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,*

*All in the morning betime,*

*And I a maid at your window,*

*To be your Valentine:*

*Then, up he rose, and 'don'd his clothes,*

*And 'dupp'd the chamber door;*

*Let in the maid, that out a maid*

*Never departed more.*

*King.* Pretty Ophelia!

[*end on't:*

*Oph.* Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll make an

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,*

*Alack, and fie for shame!*

*Young men will do't, if they come to't;*

*By cock, they are to blame.*

*Quoth she, before you tumbled me,*

*You promised me to wed:*

He answers.

*So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,*

*An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

*King.* How long hath she been thus?

*Oph.* I hope, all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they would lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night. [*Exit.*]

*King.* Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit HORATIO.*]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father's death. And now, behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude!

When sorrows come, they come not single spies, But in battalions. First, her father's slain; Next, your son gone; and he most violent author Of his own just remove: the people muddled, Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers, [*c* greenly

For good Polonius' death, and we have done but In <sup>d</sup>bugger-mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia, Divided from herself, and her fair judgment, Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts: Last, and as much containing as all these, Her brother is in secret come from France, Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds, And wants not buzzers to infect his ear With pestilent speeches of his father's death; Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd, Will nothing stick our persons to arraign In ear and ear. O! my dear Gertrude, this, Like to a murdering <sup>e</sup>piece, in many places Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.<sup>1</sup>*]

*Queen.* Alack! what noise is this?

*King.* Attend!

Where are my <sup>f</sup>Switzers? Let them guard the door. What is the matter?

<sup>2</sup>Enter a Gentleman, in haste.

*Gen.* Save yourself, my lord;

The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste, Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, <sup>3</sup>king;

<sup>a</sup> "Don'd," i. e., put on.—<sup>b</sup> "Dupp'd," i. e., opened.—<sup>c</sup> "Greenly," i. e., unskillfully.—<sup>d</sup> "In bugger-mugger," i. e., secretly.—<sup>e</sup> A murdering piece was a small piece of artillery.—<sup>f</sup> Switzers were royal guards.

And, as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

The ratifiers and props of every word,

They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,

"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!" [*cry.*]

*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false <sup>e</sup>trail they O! this is <sup>h</sup>counter, you false Danish dogs.

*King.* The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, <sup>4</sup>with his sword drawn; Danes following.

*Laer.* Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all

*Dan.* No, let's come in. [*without.*]

*Laer.* I pray you, give me leave.

*Dan.* We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

*Laer.* I thank you: keep the door.—O thou vile Give me my father. [*king!*]

*Queen.* Calmly, good Laertes.

*Laer.* That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot Even here, between the chaste <sup>1</sup>unsmirched brow Of my true mother.

*King.* What is the cause, Laertes, That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king, That treason can but peep to what it would, Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes, Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Ger Speak, man. [*trude.—*]

*Laer.* Where is my father?

*King.*

Dead.

*Queen.*

But not by him

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with. To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil! Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit! I dare damnation. To this point I stand, That both the worlds I give to negligence, Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd Most thoroughly for my father.

*King.*

Who shall stay you?

*Laer.* My will, not all the world's:

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well, They shall go far with little.

*King.*

Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge, That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe, Winner and loser?

*Laer.* None but his enemies.

*King.*

Will you know them, then?

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my And, like the kind life-rendering pelican, [*arms;*]

Repay them with my blood.

*King.*

Why, now you speak

Like a good child, and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment <sup>2</sup>pear,

As day does to your eye.

*Danes.* [*Within.*] Let her come in.

*Laer.* How now! what noise is that?

*Re-enter OPHELIA, <sup>5</sup>still distracted.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt, Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—

By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,

<sup>g</sup> "Trail," i. e., scent.—<sup>h</sup> Hounds run counter when they trace the scent backwards.—<sup>i</sup> "Unsmirched," i. e., unsullied; spotless.



Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of May!  
 Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—  
 O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits  
 Should be as mortal as an old man's life?  
 Nature is 'fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,  
 It sends some precious instance of itself  
 After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier;*  
<sup>1</sup> [Sings.

*Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny :  
 And in his grave rain'd many a tear ;—*

Fare you well, my love ! [venge,  
*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade re-  
 It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call  
 him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it ! It  
 is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;  
 pray you, love, remember: and there is 'pansies;  
 that's for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madness; thoughts and re-  
 membrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—  
 there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we  
 may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may  
 wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:  
 I would give you some violets; but they withered  
 all when my father died.—They say, he made a good  
 end,—

*For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,*— [Sings.

*Laer.* Thought and affliction; passion, hell itself,  
 She turns to favor, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again ?* [Sings.  
*And will he not come again ?*

*No, no, he is dead ;*

<sup>2</sup> *Gone to his death-bed,*

*He never will come again.*

*His beard <sup>3</sup> was white as snow,*

*All flaxen was his poll ;*

*He is gone, he is gone,*

*And we cast away moan :*

*God ha' mercy on his soul !*

And of all Christian souls ! I pray God.—God be  
 wi' you ! [Exit OPHELIA, <sup>4</sup> dancing distractedly.

*Laer.* Do you see this, O God ?

*King.* Laertes, I must <sup>a</sup> commune with your grief,  
 Or you deny me right. Go but apart,  
 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,  
 And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.  
 If by direct, or by collateral hand  
 They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,  
 Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,  
 To you in satisfaction; but if not,  
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,  
 And we shall jointly labor with your soul  
 To give it due content.

*Laer.* Let this be so :

His means of death, his obscure funeral,  
 No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,  
 No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,  
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,  
 That I must call't in question.

*King.* So you shall ;

And, where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me. [Exeunt.

· SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.*

*Hor.* What are they, that would speak with me ?

*Serv.* Sailors, sir: they say, they have letters for you.

*Hor.* Let them come in.— [Exit Servant.

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.*

*I Sail.* God bless you, sir.

*Hor.* Let him bless thee too.

*I Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a  
 letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador that  
 was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as  
 I am let to know it is.

*Hor.* [Reads.] "Horatio, when thou shalt have  
 over-looked this, give these fellows some means to  
 the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were  
 two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike ap-  
 pointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too  
 slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor; and in  
 the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they  
 got clear of our ship, so I alone became their pris-  
 oner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mer-  
 cy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a  
 good turn for them. Let the king have the letters  
 I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much  
 haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to  
 speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are  
 they much too light for the <sup>b</sup> bore of the matter.  
 These good fellows will bring thee where I am.  
 Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for  
 England: of them I have much to tell thee. Fare-  
 well;

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me

To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter King and LAERTES.*

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquittance  
 seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend,

<sup>1</sup> Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,

That he, which hath your noble father slain,

Pursu'd my life.

*Laer.* It well appears. But tell me,

Why you proceeded not against these feats,

So <sup>b</sup> criminal and so capital in nature,

As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,  
 You mainly were stirr'd up.

*King.* O! for two special reasons,

Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unnew'd,

But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,

(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)

She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,

That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,

I could not not but by her. The other motive,

Why to a public count I might not go,

Is the great love the general <sup>c</sup> gender bear him;

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,

Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,

Convert his <sup>d</sup> gyves to graces; so that my arrows,

Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,

Would have reverted to my bow again,

And not where I had aim'd them.

<sup>a</sup> "Fine," i. e., refined; subtilized.—<sup>b</sup> The wheel is the bur-  
 den of a ballad.—<sup>c</sup> "Pansies" (Fr. *pensées*), thoughts.—  
<sup>d</sup> "Commune with," i. e., partake of.

<sup>e</sup> The bore is the caliber of a gun.—<sup>f</sup> Since.—<sup>g</sup> "The gen-  
 eral gender," i. e., the common people.—<sup>h</sup> "Gyves," i. e.,  
 fetters.

*Laer.* And so have I a noble father lost,  
A sister driven into desperate terms;  
<sup>1</sup>Who was, if praises may go back again,  
<sup>2</sup>Sole challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your sleeps for that: you must  
not think,  
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,  
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,  
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:  
I loved your father, and we love ourself;  
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—  
How now! what news?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.  
This to your majesty: this to the queen.

*King.* From Hamlet! who brought them?

*Mess.* Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:  
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them  
Of him that brought them.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them.—  
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads.*] "High and mighty, you shall know, I am  
set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg  
leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first  
asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions  
of my sudden and more strange return. HAMLET."  
What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?  
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked,"—  
And, in a postscript here, he says, "alone:"  
Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come:  
It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
"Thus diddest thou."

*King.* If it be so, Laertes,  
(As how should it be so? how otherwise?)  
Will you be ruled by me?

*Laer.* Ay, my lord;  
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—  
As liking not his voyage, and that he means  
No more to undertake it,—I will work him  
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;  
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,  
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,  
And call it accident.

*Laer.* My lord, I will be rul'd;  
The rather, if you could devise it so,  
That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right.  
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,  
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts  
Did not together pluck such envy from him,  
As did that one; and that, in my regard,  
Of the unworthingest <sup>a</sup>siege.

*Laer.* What part is that, my lord?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of youth,  
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears,  
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,  
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,  
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:  
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,  
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant  
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;

And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,  
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd  
With the brave beast. So far he topp'd my thought,  
That I, in <sup>b</sup>forgery of shapes and tricks,  
Came short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman, was't?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Upon my life, Lamord.

*King.*

The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well: he is the <sup>c</sup>brooch, indeed,  
And gem of all the nation.

*King.* He made confession of you;  
And gave you such a masterly report,  
For art and exercise in your defence,  
And for your rapier most especially,  
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,  
If one could match you: the <sup>d</sup>scrimers of their nation,  
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
If you oppos'd them. <sup>3</sup>This report of his  
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,  
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg  
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.  
Now, out of this,—

*Laer.* What out of this, my lord?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why ask you this?

*King.* Not that I think you did not love your father,  
But that I know love is begun by time;  
And that I see, in passages of <sup>e</sup>proof,  
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
There lives within the very flame of love  
A kind of wick, or stuff, that will abate it,  
And nothing is at a like goodness still;  
For goodness, growing to a 'pleurisy,  
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,  
We should do when we would; for this "would"  
changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift's sigh,  
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick' of the ulcer.  
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,  
To show yourself your father's son in deed,  
More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder sanctu-  
arize; [*tes,*]  
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laer  
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber,  
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:  
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame,  
The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together,  
And wager on your heads: he, being <sup>f</sup>remiss,  
Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not <sup>h</sup>peruse the foils; so that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword <sup>i</sup>unbated, and in a pass of <sup>k</sup>practice  
Require him for your father.

*Laer.* I will do it;

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.  
I bought an unction of a mountebank,  
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,  
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,  
Collected from all simples that have virtue

<sup>a</sup> "Of the unworthingest siege," i. e., of the lowest rank.

<sup>b</sup> "In forgery of," i. e., in imagining.—<sup>c</sup> "Brooch," i. e., ornament.—<sup>d</sup> "Scrimers" (Fr. *escrimeurs*), fencers.—<sup>e</sup> "In passages of proof," i. e., in daily experience.—<sup>f</sup> *Pleurisy* here means *superabundance*.—<sup>g</sup> "Remiss," i. e., incautious; not vigilant.—<sup>h</sup> "Peruse," i. e., examine.—<sup>i</sup> "Unbated," i. e., not blunted, as foils usually are.—<sup>k</sup> "A pass of practice," i. e., an insidious thrust.

Under the moon, can save the thing from death,  
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point  
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

*King.* Let's farther think of this;  
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,  
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,  
And that our drift look through our bad performance,  
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore, this project  
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,  
If this should blast in <sup>a</sup>proof. Soft!—let me see:—  
We'll make a solemn wager on your <sup>b</sup>cunnings,—  
I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry,  
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)  
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prefer'd him  
A chalice for the <sup>c</sup>nonce, whereon both sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd <sup>d</sup>stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what noise?

*Enter Queen.*

How now, sweet queen!

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow.—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

*Laer.* Drown'd! O, where?

*Queen.* There is a willow grows <sup>a</sup>slant the brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.  
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambling to hang, an envious sliver broke,  
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,  
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;  
Which time she chanted snatches of old <sup>e</sup>lauds;  
As one <sup>b</sup>incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and <sup>c</sup>reduc'd  
Unto that element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pul'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas! then, is she drown'd?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet  
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,  
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:  
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*]

*King.* Let's follow, Gertrude.  
How much I had to do to calm his rage!  
Now fear I, this will give it start again;  
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Church Yard.

*Enter two Clowns, with Spades, &c.*

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that  
willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her  
grave <sup>a</sup>straight: the crowner hath set on her, and  
finds it Christian burial.

<sup>a</sup> *Blast in proof*, as firearms sometimes burst in proving their strength.—<sup>b</sup> *Cunning is skill*.—<sup>c</sup> "A chalice for the nonce," i. e., a cup for the occasion.—<sup>d</sup> *A stuck is a thrust*.—<sup>e</sup> *Athwart*.—<sup>f</sup> "Liberal," i. e., licentious.—<sup>g</sup> "Lauds," i. e., hymns.—<sup>h</sup> "Incapable," i. e., unsusceptible.—<sup>i</sup> "Straight," i. e., straightway; immediately.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: <sup>a</sup>argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman Delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their <sup>b</sup>even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and <sup>c</sup>noyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.*

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to yon'; fetch me a <sup>d</sup>stoop of liquor.

[*Exit 2 Clowns.*]

1 *Clown* digs, and sings.

*In youth, when I did love, did love,*

*Methought it was very sweet,*

*To contract, O! the time, for, ah! my behove,*

*O! methought, there was nothing meet.*

*Ham.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

*Hor.* Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

<sup>a</sup> "Argal," i. e., therefore.—<sup>b</sup> *Even Christian* for *filial Christian*.—<sup>c</sup> "Noyoke," i. e., give over; give it up.—<sup>d</sup> *A stoop* was a measure containing about half a gallon.

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.* *But age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,  
And hath shipped me intill the land,  
As if I had never been such.*

[Throws up a scull.

*Ham.* That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my lord.

*Ham.* Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, e'en so, and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at <sup>a</sup>loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clo.* *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.  
For—and a shrouding sheet:  
O! a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.*

[Throws up another scull.

*Ham.* There's another: why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his <sup>b</sup>quiddits now, his <sup>c</sup>quillies, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the <sup>d</sup>seance with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more of ha?

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 *Clo.* Mine, sir.—

O! *a pit of clay for to be made* [Sings.  
*For such a guest is meet.*

*Ham.* I think, it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

1 *Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clo.* For no man, sir.

*Ham.* What woman, then?

1 *Clo.* For none, neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

1 *Clo.* One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is: we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord! Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so <sup>e</sup>picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his <sup>h</sup>kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i' the years, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

1 *Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there, the men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad?

1 *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now; this scull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, this same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

*Ham.* This?

[Takes the Scull.

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch

<sup>a</sup> *Loggats*, an ancient game resembling quoits.—<sup>b</sup> "Quiddits," i. e., subtleties.—<sup>c</sup> "Quillies," i. e., frivolous distinctions.—<sup>d</sup> "The seance," i. e., the head.—<sup>e</sup> *Assurance* is here used in a double sense: deeds of parchment are called the common assurances of the realm.

<sup>f</sup> "By the card," i. e., by the seamen's card, or compass.—<sup>g</sup> "The age has grown so picked:" an allusion to the shoes with long pointed or picked toes, formerly so much worn in England: *picked* is also *curious, over-nice*; hence the quibble.—<sup>h</sup> A *kibe* is a chilblain.

thick, to this <sup>a</sup> favor she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that, my lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou think, Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth?

*Hor.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the Scull.*]

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio. Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Hor.* 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

"Imperial Caesar, dead, and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's <sup>b</sup> flaw!"  
But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king.

*Enter Priests, &c. in Procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; King, Queen, and their Trains.*

The queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow,  
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken  
The corpse they follow did with desperate hand  
<sup>c</sup> Fordo its own life: 'twas of some <sup>d</sup> estate.  
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring on one side with HORATIO.*]

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

*Ham.* That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

*I Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd  
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;  
And but that great command o'ersways the order,  
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,  
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,  
<sup>e</sup> Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;  
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin <sup>f</sup> crants,  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done?

*I Priest.* No more be done.

We should profane the service of the dead,  
To sing <sup>g</sup> sad requiem, and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted souls.

*Laer.* Lay her i' the earth;  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,  
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be,  
When thou liest howling.

*Ham.* What! the fair Ophelia?

*Queen.* Sweet to the sweet: farewell.

[*Strewing flowers.*]

I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;  
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,  
And not to have strew'd thy grave.

*Laer.* O! treble woe  
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense  
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,  
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[*Leaping into the Grave.*]  
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

Till of this flat a mountain you have made,  
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.

*Ham.* [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand,  
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,  
Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaping into the Grave.*]

*Laer.* The devil take thy soul.

[*Grappling with him.*]

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well.  
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;  
For though I am not splenetic and rash,  
Yet have I in me something dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

*King.* Pluck them asunder. [*They strive.*]

*Queen.* Hamlet! Hamlet!

*All.* Gentlemen!—

*Hor.* Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,  
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

*Queen.* O my son! what theme?

*Ham.* I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers  
Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

*King.* O! he is mad, Laertes.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* 'Swounds! show me what thou't do:  
Would't weep? would't fight? would't <sup>h</sup> storm? would't  
tear thyself?

Would't drink up Esill? eat a crocodile?  
I'll do't; <sup>i</sup> I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,  
Singing his pate against the burning zone,  
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou't mouth,  
I'll rant as well as thou.

<sup>6</sup> *King.* This is mere madness:  
And thus a while the fit will work on him.

<sup>7</sup> *Queen.* Anon, as patient as the female dove,  
When that her golden <sup>8</sup> couplets are <sup>h</sup> disclos'd,  
His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, sir:

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, the dog'll have his day. [*Exit.*]

*King.* I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[*Exit HORATIO.*]

[*To LAERTES.*] Strengthen your patience in our  
last night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Getrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet thereby shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

*Ham.* So much for this, sir: now shall you see  
the other.—

You do remember all the circumstances.

*Hor.* Remember it, my lord!

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,  
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay

<sup>a</sup> Favor is complexion, countenance.—<sup>b</sup> Flaw," i. e. blast,  
—<sup>c</sup> Fordo," i. e., destroy.—<sup>d</sup> Estate for rank —<sup>e</sup> "Shards,"  
i. e., broken tiles; rubbish.—<sup>f</sup> "Crants," i. e., garlands.

<sup>8</sup> The golden couplets alludes to the dove laying but two  
eggs.—<sup>h</sup> "Disclos'd," i. e., hatched.

Worse than the <sup>a</sup>mutines in the <sup>b</sup>bilboes. Rashly,—  
And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us <sup>1</sup>own,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well, [us,  
When our deep plots do <sup>2</sup>fail; and that should teach  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

*Hor.* That is most certain.

*Ham.* Up from my cabin,  
My sea-gown 'scarf'd about me, in the dark  
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire;  
Finger'd their packet: and, in fine, withdrew  
To mine own room again: making so bold,  
My fears forgetting manners, to <sup>3</sup>unfold  
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,  
O royal knavery! an exact command,—  
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,  
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,  
With, ho! such <sup>4</sup>bugs and goblins in my <sup>5</sup>life,—  
That on the <sup>6</sup>supervise, no leisure <sup>7</sup>bated,  
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
My head should be struck off.

*Hor.* Is't possible?

*Ham.* Here's the commission: read it at more  
leisure. <sup>4</sup>[*Giving it.*  
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

*Hor.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus benetted round with villains,—  
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,  
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,  
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair,  
I once did hold it, as our <sup>8</sup>statists do,  
A baseness to write fair, and labor'd much  
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now  
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know  
The effect of what I wrote?

*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the king,—  
As England was his faithful tributary,  
As love between them like the palm might flourish,  
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,  
And stand a <sup>9</sup>comma 'tween their amities,  
And many such like as's of great charge,—  
That on the view and know of these contents,  
Without debatement farther, more or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not <sup>10</sup>shriving time allow'd.

*Hor.* How was this seal'd?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was heaven <sup>11</sup>ordinate.  
I had my father's signet in my purse,  
Which was the model of that Danish seal;  
Folded the writ up in form of the other;  
Subscrib'd it; gave't th' impression; plac'd it safely,  
The <sup>12</sup>changing never known. Now, the next day  
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was <sup>13</sup>sequent  
Thou know'st already.

*Hor.* So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

*Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to this em-  
ployment:

They are not near my conscience; their defeat  
Does by their own insinuation grow.  
'Tis dangerous, when <sup>14</sup>a baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

*Hor.* Why, what a king is this!

<sup>a</sup> Mutines for mutineers.—<sup>b</sup> Bilboes are fetters for the hands and feet brought from Bilbao, in Spain.—<sup>c</sup> Scarf'd, i. e., thrown loosely on.—<sup>d</sup> Bugs for bugbears.—<sup>e</sup> In my life, i. e., in my character and designs.—<sup>f</sup> On the supervise, i. e., on the looking over.—<sup>g</sup> No leisure bated, i. e., without loss of time.—<sup>h</sup> Statists are statesmen.—<sup>i</sup> Stand a comma, i. e., stand as a note of connection.—<sup>k</sup> Shriving-time is time for confession.—<sup>l</sup> Ordinate, i. e., regular; methodical.—<sup>m</sup> Changeling, i. e. substitute.—<sup>n</sup> Was sequent, i. e., followed after.

*Ham.* Does it not, think thee, stand me now  
upon—

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;  
Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes;  
His angle for my proper life <sup>15</sup>thrown out,  
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience,  
To quit him with <sup>16</sup>his own? and is't not to be  
To let this canker of our nature come [damn'd,  
In further evil? [land,

*Hor.* It must be shortly known to him from Eng-  
What is the issue of the business there.

*Ham.* It will be short: the interim is mine;  
And a man's life no more than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forgot myself,  
For by the image of my cause I see  
The portraiture of his: I'll <sup>17</sup>scurt his favors:  
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me  
Into a towering passion.

*Hor.* Peace! who comes here?

*Enter OSRICK.*

*Os.* Your lordship is right welcome back to Den-  
mark.

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this  
water-fly?

*Hor.* No, my good lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a  
vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile:  
let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand  
at the king's mess: 'tis a <sup>18</sup>plough; but, as I say,  
spacious in the possession of dirt.

*Os.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure,  
I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of  
spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the  
head.

*Os.* I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold: the wind is  
northerly.

*Os.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot  
for my complexion.

*Os.* Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as  
'twere,—I cannot tell how.—But my lord, his maj-  
esty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great  
wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his Hat.

*Os.* Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good  
faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes;  
believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excel-  
lent differences, of very soft society, and great  
showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is  
the <sup>19</sup>card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find  
in him the continent of what part a gentleman would  
see.

*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in  
you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially,  
would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but  
raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the  
verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great  
article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness,  
as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his  
mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage,  
nothing <sup>20</sup>more.

*Os.* Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap  
the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

<sup>a</sup> Stand me now upon, i. e., become incumbent upon  
me.—<sup>b</sup> A chough is a sort of jackdaw.—<sup>c</sup> Excellent differ-  
ences, i. e., distinguishing excellences.—<sup>d</sup> The card, i. e.,  
the chart.—<sup>e</sup> This speech is a ridicule of the court jargon  
of that time.

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his 'meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has <sup>b</sup>imposed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, 'changers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, must delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I know, you must be edified by the <sup>d</sup>margin, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more <sup>e</sup>germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this imposed, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passages between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve, for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[Exit.]

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the 'shell on his head.

Ham. He did <sup>a</sup>comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only

got the tune of the time, and outward habit of <sup>b</sup>encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Thou wouldst not think, how ill all is here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of <sup>i</sup>gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, and Attendants with Foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet; come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you But pardon't, as you are a gentleman. [wrong;

This <sup>k</sup>presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd

With sore distraction. What I have done,

That might your nature, honor, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be 'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer.

I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honor,

I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honor,

I have a voice and precedent of peace.

To keep my name <sup>l</sup>ungor'd. But till that time,

<sup>a</sup> Meed is merit.—<sup>b</sup> "Imposed," i. e., staked; wagered.—<sup>c</sup> Hangers are that part of the belt by which the sword is suspended.—<sup>d</sup> The commentary, in old books, was on the margin of the leaf—"Germane," i. e., akin.—<sup>e</sup> "With the shell on his head," i. e., as soon as it is hatched.—<sup>f</sup> "Comply," i. e., compliant.

<sup>h</sup> The "outward habit of encounter" is exterior politeness of address.—<sup>i</sup> "Gain-giving," i. e., misgiving.—<sup>k</sup> "This presence," i. e., the king and queen.—<sup>l</sup> "Ungor'd," i. e., unwounded.

I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely;  
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—  
Give us the foils; come on. <sup>1</sup>[*Foils brought.*]

*Laer.* Come; one for me.

*Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance  
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,  
Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mock me, sir.

*Ham.* No, by this hand. <sup>2</sup>[*Hamlet,*

*King.* Give them the foils, young Osrick.—Cousin  
You know the wager?

*Ham.* Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

*King.* I do not fear it: I have seen you both;  
But since <sup>2</sup>he is better, we have therefore odds.

*Laer.* This is too heavy; let me see another.

*Ham.* This <sup>3</sup>likes me well. These foils have all  
a length? <sup>4</sup>[*They prepare to play.*]

*Osr.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Set me the <sup>5</sup>stoops of wine upon that table.—  
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,  
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;  
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath:  
And in the cup an <sup>6</sup>union shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive kings  
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;  
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,  
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet!"—Come, begin;—  
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on, sir.

*Laer.* Come, my lord. <sup>7</sup>[*They play.*]

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Judgment.

*Osr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well;—again.

*King.* Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl  
is thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

<sup>8</sup>[*Trumpets sound; and Cannon shot off within.*]

*Ham.* I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—

Come.—Another hit; what say you? <sup>9</sup>[*They play.*]

*Laer.* A touch; a touch, I do confess.

*King.* Our son shall win.

*Queen.* He's fat, and scant of breath.—

<sup>10</sup>Here is a napkin, rub thy brows, my son:

The queen <sup>11</sup>carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good madam,—

*King.* Gertrude, do not drink.

*Queen.* I will, my lord: I pray you, pardon me. <sup>12</sup>[*She drinks.*]

*King.* It is the poison'd cup! it is too late. <sup>13</sup>[*Aside.*]

*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

*Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My lord, I'll hit him now.

*King.* I do not think it.

*Laer.* And yet it is almost against my conscience. <sup>14</sup>[*Aside.*]

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes. You but daily:  
I pray you, pass with your best violence.  
I am afeard, you make a <sup>15</sup>wanton of me.

*Laer.* Say you so? come on. <sup>16</sup>[*They play.*]

<sup>1</sup>"Likes me," i. e., pleases me.—<sup>2</sup>By *stoops* are here meant *pitchers, jugs*.—<sup>3</sup>An *union* is a precious pearl: the swallowing of pearls in a toast was an ancient royal and mercantile prodigality.—<sup>4</sup>"Carouses to thy fortune," i. e., *drinks to thy good success*.—<sup>5</sup>"You make a *wanton* of me," i. e., you trifle with me as if I were a *child*.

*Osr.* Nothing, neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling they change Rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*]

*King.* Part them! they are incens'd.

*Ham.* Nay, come again. <sup>17</sup>[*The Queen falls.*]

*Osr.* Look to the queen there, ho?

*Hor.* They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my

*Osr.* How is't, Laertes? <sup>18</sup>[*Lord?*]

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,

Osrick;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the queen?

*King.* She swoons to see them bleed.

*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink.—O my dear

Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink: I am poison'd. <sup>19</sup>[*Dies.*]

*Ham.* O villainy!—How? let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. <sup>20</sup>[*LAERTES falls.*]

*Laer.* It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good:

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

'Unbated, and envenom'd. The foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me: lo! here I lie,

Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd;

I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.

*Ham.* The point

Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work. <sup>21</sup>[*Stabs the King.*]

*All.* Treason! treason!

*King.* O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned

Drink off this potion:—is thy union here? <sup>22</sup>[*Dane,*

Follow my mother. <sup>23</sup>[*King dies.*]

*Laer.* He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison <sup>24</sup>temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;

Nor thine on me! <sup>25</sup>[*Dies.*]

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—

I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell <sup>26</sup>sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest) O! I could tell you,—

But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st: report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

*Hor.* Never believe it: <sup>27</sup>[*Taking the Cup.*]

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:

Here's yet some liquor left.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup: let go; by heaven I'll have it.—

<sup>28</sup>[*Struggling: HAMLET gets the Cup.*]

O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story.—

[*March afar off, and Shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this?

*Osr.* Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from

To the ambassadors of England gives <sup>29</sup>[*Poland,*

This warlike volley.

*Ham.* O! I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite <sup>30</sup>o'er-crows my spirits:

I cannot live to hear the news from England;

—

<sup>31</sup>"Unbated," i. e., not blunted; without a button.—<sup>32</sup>"Temper'd," i. e., mixed.—<sup>33</sup>A *sergeant* was a bailiff's or sheriff's

officer.—<sup>34</sup>"O'er-crows," i. e., overcomes; subdues.



But I do prophesy the election lights  
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;  
So tell him, with the <sup>a</sup>occurrences, more and less,  
Which have <sup>b</sup>solicited—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

*Hor.* Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night,  
sweet prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!  
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*]

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.*

*Fort.* Where is this sight?

*Hor.* What is it ye would see?  
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

*Fort.* This <sup>c</sup>quarry cries on <sup>d</sup>havock.—O proud  
death!

What feast is <sup>e</sup>toward in thine eternal cell,  
That thou so many princes at a shot  
So bloodily hast struck?

*I Amb.* The sight is dismal,  
And our affairs from England come too late:  
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,  
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,  
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.  
Where should we have our thanks?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth,  
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:  
He never gave commandment for their death.  
But since, so <sup>f</sup>jump upon this bloody question,  
You from the <sup>g</sup>Polack wars, and you from England,

<sup>a</sup>Occurrences.—<sup>b</sup>"Solicited," i. e., incited; the sentence is left unfinished.—<sup>c</sup>*Quarry* was the term for a heap of slaughtered game.—<sup>d</sup>*Havock*, a word of censure, when more game was destroyed than was reasonable.—<sup>e</sup>"Toward," i. e., at hand; near; in preparation.—<sup>f</sup>"So jump," i. e., so exactly at the time.—<sup>g</sup>"Polack," i. e., Polish.

Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view;  
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,  
How these things came about: so shall you hear  
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,  
Of deaths <sup>h</sup>put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,  
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads. All this can I  
Truly deliver.

*Fort.* Let us haste to hear it,  
And call the noblest to the audience.  
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:  
I have some rights of <sup>i</sup>memory in this kingdom,  
Which now to claim my <sup>k</sup>vantage doth invite me.

*Hor.* Of that I shall have also cause to speak,  
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:  
But let this <sup>l</sup>scene be presently perform'd,  
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mis-  
chance,  
On plots and errors, happen.

*Fort.* Let four captains  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;  
For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have prov'd most royally: and for his passage,  
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,  
Speak loudly for him.—  
Take up the body.—Such a sight as this  
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.  
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead March.*]

[*Exeunt, marching; after which, a Peal  
of Ordnance is shot off.*]

<sup>h</sup>"Put on," i. e., instigated; produced.—<sup>i</sup>"Rights of  
memory," i. e., rights which are remembered.—<sup>k</sup>*Vantage* is  
here used for *opportunity, convenience*.

# KING LEAR.



ACT II.—Scene 4.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, King of Britain.  
King of France.  
Duke of Burgundy.  
Duke of Cornwall.  
Duke of Albany.  
Earl of Kent.  
Earl of Gloster.  
EDGAR, Son to Gloster.  
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.  
CURAN, a Courtier.  
OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.

Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.  
Physician.  
Fool.  
An Officer, employed by Edmund.  
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.  
A Herald.  
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }  
REGAN, } Daughters to Lear.  
CORDELIA, }

Knights <sup>1</sup> of Lear's Train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room of State in King LEAR's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

*Kent.* I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

*Glo.* It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdoms, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that <sup>a</sup>curiosity in neither can make choice of either's <sup>b</sup>moiety.

*Kent.* Is not this your son, my lord?

*Glo.* His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am <sup>c</sup>brazed to it.

*Kent.* I cannot conceive you.

*Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so <sup>d</sup>proper.

*Glo.* But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some <sup>e</sup>year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world, before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

*Edm.* No, my lord.

*Glo.* My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

*Edm.* My services to your lordship.

<sup>a</sup> Curiosity is scrupulous nicety, finical precision.—<sup>b</sup> Moiety is used by Shakespeare for part or portion.—<sup>c</sup> "Brazed," i. e., hardened.

<sup>d</sup> Proper is comely, handsome.—<sup>e</sup> "Some year," i. e., about a year.

*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better.

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study <sup>a</sup>deserving.

*Glo.* He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming. [*Sennet within.*]

*Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

*Glo.* I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and EDMUND.*]

*Lear.* Mean-time, we shall express our darker <sup>b</sup>purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided, In three, our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age, Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall, And you, our no less loving son of Albany, [wall, We have this hour a <sup>d</sup>constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters, (Since now we will divest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state) Which of you shall we say, doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first. [*Enter matter;*]

*Gon.* I love you more than words can wield the Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor: As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found; A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable; Beyond all manner of so <sup>c</sup>much I love you.

*Cor.* What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and he silent. [*Aside.*]

*Lear.* Of all these bounds, even from this line to this, With shadowy forests, and with champains <sup>e</sup>rich'd, With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.

*Reg.* I am made of that self metal as my sister, And prize me at her <sup>b</sup>worth. In my true heart I find, she names my very deed of love; Only she comes too short, that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys, Which the most precious <sup>2</sup>sphere of sense possesses, And find, I am alone <sup>1</sup>felicitate In your dear highness' love.

*Cor.* Then, poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*]

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's More <sup>3</sup>plenteous than my tongue.

*Lear.* To thee, and thine, hereditary ever, Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom; No less in space, <sup>k</sup>validity, and pleasure, Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy, Although our last, not least; to whose young love

The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy, Strive to be <sup>1</sup>interest'd; what can you say, to draw A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing?

*Cor.* Nothing.

*Lear.* Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot leave My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty According to my bond; nor more, nor less. [*Little,*]

*Lear.* How? how, Cordelia? mend your speech a Lest you may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.* Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I Return those duties back as are right fit, Obey you, love you, and most honor you. Why have my sisters husbands, if they say. They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed, That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry Half my love with him, half my care, and duty: Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters, To love my father all.

*Lear.* But goes this with thy heart?

*Cor.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* So young, and so untender?

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so: thy truth, then, be thy dower; For, by the sacred radiance of the sun, The mysteries of Hecate, and the night, By all the operation of the orbs, From whom we do exist, and cease to be, Here I disclaim all my paternal care, <sup>m</sup>Propinquity and property of blood, And as a stranger to my heart and me, Hold thee from <sup>n</sup>this for ever. The barbarous Scythian, Or he that makes his <sup>o</sup>generation messes To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and reliev'd, As thou, my sometime daughter.

*Kent.*

Good my liege,—

*Lear.* Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.

I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[*To CORDELIA.*]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give Her father's heart from her!—Call France.—Who stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany, With my two daughters' dowers digest the third: Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her. I do invest you jointly with my power, Pre-eminence, and all the large effects That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course, With reservation of an hundred knights, By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode Make with you by due turns. Only, we still retain The name, and all th' <sup>p</sup>additions to a king; The sway, revenue, execution of the rest, Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm, This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*]

*Kent.*

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honor'd as my king,

Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,

<sup>4</sup>And as my patron thought on in my prayers,—

*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork invade The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,

<sup>a</sup> "Deserving," i. e., to be, to make myself deserving.—  
<sup>b</sup> "Our darker purpose," i. e., "that part of our plan which we have not yet disclosed, or brought to light."—<sup>c</sup> "Fast intent," i. e., fixed resolution.—<sup>d</sup> "Constant," i. e., firm, fixed.—  
<sup>e</sup> "Can wield the matter," i. e., can express.—<sup>f</sup> "Beyond all manner of so much," i. e., beyond all kinds of comparisons, expressed by "so much as this, that," &c.—<sup>g</sup> "Enriched."—  
<sup>h</sup> "Prize me at her worth," i. e., estimate myself at her value.—  
<sup>i</sup> "Felicitate," i. e., made happy.—<sup>k</sup> "Validity is used for value."

<sup>1</sup> Interested.—<sup>m</sup> "Propinquity," i. e., kindred; relationship.—  
<sup>n</sup> "From this," i. e., from this time.—  
<sup>o</sup> "His generation," i. e., his offspring.—  
<sup>p</sup> "Additions," i. e., titles.

When Lear is mad.—What would'st thou do, old man?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,  
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;  
And in thy best consideration check  
This hideous rashness: answer my<sup>a</sup> life my judgment,  
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;  
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound<sup>b</sup>  
<sup>b</sup>Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn  
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,  
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain  
The true<sup>c</sup> blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,  
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! <sup>1</sup> recreant!

[Laying his Hand upon his Sword.

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;  
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,  
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me.  
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,  
(Which we durst never yet) and, with strain'd pride,  
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,  
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)  
Our<sup>d</sup> potency made good, take thy reward.  
Five days we do allot thee for provision  
To shield thee from<sup>e</sup> diseases of the world,  
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom: <sup>2</sup>if the seventh day following,  
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,  
This shall not be revok'd.

[appear,  
Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt  
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—  
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[To CORDELIA.

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—  
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[To REGAN and GONERIL.

That good effects may spring from words of love.—  
Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu;  
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[Exit.

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address toward you, who with this king  
Hath rival'd for our daughter: what, in the least,  
Will you require in present dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,  
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,  
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,  
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;

But now her price is full'n. Sir, there she stands:  
If aught within that little<sup>f</sup> seeming substance,  
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,  
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,  
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she<sup>g</sup> owes,  
Unfriended, new-adapted to our hate,  
Dower'd with our curse, and<sup>h</sup> stranger'd with our  
oath,

Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;

Election makes not<sup>i</sup> up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that  
made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,

[To FRANCE.

I would not from your love make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate: therefore, beseech you  
T' avert your liking a more worthier way,  
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed  
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,

That she, that even but now was your<sup>3</sup> blest object,  
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,  
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time  
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favor. Sure, her offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree,  
<sup>k</sup>That<sup>l</sup> monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection  
Fall'n into<sup>m</sup> taint: which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith that reason, without miracle,  
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,

(If<sup>n</sup> for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend,  
I'll do't before I speak) that you make known  
It is no vicious blot,<sup>4</sup> nor other foulness,  
No unchaste action, or dishonor'd<sup>5</sup> stoop,  
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favor;  
But even for want of that for which I am richer,  
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,  
Hath lost me in your<sup>o</sup> liking.

Lear. Better thou

Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me  
better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,  
Which often leaves the history unspoke,  
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,  
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,  
When it is mingled with respects, that stand  
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?  
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,

Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,  
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing; I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,  
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy:

Since that respects of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being  
poor,

<sup>f</sup> "Seeming," i. e., specious.—<sup>g</sup> "Owes," i. e., owns; is possessed of.—<sup>h</sup> "Stranger'd," i. e., alienated; estranged.—<sup>i</sup> "Makes not up," i. e., is not concluded.—<sup>k</sup> That is used here for as.—<sup>l</sup> "Monsters it," i. e., makes it monstrous.—<sup>m</sup> "Fallen into taint," i. e., become the subject of reproach.—<sup>n</sup> For for because.—<sup>o</sup> "Hath lost me in your liking," i. e., hath ruined me in your good opinion.—<sup>p</sup> "With respects," i. e., with prudential considerations.

<sup>a</sup> "Answer my life," i. e., let my life be answerable for.—<sup>b</sup> Reverberates.—<sup>c</sup> The blank is the mark to shoot at.—<sup>d</sup> "Our potency made good," i. e., our power shall be made good on thee.—<sup>e</sup> Diseases is used here for troubles, inconveniences.

Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd,  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st  
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,  
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:  
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy  
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—  
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:  
Thou lovest here, a better where to 'find.

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France: let her be thine,  
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again:—Therefore, be gone  
Without our grace, our love, our <sup>b</sup>benison.—  
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.*  
*France.* Bid farewell to your sisters.

*Cor.* <sup>1</sup>Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes  
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;  
And, like a sister, am most loath to call  
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:  
To your 'professed bosoms I commit him;  
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,  
I would prefer him to a better place.  
So, farewell to you both.

*Gon.* Prescribe not us our duty.

*Reg.* Let your study  
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you  
<sup>2</sup>As fortune's alms: you have obedience scanted,  
And well are worth the want that you have <sup>d</sup>wanted.

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plighted cunning  
hides;

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.  
Well may you prosper!

*France.* Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.*  
*Gon.* Sister, it is not little I have to say of what  
most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father  
will hence to-night.

*Reg.* That's most certain, and with you; next  
month with us.

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age is; the  
observation we have made of it hath not been little:  
he always loved our sister most, and with what  
poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears  
too grossly.

*Reg.* 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath  
ever but slenderly known himself.

*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time hath been  
but rash; then, must we look to receive from his  
age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted  
<sup>c</sup>condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness  
that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

*Reg.* Such unconstant starts are we like to have  
from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

*Gon.* There is farther compliment of leave-taking  
between France and him. Pray you, let us hit  
together: if our father carry authority with such dis-  
positions as he bears, this last surrender of his will  
but offend us.

*Reg.* We shall farther think of it.

*Gon.* We must do something, and i' the 'heat.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> That is 'Thou lovest preferment here, to find a better elsewhere.'—<sup>b</sup> Benison is blessing.—<sup>c</sup> Professed for professing.  
—<sup>d</sup> That is, 'And well deserve the loss of the dower that you have failed to obtain.'—<sup>e</sup> Long-engrafted condition, i. e., qualities of mind confirmed by long habit.—<sup>f</sup> 'I' the heat, i. e., 'While the iron is hot.'

# SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of GLOSTER'S Castle.

*Enter EDMUND, <sup>3</sup>the Bastard, with a Letter.*

*Edm.* Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law  
My services are bound. Wherefore should I  
Stand <sup>4</sup>on the plague of custom, and permit  
The <sup>5</sup>curiosity of nations to <sup>6</sup>deprive me,  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines  
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base,  
When my dimensions are as well compact,  
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,  
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us  
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?  
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take  
More composition and fierce quality,  
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,  
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,  
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:  
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,  
As to the legitimate. Fine word,—legitimate!  
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,  
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—  
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

<sup>6</sup>[*Reads the Letter.*

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler  
parted!

And the king gone to-night! <sup>1</sup>I subscrib'd his power!  
Confin'd to <sup>2</sup>exhibition! All this done  
Upon the <sup>3</sup>gad!—Edmund. How now! what news?

*Edm.* So please your lordship, none.

<sup>6</sup>[*Hiding the Letter.*

*Glo.* Why so earnestly seek you to put up that  
letter?

*Edm.* I know no news, my lord.

*Glo.* What paper were you reading?

*Edm.* Nothing, my lord.

*Glo.* No! What needed, then, that terrible des-  
patch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing  
hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come;  
if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

*Edm.* I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter  
from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and  
for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for  
your o'erlooking.

*Glo.* Give me the letter, sir.

*Edm.* I shall offend, either to detain or give it.

The contents, as in part I understand them,  
Are to blame.

*Glo.* Let's see, let's see.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justification, he  
wrote this but as an <sup>1</sup>essay or taste of my virtue.

*Glo.* [*Reads.*] "This policy, and reverence of  
age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times;  
keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot  
relish them. I begin to find an idle and <sup>2</sup>fond bond  
age in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways,  
not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to  
me, that of this I may speak more. If our father  
would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy  
half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of  
your brother, EDGAR."—Humph!—Conspiracy!—  
"Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half

<sup>3</sup> "The curiosity of nations," i. e., the nicety, the strictness  
of evil institutions.—<sup>4</sup> To deprive, here, is to disinherit.—  
<sup>5</sup> "Subscribed," i. e., yielded; surrendered.—<sup>6</sup> Exhibition is  
an allowance, a stipend.—<sup>7</sup> "Upon the gad," i. e., upon the  
spur; in haste.—<sup>8</sup> "As an essay," i. e., as a trial.—<sup>9</sup> "Fond,"  
i. e., weak; foolish.

his revenue."—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

*Edm.* It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

*Glo.* You know the character to be your brother's?

*Edm.* If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

*Glo.* It is his.

*Edm.* It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

*Glo.* Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

*Edm.* Never, my lord; but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

*Glo.* O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain!—Where is he?

*Edm.* I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; <sup>a</sup> where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no other <sup>b</sup> pretence of danger.

*Glo.* Think you so?

*Edm.* If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

*Glo.* He cannot be such a monster.

*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

*Glo.* To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due <sup>c</sup> resolution.

*Edm.* I will seek him, sir, presently, <sup>d</sup> convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

*Glo.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of <sup>e</sup> nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the <sup>f</sup> sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason, and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty.—'Tis strange.

*Edm.* This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behavior) we make guilty of our dis-

asters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and <sup>g</sup> treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goddish disposition to the charge of <sup>h</sup> stars! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that, it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—'Tut! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

*Enter* EDGAR.

and put he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.—O! these eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, sol, la, mi.

*Edg.* How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

*Edm.* I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

*Edg.* Do you busy yourself with that?

*Edm.* I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolution of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

*Edg.* How long have you been a sectary astro-nomical?

*Edm.* Come, come; when saw you my father last?

*Edg.* The night gone by.

*Edm.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Ay, two hours together.

*Edm.* Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

*Edg.* None at all.

*Edm.* Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

*Edm.* That's my fear. I pray you, have a <sup>h</sup> continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go: there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.

*Edg.* Armed, brother?

*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon?

*Edm.* I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easy.—I see the business.—  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:  
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> Where for *whereas*.—<sup>b</sup> "Pretence," i. e., design; purpose.—<sup>c</sup> That is, "I would give all I am possessed of to be satisfied of the truth!"—<sup>d</sup> "Convey," i. e., conduct; manage.—<sup>e</sup> "The wisdom of nature," i. e., natural philosophy.—<sup>f</sup> "The sequent effects," i. e., the consequences.

<sup>g</sup> "Treachers," i. e., traitors.—<sup>h</sup> "Continent," i. e., temperate.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Duke of ALBANY'S Palace.

*Enter GONERIL, and OSWALD her Steward.*

*Gon.* Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night he wrongs me: every hour He flashes into one gross crime or other, That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it. His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:

If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

*Osw.* He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question: If he distaste it, let him to my sister, Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities, That he hath given away!—Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd With checks; as flatteries, when they are seen, abus'd. Remember what I have said.

*Osw.* Well, madam. [You.]

*Gon.* And let his knights have colder looks among What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so: I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak.—I'll write straight to my sister, To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Hall in the Same.

*Enter KENT, disguised.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech <sup>a</sup>diffuse, my good intent May carry through itself to that full issue For which I <sup>b</sup>raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent, If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd, (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st, Shall find thee full of labors.

*Horns within.* *Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

*Kent.* A man, sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to <sup>c</sup>converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Whom would'st thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*Kent.* No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that?

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, march a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

*Lear.* Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho! dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

*Enter OSWALD.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

*Osw.* So please you,—

[*Exit.*]

*Lear.* What says the fellow there? Call the clodpole back. <sup>1</sup>[*Exit Knight.*].—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—<sup>2</sup>[*Re-enter Knight.*] How now, where's that mongrel?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

*Knight.* Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not!

*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont: there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha! sayest thou so?

*Knight.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness wronged.

*Lear.* Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous <sup>d</sup>curiosity, than as a very <sup>e</sup>pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look farther into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

O! you sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

*Osw.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* My lady's father? my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

*Osw.* I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*]

*Osw.* I'll not be <sup>3</sup>stricken, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*]

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

*Kent.* Come, sir, arise; away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to: have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes OSWALD out*]

<sup>a</sup> "Diffuse," i. e., disguise.—<sup>b</sup> "Raz'd," i. e., effaced.—  
<sup>c</sup> "To converse," i. e., to keep company.

<sup>d</sup> "Jealous curiosity," i. e., punctilious jealousy.—<sup>e</sup> "A very pretence," i. e., an absolute design.

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving KENT money.*]

*Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his Cap.*]

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Lear.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* Why? For taking one's part that's out of favor.—Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

*Lear.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcomb myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

*Lear.* Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

*Fool.* Truth's a dog must to kennel: he must be whipped out, when the lady's brach may stand by the fire and stink.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me.

*Fool.* Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

*Lear.* Do.

*Fool.* Mark it, nuncle.

Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest,  
Ride more than thou goest,  
Learn more than thou trowest,  
Set less than thou throwest;  
Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
And keep in-a-door,  
And thou shalt have more  
Than two tens to a score.

*Lear.* This is nothing, fool.

*Fool.* Then, 'tis like the breath of an unfeeling lawyer: you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

*Lear.* Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

*Lear.* A bitter fool!

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

*Lear.* No, lad; teach me.

*Fool.* That lord, that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,  
Come place him here by me;  
Do thou for him stand:  
The sweet and bitter fool  
Will presently appear;  
The one in motley here,  
The other found out there.

*Lear.* Dost thou call me fool, boy?

*Fool.* All thy other titles thou hast given away, that thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No, faith; lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't, and loads too: they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

*Lear.* What two crowns shall they be?

*Fool.* Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [Singing.*

*For wise men are grown foppish;*

*And well may fear their wits to wear,*

*Their manners are so apish.*

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

*Fool.* I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for, when thou gavest them the rod and putt'st down thine own breeches,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.*

*And I for sorrow sung,*

*That such a king should play bo-peep,*

*And go the fools among.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

*Lear.* An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

*Fool.* I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast par'd thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

*Enter GONERIL.*

*Lear.* How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on?

Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an old without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool; thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue! so your face [*To Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum:

*He that keeps nor crust nor crum, <sup>3</sup>[Singing.*

*Weary of all, shall want some.*

That's a shealed<sup>k</sup> peascod.

*Gon.* Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,

But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth

In rank, and not to be endured, riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on,

By your<sup>m</sup> allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not<sup>n</sup> scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,

Which, in the tender of a wholesome<sup>a</sup> weal,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding.

*Fool.* For you<sup>4</sup> know, nuncle,

*The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,*

*That it had its head bit off by its young.*

<sup>a</sup> Grace is favor.—<sup>b</sup> A frontlet, or forehead cloth, was worn by ladies of old to prevent wrinkles, or frowns.—<sup>c</sup> "An O without a figure," i. e., a cipher.—<sup>d</sup> "A shealed peascod," i. e., a sheelled peewee: a mere empty husk.—<sup>e</sup> "Put it on," i. e., promote it; instigate it.—<sup>f</sup> Allowance for approbation.—<sup>g</sup> "A wholesome weal," i. e., a well-governed state.

<sup>a</sup> "Catch cold shortly," i. e., be turned out of doors.—<sup>b</sup> Nuncle, a familiar contraction of *mine uncle*.—<sup>c</sup> "Living," i. e., estate; property.—<sup>d</sup> A brach is a bitch-hound.—<sup>e</sup> Ownest.—<sup>f</sup> Trowest," i. e., believest.



So, out went the candle, and we were left <sup>a</sup>darkling.

*Lear.* Are you our daughter? [wisdom,

*Gon.* I would, you would make use of your good Whereof I know you are <sup>b</sup>fraught, and put away These dispositions, which of late transform you From what you rightly are.

*Fool.* May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

*Lear.* Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

*Fool.* Which they will make an obedient father.

*Lear.* Your name, fair gentlewoman?

*Gon.* This admiration, sir, is much o' the 'favor Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright, As you are old and reverend, should be wise. Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires; Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold, That this our court, infected with their manners, Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel, Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd By her, that else will take the thing she begs, A little to disquantity your train; And the remainder, that shall still <sup>d</sup>depend, To be such men as may besort your age, Which know themselves and you.

*Lear.* Darkness and devils!—Saddle my horses; call my train together.—Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee: Yet have I left a daughter.

*Gon.* You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble

Make servants of their betters.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir! [To ALB.] are you come?

Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses!—Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend, More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child, Than the <sup>e</sup>sea-monster!

*Alb.* Pray, sir, be patient.

*Lear.* Detested kite! thou liest: [To GONERIL.] My train are men of choice and rarest parts, That all particulars of duty know, And in the most exact regard support The <sup>f</sup>worship of their name.—O, most small fault! How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show, Which, like an 'engine, wrench'd my frame of love From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all nature, And added to the gull. O Lear, Lear, Lear! Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[Striking his head.] And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

*Alb.* My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant Of what hath mov'd you.

*Lear.* It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear! dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend To make this creature fruitful! Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase; And from her <sup>g</sup>derogate body never spring A babe to honor her! If she must teem, Create her child of spleen; that it may live, And be a <sup>h</sup>thwart <sup>i</sup>disnatur'd torment to her! Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth; With <sup>k</sup>cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks; Turn all her mother's pains, and <sup>l</sup>benefits, To laughter and contempt; that she may feel How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child!—Away! away! [Exit.]

*Alb.* Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

*Gon.* Never afflict yourself to know the cause; But let his disposition have that scope That dotage gives it.

*Re-enter LEAR.*

*Lear.* What! fifty of my followers, at a clap, Within a fortnight!

*Alb.* What's the matter, sir?

*Lear.* I'll tell thee.—Life and death! [To GONERIL.] I am asham'd, That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus: That these hot tears, which break from me perforce, Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!

Th' <sup>m</sup>untented woundings of a father's curse Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes, Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out, And cast you, with the waters that you lose, To temper clay.—Ha!

Let it be so:—I have another daughter, Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable: When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find, That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think I have cast off for ever.

[Exit LEAR <sup>n</sup>in fury, KENT, and Attendants.]

*Gon.* Do you mark that, my lord?

*Alb.* I cannot be so partial, Goneril, To the great love I bear you,—  
*Gon.* Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho! You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[To the Fool.]

*Fool.* Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,  
And such a daughter,  
Should sure to the slaughter,  
If my cap would buy a halter;  
So the fool follows after.

[Exit.]

*Gon.* This man hath had good counsel.—A hundred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep [dream, At "point a hundred knights: yes, that on every Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike, He may <sup>o</sup>enguard his dotage with their powers, And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

*Alb.* Well, you may fear too far.

*Gon.* Safer than trust too far. Let me still take away the harms I fear, Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart. What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister: If she sustain him and his hundred knights, When I have show'd th' unfitness,—how now, Oswald!

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

<sup>a</sup> "Darkling," i. e., in the dark.—<sup>b</sup> "Fraught," i. e., stored.—<sup>c</sup> *Favor* is *complexion*.—<sup>d</sup> "Depend," i. e., continue in service.—<sup>e</sup> The sea-monster is the *hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude.—<sup>f</sup> "An engine," i. e., the rack.

<sup>g</sup> "Derogate," i. e., degenerate.—<sup>h</sup> "Thwart," i. e., per-verse.—<sup>i</sup> "Disnatur'd," i. e., unnatural.—<sup>k</sup> "Cadent," i. e., falling.—<sup>l</sup> *Benefits* are *good offices*.—<sup>m</sup> "Untented," i. e., rankling; never-healing.—<sup>n</sup> "At point," i. e., completely armed.—<sup>o</sup> "Enguard," i. e., guard; protect

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* Take you some company, and away to horse :  
Inform her full of my particular fear ;  
And thereto add such reasons of your own,  
As may compact it more. Get you gone, [lord,  
And hasten your return. [*Exit* *Osw.*] No, no, my  
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,  
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,  
You are much more <sup>a</sup>attask'd for want of wisdom,  
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

*Alb.* How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell :  
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

*Gon.* Nay, then—

*Alb.* Well, well ; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—Court before the Same.

*Enter* LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

*Lear.* Go you before to Gloster with these letters.  
Acquaint my daughter no farther with any thing you  
know, than comes from her demand out of the letter.  
If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there  
before you.

*Kent.* I will not sleep, my lord, till I have de-  
livered your letter. [*Exit.*]

*Fool.* If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not  
in danger of <sup>b</sup>kibes ?

*Lear.* Ay, boy.

*Fool.* Then, I pr'ythee, be merry ; thy wit shall  
not go slipshod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Fool.* Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee  
<sup>c</sup>kindly ; for though she's as like this, as a crab is  
like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

*Lear.* What canst tell, boy ?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this, as a crab does to  
a crab. <sup>1</sup>Canst thou tell why one's nose stands i' the  
middle on's face ?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's  
nose ; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy  
into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong.—

*Fool.* Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell ?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a snail  
has a house.

*Lear.* Why ?

*Fool.* Why, to put his head in ; not to give it  
away to his daughters, and leave his horns without  
a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature.—So kind a father !  
—Be my horses ready ?

*Fool.* Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason  
why the seven stars are no more than seven is a  
pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight ?

*Fool.* Yes, indeed. Thou wouldest make a good  
fool.

*Lear.* To take it again <sup>d</sup>perforce !—Monster in-  
gratitude !

*Fool.* If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee  
beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that ?

*Fool.* Thou shouldst not have been old before thou  
hast been wise.

*Lear.* O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven !  
Keep me in temper : I would not be mad !—

*Enter* Gentleman.

How now ! Are the horses ready ?

*Gent.* Ready, my lord.

*Lear.* Come, boy.

[*departure,*

*Fool.* She that's a maid now, and laughs at my  
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT II.

#### SCENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of GLOSTER.

*Enter* EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

*Edm.* Save thee, Curan.

*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your father,  
and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall,  
and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-  
night.

*Edm.* How comes that ?

*Cur.* Nay, I know not. You have heard of the  
news abroad : I mean, the whispered ones, for they  
are yet but <sup>e</sup>ear-bussing arguments.

*Edm.* Not I : I pray you, what are they ?

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars <sup>f</sup>toward,  
<sup>g</sup>twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany ?

*Edm.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may do, then, in time. Fare you well,  
sir. [*Exit.*]

*Edm.* The duke be here to-night ? The better !  
Best !

This weaves itself perforce into my business.  
My father hath set guard to take my brother ;  
And I have one thing, of a <sup>h</sup>queazy question,  
Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work !—  
Brother, a word ;—descend :—brother, I say !

*Enter* EDGAR.

My father watches.—O sir ! fly this place ;  
Intelligence is given where you are hid :  
You have now the good advantage of the night.—  
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall ?  
He's coming hither ; now, i' the night, <sup>i</sup>in haste,  
And Regan with him : have you nothing said  
Upon his <sup>j</sup>party 'gainst the duke of Albany ?  
<sup>k</sup>Advise yourself.

*Edg.* I am sure on't, not a word.

*Edm.* I hear my father coming.—Pardon me ;  
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you :  
Draw : seem to defend yourself. Now 'quit you well.  
Yield :—come before my father ;—Light, ho ! here !—  
Fly, brother ;—Torches ! torches !—So, farewell.—  
[*Exit* EDGAR]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion  
[*Wounds his arm.*]  
Of my more fierce endeavor : I have seen drunkards  
Do more than this in sport.—Father ! father !  
Stop, stop ! No help !

*Enter* GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.

*Glo.* Now, Edmund, where's the villain ? [out,

*Edm.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword  
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon  
To stand auspicious mistress.

*Glo.* But where is he ?

*Edm.* Look, sir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villain, Edmund ?

<sup>a</sup> "Attask'd," i. e., taxed ; reprehended.—<sup>b</sup> Kibes are chil-  
blains.—<sup>c</sup> A quibble upon *kindly*, i. e., like the rest of her  
*kind*, and *kindly*, affectionately.—<sup>d</sup> "Perforce," i. e., by  
force ; violently.

<sup>e</sup> "Ear-bussing arguments," i. e., *whispered arguments*.—  
<sup>f</sup> "Toward," i. e., in preparation.—<sup>g</sup> "Queazy," i. e., delicate.  
—<sup>h</sup> "Upon his party," i. e., upon the party formed by him  
(Cornwall) against the duke of Albany.—<sup>i</sup> "Advise yourself,"  
i. e., recollect yourself.

*Edm.* Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

*Glo.* Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit Serv.*]  
By no means,—what?

*Edm.* Persuade me to the murder of your lordship; But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend; Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine, Seeing how loathly opposite I stood To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion, With his prepared sword he charges home My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm: But ' whether he saw my best alarm'd spirits, Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter, Or whether 'ghastied by the noise I made, Full suddenly he fled.

*Glo.* Let him fly far: Not in this land shall he remain uncaught; And found, ' dispatch'd.—The noble duke my master, My worthy 'arch and patron, comes to-night: By his authority I will proclaim it, That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks, Bringing the murderous coward to the stake; He, that conceals him, death.

*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his intent, And found him ' fight to do it, with 'curst speech I threaten'd to discover him: he replied, "Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think, If I would stand against thee, would the 'reposal Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny, (As this I would; 'although thou didst produce My very 'character) I'd turn it all To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice: And thou must make a dullard of the world, If they not thought the profits of my death Were very pregnant and potential spurs To make thee seek it."

*Glo.* 'Strong and fasten'd villain! Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

[*Trucket within.*]  
Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes,—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape; The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture I will send far and near, that all the kingdom May have due note of him; and of my land, Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means To make thee 'capable.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.*

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend! since I came hither, [news.]

(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short, Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord?

*Glo.* O, madam! my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

*Reg.* What! did my father's godson seek your life? He whom my father nam'd? ' your heir, your Edgar?

*Glo.* O, lady, lady! shame would have hid it.

*Reg.* ' Was he companion with the riotous knights That tend upon my father?

*Glo.* I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.—

*Edm.* Yes, madam, 'yes; he was of that consort.

*Reg.* No marvel, then, though he were ill-affected:

\* "Ghastied," i. e., *aghastied*; frighted.—<sup>b</sup> "Arch," i. e., chief.—<sup>c</sup> "Fight," i. e., fixed in his purpose.—<sup>d</sup> "Curst," i. e., angry; bitter.—<sup>e</sup> "The reposal," i. e., the opinion *reposed* in thee.—<sup>f</sup> "Faith'd," i. e., to be believed; to be credited.—<sup>g</sup> "Character," i. e., hand-writing; signature.—<sup>h</sup> "Strong," i. e., determined; resolute.—<sup>i</sup> "Capable," i. e., *capable* of succeeding to my land.

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death, To have th' expense and waste of his revenues. I have this present evening from my sister Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions That if they come to sojourn at my house, I'll not be there.

*Corn.* Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—  
*Edmund.* I hear that you have shown your father A child-like office.

*Edm.* 'Twas my duty, sir.

*Glo.* He did bewray his ' practice; and receiv'd This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Corn.* Is he pursued?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord, he is.

*Corn.* If he be taken, he shall never more Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose, How in my strength you please.—<sup>7</sup> As for you, Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant So much commend itself, you shall be ours: Natures of such deep trust we shall much need; You we first seize on.

*Edm.* I shall serve you, sir, Truly, however else.

*Glo.* For him I thank your grace.

*Corn.* You know not why we came to visit you.

*Reg.* Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night.

Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some 'poize,

Wherein we must have use of your advice.

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,

Of differences, which I best 'thought fit

To answer from our 'home: the several messengers

From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,

Lay comforts to 'our bosom, and bestow

Your needful counsel to our business,

Which craves the instant use.

*Glo.* I serve you, madam. Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Before GLOSTER's Castle.

*Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.*

*Osw.* Good 'dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

*Kent.* Ay.

*Osw.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* I' the mire.

*Osw.* Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Osw.* Why, then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in <sup>10</sup> Finsbury 'pinfold, I would make thee cure for me.

*Osw.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Osw.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave, a whoreson glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy Paddock.

*Osw.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.

\* "Bewray his practice," i. e., reveal his treacherous devices.—<sup>1</sup> *Poise is weight, moment.*—<sup>2</sup> "From our home," i. e., away from our home.—<sup>3</sup> *Dawning for morning.*—<sup>4</sup> "Pin-fold," i. e., pound.—<sup>5</sup> "Of thy addition," i. e., of thy titles.

*Kent.* What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me. Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines: I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: [*Drawing his Sword.*] Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

*Osw.* Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take <sup>a</sup>Vanity, the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! help!

*Kent.* Strike, you slave: stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, EDMUND, and Servants.*

*Edm.* How now! What's the matter? Part.

*Kent.* With you, Goodman boy, if you please: I'll flesh you; come on, young master. [*come,*]

*Glo.* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives:

He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the king.

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.

*Osw.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor. You cowardly rascal, nature <sup>b</sup>disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee. [*nian?*]

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a

*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

*Osw.* This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have at suit of his grey beard,— [*spar'd*]

*Kent.* Thou, whoreson zed? thou, unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this <sup>c</sup>unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a <sup>d</sup>jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

*Corn.* Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a slave as this should wear a sword, Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these, Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain [*sion* Which are too <sup>e</sup>intrinse t' unloose; smooth every past that in the natures of their lords rebels; Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods; <sup>f</sup>Renegue, affirm, and turn their <sup>g</sup>haleyon beaks With every gale and vary of their masters, And knowing nought, like dogs, but following.— A plague upon your epileptic visage! Smile <sup>h</sup>at my speeches, as I were a fool? Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

*Corn.* What, art thou mad, old fellow?

*Glo.* How fell you out? say that.

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy, Than I and such a knave. [*his offence?*]

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave? What's

*Kent.* His countenance <sup>i</sup>likes me not.

*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:

I have seen better faces in my time, Than <sup>2</sup>stand on any shoulders that I see Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow, Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he; An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth: An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness Harbor more craft, and more corrupter ends, Than twenty silly ducking observants, That stretch their duties nicely.

*Kent.* Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity, Under th' allowance of your grand aspect, Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire On flickering Phœbus' front,—

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am to flatter: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

*Corn.* What was the offence you gave him?

*Osw.* I never gave him any.

It pleas'd the king, his master, very late, To strike at me upon his misconstruction; When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure, Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd, And put upon him such a deal of man, That worthied him, got praises of the king For him attempting who was self-subdu'd; And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit, Drew on me here again.

*Kent.* None of these rogues, and cowards, But Ajax is their fool.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart, We'll teach you—

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn.

Call not your stocks for me; I serve the king, On whose employment I was sent to you: You shall do small respect, show too bold malice Against the grace and person of my master, Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!

As I have life and honor, there shall he sit till noon.

*Reg.* Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

*Kent.* Why, madam, if I were your father's dog, You should not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*]

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same color Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.

*Glo.* Let me beseech your grace not to do so.

His fault is much, and the good king his master Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction Is such, as basest and condemn'd'st wretches, For pilferings and most common trespasses, Are punish'd with. The king must take it ill, That he, so slightly valued in his messenger, Should have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.* I'll answer that.

*Reg.* My sister may receive it much more worse, To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted, For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

*Kent is set in the Stocks*

<sup>a</sup> *Vanity*, a character in the old moralities.—<sup>b</sup> *Disclaims* in for *disclaims*.—<sup>c</sup> "Unbolt'd," i. e., coarse; unrefined.—<sup>d</sup> "Jakes," i. e., privy.—<sup>e</sup> "Intrinse," i. e., intricate; perplexed.—<sup>f</sup> To *renegue* is to *deny, disown*.—<sup>g</sup> The *haleyon* is the kingfisher, which, when dried and hung up by a thread, is supposed to turn his bill to the point whence the wind blows.—<sup>h</sup> "Likes," i. e., pleases.

<sup>1</sup> "Is their fool," i. e., is a fool to them.

Come, my lord, away.

[*Exeunt REGAN and CORNWALL.*]

*Glo.* I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows, Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle:

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.

Give you good morrow!

*Glo.* The duke's to blame in this: 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*]

*Kent.* Good king, that must approve the common Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st [*saw*—: To the warm sun.

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter.—Nothing almost sees miracles,

But misery:—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

Of my obscured course; and shall find time

From this enormous state,—seeking to give

Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night;

Smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*He sleeps.*]

### SCENE III.—A Part of the Heath.

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* I heard myself proclaim'd;  
And by the happy hollow of a tree  
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,  
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,  
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,  
I will preserve myself; and am bethought  
To take the basest and most poorest shape,  
That ever penury, in contempt of man,  
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth,  
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,  
And with present nakedness out-face  
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.  
The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,  
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms  
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;  
And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,  
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,  
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!  
That's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE IV.—Before GLOSTER's Castle.

*Enter LEAR, Fool, and a Gentleman.*

*Lear.* 'Tis strange that they should so depart from  
And not send back my messenger. [*Home,*

*Gent.* As I learn'd,

The night before there was no purpose in them

Of this remove.

*Kent.* Hail to thee, noble master! [*Waking.*]

*Lear.* Ha!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

*Kent.* No, my lord.

*Fool.* Ha, ha! look; he wears cruel garters.

Horses are tied by the head; dogs, and bears, by

the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the

legs. When a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks. [*mistook,*

*Lear.* What's he, that hath so much thy place  
To set thee here?

*Kent.* It is both he and she;

Your son and daughter.

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No, I say.

*Kent.* I say, yea.

*Lear.* No, no; they would not.

*Kent.* Yes, they have.

*Lear.* By Jupiter, I swear no.

*Kent.* By Juno, I swear, ay.

*Lear.*

They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse than mur-

To do upon respect such violent outrage. [*der,*

Resolve me with all modest haste which way

Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,

Coming from us.

*Kent.* My lord, when at their home

I did commend your highness' letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show'd

My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,

Stew'd in his haste, half-breathless, panting forth

From Goneril, his mistress, salutation;

Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,

Which presently they read: on whose contents,

They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend

The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:

And meeting here the other messenger,

Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,

(Being the very fellow which of late

Display'd so saucily against your highness)

Having more man than wit about me, drew:

He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.

Your son and daughter found this trespass worth

The shame which here it suffers. [*that way.*]

*Fool.* Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly

Fathers, that wear rags,

Do make their children blind;

But fathers, that bear bags,

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, it follows,

Thou shalt have as many dolours

For thy daughters' dear,

As thou canst tell in a year.

*Lear.* O, how this mother swells up toward my

heart!

*Hysteric passion!* down, thou climbing sorrow,

Thy element's below.—Where is this daughter?

*Kent.* With the earl, sir; here, within.

*Lear.*

Follow me not: [*Exit.*]

*Gent.* Made you no more offence than what you

*Kent.* None. [*speak of?*]

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that

question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach

thee there's no laboring i' the winter. All that fol-

low their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men;

and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell

him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great

\* "Approve the common saw," i. e., verify the common saying.—"Enormous," i. e., irregular; disordered.—"Hair thus knotted" was supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night.—"Skewers"—"Poultry."—"Curses"—"Cruel," a quibble on *cruel*, a sort of *worded*.

<sup>b</sup> *Nether-stocks*, the old word word for *stockings*.—<sup>c</sup> "Upon respect," i. e., upon consideration; deliberately.—<sup>d</sup> "Spite of intermission," i. e., 'spite of leaving me unanswered.'—<sup>e</sup> "Meiny," i. e., people; train; suite.—<sup>f</sup> A quibble between *dolours* and *dollars*.—<sup>g</sup> A disease called the *mother*.

wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,  
Will pack when it begins to rain,  
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The <sup>1</sup> fool turns knave that runs away,  
The <sup>2</sup> knave no fool, perdy.

*Kent.* Where learn'd you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere <sup>a</sup> fetches,  
The images of revolt and flying off.  
Fetch me a better answer.

*Glo.* My dear lord,  
You know the fiery quality of the duke;  
How unremovable and fix'd he is  
In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—  
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,  
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

*Glo.* Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.  
*Lear.* Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me,

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord. [*man?*]  
*Lear.* The king would speak with Cornwall; the  
dear father [*vice:*

Would with his daughter speak, commands her ser-  
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!—  
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—  
No, but not yet;—may be, he is not well:  
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,  
Whereto our health is bound: we are not ourselves,  
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind  
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;  
And am fallen out with my more headier will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit  
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,  
That this <sup>b</sup>remotion of the duke and her  
Is <sup>c</sup>practice only. Give me my servant forth.  
Go, tell the duke and 's wife, I'd speak with them,  
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,  
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,  
Till it cry—"Sleep to death."

*Glo.* I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

*Lear.* O me! my heart, my rising heart!—but,  
down.

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the  
eels, when she put them i' the pockney alive; she  
<sup>4</sup>knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and  
cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'twas her brother,  
that in pure kindness to his horse butter'd his hay.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.*

*Lear.* Good morrow to you both.

*Corn.* Hail to your grace!  
[*KENT is set at liberty.*

*Reg.* I am glad to see your highness.

*Lear.* Regan, I think you are; I know what reason  
I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,  
I would divorce <sup>e</sup> thee from thy mother's tomb,  
Sepulchring an adulteress,—O! are you free?

[*To KENT.*

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,  
Thy sister's naught: O Regan! she hath tied  
Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here.—  
[*Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not believe,  
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!—

*Reg.* I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope,  
You less know how to value her desert,  
Than she to scant her duty.

*Lear.* Say, how is that?

*Reg.* I cannot think, my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance,  
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,  
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,  
As clears her from all blame.

*Lear.* My curses on her!

*Reg.* O, sir! you are old;  
Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led  
By some discretion, that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,  
That to our sister you do make return:  
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness?  
Do you but mark how this becomes the <sup>6</sup>mouth:  
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;  
Age is <sup>d</sup>unnecessary: on my knees I beg,

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food." [*Kneeling.*

*Reg.* Good sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks.  
Return you to my sister.

*Lear.* Never, Regan. [*Rising.*  
She hath abated me of half my train;  
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,  
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.—  
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall  
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,  
You taking airs, with lameness!

*Corn.* Fie, sir, fie!  
*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding  
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty, [*flames*  
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,  
To <sup>e</sup>fall and blast her pride!

*Reg.* O the best gods!  
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

*Lear.* No, Regan; thou shalt never have my curse:  
Thy <sup>8</sup>tender-hearted nature shall not give  
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine  
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,  
To bandy hasty words, to scant my <sup>f</sup>sizes,  
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in: thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;  
Thy half o' the kingdom <sup>9</sup>thou hast not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good sir, to the purpose.  
*Lear.* Who put my man i' the stocks?

[*Trumpet within.*  
*Corn.* What trumpet's that?

*Enter OSWALD.*

*Reg.* I know't; my sister's: this approves her  
letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easy borrow'd pride  
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—  
Out, varlet, from my sight!

*Corn.* What means your grace?

<sup>a</sup> "Fetches," i. e., evasions.—<sup>b</sup> "Remotion," i. e., retire-  
ment.—<sup>c</sup> "Practice," i. e., artifice.

<sup>d</sup> "Unnecessary" is used here in the sense of *neccessitous*.—  
<sup>e</sup> "To fall," i. e., to make fall; to humble.—<sup>f</sup> "A size" is a por-  
tion or allotment of food.



The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:  
He is attended with a desperate train,  
And what they may <sup>a</sup>incense him to, being apt  
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear. [night:  
*Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild  
My Regan counsels well.—Come out o' the storm.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Heath.

*A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter  
KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.*

*Kent.* Who's here, beside foul weather?

*Gent.* One minded, like the weather, most un-  
quietly.

*Kent.* I know you. Where's the king?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful elements;  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the <sup>b</sup>main, [hair,  
That things might change or cease: tears his white  
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,  
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:  
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn  
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. [couch,  
This night, wherein the <sup>c</sup>cub-drawn bear would  
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool, who labors to outjest  
His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you,  
And dare, upon the warrant of my <sup>d</sup>note,  
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,  
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;  
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars  
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less,  
Which are to France the spies and <sup>e</sup>spectators  
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,  
Either in snuffs and <sup>f</sup>packings of the dukes,  
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne  
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,  
Whereof, perchance, these are but <sup>g</sup>flourishings;—  
But, true it is, from France there comes a power  
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,  
Wise in our negligence, have secret <sup>h</sup>feet  
In some of our best ports, and are at point  
To show their open banner.—Now to you:  
If on my credit you dare build so far  
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find  
Some that will thank you, making just report  
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow  
The king hath cause to plain.  
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,  
And from some knowledge and assurance offer  
This office to you.

*Gent.* I will talk farther with you.

*Kent.* No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more  
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take  
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,

(As fear not but you shall) show her this ring,  
And she will tell you who that <sup>i</sup>fellow is  
That yet you do not know. [Thunder.] Fie on this  
storm!

I will go seek the king.

[say?

*Gent.* Give me your hand. Have you no more to  
*Kent.* Few words, but, to effect, more than all  
yet;

[pain

That, when we have found the king, in which your  
That way, I'll this, he that first lights on him,  
Holla the other. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Heath. Storm  
continues.

*Enter LEAR and Fool.*

*Lear.* Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!  
You cataracts and hurricanes spout, [blow!  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the  
cocks!

You sulphurous and <sup>b</sup>thought-executing fires,  
<sup>i</sup>Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts, [der,  
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thun-  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world:  
Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once,  
That make ingrateful man!

*Fool.* O nuncle, court <sup>k</sup>holy-water in a dry house  
is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good  
nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing: here's  
a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

[Thunder.

*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
You owe me no <sup>l</sup>subscription; then, let fall  
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That will with two pernicious daughters join  
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foal!

*Fool.* He that has a house to put 's head in has a  
good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall louse;—

So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make,

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made  
mouths in a glass.

*Enter KENT.*

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I  
will say nothing.

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Fool.* Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's  
a wise man, and a fool.

*Kent.* Alas, sir! are you here? Things that love  
night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies

<sup>m</sup>Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,

And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

<sup>a</sup>To incense is here to instigate.—<sup>b</sup>The main is here the  
main land.—<sup>c</sup>"The cub-drawn bear," i. e., the bear whose  
dugs are drawn dry by its cubs.—<sup>d</sup>"My note," i. e., my ob-  
servation of your character.—<sup>e</sup>"Snuffs and packings," i. e.,  
dislikes and underhand contrivances.—<sup>f</sup>"Secret feet," i. e.,  
secret footing.

<sup>g</sup>"Fellow," i. e., companion.—<sup>h</sup>"Thought-executing,"  
i. e., executing with the rapidity of thought.—<sup>i</sup>*Avant-  
coursiers*, Fr.—<sup>k</sup>"Court holy-water," a proverbial phrase  
for fair words.—<sup>l</sup>"Subscription," i. e., obedience.—<sup>m</sup>"Gal-  
low," i. e., frighten; scare.



Remember to have heard : man's nature cannot carry  
Th' affliction, nor the fear.

*Lear.* Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice : hide thee, thou bloody hand;  
Thou 'perjure,<sup>a</sup> and thou 'simuler of virtue  
That art incestuous : caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practis'd on man's life : close pent-up guilts,  
Rive your concealing 'continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners 'd grace.—I am a man,  
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

*Kent.* Alack ! bare-headed.  
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel ;  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest :  
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,  
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd,  
Which even but now, demanding after you,  
Denied me to come in) return, and force  
Their scantied courtesy.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.—  
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy ? Art cold ?  
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow ?  
The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.  
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool.* *He that has a little tiny wit,—* [Sings.  
*With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—*  
*Must make content with his fortunes fit ;*  
*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*Lear.* True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this  
hovel. [Exeunt LEAR and KENT.]

*Fool.* This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.—  
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go :

When priests are more in word than matter ;  
When brewers mar their malt with water ;  
When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;  
No heretics burn'd, but wenches suitors :  
When every case in law is right ;  
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;  
When slanderers do not live in tongues,  
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;  
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,  
And bawds and whores do churches build ;  
Then shall the realm of Albion  
Come to great confusion :  
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,  
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before  
his time. [Exit.]

### SCENE III.—A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

*Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.*

*Glo.* Alack, alack ! Edmund, I like not this un-  
natural dealing. When I desired their leave that I  
might pity him, they took from me the use of mine  
own house ; charged me, on pain of their perpetual  
displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him,  
nor any way sustain him.

*Edm.* Most savage, and unnatural !

*Glo.* Go to ; say you nothing. There is division  
between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I  
have received a letter this night ;—'tis dangerous  
to be spoken :—I have locked the letter in my closet.  
These injuries the king now bears will be revenged

home ; there is part of a power already 'footed :  
we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and  
privily relieve him : go you, and maintain talk with  
the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived.  
If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I  
die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my  
old master, must be relieved. There is some  
strange thing toward, Edmund ; pray you, be care-  
ful. [Exit.]

*Edm.* This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke  
Instantly know ; and of that letter too.  
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me  
That which my father loses ; no less than all :  
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

### SCENE IV.—A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Kent.* Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord,  
enter :

The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart ?

*Kent.* I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord,  
enter. [Storm]

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious  
Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;  
But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear ;  
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,  
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the  
mind's free,

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude !  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,  
For lifting food to't ?—But I will punish home.—  
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night  
To shut me out !—Pour on ;—I will endure.—  
In such a night as this ! O Regan ! Goneril !—  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all.—  
O ! that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;  
No more of that.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, go in thyself ; seek thine own ease :  
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in :  
In, boy ; go first.—[To the Fool.] You houseless  
poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and 'window'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these ? O ! I have ta'en  
Too little care of this.—Take physic, pomp ;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,  
And show the heavens more just.

*Edg.* [Within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half !  
Poor Tom !

[The Fool runs out from the Hovel.]

*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle ; here's a spirit.  
Help me ! help me !

*Kent.* Give me thy hand.—Who's there ?

*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit : he says his name's poor  
Tom.

<sup>a</sup> *Perjure* was anciently used to signify a *perjured* forsworn  
person.—<sup>b</sup> "Simuler," i. e., counterfeit.—<sup>c</sup> *Continents* for  
containers, enclosures.—<sup>d</sup> "Grace," i. e., favor.

<sup>e</sup> "Footed," i. e., on foot.—<sup>f</sup> *Loop'd* and *window'd* signifies  
full of holes and apertures.

*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there?  
Come forth. [the straw?]

*Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.*

*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows me!—  
“Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.”—

Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

*Lear.* Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?  
And art thou come to this?

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through <sup>1</sup>swamp and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits! Tom’s a-cold.—O! do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and <sup>2</sup>taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes.—There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

<sup>2</sup>[*Strikes.* *Storm continues.*]

*Lear.* What! have his daughters brought him to this pass? [all?]

Could’st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them  
*Fool.* Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all ashamed.

*Lear.* Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air hang fated o’er men’s faults, light on thy daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir. [nature]

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy <sup>3</sup>of their flesh?

Judicious punishment! ’twas this flesh begot Those <sup>b</sup>pelican daughters.

*Edg.* Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

*Edg.* Take heed o’ the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; <sup>4</sup>keep thy word; do justice; swear not; commit not with man’s sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom’s a-cold.

*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my <sup>c</sup>cap, served the lust of my mistress’s heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of <sup>d</sup>ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from leuders’ books, and defy the foul fiend.—“Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;” says suum, nun, ha no nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by.

[*Storm still continues.*]

*Lear.* Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast

no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—  
—Ha! here’s three <sup>e</sup>on’s are sophisticated: thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings.—Come; unbutton here.—<sup>f</sup>[*Tearing his clothes.*]

*Fool.* Pr’ythee, nuncle, be contented; ’tis a naughty night to swim in.—Now, a little fire in a wide field were like an old lecher’s heat; a small spark, all the rest on’s body cold.—Look! here comes a walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the <sup>g</sup>pin, squints the eye, and makes the bare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrie the wold;*

*He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;*

*Bid her alight,*

*And her troth plight,*

*And, ’aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!*

*Kent.* How fares your grace?

*Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.*

*Lear.* What’s he?

*Kent.* Who’s there? What is’t you seek?

*Glo.* What are you there? Your names?

*Edg.* Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the <sup>h</sup>water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallots; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool: who is whipped from tything to tything, and stock’d, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,*

*Have been Tom’s food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou fiend!

*Glo.* What! hath your grace no better company?

*Edg.* The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Mudo he’s call’d, and Malu.

*Glo.* Her flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Poor Tom’s a-cold.

*Glo.* Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters’ hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventur’d to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this philosopher.—  
What is the cause of thunder? [house.]

*Kent.* Good my lord, take his offer: go into the

*Lear.* I’ll talk a word with this same learned  
What is your study? [Theban.]

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

*Lear.* Let me ask you one word in private.

<sup>7</sup>[*They talk apart.*]

*Kent.* Importune him once more to go, my lord, His wits begin t’ unsettle.

*Glo.* Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death.—Ah, that good Kent!—He said it would be thus, poor banish’d man!

Thou say’st, the king grows mad: I’ll tell thee, friend, I am almost mad myself. I had a son, Now outlaw’d from my blood; he sought my life, But lately, very late: I lov’d him, friend, No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

<sup>a</sup> “Taking,” i. e., blasting with malignant influences.—

<sup>b</sup> The young *pelican* is fabled to suck the mother’s blood.—

<sup>c</sup> It was the custom to wear *gloves* in the hat, as the favor of a mistress.—<sup>d</sup> “Light of ear,” i. e., ready to receive malicious reports.

<sup>e</sup> “The web and the pin,” diseases of the eyes, resembling the entract.—<sup>f</sup> “Aroint,” i. e., away.—<sup>g</sup> “The water,” i. e., the water-newt.

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!

[*Storm continues.*]

I do beseech your grace,—

*Lear.* O! cry you mercy, sir.—

Noble philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a-cold.

[*warm.*]

*Glo.* In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my lord.

*Lear.* With him:

I will keep still with my philosopher.

[*follow.*]

*Kent.* Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the

*Glo.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

*Lear.* Come, good Athenian.

*Glo.* No words, no words:

Hush!

*Edg.* "Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man." [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

*Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.*

*Corn.* I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

*Edm.* How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

*Corn.* I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

*Edm.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

*Corn.* Go with me to the duchess.

*Edm.* If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

*Corn.* True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

*Edm.* [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—[*To him.*] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI.—A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

*Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.*

*Glo.* Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

*Kent.* All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience.—The gods reward your kindness!

[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

*Edg.* Frateretto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray<sup>b</sup> innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a mad-man be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

*Lear.* A king, a king!

*Fool.* No: he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits Come whizzing in upon them.—

*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

*Fool.* He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

[*straight.—*]

*Lear.* It shall be done; I will arraign them Come, sit thou here, most learned<sup>c</sup> justicer;—

[*To EDGAR.*]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!—

*Edg.* Look, where he stands and glares!— Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

*Come o'er the<sup>d</sup> bourn, Bessy, to me:—*

*Fool.* Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come o'er to thee.

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

*Kent.* How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

*Lear.* I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

[*To EDGAR.*]

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*]

Bench by his side.—You are o' the commission,

Sit you too.

[*To KENT.*]

*Edg.* Let us deal justly.

*Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?*

*Thy sheep be in the corn;*

*And for one blast of thy<sup>e</sup> minikin mouth,*

*Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

Pur! the cat is grey.

*Lear.* Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

[*eril?*]

*Fool.* Come hither, mistress. Is your name Gon-

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

*Lear.* And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

*Edg.* Bless thy five wits!

*Kent.* O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

[*much.*]

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so They'll mar my counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

*Edg.* Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,

Hound, or spaniel, brach, or flym;

Or bobtail<sup>f</sup> tike, or trundle-tail,

Tom will make them weep and wail:

For with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de. See, see! Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market-towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

*Lear.* Then, let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, [*To*

<sup>a</sup> Justicer for justice.—<sup>d</sup> A bourn is a brook or rivulet.—

<sup>e</sup> Minikin was anciently a term of endearment.—<sup>f</sup> "Lym," i. e., bloodhound.—<sup>g</sup> Tike and trundle-tail are species of mean dogs.

<sup>a</sup> Child is an old name for a knight.—<sup>b</sup> Fools were anciently termed innocents.

EDGAR.] I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

*Kent.* Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise: draw the curtains. So, so, so: we'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

*Fool.* And I'll go bed at noon.

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Come hither, friend: where is the king my master? [*gone.*]

*Kent.* Here, sir: but trouble him not; his wits are *Glo.* Good friend, I pry thee take him in thy arms; I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready; lay him in't, [*meet* And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up; And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

*Kent.* Oppress'd nature sleeps:— This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses, Which, if convenience will not allow, Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master; Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*]

*Glo.* Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*]

*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our woes, We scarcely think our miseries our foes. Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind, Leaving free things and happy shows behind; But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip, When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship. How light and portable my pain seems now, [*bow:* When that which makes me bend, makes the king He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away! Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray, When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee, In thy just proof, repeats and reconciles thee. What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king! Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.*

*Corn.* Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

*Reg.* Hang him instantly.

*Gon.* Pluck out his eyes.

*Corn.* Leave him to my disposal.—Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most 'festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister:—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

*Enter OSWALD.*

How now! Where's the king?

*Osw.* My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence: Some five or six and thirty of his knights,

\* "The high noises," i. e., the great events that are approaching.—<sup>b</sup> "Bewray," i. e., betray; discover.—<sup>c</sup> "Festinate," i. e., quick; hasty.—<sup>d</sup> "My lord of Gloster," i. e., Edmund, invested with his father's title.

Hot questrists after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lord's dependants, Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast To have well-armed friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your mistress

*Gon.* Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL, EDMUND, and OSWALD.*]

*Corn.* Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice, yet our power Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

*Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.*

*Reg.* Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

*Corn.* Bind fast his corky arms. [*consider*]

*Glo.* What mean your graces?—Good my friends, You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

*Corn.* Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

*Reg.* Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

*Glo.* Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

*Corn.* To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—

<sup>2</sup> [*They bind him: REGAN plucks his beard.*]

*Glo.* By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done To pluck me by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor!

*Glo.* Naughty lady.

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin, Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host: With robbers' hands my hospitable favors You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

*Reg.* Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confederacy have you with the Late footed in the kingdom? [*traitors*]

*Reg.* To whose hands

Have you sent the lunatic king? Speak.

*Glo.* I have a letter guessingly set down, Which came from one that's of a neutral heart, And not from one oppos'd.

*Corn.* Cunning.

*Reg.* And false.

*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the king?

*Glo.* To Dover.

*Reg.* Wherefore To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

*Corn.* Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

*Glo.* I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover? [*course.*]

*Glo.* Because I would not see thy cruel nails Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister In his anointed flesh rash boarish fangs. The sea, with such a storm as his bare head In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up, And quench'd the stelled fires; Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain. If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time, Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the All cruels else subscrib'd: but I shall see [*key,*"] The winged vengeance overtake such children.

\* A questrist is one who goes in quest or search of another. —<sup>1</sup> "Shall do a courtesy," i. e., shall bend.—<sup>2</sup> "Corky," i. e., dry; withered; husky.—<sup>3</sup> "Will quicken," i. e., will quicken into life.—<sup>4</sup> "Favors," i. e., features.—<sup>5</sup> "Footed," i. e., set on foot.—<sup>6</sup> To rash is the old term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs.—<sup>7</sup> "Stelled," i. e., starved.—<sup>8</sup> "Subscrib'd," i. e., yielded; submitted to the necessity of the occasion.

*Corn.* See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

*Glo.* He, that will think to live till he be old,  
Give me some help!—O cruel! O ye gods!

<sup>1</sup> [*They tear out one eye.*]

*Reg.* One side will mock another; the other too.

*Corn.* If you see, vengeance,—

*Serv.* Hold your hand, my lord.

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child,

But better service have I never done you,

Than now to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dog!

*Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon your chin,  
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

*Corn.* My villain! [*Draws and runs at him.*]

*Serv.* Nay then, come on, and take the chance of  
anger. [*Draws.* CORNWALL is wounded.

*Reg.* Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up  
thus! [*Left*]

*Serv.* O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye  
To see some mischief on him.—O! [*Dies.*]

*Corn.* Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!  
Where is thy lustre now!

<sup>2</sup> [*Tearing out his other eye.*]

*Glo.* All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son  
Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,  
To quit this horrid act.

*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he

That made the <sup>b</sup>overture of thy treasons to us,

Who is too good to pity thee.

*Glo.* O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

*Reg.* Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell  
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look  
you?

*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me, lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain: throw this slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN:—Servants  
unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,  
If this man comes to good.

<sup>2</sup> *Serv.* If she live long,

And in the end meet the old course of <sup>c</sup>death,  
Women will all turn monsters. [*lam*]

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the <sup>d</sup>Bed-  
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness

Allows itself to any thing.

<sup>2</sup> *Serv.* Go thou: I'll fetch some flax, and whites  
of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help  
him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—The Heath.

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* <sup>3</sup>Yes, better thus, unknown to be contemn'd,  
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,  
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,  
Stands still in <sup>e</sup>esperance, lives not in fear:  
The lamentable change is from the best;  
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,

<sup>a</sup> "To quit," i. e., to requite.—<sup>b</sup> The *overture* here means the *opening*, the *disclosure*.—<sup>c</sup> Meet the old course of death, i. e., die a natural death.—<sup>d</sup> "The Bedlam," i. e., the Bedlamite; the madman.—<sup>e</sup> "In esperance," i. e., in hope.

Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace:

The wretch, that thou hast blown into the worst,  
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

*Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,  
Life would not yield to age.

*Old Man.* O my good lord! I have been your  
tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore  
years.

*Glo.* Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:  
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;

Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir! you cannot see your way.

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,

Our <sup>4</sup>wants secure us; and our mere defects

Prove our commodities.—Ah! dear son Edgar,

The food of thy abused father's wrath,

I but live to see thee in my touch,

I'd say I had eyes again!

*Old Man.* How now! Who's there?

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, "I am  
at the worst?"

I am worse than e'er I was.

*Old Man.* 'Tis poor mad Tom.

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: the worst  
is not

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glo.* Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman, and beggar too.

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,

Which made me think a man a worm: my son

Came then into my mind; and yet my mind

Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard  
more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;

They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] How should this be?—

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,

Angering itself and others. [*To him.*] Bless thee,

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow? [*master!*]

*Old Man.* Ay, my lord.

*Glo.* Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,

I the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;

And bring some covering for this naked soul,

Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir! he is mad.

*Glo.* 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead

the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;

Above the rest, be gone.

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,  
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*]

*Glo.* Sirrah; naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.—[*Aside.*] I cannot  
<sup>d</sup>daub it farther.

*Glo.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—[*To him.*] Bless  
thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to Dover?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.

Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits:

bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!

Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust,

as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness;

Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Fibber-

tigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since pos-

<sup>f</sup> "Daub," i. e., disguise.

sesses chamber-maids and waiting women. So, bless thee, master! [plagues]

*Glo.* Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched, Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still! Let the "superfluous, and lust-dieted man, That braves your ordinance, that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly; So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glo.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully in the confined deep: Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear, With something rich about me: from that place I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm: Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of ALBANY's Palace.

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; OSWALD meeting them.*

*Gon.* Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband

Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

*Osw.* Madam, within; but never man so chang'd. I told him of the army that was landed; He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming; His answer was, "The worse!" of Gloster's treach- And of the loyal service of his son, [cry, When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot, And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out. What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him; What like, offensive.

*Gon.* Then, shall you go no farther. [To EDMUND.]

It is the cowlish terror of his spirit, That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs, Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother; Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers: I must change arms at home, and give the distaff Into my husband's hand. This trusty servant Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear, If you dare venture in your own behalf, A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; [Giving a chain.]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak, Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.—Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear Gloster! [Exit EDMUND.] O, the difference of man, and man! To thee a woman's services are due: My fool usurps my body.

*Osw.* Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit OSWALD.]

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Gon.* I have been worth the "whistle."

*Alb.* O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust, which the rude wind Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition: That nature, which contemns its origin, Cannot be border'd certain in itself; She that herself will "sliver and disbranch From her material sap, perforce must wither,

And come to deadly use.

*Gon.* No more: the text is foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile; Filth savor but themselves. What have you done? Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd? A father, and a gracious aged man, Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick, Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you maddened Could my good brother suffer you to do it? A man, a prince, by him so benefited? If that the heavens do not their visible spirits Send quickly down to tame these vile offences, It will come, Humanity must perforce prey on itself, Like monsters of the deep.

*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs; Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st, Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land; With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats; Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest, "Alack! why does he so?"

*Alb.* See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend So horrid, as in woman.

*Gon.* O vain fool! [shame,]

*Alb.* Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness To let these hands obey my blood, They are apt enough to dislocate and tear Thy flesh and bones: howe'er thou art a fiend, A woman's shape doth shield thee.

*Gon.* Marry, your manhood now!—

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alb.* What news? [dead;]

*Mess.* O, my good lord! the duke of Cornwall's Slain by his servant, going to put out The other eye of Gloster.

*Alb.* Gloster's eyes!

*Mess.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse, Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd, Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead, But not without that harmful stroke, which since Hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shows you are above,

You justices, that these our nether crimes So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster! Lost he his other eye?

*Mess.* Both, both, my lord.

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer; [Giving it.]

'Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* [Aside.] One way I like this well; But being widow, and my Gloster with her, May all the building in my fancy pluck Upon my hateful life. Another way, The news is not so tart. [To him.] I'll read, and answer. [Exit.]

*Alb.* Where was his son, when they did take his

*Mess.* Come with my lady hither. [eyes?]

*Alb.* He is not here.

*Mess.* No, my good lord; I met him back again.

*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness? [him,]

*Mess.* Ay, my good lord, 'twas he inform'd against And quit the house, on purpose that their punishment Might have the freer course.

<sup>t</sup> "My blood," i. e., my passion; my inclination.

<sup>a</sup> "The superfluous," i. e., the pampered.—<sup>b</sup> *In* is put here for *on*.—<sup>c</sup> "May prove effects," i. e., may be consummated.—<sup>d</sup> "Worth the whistle," i. e., worth calling for.—<sup>e</sup> "Sliver," i. e., tear off.

*Alb.* Gloster, I live  
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,  
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend:  
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—The French Camp near Dover.

*Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back, know you the reason?

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the state,  
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which  
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,  
That his personal return was most requir'd,  
And necessary.

*Kent.* Whom hath he left behind him general?

*Gent.* The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

*Gent.* Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down  
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen  
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,  
Sought to be king o'er her.

*Kent.* O! then it mov'd her.

*Gent.* Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove  
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen  
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears  
Were like a better May: those happy smilets,  
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,  
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow  
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all  
Could so become it.

*Kent.* Made she no verbal question?

*Gent.* 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name  
of "father"

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;  
Cried, "Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!  
Kent! father! sisters! What? 'i' the storm? 'i' the  
night?"

Let pity not be believ'd!"—There she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And clamor moisten'd: then, away she started  
To deal with grief alone.

*Kent.* It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions;  
Else one self mate and mate could not beget  
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

*Gent.* No.

*Kent.* Was this before the king return'd?

*Gent.* No, since.

*Kent.* Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear's 'i' the town,

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers  
What we are come about, and by no means  
Will yield to see his daughter.

*Gent.* Why, good sir?

*Kent.* A sovereign shame so elbows him; his own  
unkindness,

That stripp'd her of his benediction, turn'd her  
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
To his dog-hearted daughters; these things sting  
His mind so venomously, that burning shame  
Detains him from Cordelia.

*Gent.* Alack, poor gentleman!

*Kent.* Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you  
*Gent.* 'Tis so they are afoot. [*Heard not?*]

*Kent.* Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,  
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause  
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:  
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve  
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go  
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.—The Same. A Tent.

*Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and French Soldiers.*

*Cor.* Alack! 'tis he: why, he was met even now  
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;  
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,  
With hoar-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;  
Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*—What  
can man's wisdom,

In the restoring his bereaved sense?  
He, that helps him, take all his outward worth.

*Phy.* There is means, madam:  
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,  
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him  
Are many simples operative, whose power  
Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cor.* All bless'd secrets,  
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,  
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;  
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
That wants the means to lead 't.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* News, madam:  
The British powers are marching hitherward.

*Cor.* 'Tis known before; our preparation stands  
In expectation of them.—O dear father!  
It is thy business that I go about,  
Therefore great France

My mourning, and 'important tears, hath pitied.  
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,  
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right.  
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.—A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

*Enter REGAN and OSWALD.*

*Reg.* But are my brother's powers set forth?  
*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Reg.* Himself in person there?

*Osw.* Madam, with much ado:  
Your sister is the better soldier. [*Home?*]

*Reg.* Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at  
*Osw.* No, madam.

*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter to him?  
*Osw.* I know not, lady.

*Reg.* 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.  
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,  
To let him live: where he arrives he moves  
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,  
In pity of his misery, to despatch  
His nighted life; moreover, to desecry  
The strength o' the enemy.

*Osw.* I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.  
*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;  
The ways are dangerous.

*Osw.* I may not, madam;

\* "Question," i. e., discourse; conversation.—<sup>b</sup> That is,  
"Let not pity be supposed to exist."—<sup>c</sup> "And clamor moist-  
ened," i. e., accompanied her outcries with tears.—<sup>d</sup> "Con-  
ditions," i. e., dispositions.—<sup>e</sup> "One self mate and mate,"  
i. e., the selfsame husband and wife.

<sup>f</sup> "Dear cause," i. e., important business.—<sup>g</sup> Funitory.—  
<sup>h</sup> "The means to lead it," i. e., the reason which should  
guide it.—<sup>i</sup> Importunate.—<sup>k</sup> "Blown," i. e., inflated.—  
<sup>l</sup> "Nighted," i. e., darkened, by the loss of his eyes.

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

*Reg.* Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,  
Something—I know not what.—I'll love thee much;  
Let me unseal the letter.

*Osw.* Madam, I had rather—

*Reg.* I know your lady does not love her husband,  
I am sure of that; and, at her late being here,  
She gave strange <sup>a</sup>ceilids, and most speaking looks  
To noble Edmund. I know, you are of her bosom.

*Osw.* I, madam?

*Reg.* I speak in understanding: y' are, I know it;  
Therefore, I do advise you, take this <sup>b</sup>note:  
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,  
And more convenient is he for my hand,  
Than for your lady's.—You may gather more.  
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;  
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,  
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her:  
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,  
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off. [*show*]

*Osw.* Would I could meet him, madam: I would  
What party do I follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

# SCENE VI.—The Country near Dover.

*Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a Peasant.*

*Glo.* When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

*Edg.* You do climb up it now: look, how we labor.

*Glo.* Methinks, the ground is even.

*Edg.* Horribly steep.

Hark! do you hear the sea?

*Glo.* No, truly.

*Edg.* Why, then your other senses grow imperfect  
By your eyes' anguish.

*Glo.* So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st  
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

*Edg.* Y' are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I  
But in my garments. [*chang'd,*]

*Glo.* Methinks, y' are better spoken.

*Edg.* Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still.—

How fearful,

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down  
Hangs one that gathers <sup>c</sup>samphire; dreadful trade!  
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark,  
Diminish'd to her <sup>d</sup>cock; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,  
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
<sup>e</sup>Topple down headlong.

*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand; you are now within a foot  
Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon  
Would I not leap upright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel  
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies, and gods,  
Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off:  
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare you well, good sir.

*Glo.* With all my heart.

*Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his despair,  
Is done to cure it.

*Glo.* O, you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your sights  
Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall  
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,  
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should  
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—  
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]

*Edg.* Gone, sir: farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob  
The treasury of life, when life itself  
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,  
By this had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?  
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!  
Thus might he pass indeed;—yet he revives.  
What are you, sir?

*Glo.* Away, and let me die. [*air,*]

*Edg.* Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers,  
So many fathom down precipitating,  
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;  
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art  
Ten masts at <sup>b</sup>each make not the altitude, [*sound.*]  
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:  
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

*Glo.* But have I fallen, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky <sup>i</sup>bourne.  
Look up a height; the <sup>k</sup>shrill-gorg'd lark so far  
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

*Glo.* Alack! I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,  
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,  
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,  
And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm: <sup>2</sup>[*Helping him up.*]  
Up!—so;—how is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

*Glo.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.  
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that  
Which parted from you?

*Glo.* A poor unfortunate beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought, his eyes  
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,  
Horns 'wheld'd, and wad'd like the enridged sea:  
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,  
Think that the <sup>m</sup>clearest gods, who make them honors  
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

*Glo.* I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear  
Affliction, till it do cry out itself  
"Enough, enough!" and die. That thing you speak of,  
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,  
"The fiend, the fiend!" he led me to that place.

*Edg.* Bear 't free and patient thoughts.—But who  
comes here?

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with <sup>3</sup>Straws and  
Flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate  
His master thus.

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coining; I  
am the king himself.

*Edg.* O, thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect.—There's  
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like  
a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's <sup>o</sup>yard.—Look,

<sup>a</sup> "Ceilids," i. e., glances of the eyes.—<sup>b</sup> "Take this note,"  
i. e., observe what I am saying.—<sup>c</sup> *Samphire*, a vegetable  
gathered for pickling.—<sup>d</sup> "Her cock," i. e., her cock-boat.—  
<sup>e</sup> "Tupple," i. e., tumble.

<sup>f</sup> "Yields to the theft," i. e., is willing to be destroyed.—  
<sup>g</sup> "Pass," i. e., die.—<sup>h</sup> "At each," i. e., each added to the  
other.—<sup>i</sup> "Bourn," i. e., boundary.—<sup>k</sup> "Shrill-gorg'd," i. e.,  
shrill-throated.—<sup>l</sup> "Wheld'd," i. e., twisted; convolv'd.—  
<sup>m</sup> "The clearest," i. e., the purest.—<sup>n</sup> "Free," i. e., pure.—  
<sup>o</sup> "A clothier's yard," i. e., an arrow of a cloth-yard long.



look! a mouse. Peace, peace!—this piece of toast-ed cheese will do't.—There's my gannet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown <sup>a</sup> bills.—O, well-flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the <sup>b</sup> clout: hewgh!—Give the <sup>c</sup> word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say "ay," and "no," to every thing I said!—"Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

*Glo.* The <sup>d</sup> trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king:  
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.  
I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?—  
Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery? No:

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly  
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son  
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters  
Got 'twixen the lawful sheets.

To't, <sup>e</sup> luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—  
Behold yond' simpering dame,  
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;  
That <sup>f</sup> mimics virtue, and does shake the head  
To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't  
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,  
Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,  
Beneath is all the fiends: there's hell, there's darkness,  
there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding,  
stench, consumption;—fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give  
me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten  
my imagination: there's money for thee.

*Glo.* O, let me kiss that hand!

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first: it smells of mortality.

*Glo.* O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world  
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost  
Thou <sup>g</sup> squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid;  
I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge: mark but  
the penning of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

*Edg.* I would not take this from report; it is,  
And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What! with the case of eyes?

*Lear.* O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes  
in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your  
eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet  
you see how this world goes.

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad? A man may see how this  
world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see  
how yond' justice rails upon yond' simple thief.  
Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-

dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—  
Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

*Glo.* Ay, sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur? There  
thou might'st behold the great image of authority:  
a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! [back;  
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own  
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind [cozener.  
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the  
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with  
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.  
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll <sup>h</sup>able 'em:  
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power  
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;  
And, like a scurvy politician, seem [now!  
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,  
Pull off my boots: harder, harder; so.

*Edg.* O, matter and <sup>i</sup>impertinency mix'd;  
Reason in madness!

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.  
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:  
Thou must be patient. We came crying hither:  
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air  
We wawl, and cry. I will preach to thee: mark me.

*Glo.* Alack! alack the day!

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry that we are come  
To this great stage of fools.—<sup>2</sup>'Tis a good plot.  
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe  
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;  
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,  
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

*Enter a Gentleman with Attendants.*

*Gent.* O! here he is: lay hand upon him.—Sir,  
Your most dear daughter—

*Lear.* No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even  
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;  
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,  
I am cut to the brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of <sup>k</sup> salt,  
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,  
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

*Gent.* Good sir,—

*Lear.* I will die bravely,  
Like a smug bridegroom. What! I will be jovial.  
Come, come; I am a king, my masters, know you  
that?

*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

*Lear.* Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it,  
you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit: Attendants follow.*]

*Gent.* A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,  
Past <sup>3</sup> speaking in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,  
Who redeems nature from the general curse  
Which twain have brought her to.

*Edg.* Hail, gentle sir.

*Gent.* Sir, speed you: what's your will?

*Edg.* Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

*Gent.* Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,  
Which can distinguish sound.

*Edg.* But, by your favor,

How near's the other army?

*Gent.* Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry  
Stands on the hourly <sup>l</sup>thought.

<sup>a</sup> "The brown bills," i. e., the battle-axes.—<sup>b</sup> "The clout," i. e., the white mark for archers to aim at.—<sup>c</sup> "The word," i. e., the watchword.—<sup>d</sup> "The trick," i. e., the manner.—<sup>e</sup> "Luxury," i. e., incontinence.—<sup>f</sup> "The fitchew is the polecat." <sup>g</sup> To squiny is to look squint.

<sup>h</sup> "I'll able 'em," i. e., I'll support, uphold them.—<sup>i</sup> "Impertinency means here something not belonging to the subject.—<sup>k</sup> A man of salt is a man of tears.—<sup>l</sup> That is, 'The main body is expected to be descried every hour.'

*Edg.* I thank you, sir: that's all.  
*Gent.* Though that the queen on special cause is  
 Her army is mov'd on. [here,

*Edg.* I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]  
*Glo.* You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from  
 Let not my worse<sup>a</sup> spirit tempt me again [me:  
 To die before you please!

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.  
*Glo.* Now, good sir, what are you? [blows]

*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame to fortune's  
 Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,  
 Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,  
 I'll lead you to some biding.

*Glo.* Hearty thanks;  
 The bounty and the<sup>b</sup> benison of heaven  
 To boot, and boot!

*Enter OSWALD.*

*Osw.* A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!  
 That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh  
 To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,  
 Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out

<sup>1</sup>[*Drawing.*

That must destroy thee.

*Glo.* Now let thy friendly hand  
 Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR interposes.*

*Osw.* Wherefore, bold peasant,  
 Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;  
 Lest that th' infection of his fortune take  
 Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Ch'll not let go, zir, without varther 'casion.

*Osw.* Let go, slave, or thou diest.

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your<sup>c</sup> gait, and let poor  
 folk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of  
 my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a  
 vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep  
 out, <sup>d</sup>che vor'ye, or Ise try whether your<sup>e</sup> costard or  
 my ballow be the harder. Ch'll be plain with you.

*Osw.* Out, dunghill!

*Edg.* Ch'll pick your teeth, zir. Come; no mat-  
 ter vor your<sup>f</sup> foins.

[*They fight; and EDGAR strikes him down.*

*Osw.* Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take my  
 If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body; [purse.  
 And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,  
 To Edmund earl of Gloster: seek him out  
 Upon the British party.—O, untimely death! [*Dies.*

*Edg.* I know thee well: a serviceable villain;  
 As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,  
 As badness would desire.

*Glo.* What! is he dead?

*Edg.* Sit you down, father; rest you.—  
 Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,  
 May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry  
 He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—  
 Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:  
 To know our enemies' minds we rip their hearts,  
 Their<sup>g</sup> papers is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remem-  
 bered. You have many opportunities to cut him off:  
 if your will want not, time and place will be fruit-  
 fully offered. There is nothing done, if he return  
 the conqueror; then, am I the prisoner, and his bed  
 my jail, from the loathed warmth whereof deliver  
 me, and supply the place for your labor.

"Your (wife, so I would say)

"affectionate servant,

"GONERIL."

O, <sup>h</sup>unextinguish'd blaze of woman's will!

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;

<sup>a</sup> "My worse spirit," i. e., my evil genius.—<sup>b</sup> "Benison,"  
 i. e., blessing.—<sup>c</sup> "Your gait," i. e., your way.—<sup>d</sup> "Che  
 vor'ye," i. e., I warn you.—<sup>e</sup> Costard is head.—<sup>f</sup> Foins are  
 thrusts.—<sup>g</sup> "Their papers," i. e., to rip their papers.

And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,  
 Thee I'll rake up, the<sup>h</sup> post unsanctified  
 Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time,  
 With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
 Of the death-practis'd<sup>i</sup> duke. For him 'tis well,  
 That of thy death and business I can tell.

*Glo.* The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,  
 That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling  
 Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract;  
 So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,  
 And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose  
 The knowledge of themselves. [*Drum afar off.*

*Edg.* Give me your hand:  
 Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.  
 Come, father; I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp.* LEAR  
 on a Bed, asleep; Doctor, Gentleman, and others,  
 attending: *Enter CORDELIA and KENT.*

*Cor.* O thou good Kent! how shall I live, and work,  
 To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,  
 And every measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.  
 All my reports go with the modest truth;  
 Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

*Cor.* Be better<sup>k</sup> suited:  
 These weeds are<sup>l</sup> memories of those worse hours.  
 I pry'thee, put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon me, dear madam;  
 Yet to be known shortens my<sup>m</sup> main intent:  
 My boon I make it, that you know me not,  
 Till time and I think meet.

*Cor.* Then be't so, my good lord.—How does the  
 king? [*To the Physician.*

*Doct.* Madam, sleeps still.

*Cor.* O, you kind gods,  
 Cure this great breach in his abused nature!  
 Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up  
 Of this<sup>n</sup> child-changed father!

*Doct.* So please your majesty,  
 That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed  
 I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

*Doct.* Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,  
 We put fresh garments on him.

*Kent.* Good madam, be by when we do awake him:  
 I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.* Very well. [*Music.*

*Doct.* Please you, draw near.—Louder the music  
 there.

*Cor.* O my dear father! Restoration, hang  
 Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss  
 Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
 Have in thy reverence made!

*Kent.* Kind and dear princess!

*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these white  
 flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face  
 To be expos'd against the warring winds?  
 To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?  
 In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
 Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor<sup>o</sup> perdu!)  
 With this thin<sup>p</sup> helm? Mine enemy's dog,  
 Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
 Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,  
 To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,

<sup>h</sup> "The post unsanctified," i. e., the unconsecrated burial-  
 place.—<sup>i</sup> The Duke of Albany.—<sup>k</sup> "Suited," i. e., dressed.—  
<sup>l</sup> "Memorials,"—"Child-changed," i. e., changed by his chil-  
 dren.—<sup>m</sup> "Poor perdu!" The allusion is to the *forlorn hope*  
 in an army, called in French, *enfans perdus*.—"This thin  
 helm," i. e., this thin covering of hair.

In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!  
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

*Doct.* Madam, do you; 'tis fittest. [majesty?]

*Cor.* How does my royal lord? How fares your

*Lear.* You do me wrong, to take me out o' the  
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound [grave.—  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know. Where did you

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide. [die?]

*Doct.* He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

*Lear.* Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair  
day-light?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity  
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—  
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;  
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd  
Of my condition!

*Cor.* O! look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.—  
No, sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me:  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;  
And, to deal plainly,  
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;  
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am, I am.

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,  
weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in France?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Doct.* Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,  
You see, is cur'd in him; and yet it is danger  
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.  
Desire him to go in: trouble him no more,  
Till farther settling.

*Cor.* Will't please your highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me:  
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old, and  
foolish.

[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, Doctor, and Attendants.*]

*Gent.* Holds it true, sir, that the duke of Corn-  
wall was so slain?

*Kent.* Most certain, sir.

*Gent.* Who is conductor of his people?

*Kent.* As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

*Gent.* They say, Edgar, his banished son, is with  
the earl of Kent in Germany.

*Kent.* Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look  
about; the powers o' the kingdom approach apace.

*Gent.* The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare  
you well, sir. [Exit.]

*Kent.* My point and period will be thoroughly  
wrought,  
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit.]

\* "Abus'd," i. e., imposed upon.—"To make him even  
o'er," i. e., to reconcile to his apprehension.—"The arbitre-  
ment," i. e., the decision.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Camp of the British Forces, near  
Dover.

*Enter, with Drums and Colors, EDMUND, REGAN,  
Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

*Edm.* Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;  
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught  
To change the course. He's full of alteration,  
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.

[*To an Officer, who exit.*]

*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

*Edm.* 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

*Reg.* Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:

Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,

Do you not love my sister?

*Edm.* In honor'd love.

*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way  
To the forefended place?

*Edm.* That thought abuses you.

*Reg.* I am doubtful that you have been conjunct,  
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

*Edm.* No, by mine honor, madam.

*Reg.* I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,  
Be not familiar with her.

*Edm.* Fear me not.—

She, and the duke her husband,—

*Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

*Gon.* I had rather lose the battle, than that sister  
Should loosen him and me. [Aside.]

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, well be-met.—  
Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to his daughter,  
With others, whom the rigor of our state  
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,  
I never yet was valiant: for this business,  
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,  
Not 'holds the king, with others, whom, I fear,  
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

*Edm.* Sir, you speak nobly.

*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?

*Gon.* Combine together 'gainst the enemy;

For these domestic and particular broils

Are not the question here.

*Alb.* Let us, then, determine  
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.

*Reg.* Sister, you'll go with us?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

*Gon.* O, ho! I know the riddle. [Aside.]—I will  
go.

*Enter EDGAR, disguised.*

*Edg.* If e'er your grace had speech with man so  
Hear me one word. [poor,]

*Alb.* I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,  
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

*Edg.* Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.  
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound  
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,  
I can produce a champion, that will prove  
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

<sup>1</sup>[*Going.*]

*Alb.* Stay, till I have read the letter.

\* "His constant pleasure," i. e., his settled resolution.—  
"Forefended," i. e., forbidden.—"Not holds the king,"  
i. e., not as it emboldens the king.

Edg. I was fond of it.  
 Why, then, shall I save, let but the hemlock cry.  
 A little longer, gain. [Exit.]  
 Alr. Why, then, shall I save, let but the hemlock cry.  
 I will overlook thy  
 page.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view: flow up your powers.  
 He is the guess of their strength and forces.  
 By diligent discovery. [Shouting a Paper.] but  
 is now upon you. [Your haste]

Alr. We will greet the time. [Exit.]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love:  
 Edmund's of the other, as the stung  
 As if I were. Which of them shall I take?  
 But I cannot. Neither can be enjoyed.  
 But I remain silent to ease the widow  
 Experiences, makes mail her sister Goneril:  
 A little way's all I can get my share.  
 He is not alive. Now then, we'll use  
 His patience for the battle: when being done,  
 Let's see what we can get of him to do  
 He's specially taking off. As for the money  
 We'll let it be: Lear, and to Cordelia.  
 The same done, and they within our power.  
 Shall never see his pardon: for my sake  
 Shun'd come to do him, not to debate. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Field between the two Camps.

Alr. Enter, with Drom and Colours.  
 LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces: and attend.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree  
 For thy good host: pray that the right may thrive.  
 If ever I return to you again.  
 I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir. [Exit EDGAR.]

Alr. Afterwards a Return. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand: away.  
 King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter too.  
 Give me thy hand: come on.

Glo. No farther, sir: a man may not even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must  
 endure

Things like hence, even as their coming thither:

Readiness is all. Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in progress, with Drom and Colours, EDMUND:  
 LEAR and CORDELIA, as Prisoners: Captains,  
 Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard.  
 Until their greater pleasures first be known.  
 That are to censure them.

Alr. We are not the first.

Who, with best meaning, have found'd the worst.  
 For three oppressed king, am I cast down:  
 Myself could ease out-down false fortune's frown.  
 Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Edm. Not here, sir. Come, let's away to prison:  
 We will, all we will, sing like birds in the cage:  
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,  
 And thank thee for thy forgiveness. S'wallow live,  
 And pray, and sing, and tell all tales, and laugh  
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
 Talk of court news; and we'll take with them too.

Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;  
 And take upon's the mystery of things,  
 As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,  
 In a wild pension, packs and sects of great ones,  
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught  
 thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,  
 And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes:  
 The goodfellow shall devour them, dash and feel.  
 Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve  
 first.

Come. [Exit LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.]

Edm. Come hither, captain: hark.

Take thou this note: [Giving a Paper.] go, follow  
 them to prison.

One step I have advanc'd thee: if thou dost  
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
 To more fortunes. Know thou this, that men  
 Are as the time is: to be tenfold-minded  
 Does not become a sword. Thy great employment  
 Will not bear question: either say, thou'ld do't,  
 Or give by other means.

Alr. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it, as I write happy, when thou hast  
 Mark—I say, instantly; and carry it so. [done.]  
 As I have set it down.

Alr. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats:  
 If it be man's work, I will do it. [Exit Captain.]

Followed. Enter ALFANY, GENERAL, REGAN,  
 Officers, and Attendants.

Alr. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant  
 strain.

And fortune led you well. You have the captives.  
 Who were the opposites of this day's strife:  
 We do require them of you, so to use them,  
 As we shall find their merits, and our safety,  
 May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit

To send the old and miserable king  
 To some retention, and appointed guard:  
 Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
 To work the common bosom on his side,  
 And turn our impress'd distances in our eyes,  
 Which do command them. With him I sent the  
 queen:

My reason all the same: and they are ready  
 Tomorrow, or at farther space, to appear  
 Where you shall hold your session. At this time,  
 We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his  
 friend:

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cur'd  
 By those that feel their sharpness.—  
 The question of Cordelia, and her father,  
 Requires a finer place.

Alr. Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a subject of this war.  
 Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grieve him!

Metinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,  
 Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,  
 Bore the commission of my place and person:  
 The which immediacy may well stand up,  
 And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:

\* "Will greet the time" i.e. will a ready man the  
 occasion. "I'll carry out my" i.e. make my part good.  
 "Readiness is all" i.e. preparation. "I'll censure them"  
 i.e. to pass judgment on them.

\* "The goodfellow" is a loathsome disease. "Fall is skin."  
 "Beard question" i.e. admit of debate. "Stain is here  
 used for mark, desert." "Impressed" i.e. impressed  
 on the mind. "Commis" i.e. commission. "The which  
 immediacy" i.e. authority to act on his own judg-  
 ment.

In his own <sup>a</sup>grace he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your addition.

*Reg.* In my sights,  
By me invested, he compares the best.  
*Gon.* That were the best, if he should husband you.  
*Reg.* Jesters do oft prove prophets.

*Gon.* Holla! holla!  
That eye that told you so look'd but hazy.

*Reg.* Lady, I am not well; else I should answer  
From a full-bowing stomach.—*General.*  
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;  
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine.  
Winnes the world, that I create thee here  
My lord and master.

*Gon.* Mean you to enjoy him?  
*Alb.* The flatterer lies not in your good will.  
*Edm.* Nor in thine, lord.

*Alb.* Half-blooded fellow, yes.  
*Reg.* Let the drum strike, and prove my title  
thine. *[To EDMUND.]*

*Alb.* Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee  
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest.

This gilded serpent. *[Pointing to Gon.]*—For your  
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;  
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,  
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.  
If you will marry, make your love to me,  
My lady is bespoken.

*Gon.* An interlude! *[sound:]*

*Alb.* Thou art arm'd, Gloucester.—Let the trumpet  
If none appear to prove upon thy person.

Tay heinous, manifest, and many treasons,  
There is my pledge. *[Throwing down a Glove.]* I'll  
prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less  
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

*Reg.* Sick! O, sick!

*Gon.* *[Aside.]* If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

*Edm.* There's my exchange: *[Throwing down a  
Glove.]* what in the world he is

That names me traitor, he'llain-like he lies.

Call by thy trumpet; he that dares approach,  
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain  
My truth and honor firmly.

*Alb.* A herald, ho!

*Edm.* A herald, ho! a herald!

*Alb.* Trust to thy single <sup>a</sup>virtue; for thy soldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

*Reg.* My sickness grows upon me.

*Alb.* She is not well; convey her to my tent.

*[Exit REGAN, led.]*

*Enter a Herald.*

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound.  
And read out this.

*Capt.* Sound, trumpet. *[A Trumpet sounds.]*

*Herald reads.*

"If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists  
of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed  
earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him  
appear at the third sound of the trumpet. He is  
bold in his defence."

*Edm.* Sound! *[1 Trumpet.]*

*Her.* Again. *[2 Trumpet.]*

*Her.* Again. *[3 Trumpet.]*

*[Trumpet answers within.]*

<sup>a</sup> Grace here means noble deportment.—<sup>b</sup> Alluding to the proverb:—"Love being jealous makes a good eye look a-squint."—"The walls are thine," i. e. I surrender at discretion.—<sup>c</sup> "The let-alone," i. e. the power of obstructing their union.—<sup>d</sup> "To thy single virtue," i. e. "to thy valor."

*Enter EDMUND, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.*

*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears  
Upon this call of the trumpet.

*Her.* What are you?  
Your name? your quality? and why you answer  
This present summons?

*Edm.* Know my name is lost;  
But as my tooth here-grown, and canker'd this:  
Yet am I bold, as the adversary  
I come to cope withal.

*Alb.* Which is that adversary?

*Edm.* What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of  
Gloucester?

*Edm.* Himself: what say'st thou to him?

*Edm.* Draw thy sword,  
That if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine:

*[Drawing.]*

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,  
My oath, and my profession. I protest,  
Maugre thy strength, thy skill, thy valour, and eminence,  
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,  
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;  
Conspire 'gainst this high illustrious prince;  
And from th' extremest upward of thy head,  
To the descent and dust below thy feet,

A most redoubted traitor. Say thou, "No,"  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent  
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
Thou liest.

*Edm.* In wisdom, I should ask thy name:  
But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,  
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,  
What safe and nicely I might well delay  
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;  
With the bell-lated lie o'erwhelm thy heart:  
Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,  
This sword of mine shall give them instant way.  
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak!

*[Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.]*

*Alb.* O, save him! save him!

*Gon.* This is mere practice, Gloucester.  
By the laws of arms, thou wast not bound to answer  
An unknown opposite: thou art not vanquish'd,  
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

*Alb.* Shut your mouth, dame:  
Or with this paper shall I stop it?—Holla, sir!  
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.

*[She snatches at the Letter.]*  
No tearing, lady: I perceive, you know it.

*[Gives the letter to EDMUND.]*

*Gon.* Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:  
Who can arraign me for't?

*Alb.* Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

*Gon.* Ask me not what I know.

*[Exit GONERIL.]*

*Alb.* Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

*[Exit an Officer.]*

*Edm.* What you have charg'd me with, that have

I done,

And more, much more; and the time will bring it out:

'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou?

That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,

I do forgive thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;

<sup>a</sup> Say, or assay, is a sample, a taste.—<sup>b</sup> That is, "What I might safely delay, if I acted paradoxically."—<sup>c</sup> "Practice," i. e. stratagem.

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

<sup>1</sup>[*Taking off his Helmet.*  
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.  
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to plague us:  
The dark and vicious place where thee he got  
Cost him his eyes.

*Edm.* Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;  
The wheel is come full circle: I am here.

*Alb.* Methought, thy very gait did prophesy  
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee:  
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I  
Did hate thee, or thy father.

*Edg.* Worthy prince, I know't.  
*Alb.* Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—  
The bloody proclamation to escape,  
That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!  
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,  
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift  
Into a madman's rags, I assume a semblance  
That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit  
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,  
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;  
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,  
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,  
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,  
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,  
(Alack! too weak the conflict to support)  
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
Burst smilingly.

*Edm.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me,  
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on:  
You look as you had something more to say.

*Alb.* If there be more more woful, hold it in,  
For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
Hearing of this.

*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period  
To such as love not sorrow; but <sup>a</sup>another,  
To amplify too much, would make much more,  
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamor, came there a man,  
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,  
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding  
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms  
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out  
As he'd burst heaven; threw me on my father;  
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,  
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting,  
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life  
Began to crack; twice, then, the trumpets sounded,  
And there I left him trans'd.

*Alb.* But who was this?  
*Edg.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service  
Improper for a slave.

*Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.*

*Gent.* Help, help! O help!

*Edg.* What kind of help?

*Alb.* Speak, man.

*Edg.* What means that bloody knife?

*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead:

*Alb.* Who dead? speak, man.

*Gent.* Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister  
By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

*Edm.* I was contract'd to them both: all three  
Now marry in an instant.

*Alb.* Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—  
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,  
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

*Enter KENT.*

Here comes Kent.

*Edg.*

*Alb.* O! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,  
Which very manners urges.

*Kent.* I am come  
To bid my king and master aye good night:  
Is he not here?

*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot!—  
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's  
Seest thou this object, Kent? [*Cordelia?*]

[*The Bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*]

*Kent.* Alack! why thus?

*Edm.* Yet Edmund was belov'd:  
The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
And after slew herself.

*Alb.* Even so.—Cover their faces.

*Edm.* I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,  
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—  
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my wit  
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—  
Nay, send in time.

*Alb.* Run, run! O, run! [*send*]

*Edg.* To whom, my lord?—Who has the office?  
Thy token of reprieve.

*Edm.* Well thought on: take my sword,  
Give it the captain.

*Alb.* Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit EDMUND.*]

*Edm.* He hath commission from thy wife and me  
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
That she <sup>b</sup>for'did herself.

*Alb.* The gods defend her! Bear him hence  
awhile. [*EDMUND is borne off.*]

*Enter LEAR with CORDELIA dead in his Arms;  
EDGAR, Officer, and others.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl!—O! you are men  
of stones;  
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone for  
ever.—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;  
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the <sup>2</sup>shine,  
Why, then, she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd <sup>c</sup>end?

*Edg.* Or image of that horror?

*Alb.* Fall, and cease!

*Lear.* This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,  
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O, my good master!

[*Kneeling.*]

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, away.

*Edg.* 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!  
I might have sav'd her; now, she's gone for ever.—  
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.—  
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

*Off.* 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

<sup>a</sup> "But another," i. e., but I must add another.

<sup>b</sup> "For'did," i. e., destroyed.—<sup>c</sup> "The promis'd end," i. e., the promised end of all things.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow?  
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulechion  
I would have made them skip: I am old now  
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?  
*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,  
One of them we behold.

*Lear.* This is a dull <sup>1</sup>light:—are you not Kent?  
*Kent.* The same,  
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?  
*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;  
He'll strike, and quickly too.—He's dead and rotten.  
*Kent.* No, my good lord; I am the very man—  
*Lear.* I'll see that straight.  
*Kent.* That from your first of difference and decay,  
Have follow'd your sad steps.

*Lear.* You are welcome hither.  
*Kent.* Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark,  
and deadly:  
Your eldest daughters have <sup>a</sup>fordone themselves,  
And desperately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.  
*Alb.* He knows not what he says; and vain is it,  
That we present us to him.  
*Edg.* Very bootless.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Off.* Edmund is dead, my lord.  
*Alb.* That's but a trifle here.—  
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.  
What comfort to this great <sup>b</sup>decay may come,  
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,  
During the life of this old majesty,

<sup>a</sup> "Fordone," i. e., destroyed.—<sup>b</sup> "This great decay," i. e.,  
this ruined majesty, Lear.

To him our absolute power.—<sup>2</sup>To you your rights,  
[*To EDGAR and KENT.*  
With <sup>c</sup>boot, and such addition, as your honors  
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes  
The cup of their deservings.—O! see, see! [*Life:*

*Lear.* And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no  
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,  
Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.—  
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—  
Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*

*Edg.* He faints.—My lord, my lord!—  
*Kent.* Break, heart; I pry'three, break!

*Edg.* Look up, my lord.  
*Kent.* Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass: he  
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

*Edg.* He is gone, indeed.  
*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:  
He but usurp'd his life.

*Alb.* Bear them from hence. Our present business  
Is general woe.—Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To KENT and EDGAR.*  
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

*Kent.* I have a journey, sir, shortly to go:  
My master calls me; I must not say, no.

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must obey;  
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.  
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*

<sup>c</sup> "With boot," i. e., with increase, advantage.

# OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.



ACT V.—Scene 2.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.  
BRABANTIO, a Senator.  
Two other Senators.  
GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.  
LUDOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.  
OTHELLO, the Moor.  
CASSIO, his Lieutenant.  
IAGO, his Ancient.  
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.

MONTANO, <sup>1</sup>Governor of Cyprus.  
Clown, Servant to Othello.  
Herald.

DESEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.  
EMILIA, Wife to Iago.  
BIANCA, a Courtezan <sup>2</sup>of Venice.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-Port in Cyprus.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

*Enter RODERIGO* <sup>3</sup>*in choler, and IAGO.*

*Rod.* Tush! never tell me, I take it much un-  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse, [kindly,  
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.

*Iago.* 'Sblood! but you will not hear me:  
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

*Rod.* Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy  
hate. [of the city,

*Iago.* Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones  
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,

<sup>a</sup>Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,  
I know my price: I am worth no worse a place;  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,

Evades them, with a bombast <sup>b</sup>circumstance,  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;

And, in conclusion,  
Nonsuits my mediators; "For <sup>c</sup>certes," says he,  
"I have already chose my officer." And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster; unless the bookish <sup>d</sup>theoric,  
Wherein the <sup>e</sup>toged consuls can propose  
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,  
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election;  
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,  
Christian and heathen,—must be <sup>f</sup>be-lee'd and calm'd  
By debitor and creditor, thus <sup>g</sup>counter-caster:  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I, God bless the mark! his Moor-ship's <sup>h</sup>ancient.

*Rod.* By heaven, I rather would have been his  
hangman. [service,

*Iago.* But there's no remedy: 'tis the curse of  
Preferment goes by <sup>i</sup>favor and affection,

<sup>a</sup> "Off-capp'd," i. e., took cap in hand.—<sup>b</sup> "Circumstance," i. e., circumlocution.—<sup>c</sup> "Certes," i. e., certainly.

<sup>d</sup> "Theoric," i. e., theory.—<sup>e</sup> "The toged consuls," i. e., men of the gown, or toga; mere civilians.—<sup>f</sup> "Must be be-lee'd," i. e., must be put on the leeward-side, and therefore calm'd.—<sup>g</sup> "Counter-caster," a contemptuous term for an arithmetician.—<sup>h</sup> An ancient was an ensign, a standard-bearer.



Not by the old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir t' the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,  
Whether I in any just<sup>1</sup> terms am<sup>2</sup> afflin'd  
To love the Moor.

*Rod.* I would not follow him, then.

*Iago.* O, sir! content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking<sup>b</sup> knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For nought but provender; and when he's old, cash-  
ier'd<sup>c</sup>:

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,  
Who, <sup>2</sup>learn'd in forms and usages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,  
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them; and when they have lin'd<sup>d</sup>  
their coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;  
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,  
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:  
In following him, I follow but myself;  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:  
For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In compliment<sup>e</sup> extern, 'tis not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

*Rod.* What a full fortune does the thick-lips<sup>d</sup> owe,  
If he can carry't thus!

*Iago.* Call up her father;  
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,  
Proclaim him in the streets: incense his kinsmen;  
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,  
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,  
As it may lose some color.

*Rod.* Here is her father's house: I'll call aloud.  
*Iago.* Do; with like<sup>3</sup> clamorous accent, and dire  
As when, by night and negligence, the fire [yell,  
Is spied in populous cities.

*Rod.* What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!  
*Iago.* Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!  
thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!  
Thieves! thieves!

*Enter BRABANTIO, above, at a Window.*

*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible summons?  
What is the matter there?

*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within?

*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd?

*Bra.* Why? wherefore ask you this?

*Iago.* 'Zounds! sir, you are robb'd; for shame,  
put on your gown:

Your heart is<sup>4</sup> burst, you have lost half your soul:  
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.  
Arise, I say.

*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits?

*Rod.* Most reverend signior, do you know my

*Bra.* Not I: what are you? [voice?

*Rod.* My name is Roderigo.

<sup>1</sup> "Affin'd," i. e., bound by relationship.—<sup>2</sup> *Knave* is used here for *servant*.—<sup>3</sup> "In compliment extern," i. e., in outward show of civility.—<sup>4</sup> "Owe," i. e., own; possess.—<sup>5</sup> "Burst," i. e., broken.

*Bra.*

The worse welcome:

I have charg'd<sup>5</sup> thee not to haunt about my doors.  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,  
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,  
Being full of supper and<sup>6</sup> distempering draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery doth thou come  
To start my quiet.

*Rod.* Sir, sir, sir,—

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure,  
My spirit and my place have in them power  
To make this bitter to thee.

*Rod.* Patience, good sir.

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is  
My house is not a<sup>7</sup> grange. [Venice;

*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

*Iago.* 'Zounds! sir, you are one of those, that  
will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because  
we come to do you service, and you think we are  
ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a  
Barbary horse: you'll have your<sup>8</sup> nephews neigh to  
you; you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets  
for<sup>9</sup> Germans.

*Bra.* What<sup>10</sup> profane wretch art thou?

*Iago.* I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your  
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast  
with two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are—a senator.

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Rod-  
erigo. [you,

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech  
If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,  
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,  
At this 'odd-even and dull watch' of the night,  
Transported with no worse nor better guard,  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,  
If this be known to you, and your<sup>11</sup> allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy<sup>12</sup> wrongs;  
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe  
That<sup>13</sup> from the sense of all civility,  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:  
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,  
<sup>14</sup>Laying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
<sup>15</sup>On an<sup>16</sup> extravagant and wheeling stranger,  
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:  
If she be in her chamber, or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—

This accident is not unlike my dream;

Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say! light! [Exit from above.

*Iago.* Farewell, for I must leave you:

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produc'd (as if I stay I shall)

Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,—

However this may gall with some<sup>17</sup> check,—

Cannot with safety<sup>18</sup> cast him; for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars

(Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls,

<sup>5</sup> "Distempering," i. e., intoxicating.—<sup>6</sup> *A grange* is a soli-  
tary, unprotected farm-house.—<sup>7</sup> *Nephews* here mean *grand-*  
*children*.—<sup>8</sup> "Gennets for Germans," i. e., horses for rela-  
tions.—<sup>9</sup> "Profane," i. e., wicked; licentious.—<sup>10</sup> The *odd-*  
*even* of the night is the interval between *twelve* at night and  
*one* in the morning.—<sup>11</sup> "Allowance," i. e., approbation.—  
<sup>12</sup> *From* is put for *against*.—<sup>13</sup> *Extravagant* is used here for  
*wandering, strolling*.—<sup>14</sup> "Check," i. e., rebuke.—<sup>15</sup> "Cast,"  
i. e., dismiss; reject.

Another of his <sup>a</sup>fathom they have none,  
To lead their business: in which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,  
Yet for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love, [him,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find  
Lead to the <sup>b</sup>Sagittary the raised search;  
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

*Enter BRABANTIO, and Servants with Torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil: gone she is;  
And what's to come of my despired <sup>c</sup>time  
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—  
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a  
father?— [me  
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O! thou deceiv'st  
Past thought.—What said she to you?—Get more  
tapers!  
Raise all my kindred!—Are they married, think you?  
*Rod.* Truly, I think, they are.  
*Bra.* O heaven!—How got she out?—O, treason  
of 'my blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds  
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing?

*Rod.* Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

*Bra.* Call up my brother.—O, that you had had  
her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know  
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Rod.* I think, I can discover him, if you please  
To get good guard, and go along with me.

*Bra.* Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;  
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!  
And raise some special officers of night.—  
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[Exit.

## SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants, with  
Torches.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff <sup>d</sup>o' the conscience  
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity  
Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times  
I had thought to have <sup>e</sup>yerk'd him here, under the  
*Oth.* 'Tis better as it is. [ribs.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honor,  
That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,  
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,  
That the <sup>f</sup>magnifico is much beloved;  
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential,  
As 'double as the duke's: he will divorce you;  
Or put upon you what restraint, or grievance,  
The law (with all his might <sup>g</sup>t' enforce it on)  
Will give him <sup>h</sup>cable.

*Oth.* Let him to his spite:  
My services, which I have done the signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,  
Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,

I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal <sup>i</sup>siege; and my <sup>j</sup>demerits  
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my <sup>k</sup>unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine [yonder?  
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come  
*Iago.* These are the raised father, and his friends:  
You are best go in.

*Oth.* Not I; I must be found:  
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with Torches.*

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.  
The goodness of the night upon you, friends.  
What is the news?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general;  
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,  
Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you?

*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.  
It is a business of some heat: the galleys  
Have sent a dozen <sup>l</sup>sequent messengers,  
This very night, at one another's heels;  
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met, [for;  
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd  
When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
<sup>m</sup>The senate sent above three several <sup>n</sup>quests,  
To search you out.

*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you. [Exit.

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here?

*Iago.* 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land  
<sup>o</sup>carack:

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.*

He's married.

*Cas.* To whom?

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Iago.* Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

*Oth.* Have with you.

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Iago.* It is Brabantio.—General, be <sup>p</sup>advis'd:  
He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers, with  
Torches and Weapons.*

*Oth.* Holla! stand there!

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief!

[They draw on both sides.

*Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew  
will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,  
Than with your weapons. [my daughter?

*Bra.* O, thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd  
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;  
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,  
So <sup>q</sup>opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd  
The wealthy <sup>r</sup>curled darlings of our nation,

<sup>a</sup> "His fathom," i. e., his discernment, penetration.—  
<sup>b</sup> "The Sagittary" was an inn of that name.—<sup>c</sup> "Time," i. e.,  
old age.—<sup>d</sup> "Yerk'd," i. e., stabbed.—<sup>e</sup> A *magnifico* is a  
grandee of Venice.—<sup>f</sup> As double," i. e., as strong; as  
forceful.—<sup>g</sup> "Will give him cable," i. e., will allow, or  
authorize.

<sup>h</sup> "Men of royal siege," i. e., men who have sat upon  
royal thrones.—<sup>i</sup> *Demerits* for merits.—<sup>j</sup> "Unhoused," i. e.,  
unsettled; free from domestic cares.—<sup>k</sup> "Sequent," i. e.,  
successive.—<sup>l</sup> "Quests," i. e., messengers.—<sup>m</sup> A *carack* was  
a richly-laden vessel.—<sup>n</sup> "Be advis'd," i. e., be cautious.—  
<sup>o</sup> "Opposite," i. e., adverse.—<sup>p</sup> It was the fashion for gallants  
to wear *curled* or frizzled hair.

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou; to <sup>a</sup> fear, not to delight.  
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,  
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;  
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,  
That weaken motion.—I'll have 't disputed on;  
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.  
I, therefore, apprehend, and do attach thee  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts <sup>b</sup> inhibited, and out of warrant.—  
Lay hold upon him! if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands!  
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go,  
To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To prison; till fit time  
Of law, and course of direct session,  
Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey?  
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state,  
To bear me to him?

*Off.* 'Tis true, most worthy signior:  
The duke's in council, and your noble self,  
I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How! the duke in council,  
In this time of the night!—Bring him away.  
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Council-Chamber.

*The DUKE, and Senators, sitting <sup>1</sup> in state; Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no <sup>c</sup> composition in these news,  
That gives them credit.

*1 Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd:  
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

*2 Sen.* And mine, two hundred:  
But though they <sup>d</sup> jump not on a just account,  
(As in these cases, <sup>2</sup> with the same reports,  
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.  
I do not so secure me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

*Sailor.* [Within.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

*Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.*

*Off.* A messenger from the galleys.

*Duke.* Now, the business?

*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes:  
So was I bid report here to the state,  
By signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change?

*1 Sen.* This cannot be,

By no <sup>e</sup> assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider  
The impotency of Cyprus to the Turk;  
And let ourselves again but understand,

That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile <sup>f</sup> question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike <sup>g</sup> brace,  
But altogether lacks th' abilities [this,  
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of  
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake, and <sup>h</sup> wage, a danger profitless.

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

*Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there <sup>i</sup> enjoined them with an after fleet.

*1 Sen.* Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

*Mess.* Of thirty sail; and now do they re-stem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appear-  
ance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

*Duke.* 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.—

Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

*1 Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us to him; post, post-haste  
dispatch. [Moor.]

*1 Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,  
and Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;

[*To BRABANTIO.*]

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;  
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,  
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general  
Take hold of me, for my particular grief [care  
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter! O, my daughter!

*Sen.* Dead?

*Bra.* Ay, to me:

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense)  
<sup>k</sup> Sans witchcraft could not.

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,  
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
After <sup>l</sup> its own sense; yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your <sup>l</sup> action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.

Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,  
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,  
Hath hither brought.

*Duke and Sen.* We are very sorry for it.

*Duke.* What, in your own part, can you say to  
this? [To OTHELLO.]

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

<sup>a</sup> "To fear," i. e., a thing to cause fear, to terrify.—<sup>b</sup> "Inhibited," i. e., forbidden; prohibited.—<sup>c</sup> "Composition," i. e., consistency.—<sup>d</sup> "Jump," i. e., agree.—<sup>e</sup> "By no assay of reason," i. e., by any reasonable test.

<sup>f</sup> "With more facile question," i. e., with less dispute.—<sup>g</sup> "Brace," i. e., state of defence.—<sup>h</sup> "To wake and wage," i. e., to undertake and follow up.—<sup>i</sup> "Injoined them," i. e., united themselves.—<sup>k</sup> "Sans" (Fr.), without.—<sup>l</sup> "In your action," i. e., exposed to your accusation.

My very noble and approv'd good masters,  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her:  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious pa-  
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver [Ience,  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what  
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)  
I won his daughter with.

*Bra.* A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?  
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,  
That will confess perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell,  
Why this should be. I, therefore, vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this is no proof:  
Without more evidence and overt test,  
These are thin habits, and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming, you prefer against him.

*I Sen.* But, Othello, speak:  
Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;  
Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father:  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.  
*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them; you best know the  
place.— [Exeunt Iago and Attendants.

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.  
*Oth.* Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I had pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;  
Of hair-breadth scapes I th' imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history:

Wherein of fancies vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch  
heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process;  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,  
Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not <sup>b</sup>intently: I did consent;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful. [strange;  
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd  
me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her.—<sup>c</sup>On this hint I spake;  
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:  
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think, this tale would win my daughter too.  
*Good Brabantio,*  
Take up this mangled matter at the best:  
Men do their broken weapons rather use,  
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak:  
If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man.—Come hither, gentle mistress:  
Do you perceive in all this noble company,  
Where most you owe obedience?

*Des.* My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty.  
To you, I am bound for life, and education:  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;  
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband;  
And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my lord.

*Bra.* God be with you!—I have done.—  
Pleaze it your grace, on to the state affairs:  
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—  
Come hither, Moor:  
I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child,  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself; and <sup>d</sup>say a  
sentence,  
Which, as a <sup>e</sup>grise, or step, may help these lovers

<sup>a</sup> "Their dearest action," i. e., their best exertion.—  
<sup>b</sup> *Herself for itself.*—<sup>c</sup> "Overt test," i. e., open proof.—<sup>d</sup> "Of  
modern seeming," i. e., of weak show.—<sup>e</sup> "Portance," i. e.,  
my bearing, behavior.

<sup>f</sup> "Antres" (Fr.) caverns; dens.—<sup>g</sup> "Idle," i. e., sterile.—  
<sup>h</sup> "Intently," i. e., with full attention.—<sup>i</sup> "Speak like  
yourself," i. e., as you yourself would speak in your cooler  
moments.—<sup>k</sup> "Grise," i. e., step.

Into your favor.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes. [thief:  
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the  
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile:

We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;  
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,

Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:

But words are words; I never yet did hear,  
That the bruised heart was <sup>1</sup>pieced through the ear.

Beseech you, now to the affairs of state.

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation  
makes for Cyprus.—Othello, the <sup>2</sup>fortitude of the  
place is best known to you; and though we have  
there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet  
opinion, a <sup>3</sup>most sovereign mistress of effects,  
throws a more safer voice on you: you must, there-  
fore, be content to <sup>4</sup>slubber the gloss of your new  
fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous ex-  
pedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war

My <sup>5</sup>thrice-driven bed of down: I do <sup>6</sup>agnize

A natural and prompt alacrity,

I find in hardness; and do undertake

These present wars against the Ottomites.

Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,

I crave fit disposition for my wife;

Due reference of place, and <sup>7</sup>exhibition,

With such accommodation and <sup>8</sup>besort,

As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please,

Be't at her father's.

*Bra.* I'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I; I would not there reside,

To put my father in impatient thoughts,

By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,

To my unfolding lend <sup>9</sup>a <sup>10</sup>prosperous ear:

And let me find a charter in your voice,

T' assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,

My downright violence and storm of fortunes

May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued

Even to the very <sup>11</sup>quality of my lord:

I saw Othello's visage in his mind;

And to his honors, and his valiant parts,

Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,

A moth of peace, and he go to the war,

The rites for which I love him are bereft me,

And I a heavy interim shall support

By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, lords: 'beseech you, let her will  
Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,

To please the palate of my appetite;

Nor to comply wi' <sup>12</sup>the young <sup>13</sup>affects of heat,

(In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;

But to be free and bounteous to her mind:

And heaven defend your <sup>14</sup>counsels, that you think

I will your serious and great business scant,

<sup>15</sup>When she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys

Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness

My speculative and active <sup>16</sup>instruments,

That my <sup>17</sup>disports corrupt and taint my business,

Let housewives make a skillet of my <sup>18</sup>helm,

And all <sup>19</sup>indign and base adversities

Make head against my reputation!

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,

Either for her stay, or going. Th' affair cries haste,

And speed must answer it: you must hence to-night.

*Des.* To-night, my lord!

*Duke.*

This night.

*Oth.*

With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,

And he shall our commission bring to you;

With such things else of quality and respect,

As do import you.

*Oth.*

Please your grace, my ancient;

A man he is of honesty, and trust:

To his conveyance I assign my wife,

With what else needful your good grace shall think

To be sent after me.

*Duke.*

Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,

[To BRABANTIO.

If virtue no <sup>20</sup>delighted beauty lack,

Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

I *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.*

*Oth.* My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee:

I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her,

And bring her after in the best <sup>21</sup>advantage.—

Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour

Of love, of worldly matters and direction,

To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*

*Rod.* Iago.

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, thinkest thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will <sup>22</sup>incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee  
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

*Rod.* It is silliness to live, when to live is a tor-  
ment; and then have we a prescription to die, when  
death is our physician.

*Iago.* O villainous! I have looked upon the world  
for four times seven years, and since I could dis-  
tinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never  
found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I  
would say, I would drown myself for the love of a  
Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a  
baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess, it is my  
shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to  
amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are  
thus, or thus. Our bodies are gardens, to the which,  
our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant net-

<sup>a</sup> "The fortitude," i. e., the strength.—<sup>b</sup> "To slubber," i. e., to obscure.—<sup>c</sup> Thrice-driven feathers are those which have been selected by driving with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy.—<sup>d</sup> To agnize is to acknowledge, confess.—<sup>e</sup> "Exhibition," i. e., allowance.—<sup>f</sup> "Besort," i. e., company; society.—<sup>g</sup> "Prosperous," i. e., propitious.—<sup>h</sup> "Quality," i. e., profession.

<sup>1</sup> "Affects," i. e., affections.—<sup>2</sup> Speculative instruments, in Shakespeare's language, are the eyes; active instruments are the hands and feet.—<sup>3</sup> Disports are pastimes.—<sup>4</sup> H. linet.—<sup>5</sup> "Indign" (Fr.) unworthy.—<sup>6</sup> Delighted for delighting.—<sup>7</sup> "In the best advantage," i. e., at the fairest opportunity.—<sup>8</sup> "Incontinently," i. e., immediately.

bles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one <sup>a</sup>gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our <sup>b</sup>unbitted lusts, whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a <sup>c</sup>sect, or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself! drown eats, and blind puppies. I profess me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of <sup>d</sup>perdurable toughness; I could never better <sup>e</sup>stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy <sup>f</sup>favor with an usurped beard: I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable <sup>g</sup>sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have change, she must: therefore, put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an <sup>h</sup>erring barbarian and a <sup>i</sup>supersupple Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go with-out her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is <sup>j</sup>hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. <sup>k</sup>Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear?

*Rod.* I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell: put money enough in your

purse. [Exit RODERIGO.  
Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;  
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,  
If I would time expend with such a snipe,  
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;  
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;  
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do as if for <sup>l</sup>surety. He holds me well;  
The better shall my purpose work on him.  
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;  
To get his place, and to plume up my will  
In double knavery,—How, how?—Let's see:—  
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear  
That he is too familiar with his wife:  
He hath a person, and a smooth <sup>m</sup>dispose,  
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.  
The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,  
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,  
As asses are.—

I have't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. A Platform.

*Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.*

*Mon.* What from the cape can you discern at sea?  
*1 Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;  
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,

Desery a sail. [Land;

*Mon.* Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at  
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:

If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

*2 Gent.* A <sup>n</sup>segregation of the Turkish fleet:  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,  
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous  
Seems to cast water on the burning <sup>o</sup>bear, [mane,  
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole.  
I never did like molestation view

On the <sup>p</sup>enchafed flood.

*Mon.* If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;  
It is impossible to bear it out.

*Enter a Third Gentleman.*

*3 Gent.* News, lads! our wars are done.  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
That their <sup>q</sup>designment hath: a noble ship of Venice  
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How! is this true?

*3 Gent.* The ship is here put in:  
A <sup>r</sup>Florentine, Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,  
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

*3 Gent.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of  
comfort,  
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.

*Mon.* Pray heaven he be;  
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands

<sup>a</sup>"Gender," i. e., kind.—<sup>b</sup>Unbitted.—<sup>c</sup>A *sect* is what gardeners call a *cutting*.—<sup>d</sup>"Perdurable," i. e., lasting.—<sup>e</sup>"Stead," i. e., serve; profit.—<sup>f</sup>"Defeat thy favor," i. e., disfigure thy face.—<sup>g</sup>"Sequestration," i. e., separation.—<sup>h</sup>"Erring" here means wandering.—<sup>i</sup>"Hearted," i. e., seated in the heart.—<sup>k</sup>"Traverse," i. e., March!

<sup>l</sup>"Will do as if for surety," i. e., will act as if I were certain of the fact.—<sup>m</sup>Dispose for disposition.—<sup>n</sup>"Segregation is separation, dispersion.—<sup>o</sup>"The burning bear," i. e., the constellation near the polar star.—<sup>p</sup>"Enchafed," i. e., angry.—<sup>q</sup>"Designment," i. e., purpose; intention.

Like a <sup>a</sup>full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!  
As well to see the vessel that's come in,  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,  
Even till we make the main, and th' aerial blue,  
An indistinct <sup>b</sup>regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's do so;  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more <sup>c</sup>arrivance.

*Enter CASSIO, <sup>1</sup>and several Islanders.*

*Cas.* Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike isle,  
That so approve the Moor.—O! let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

*Mon.* Is he well shipp'd?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot  
Of very expert and approv'd <sup>d</sup>allowance;  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold <sup>e</sup>cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Cas.* What noise?

*Mess.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea  
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "a sail."

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[*Guns heard.*]

2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:  
Our friends, at least.

*Cas.* I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*]

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

*Cas.* Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid,  
That paragon description, and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in th' essential vesture of creation, [*in?*]  
Does bear all excellency.—How now! who has put

*Re-enter Second Gentleman.*

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Cas.* He has had most favorable and happy speed:  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,  
Traitors <sup>f</sup>ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their <sup>g</sup>mortal natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

*Mon.* What is she? [*tain,*]

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's cap-  
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,  
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove! Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort.—O, behold!

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore.

Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.

<sup>2</sup>[*They kneel.*]

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
<sup>3</sup>Enwheel thee round.

<sup>a</sup> "A full soldier," is a complete one.—<sup>b</sup> "Regard," i. e., object of sight.—<sup>c</sup> "Arrivance," i. e., company arrived.—<sup>d</sup> That is, "Of allowed and approved expertness."—<sup>e</sup> "In bold cure," i. e., in confidence of being realized.—<sup>f</sup> "In th' essential vesture of creation," i. e., in outward form; in native beauty.—<sup>g</sup> "Ensteep'd," i. e., concealed under the water.—<sup>h</sup> "Mortal" is deadly, destructive.—<sup>i</sup> "Enwheel," i. e., encompass; encircle.

*Des.*

I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

*Cas.* He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught  
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

*Des.* O! but I fear.—How lost you company?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail!

But, hark! a sail.

[*Guns heard.*]

2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel:  
This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.*

See for the news.—

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Good ancient, you are welcome.—Welcome, mis-  
tress.— [*To EMILIA.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*]

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,  
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

*Des.*

Alas! she has no speech.

*Iago.* In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have <sup>3</sup>lust<sup>k</sup> to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.

*Emil.* You have little cause to say so. [*doors,*]

*Iago.* Come on, come on; you are pictures out of  
Bells in your parlors, wild cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your  
*Des.* O, fie upon thee, slanderer! [*beds.*]

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:

You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.*

No, let me not.

*Des.* What would'st thou write of me, if thou  
should'st praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to't,

For I am nothing, if not <sup>m</sup>critical. [*harbor?*]

*Des.* Come on; assay.—There's one gone to the

*Cas.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—

Come; how would'st thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it, but, indeed, my invention  
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from <sup>n</sup>frize,  
It plucks out brains and all; but my muse labors,  
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,

The one's for use, the other useth it. [*witty?*]

*Des.* Well praised! How, if she be black and

*Iago.* If she be black, and th'ereto have a wit,  
She'll find a <sup>o</sup>white that shall her blackness fit.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How, if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was fair;

For even her folly <sup>4</sup>helps her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old <sup>p</sup>fond paradoxes, to make  
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise  
hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

*Iago.* There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,  
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

*Des.* O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst  
best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a  
deserving woman indeed? one that, in the authori-

<sup>k</sup> "When I have lust," i. e., when I desire.—<sup>l</sup> "Saints in your injuries," i. e., doing injuries with an air of sanctity.—<sup>m</sup> "Critical," i. e., censorious.—<sup>n</sup> "Frize" is a sort of coarse cloth.—<sup>o</sup> "A quibble between white and wight."—<sup>p</sup> "Fond," i. e., foolish; silly.

ty of her merit, did justly put on the 'vouch of very malice itself?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair, and never proud;  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;  
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;  
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—“now I may;”  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;  
She that in wisdom never was so frail,  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's <sup>b</sup> tail;  
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following, and not look behind;  
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

*Des.* To do what?

*Iago.* To suckle fools, and chronicle small <sup>c</sup> beer.

*Des.* O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—  
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and <sup>d</sup> liberal <sup>e</sup> censurer?

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

<sup>2</sup> [*Talks apart with DESD.*]

*Iago.* [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will <sup>e</sup> gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the 'sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips! would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake. —[*A Trumpet heard.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

*Cas.* 'Tis truly so.

*Des.* Let's meet him, and receive him.

*Cas.* Lo, where he comes!

*Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* O, my fair warrior!

*Des.* My dear Othello!

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my content,  
To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy!  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow, till they have waken'd death;  
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas,  
Olympus-high, and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.* The heavens forbid,

But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow!

*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers!—  
I cannot speak enough of this content;  
It stops me here; it is too much of joy;  
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,

[*Kissing her.*]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

*Iago.* [*Aside.*] O! you are well tun'd now;  
But I'll set down the pegs that <sup>3</sup> makes this music,  
As honest as I am.

*Oth.* Come, let us to the castle.—  
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are  
drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—

Honey, you shall be well <sup>4</sup> desir'd in Cyprus,  
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,  
I prattle out of <sup>5</sup> fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts.—I pry thee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.  
Bring thou the master to the citadel:  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,  
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*]

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the harbor.  
—Come hither.—If thou be'st valiant—as they say  
base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their  
natures more than is native to them,—<sup>6</sup> list me. The  
lieutenant to-night watches on the court of <sup>7</sup> guard.  
—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is direct-  
ly in love with him.

*Rod.* With him! why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy 'finger—thus, and let thy soul be  
instructed. Mark me with what violence she first  
loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her  
fantastical lies; and will she love him still for prating?  
let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye  
must be fed; and what delight shall she have to  
look on the devil? When the blood is made dull  
with the act of sport, there should be,—again to in-  
flame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveli-  
ness in favor, sympathy in years, manners, and  
beauties; all which the Moor is defective in.  
Now, for want of these required conveniences, her  
delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to  
heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor;  
very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her  
to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as  
it is a most <sup>8</sup> pregnant and unforced position) who  
stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune,  
as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther  
conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of  
civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing  
of his <sup>9</sup> salt and most hidden loose affection? why,  
none; why, none: a subtle slippery knave; a find-  
er out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and  
counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never  
present itself: a devilish knave! besides, the knave is  
handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in  
him, that folly and <sup>10</sup> green minds look after; a pes-  
tilent complete knave, and the woman hath found  
him already.

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her: she is full of  
most blessed <sup>11</sup> condition.

*Iago.* Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is  
made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she  
would never have loved the Moor: bless'd pud-  
ding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the  
palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index, and ob-  
scure prologue to the history of lust and foul  
thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that  
their breaths embraced together. Villainous  
thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so  
marshal the way, hard at hand comes the muster  
and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion.  
Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have  
brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night;

<sup>3</sup> "Well desir'd," i. e., much solicited by invitation.—

<sup>4</sup> "Out of fashion," i. e., without method.—<sup>5</sup> "List me,"  
i. e., listen to me.—<sup>6</sup> The court of guard is the place where  
the guard musters.—<sup>7</sup> "Lay thy finger," i. e., on thy mouth,  
to stop it, while listening to a wiser man.—<sup>8</sup> "Pregnant,"  
i. e., plain; evident.—<sup>9</sup> "Salt," i. e., licentious.—<sup>10</sup> "Green,"  
i. e., unripe; immature.—<sup>11</sup> "Condition," i. e., qualities;  
disposition of mind.

<sup>a</sup> "Put on the vouch," i. e., provoke the approbation.—

<sup>b</sup> That is, "To exchange a delicacy for coarser fare."—  
<sup>c</sup> "Chronicle small beer," i. e., keep the accounts of the  
household.—<sup>d</sup> "Liberal," i. e., licentious.—<sup>e</sup> "Gyve thee,"  
i. e., fetter, shackle thee.—<sup>f</sup> "To play the sir in," i. e., to  
exhibit your good breeding and gallantry in.



for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or <sup>a</sup>tainting his discipline; or from what other cause you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very <sup>b</sup>sudden in choler, and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose <sup>c</sup>qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to <sup>d</sup>prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lustful Moor Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards, And nothing can, or shall, content my soul, Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—If this poor <sup>e</sup>brach<sup>o</sup> of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,—I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank <sup>f</sup>garb,—For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;—Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And <sup>g</sup>practising upon his peace and quiet, Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd: Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere <sup>h</sup>perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his <sup>i</sup>addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All <sup>j</sup>offices are open; and there is full liberty of

feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night: Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest. Michael, good night: to-morrow, with your earliest, Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love: The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[*To DESDEMONA.*]

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—

Good night. [*Exeunt OTH., DES., <sup>k</sup>attended.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general <sup>m</sup>cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O! they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily <sup>n</sup>qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it <sup>o</sup>dislikes me. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence [*Roderigo,* As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out- To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd [*ward,* Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch. Three <sup>p</sup>elves of Cyprus,—noble, swelling spirits, That hold their honors in a wary distance, The very elements of this warlike isle,— Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

<sup>m</sup> "Cast us," i. e., dismissed us.—<sup>n</sup> "Craftily qualified," i. e., slyly mixed with water.—<sup>o</sup> "It dislikes me," i. e., I do it with dislike, or unwillingly.

<sup>a</sup> "Tainting," i. e., throwing a slur upon.—<sup>b</sup> "Sudden," i. e., hasty.—<sup>c</sup> "Qualification," i. e., pacification; appeasement.—<sup>d</sup> "To prefer," i. e., to advance.—<sup>e</sup> *Brach* was the term for a bitch hound.—<sup>f</sup> *To trash* is to *impede*; to *keep back*.—<sup>g</sup> "In the rank garb," i. e., in the right down style or fashion.—<sup>h</sup> "Practising," i. e., using malicious artifices.—<sup>i</sup> "The mere perdition," i. e., the entire destruction.—<sup>j</sup> "His addiction," i. e., his habitual disposition.—<sup>k</sup> "Offices," i. e., rooms in the castle where refreshments were served out.

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of Am I to put our Cassio in some action [drunkards, That may offend the isle.—But here they come. If consequence do but approve my <sup>a</sup> dream, My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.*

*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, they have given me a <sup>b</sup> rouse already.

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho!

*And let me the <sup>c</sup> canakin clink, clink; [Sings.*

*And let me the canakin clink:*

*A soldier's a man;*

*A life's but a span;*

*Why then let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought.

*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your <sup>1</sup> Englishman.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your <sup>d</sup> Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

*Cas.* To the health of our general.

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you <sup>e</sup> justice.

*Iago.* O sweet England!

*King Stephen was a worthy <sup>f</sup> peer,*

*His breeches cost him but a crown;*

*He held them sirpence all too dear,*

*With that he call'd the tailor—<sup>g</sup> lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,*

*And thou art but of low degree:*

*'Tis pride that pulls the country down,*

*Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear it again?

*Cas.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well, heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It is true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay; but, by your leave, not before me: the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.—Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [Exit.

*Mon.* To the platform, masters: come, let's set the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow, that is gone before:

<sup>a</sup> That is, 'If success favor my schemes.'—<sup>b</sup> "A rouse," i. e., a little more than enough.—<sup>c</sup> A canakin is a little can, or cup.—<sup>d</sup> "Almain," i. e., German.—<sup>e</sup> "Do you justice," i. e., drink as much as you do.—<sup>f</sup> "Peer," i. e., fellow.—<sup>g</sup> "Lown," i. e., clown.

He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar And give direction; and do but see his vice. 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox, The one as long as th' other: 'tis pity of him. I fear, the trust Othello puts in him, On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

*Mon.*

But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep: He'll watch the horologe a double <sup>h</sup> set, If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.*

It were well,

The general were put in mind of it. Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* How now, Roderigo? [Aside to him. I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[Exit RODERIGO]

*Mon.* And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor Should hazard such a place as his own second, With one of an <sup>i</sup> ingraft infirmity: It were an honest action to say So to the Moor.

*Iago.*

Not I, for this fair island:

I do love Cassio well, and would do much To cure him of this evil. But bark! what noise?

[Cry within,—Help! Help!]

*Re-enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.*

*Cas.* You rogue! you rascal!

*Mon.* What's the matter, lieutenant?

*Cas.* A knave!—teach me my duty?

I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

*Rod.* Beat me!

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue?

[Striking RODERIGO.]

*Mon.* Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him.]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the <sup>k</sup> mazzard.

*Mon.* Come, come; you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk! [They fight.]

*Iago.* Away, I say! [Aside to Rod.] go out, and cry a mutiny. [Exit Rod.]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen!—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

[Bell rings.]

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant, hold!

You will be sham'd for ever.

*Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* What is the matter here?

*Mon.* 'Zounds! I bleed still: I am hurt to the death. [He faints.]

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives!

*Iago.* Hold, hold, lieutenant!—sir, Montano,—gentlemen!—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you: hold, for shame! [This?

*Oth.* Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

<sup>k</sup> That is, 'He'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four and twenty hours, if he have no drink.'—<sup>i</sup> "Ingraft," i. e., rooted; settled.—<sup>k</sup> "The mazzard," i. e., the jaw.

Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle  
From her<sup>a</sup> propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—  
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,  
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know:—friends all but now, even  
In<sup>b</sup> quarter, and in terms like bride and groom [now  
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,  
(As if some planet had unwitting<sup>c</sup> them)  
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish<sup>d</sup> odds;  
And would in action glorious I had lost  
Those legs, that brought me to a part of it. [got?

Oth. How came it, Michael, you were thus<sup>e</sup> for—

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest<sup>f</sup> censure: what's the matter,  
That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich<sup>g</sup> opinion, for the name  
Of a night brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:

Your officer, Iago, can inform you, [me,  
While I spare speech, which something now offends  
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night,  
Unless<sup>h</sup> self-charity be sometime a vice,  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,  
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;  
And passion, having my best judgment<sup>i</sup> quelled,  
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on;  
And he that is<sup>j</sup> approv'd in this offence,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court of guard and safety?  
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially<sup>k</sup> affin'd, or leagu'd in office,  
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near.  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,  
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow crying out for help,  
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword  
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
Lest by his clamor (as it so fell out)  
The town might fall in fight: he, swift of foot,  
Outran my purpose; and I return'd, the rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath, which, till to-night,  
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,  
(For this was brief) I found them close together,  
At blow and thrust, even as again they were,

When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report:—  
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,  
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,  
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received  
From him that fled some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,  
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;  
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!—  
I'll make thee an example.

Des.

What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.—

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.—  
Lead him off.— [MONTANO is led off.

Iago, look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—  
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,  
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O! I  
have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal  
part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My  
reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had  
received some bodily wound; there is more offence  
in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle  
and most false imposition; oft got without merit,  
and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputa-  
tion at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser.  
What, man! there are ways to recover the general  
again: you are but now cast in his<sup>l</sup> mood, a pun-  
ishment more in policy than in malice; even so as  
one would beat his offenceless dog, to frighten an  
imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to de-  
ceive so good a commander, with so light, so  
drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk?  
and speak<sup>m</sup> parrot? and squabble? swagger?  
swear? and discourse fustian with one's own  
shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou  
hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—  
devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your  
sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing  
distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O  
God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths,  
to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy,  
revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves  
into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how  
came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to  
give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness  
shows me another, to make me frankly despise my-  
self.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a<sup>n</sup> moralizer. As  
the time, the place, and the condition of this coun-

<sup>a</sup> "From her propriety," i. e., from her proper or regular state.—<sup>b</sup> "In quarter," i. e., on our station.—<sup>c</sup> "Divesting," i. e., undressing.—<sup>d</sup> "This peevish odds," i. e., this silly dispute.—<sup>e</sup> "You were thus forgot," i. e., you thus forgot yourself.—<sup>f</sup> "Censure," i. e., opinion; judgment.—<sup>g</sup> "Opinion," i. e., reputation; character.—<sup>h</sup> "Self-charity," i. e., care of one's self.—<sup>i</sup> "Approv'd," i. e., convicted by proof.—<sup>j</sup> "Affin'd," i. e., related by nearness of office.

<sup>l</sup> "Cast in his mood," i. e., dismissed in his anger.—  
<sup>m</sup> "Speak parrot," i. e., talk idly; utter all you know.—  
<sup>n</sup> Moralizer.

try stands, I could heartily wish this had not befal-  
len; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own  
good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again: he shall  
tell me, I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths  
as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To  
be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and pres-  
ently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is  
unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come; good wine is a good familiar  
creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against  
it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love  
you.

*Cas.* I have well <sup>a</sup>approved it, sir.—I drunk!

*Iago.* You, or any man living, may be drunk at  
some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do.  
Our general's wife is now the general:—I may say  
so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given  
up himself to the contemplation, mark, and <sup>1</sup>devotement  
of her parts and graces:—confess yourself  
freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put  
you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind,  
so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a  
vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is re-  
quested. This broken joint between you and her  
husband entreat her to splinter, and my fortunes  
against any <sup>b</sup>lay worth naming, this crack of your  
love shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Cas.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest  
kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely; and, betimes in the morn-  
ing, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to under-  
take for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they  
check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant;  
I must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit* CASSIO.]

*Iago.* And what's he, then, that says I play the  
villain,

When this advice is <sup>c</sup>free I give, and honest,  
<sup>2</sup>Probable to thinking, and, indeed, the course  
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy  
The <sup>d</sup>inclining Desdemona to subdue  
In any honest suit: she's fram'd as <sup>e</sup>fruitful  
As the free elements. And, then, for her  
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,  
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—  
His soul is so enfetters'd to her love,  
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,  
Even as her appetite shall play the god  
With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain,  
To counsel Cassio to this <sup>f</sup>parallel course,  
Directly to his good?—Divinity of hell!  
When devils will their blackest sins put on,  
They do <sup>g</sup>suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
As I do now; for whiles this honest fool  
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,  
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,  
I'll pour this <sup>h</sup>pestilence into his ear,—  
That she <sup>i</sup>repels him for her body's lust;  
And, by how much she strives to do him good,  
She shall undo her credit with the Moor:  
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,  
And out of her own goodness make the net,  
That shall <sup>k</sup>enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo!

<sup>a</sup> "Approved," i. e., proved; experienced.—<sup>b</sup> "Any lay,"  
i. e., any bet or wager.—<sup>c</sup> "Free," i. e., liberal; frank.—  
<sup>d</sup> "Inclining," i. e., compliant.—<sup>e</sup> "Fruitful," i. e., liberal;  
bountiful.—<sup>f</sup> "This parallel course," i. e., this course that  
is parallel or level with his design.—<sup>g</sup> "Suggest," i. e., tempt;  
instigate.—<sup>h</sup> "Pestilence for poison."—<sup>i</sup> "Repels" (*Fr. rap-  
peler*), i. e., recalls.—<sup>k</sup> "Enmesh," i. e., entrap; enclose in a  
net.

*Enter* RODERIGO, <sup>3</sup>angrily.

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a  
hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My  
money is almost spent: I have been to-night ex-  
ceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue  
will be—I shall have so much experience for my  
pains, and so, with no money at all, and a little more  
wit, return again to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they, that have not patience!  
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?

Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;  
And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio.

Though other things grow fair against the sun,  
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:

Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning;  
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:  
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* ROD.] Two things are to  
be done.

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress.

I'll set her on:

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,  
And bring him <sup>1</sup>jump <sup>2</sup>where he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife.—Ay, that's the way:  
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—Before the Castle.

*Enter* CASSIO, and some Musicians.

*Cas.* Masters, play here, I will content your pains:  
Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow <sup>5</sup>to  
the general. [*Music.*]

*Enter* Clown.

*Clow.* Why, masters, have your instruments been in  
Naples, that they <sup>6</sup>sneak i' the nose thus?

*1 Mus.* How, sir, how?

*Clow.* Are these, I pray you, called wind instru-  
ments?

*1 Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Clow.* O! thereby hangs a tail.

*1 Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

*Clow.* Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that  
I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and  
the general so likes your music, that he desires you,  
for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

*1 Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

*Clow.* If you have any music that may not be heard,  
to't again; but, as they say, to hear music the gen-  
eral does not greatly care.

*1 Mus.* We have none such, sir.

*Clow.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll  
away. Go; vanish into air; away.

[*Exeunt* Musicians.]

*Cas.* Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

*Clow.* No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Cas.* Prythee, keep up thy <sup>m</sup>quillets. There's a  
poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman  
that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her  
there is one Cassio entreats her a little favor of  
speech: wilt thou do this?

*Clow.* She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I  
shall seem <sup>n</sup>so to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> "Jump," i. e., just at the time.—<sup>m</sup> "Quillets," i. e., nice  
distinctions.

*Enter IAGO.*

*Cas.* Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed, then?

*Cas.* Why, no; the day had broke  
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,  
To send in to your wife: my suit to her  
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona  
Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I'll send her to you presently;  
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
Out of the way, that your converse and business  
May be more free. [*Exit.*]

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for't. I never knew  
A Florentine more kind and honest.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* Good-morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry  
For your <sup>a</sup> displeasure; but all will soon be well.  
The general and his wife are talking of it,  
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,  
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,  
And great <sup>b</sup> affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom  
He might not but refuse you; but, he protests, he  
loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his likings,  
To take the safest occasion by the front,  
To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you,—  
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—  
Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.* Pray you, come in:  
I will bestow you where you shall have time  
To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,  
And by him do my duties to the state:  
That done, I will be walking on the <sup>c</sup> works;  
Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord; I'll do't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

*Gent.* We wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Before the Castle.

*Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

*Des.* Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf. [*husband,*]

*Emil.* Good madam, do: I know it grieves my  
As if the case were his. [*Cassio,*]

*Des.* O! that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,  
But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* O, sir! I thank you. You do love my lord;  
You have known him long, and be you well assur'd,  
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off  
Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and wat'ry diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that: before Emilia here,  
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him <sup>d</sup> tame, and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a <sup>e</sup> shrift;  
I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio;  
For thy solicitor shall rather die,  
Than give thy cause away.

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.*

*Emil.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

*Des.* Why, stay, and hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease;  
Unfit for mine own purpose.

*Des.* Well, do your discretion. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord? No, sure; I cannot think it,  
That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.

*Des.* How, now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is't you mean?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good, my lord,  
If I have any grace, or power to move you,  
His present <sup>f</sup> reconciliation take;  
For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance, and not in <sup>g</sup> cunning,  
I have no judgment in an honest face.  
I pr'ythee, call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now?

*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled,  
That he hath left part of his grief with me,  
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other

*Des.* But shall't be shortly? [*time.*]

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home:  
I meet the captains at the citadel. [*morning,*]

*Des.* Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday  
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:

I pr'ythee, name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,

(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples

Out of <sup>h</sup> our <sup>i</sup> best) is not almost a fault

T<sup>i</sup> incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,

What you could ask me that I should deny,

Or stand so <sup>j</sup>ammering on. What! Michael

Cassio,

That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

*Oth.* Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he

I will deny thee nothing. [*will,*]

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

<sup>k</sup> Hawks are tamed by keeping them from sleep.—<sup>l</sup> A

shrift, i. e., a confession.—<sup>m</sup> Reconciliation, i. e., stone-

ment; confession.—<sup>n</sup> Cunning here signifies knowledge.—

<sup>o</sup> Our best, i. e., our best men.—<sup>p</sup>ammering, i. e.,

hesitating.

<sup>a</sup> "Your displeasure," i. e., the displeasure you have incurred from Othello.—<sup>b</sup> "Affinity," i. e., relationship; family alliance.—<sup>c</sup> "The works," i. e., the fortifications.

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,  
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit  
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of a poize and difficult weight,  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing:  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a while to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you? no. Farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee  
straight. [you;

*Des.* Emilia, come.—Be it as your fancies teach  
What'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exit, with EMILIA.*

*Oth.* Excellent <sup>b</sup> wretch! Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—  
*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my  
know of your love? [lady,

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;  
No farther harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think, he had been acquainted  
with it.

*Oth.* O, yes; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed? [in that?

*Oth.* Indeed? ay, indeed:—discern'st thou aught  
is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord?

*Oth.* Honest? ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord?

*Oth.* Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean some-  
thing.

I heard thee say but now,—thou lik'dst not that,  
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?  
And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou criest, "In-  
deed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think, thou dost;  
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them  
breath,—

Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more;  
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,  
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,  
They are close <sup>1</sup> delations, working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem;  
Or, those that be not, would they might seem <sup>e</sup> none!

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this.

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts  
The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me:

Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and  
false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep <sup>d</sup> leets, and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear  
A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you,—

Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,  
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not)—that your wisdom yet,  
From one that so imperfectly <sup>e</sup> conceits,  
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.  
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name, in man, and woman, dear my  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls: [lord,  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,  
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he, that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;  
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make  
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss,  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet <sup>2</sup> fondly loves!

*Oth.* O misery!

*Iago.* Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;  
But riches <sup>f</sup> fineness is as poor as winter,  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.—  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,  
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such <sup>g</sup> exsufflicate and blown surmises,  
Matching thy <sup>h</sup> inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,  
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me: no, Iago;  
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,  
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

*Iago.* I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason

<sup>a</sup> "Of poize," i. e., of weight.—<sup>b</sup> *Wretch* was formerly a term of endearment.—<sup>c</sup> "Might seem none," i. e., might no longer seem, or bear the shape of men.

<sup>d</sup> *Leets* are courts of inquiry.—<sup>e</sup> "Conceits," i. e., conceives; imagines.—<sup>f</sup> "Fineness," i. e., endless; boundless.—<sup>g</sup> "Exsufflicate," i. e., whispered.—<sup>h</sup> "Matching thy inference," i. e., such as you have mentioned.

To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife; observe her will with Cassio:  
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:  
I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of a self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't.  
I know our country disposition well:  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best con-  
science  
Is, not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,  
She lov'd them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to, then;  
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,  
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—  
He thought, 'twas witchcraft.—But I am much to  
blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my love.—But, I do see you are mov'd:—  
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success,  
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy  
friend.

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

*Oth.* No, not much mov'd.—  
I do not think but Desdemona's honest. [so]

*Iago.* Long live she so; and long live you to think

*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

*Iago.* Ay, there's the point:—as,—to be bold with  
you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends.  
Foh! one may smell in such a<sup>d</sup> will most rank,  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—  
But pardon me; I do not in<sup>1</sup> suspicion  
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear,  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,  
May fall to match you with her country forms,  
And happily repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;  
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [Going.]

*Oth.* Why did I marry?—This honest creature,  
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Iago.* My lord, I would, I might entreat your  
honour [Returning.]

To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time.

Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,  
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability)

Yet if you please to hold him off a while,  
You shall by that perceive him and his<sup>e</sup> means.

<sup>a</sup> "Self-bounty," i. e., inherent generosity.—<sup>b</sup> "Issues," i. e., conclusions.—<sup>c</sup> "Success," i. e., result; consequence.—<sup>d</sup> "A will," i. e., an inclination; a desire.—<sup>e</sup> "His means," i. e., his means of reinstating himself.

Note, if your lady strain his<sup>f</sup> entertainment  
With any strong or vehement importunity:  
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,  
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am)  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

*Oth.* Fear not my<sup>g</sup> government.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [Exit.]

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty.

And knows all qualities with a<sup>h</sup> learned spirit  
Of human dealings: if I do prove her<sup>i</sup> haggard,  
Though that her<sup>k</sup> jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind  
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd  
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much:—  
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief  
Must be to loath her. O, curse of marriage!  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;  
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:  
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,  
When we do<sup>m</sup> quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself.—  
I'll not believe it.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello!

Your dinner and the<sup>n</sup> generous islanders,  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

[Well?]

*Des.* Why is your speech so faint? are you not

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:  
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour

It will be well. <sup>2</sup> [Offers to bind his Head.]

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;

[Lets fall her<sup>3</sup> Napkin.]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exit OTH. and DES.]

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin.

This was her first remembrance from the Moor:  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Wood'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,  
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it)  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en<sup>o</sup> out,  
And give't Iago: what he will do with it,  
Heaven knows, not I;  
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

*Iago.* How now! what do you here alone?

*Emil.* Do not you chide, I have a thing for you.

*Iago.* A thing for me?—it is a common thing.

*Emil.* Ha!

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emil.* O! is that all? What will you give me now  
For that same handkerchief?

*Iago.*

What handkerchief?

*Emil.* What handkerchief!

<sup>f</sup> "Strain his entertainment," i. e., press hard his re-admission to his office.—<sup>g</sup> That is, 'Distrust not my ability to contain my passion.'—<sup>h</sup> Learned for experienced.—<sup>i</sup> "Haggard," i. e., libertine; wanton.—<sup>k</sup> Jesses are straps of leather by which a hawk is held on the fist.—<sup>l</sup> "Chamberers," i. e., men of intrigue.—<sup>m</sup> "When we do quicken," i. e., when we begin to live.—<sup>n</sup> "The generous islanders" are islanders of rank, distinction.—<sup>o</sup> "Taken out," i. e., copied.

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stolen it from her?

*Emil.* No, 'faith: she let it drop by negligence;  
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up.  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench; give it me.

*Emil.* What will you do with't, that you have  
been so earnest

To have me filch it?

*Iago.* Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*]

*Emil.* If it be not some purpose of import,  
Give't me again: poor lady! she'll run mad,  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not 'acknown on't; I have use for it.  
Go; leave me. [*Exit EMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it: trifles, light as air,  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison:  
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;  
But with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

*Enter O'THELLO.*

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor 'mandra-  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, [*gora,*]  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,  
Which thou 'ow'dst yesterday.

*Oth.* Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general! no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the  
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,  
Than to know't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord!

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolen hours of  
lust?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,  
'Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known.—O! now, for ever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content:  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue: O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And O! you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

*Iago.* Is it possible?—My lord,—

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore:  
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,

[*Taking him by the Throat.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,  
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is it come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,  
That the probations bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* O grace! O heaven defend me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—

God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,  
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!  
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,  
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay.—Thou shouldst be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.  
I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:  
I do repeat me that I put it to you.  
You would be satisfied?

*Oth.* Would! nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?  
Would you the supervision? grossly gape on?  
Behold her topp'd!

*Oth.* Death and damnation! O!

*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring 't to that prospect. Damn them then,  
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,  
More than their own! What then? how then?  
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,  
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk: but yet, I say,  
If imputation, and strong circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

*Oth.* Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office;

But, 'sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,  
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,  
And being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:  
One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say,—“Sweet Desdemona;  
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!”  
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,  
Cry,—“O, sweet creature!” and then kiss me hard,  
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips: then, laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then,  
Cried,—“Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!”

*Oth.* O monstrous! monstrous!

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion:  
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs,

<sup>a</sup> “To th' advantage,” i. e., opportunist.—<sup>b</sup> “Be not acknowledged on't,” i. e., seem as if you knew nothing of the matter.—*Mandragora* or the *mandrake* is strongly soporific.—<sup>c</sup> “Ow'dst,” i. e., possessedst.—<sup>d</sup> “Pioneers,” i. e., the vilest of the camp.

—<sup>e</sup> “All remorse,” i. e., all tenderness of nature; all pity.—<sup>f</sup> “A living reason,” i. e., reason founded on fact and experience.—<sup>g</sup> “Sith,” i. e., since.—<sup>h</sup> “A foregone conclusion,” i. e., a former experience.



That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done; She may be honest yet. Tell me but this: Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief, Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one: 'twas my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that; but such a handkerchief, (I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that,—

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers, It speaks against her with the other proofs.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives! One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago; All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven: 'tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell! Yield up, O Love! thy crown, and bearded throne, To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught, For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

*Iago.* Pray, be content.

*Oth.* O, blood, Iago, blood!

*Iago.* Patience, I say: your mind, perhaps, may change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea, Whose icy current and compulsive course Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on To the Propontick, and the Hellespont; Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace, Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love, Till that a capable and wide revenge Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven, In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneeling.*] I here engage my words.

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.— [*Kneeling.*] Witness, you ever-burning lights above! You elements that clip us round about! Witness, that here Iago doth give up The execution of his wit, hands, heart, To wrong'd Othello's service. Let him command, And to obey shall be in me remorse, What bloody work soe'er.

*Oth.* I greet thy love, Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous, And will upon the instant put thee to't. Within these three days let me hear thee say, That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead: 'tis done at your request; But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her! Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw, To furnish me with some swift means of death For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—The Same.

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.*

*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where the lieutenant Cassio lies?

*Clow.* I dare not say, he lies any where.

*Des.* Why, man?

*Clow.* He is a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabling.

*Des.* Go to. Where lodges he?

*Clow.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

*Des.* Can any thing be made of this?

*Clow.* I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

*Des.* Can you inquire him out, and be edified to report?

*Clow.* I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

*Des.* Seek him; bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

*Clow.* To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*]

*Des.* Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

*Emil.* I know not, madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzadoes; and but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who? he! I think the sun, where he was born, Drew all such humors from him.

*Emil.* Look, where he comes.

#### *Enter OTHELLO.*

*Des.* I will not leave him now, till Cassio Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

*Oth.* Well, my good lady.— [*Aside.*] O, hardness How do you, Desdemona? [to dissemble!—

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

*Des.* It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart. Hot, hot and moist: this hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty, fasting and praying, Much castigation, exercise devout; For here's a young and sweating devil here, That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand; A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so; For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

*Oth.* A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands, But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck? [*you.*]

*Des.* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with

*Oth.* I have a salt and sudden rheum offends me.

Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord. [*Offering it.*]

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Des.* I have it not about me

*Oth.* Not?

*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while she

kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

<sup>a</sup> "Hearted throne," i. e., the heart on which thou wast enthroned.—<sup>b</sup> *Fraught* is freight, or load.—<sup>c</sup> "Capable," i. e., capacious; comprehensive.—<sup>d</sup> "Clip," i. e., embrace.—<sup>e</sup> "Execution," i. e., employment; exercise.—<sup>f</sup> "Remorse," i. e., an act, not of cruelty to others, but of tenderness, compassion for him.

<sup>g</sup> "And by them answer," i. e., and by them, when answered, form my answer to you.—<sup>h</sup> The *cruzado* was a Portuguese coin, bearing the impression of a cross.—<sup>i</sup> "A charmer," i. e., an enchanter.

Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt  
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;  
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,  
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't:  
Make it a darling like your precious eye;  
To lose or give't away were such perdition,  
As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is't possible?

*Oth.* 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it.  
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world  
The sun to course two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;  
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,  
And it was dyed in <sup>a</sup>mummy, which the skilful  
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

*Des.* Indeed! is't true?

*Oth.* Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

*Des.* Then, would to heaven that I had never seen

*Oth.* Ha! wherefore? [it!]

*Des.* Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

*Oth.* Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' the

*Des.* Heaven bless us! [way?]

*Oth.* Say you?

*Des.* It is not lost; but what an if it were?

*Oth.* How?

*Des.* I say, it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch't, let me see't.

*Des.* Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again. [gives.]

*Oth.* Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind mis-

*Des.* Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth.* The handkerchief,—

*Des.* I pray, talk me of Cassio.

*Oth.* The handkerchief,—

*Des.* A man that, all his time,  
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you;—

*Oth.* The handkerchief,—

*Des.* In sooth, you are to blame.

*Oth.* Away! [Exit OTHELLO.]

*Emil.* Is not this man jealous?

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:  
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Emil.* 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:  
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;  
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,  
They belch us.

*Enter IAGO and CASSIO.*

Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

*Iago.* There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:  
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

*Des.* How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

*Cas.* Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,  
That by your virtuous means I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love,  
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,  
Entirely honor: I would not be delay'd.  
If my offence be of such mortal kind,  
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,  
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,  
Can ransom me into his love again;  
But to know so must be my benefit;  
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,  
And shift myself upon some other course,  
To fortune's alms.

*Des.* Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,

My advocacy is not now in tune;  
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,  
Were he in <sup>b</sup>favor, as in humor, alter'd.  
So help me every spirit sanctified,  
As I have spoken for you all my best,  
And stood within the <sup>c</sup>blank of his displeasure,  
For my free speech. You must a while be patient:  
What I can do, I will; and more I will,  
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my lord angry?

*Emil.* He went hence but now;  
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?  
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him.  
There's matter in't, indeed, if he be angry.

*Des.* I pr'ythee, do so. [Exit IAGO.] Something,  
sure, of state,—

Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd <sup>d</sup>practice,  
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—  
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;  
For let our finger ache, and it induces  
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense  
Of pain: nay, we must think, men are not gods;  
Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the <sup>e</sup>bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he's indicted falsely.

*Emil.* Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think,  
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,  
Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;  
They are not ever jealous for <sup>2</sup>a cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,  
Begot upon itself, born on itself. [mind!]

*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's

*Emil.* Lady, amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:  
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Exit DESDEMONA and EMILIA.]

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio!

*Cas.* What make you from home?  
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;  
But I shall, in a more <sup>3</sup>convenient time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her DESDEMONA'S Handkerchief.]  
Take me this work <sup>f</sup>out.

*Bian.* O, Cassio! whence came this?  
This is some token from a newer friend:  
To the felt absence, now, I feel a cause.

<sup>a</sup> "In mummy," i. e., in the balsamic liquor in which mummies are preserved.

<sup>b</sup> "In favor," i. e., in countenance.—<sup>c</sup> "Within the blank," i. e., in the direct range.—<sup>d</sup> "Unhatch'd practice," i. e., undeveloped treason.—<sup>e</sup> "The bridal," i. e., the nuptial feast.—<sup>f</sup> "Take me this work out," i. e., copy this work into another handkerchief.

Is it come to this? Well, well.

*Cas.* Go to, woman!  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,  
That this is from some mistress some remembrance:  
No, in good troth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it?  
*Cas.* I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.  
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,  
(As like enough it will) I'd have it copied:  
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?  
*Cas.* I do attend here on the general,  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you?  
*Cas.* Not that I love you not.

*Bian.* But that you do not love me.  
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;  
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

*Cas.* 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,  
For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

*Bian.* 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.*

*Iago.* Will you think so?

*Oth.* Think so, Iago?

*Iago.* What,  
To kiss in private?

*Oth.* An unauthoriz'd kiss.

*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend abed,  
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

*Oth.* Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,  
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

*Iago.* If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

*Oth.* What then?

*Iago.* Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,  
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honor too:

May she give that?

*Iago.* Her honor is an essence that's not seen;

They have it very oft, that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Thou saidst,—O! it comes o'er my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infected<sup>a</sup> house,

Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that?

*Oth.* That's not so good, now.

*Iago.* What, if I had said, I had seen him do you  
wrong?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab—

*Oth.* Hath he said any thing?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,  
No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?

*Iago.* Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

*Oth.* What? what?

*Iago.* Lie—

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on  
her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's ful-  
some.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handker-  
chief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labor.—  
First, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I trem-  
ble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such  
shuddering passion, without some instruction. It  
is not words, that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses,  
ears, and lips.—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handker-  
chief!—O devil!—  
[*Falls in a Trance.*]

*Iago.* Work on,  
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;  
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,  
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

*Enter CASSIO.*

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio!

*Cas.* What's the matter?

*Iago.* My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear.

The lethargy must have his quiet course,  
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:  
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
He will recover straight: when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.—  
[*Exit CASSIO.*]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by heaven.

Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

*Iago.* There's many a beast, then, in a populous  
And many a civil monster. [city,

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.*

Good sir, be a man;

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,

May draw with you: there's millions now alive,

That nightly lie in those unproper beds,

Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.

O! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,

And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know;

And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

*Oth.* O! thou art wise; 'tis certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart;

Confine yourself but in a patient<sup>b</sup> list.

Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,

(A passion most unfitting such a man)

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,

And laid good<sup>c</sup> 'seuse upon your ecstasy;

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;

The which he promis'd. But<sup>d</sup> encave yourself,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;

For I will make him tell the tale anew,

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to<sup>e</sup> cope your wife:

I say, but mark his gesture.—Marry, patience;

Or I shall say, you are all-in-all in spleen,

And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;

But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

<sup>a</sup> The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house infected with the plague.

<sup>b</sup> "Unproper," i. e., common.—<sup>c</sup> "In a patient list," i. e., within the bounds of patience.—<sup>d</sup> "Encave," i. e., conceal.—<sup>e</sup> "Cope," i. e., meet; entertain.

*Iago.* That's not amiss;  
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw? .

[*OTHELLO retires.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A housewife, that by selling her desires,  
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,  
That dotes on Cassio, as 'tis the strumpet's plague,  
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter:—here he comes.—

*Re-enter CASSIO.*

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;  
And his <sup>a</sup>unbookish jealousy must construe  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behavior,  
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

*Cas.* The worse, that you give me the <sup>b</sup>addition,  
Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.  
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[*Speaking lower.*]

How quickly should you speed?

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff!

*Oth.* Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*]

*Iago.* I never knew woman love man so. [*me.*]

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue! I think, if faith, she loves

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[*Aside.*]

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Oth.* Now he importunes him  
To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said.

[*Aside.*]

*Iago.* She gives it out, that you shall marry her:  
Do you intend it?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Do you triumph o'er me? do you triumph?

[*Aside.*]

*Cas.* I marry her!—what, a <sup>c</sup>customer? I pr'y-  
thee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it  
so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.

[*Aside.*]

*Iago.* 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, say true. [*her.*]

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* Have you scored me? Well. [*Aside.*]

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out: she is  
persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and  
flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* Iago beckons me: now he begins the story.  
[*Aside.*]

*Cas.* She was here even now; she haunts me in  
every place. I was, the other day, talking on the  
seabank with certain Venetians, and thither comes  
this bawble; and, by this hand, she falls me thus  
about my neck;—

*Oth.* Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his  
gesture imports it. [*Aside.*]

*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so  
hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Now he tells, how she plucked him to my  
chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not that  
dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*]

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look where she comes.

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Cas.* 'Tis such another <sup>d</sup>fitchew! marry, a per-  
fumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of  
me?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What

did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave  
me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must  
take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that  
you should find it in your chamber, and know not  
who left it there. This is some minx's token, and  
I must take out the work? There, give it your  
hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out  
no work on't.

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how  
now!

*Oth.* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

[*Aside.*]

*Bian.* An you'll come to supper to-night, you  
may: an you will not, come when you are next pre-  
pared for,

[*Exit.*]

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

*Iago.* Will you sup there?

*Cas.* 'Faith, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you, for I would  
very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, come; will you?

*Iago.* Go to; say no more. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

*Oth.* [*Advancing.*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

*Oth.* O, Iago!

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief?

*Oth.* Was that mine?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand: and to see how he  
prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him,  
and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a killing.—A  
fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned  
to-night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is  
turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.  
O! the world hath not a sweeter creature: she  
might lie by an emperor's side, and command him  
tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but say what she is.—So  
delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician!  
O! She will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Of  
so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

*Iago.* She's the worse for all this.

*Oth.* O! a thousand thousand times. And then,  
of so gentle a <sup>e</sup>condition.

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it,  
Iago!—O, Iago! the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give  
her <sup>f</sup>patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it  
comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!

*Iago.* O! 'tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll  
not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty  
unprovide my mind again.—This night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison, strangle her in her  
bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very  
good.

*Iago.* And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker.  
You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A Trumpet within.*]

*Oth.* Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,

<sup>a</sup> "Unbookish," i. e., ignorant.—<sup>b</sup> "The addition," i. e.,  
the title.—<sup>c</sup> "A customer," i. e., a common woman.—<sup>d</sup> A  
fitchew is a polcat.

<sup>e</sup> "Of so gentle a condition," i. e., of so sweet a disposi-  
tion.—<sup>f</sup> "Patent," i. e., privilege.

Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* 'Save you, worthy general!

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir.

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Giving him a Packet.*

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the Packet, and reads.*

*Drs.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior:

Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

*Iago.* Lives, sir. [lord

*Drs.* Cousin, there's fallen between him and my An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that?

*Drs.* My lord!

*Oth.* "This fail you not to do, as you will"—

[*Reading.*

*Lod.* He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

*Drs.* A most unhappy one: I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone!

*Drs.* My lord?

*Oth.* Are you wise?

*Drs.* What! is he angry?

*Lod.* May be, the letter mov'd him;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Drs.* By my troth, I am glad on't.

*Oth.* Indeed.

*Drs.* My lord?

*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Drs.* How, sweet Othello?

*Oth.* Devil! [Striking her.

*Drs.* I have not deserv'd this.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it. 'Tis very much;

Make her amends, she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—

Out of my sight!

*Drs.* I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*

*Lod.* Truly an obedient lady.—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

*Oth.* Mistress!

*Drs.* My lord?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord? [turn:

*Oth.* Ay; you did wish, that I would make her

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—

Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—

Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!

I am commanded home.—Get you away;

I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice.—Hence! avant!

[*Exit DESDEMONA.*

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,

I do intreat that we may sup together:

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and mon-

kies: [Exit.

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature

Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

Could neither graze, nor pierce?

*Iago.* He is much chang'd.

*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

*Iago.* He's that he is: I may not breathe my cen-

sure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—

I would to heaven, he were.

*Lod.* What! strike his wife?

*Iago.* 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I

That stroke would prove the worst.

[knew,

*Lod.* Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create this fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak [him;

What I have seen and known. You shall observe

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech. Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

*Oth.* You have seen nothing then?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

*Emil.* But then I saw no harm; and then I heard

Each syllable that breath made up between them.

*Oth.* What! did they never whisper?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out of the way?

*Emil.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor

*Emil.* Never, my lord. [nothing?

*Oth.* That's strange.

*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,

Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse,

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

There's no man happy; the purest of their wives

Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither;—go.—

[*Exit EMILIA.*

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,

A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:

And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

*Re-enter EMILIA with DESDEMONA.*

*Drs.* My lord, what is your will?

*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.

*Drs.* What is your pleasure?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes:

Look in my face.

*Drs.* What horrible fancy is this?

*Oth.* Some of your function, mistress;

[*To EMILIA.*

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[*Exit EMILIA.*

*Drs.* Upon my knee, what doth your speech im-

port?

I understand a fury in your words,  
But not the words. <sup>2</sup>[*Kneel.*

*Oth.* Why, what art thou?

*Drs.* Your wife, my lord; your true

And loyal wife. <sup>3</sup>[*Rise.*

*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

<sup>a</sup> "To atone," i. e., to reconcile.—<sup>b</sup> "She falls," i. e., she lets fall.

Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double-  
Swear thou art honest. [damn'd;

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.

*Oth.* Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell. [I false?

*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom? How am

*Oth.* O Desdemona!—away, away, away!

*Des.* Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?

Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction; had he rain'd

All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

I should have found in some part of my soul

A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me

A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn

To point his slowly moving finger at;

Yet could I hear that too; well, very well:

But there, where I have a garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion<sup>b</sup> there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

*Des.* I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* O! ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er  
been born!

*Des.* Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,

Made to write whore upon? What committed?

Committed?—O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed?

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it. What committed!—

Impudent strumpet!

*Des.* By heaven you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Des.* No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,

From any other, foul, unlawful, touch,

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore?

*Des.* No, as I shall be saved.

*Oth.* Is it possible?

*Des.* O, heaven forgive us! <sup>3</sup>[*Kneeling.*

*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then?

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,

That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

*Re-enter EMILIA.*

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

And keep the gate of hell; you, you, ay, you:

We have done our course; there's money for your  
pains.

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

*Emil.* Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?

<sup>a</sup> "Garner'd," i. e., treasured.—<sup>b</sup> "Turn thy complexion there," i. e., change thy color at such an object.

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

*Des.* Faith, half asleep. <sup>4</sup>[*Rising.*

*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter with my

*Des.* With whom? [lord?

*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam.

*Des.* Who is thy lord?

*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,

But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—

And call thy husband hither.

*Emil.* Here is a change, indeed! [*Exit.*

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick

The small'st opinion on my least<sup>5</sup> misdeed?

*Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is it  
with you? [babes,

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?

*Emil.* Alas! Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,

As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

*Emil.* He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink,  
Could not have laid such terms upon his<sup>c</sup> callat.

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Des.* I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

*Emil.* Has she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father, and her country, and her friends,

To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, heaven doth know.

*Emil.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,

Some<sup>d</sup> cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,  
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

*Iago.* Fie! there is no such man: it is impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

*Emil.* A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his  
bones! [company?

Why should he call her, where? who keeps her  
What place? what time? what form? what likeli-  
hood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,  
Some base,<sup>e</sup> notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.—

O, heaven! that such<sup>f</sup> companions thou'st unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip,

To lash the rascals naked through the world,

Even from the east to the west!

*Iago.* Speak within<sup>g</sup> door.

*Emil.* O, fie upon them! some such squire he was,  
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.

*Des.* O good Iago!

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,  
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:

<sup>c</sup> "His callat," i. e., his drab.—<sup>d</sup> "Cogging," i. e., lying; wheedling.—<sup>e</sup> Some *notorious knave* here signifies, some knave *worthy to be noted*, or branded with infamy.—<sup>f</sup> "Companions," i. e., fellows.—<sup>g</sup> "Within door," i. e., so as not to be heard beyond the house.

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
 Either in discourse of <sup>a</sup> thought, or actual deed;  
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
 Delighted them in any other form;  
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
 And ever will,—though he do shake me off  
 To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,  
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;  
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
 But never taint my love. I cannot say whore;  
 It does abhor me now I speak the word;  
 To do the act that might the <sup>b</sup> addition earn,  
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humor:  
 The business of the state does him offence,  
 And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If 'twere no other,—  
*Iago.* 'Tis but so, I warrant. <sup>1</sup>[*Music.*  
 Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!  
 The messengers of Venice stay the meat.  
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

*Enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou 'doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means: the jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me, she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself <sup>d</sup>fobbed in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest <sup>e</sup>intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valor,—this

night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise <sup>f</sup>engines for my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass.

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean removing of him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; by knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me do?

*Iago.* Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to <sup>g</sup>waste: about it.

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no farther.

*Oth.* O! pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your

*Des.* Your honor is most welcome. [*Ladyship.*

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir?—

O!—Desdemona,—

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there: look, it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.*

*Emil.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says, he will return <sup>h</sup>incontinent.

He hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would you had never seen him.

*Des.* So would not I: my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favor in them.

*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed. [*Minds!—*

*Des.* All's one.—Good <sup>2</sup>faith, how foolish are our If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.*

Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:

<sup>a</sup> "In discourse of thought," i. e., in the discursive range of thought.—<sup>b</sup> "The addition," i. e., the title.—<sup>c</sup> "Doff't me," i. e., puttest me off.—<sup>d</sup> "Fobbed," i. e., cheated; tricked.—<sup>e</sup> "Intendment," i. e., intention.

<sup>f</sup> "Devise engines," i. e., contrive instruments of torture.—<sup>g</sup> "Grows to waste," i. e., is wasting away.—<sup>h</sup> "Incontinent," i. e., immediately.

She was in love; and he she loved prov'd <sup>a</sup> mad,  
And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it: that song, to-night,  
Will not go from my mind; I have much to <sup>b</sup> do,  
<sup>1</sup> Not to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

*Des.* No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* He speaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

*Des.* A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
[Singing.

*Sing all a green willow;  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd  
her moans;  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the  
stones;*

Lay by these.—

*Sing willow, willow, willow.*

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

*Sing all a green willow must be my garland.*

*Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—*

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

*Emil.* It is the wind.

*Des.* I call'd my love false love; but what said he

*Sing willow, willow, willow: [then?*

*If I court <sup>c</sup> mo women, you'll couch with mo  
men.*

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;  
Doth that bode weeping?

*Emil.* 'Tis neither here nor there.

*Des.* I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these  
men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—  
That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

*Emil.* There be some such, no question.

*Des.* Would'st thou do such a deed for all the

*Emil.* Why, would not you? [world?

*Des.* No, by this heavenly light.

*Emil.* Nor I neither by this heavenly light:

I might do't as well i' the dark.

*Des.* Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* The world is a huge thing: 'tis a great price  
For a small vice.

*Des.* <sup>2</sup>In troth, I think thou would'st not.

*Emil.* <sup>3</sup>In troth, I think I should, and undo't,  
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a  
thing for a <sup>d</sup> joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor  
for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty <sup>e</sup> ex-  
hibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would  
not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a  
monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong  
for the whole world.

*Emil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the  
world; and, having the world for your labor, 'tis a  
wrong in your own world, and you might quickly  
make it right.

*Des.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen; and as many  
To the 'vantage, as would store the world they  
play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,  
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,  
Or scant our former <sup>f</sup> having in despite,  
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,  
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,  
Their wives have <sup>h</sup> sense like them: they see, and  
smell,

And have their palates, both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do,  
When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?

I think, it doth. Is't frailty, that thus errs?

It is so too: and have not we affections,

Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?

Then, let them use us well; else, let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us to. [send,

*Des.* Good night, good night: heaven me such uses  
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

[Exeunt.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Street.

*Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will  
he come:

Wear thy good rapier <sup>i</sup> bare, and put it home.

Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,

And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy  
stand.<sup>4</sup>

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed;

And yet he has given me satisfying reasons.—

'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

<sup>5</sup>[Stands back.

*Iago.* I have rubb'd this young <sup>k</sup> quat almost to  
the <sup>l</sup> sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my game: live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold, and jewels, that I <sup>m</sup> bobb'd from him,

As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life,

That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor

May unfold me to him: there stand I in much peril.

No, he must die:—be't so; I hear him coming.

<sup>6</sup>[Retiring.

*Enter Cassio.*

*Rod.* I know his gait; 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest.

[Rushing <sup>7</sup> forward, and making a pass at Cassio.

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st:

I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.

<sup>a</sup> "Mad," i. e., wild; inconstant.—<sup>b</sup> "Much to do," i. e., much ado.—<sup>c</sup> *Mo* for *more*.—<sup>d</sup> A *joint-ring* was a common token among lovers.—<sup>e</sup> "Exhibition," i. e., remuneration.

<sup>f</sup> "To the vantage," i. e., to boot; over and above.—<sup>g</sup> "Our former having," i. e., our former allowance of expense.—<sup>h</sup> "Sense," i. e., sensation.—<sup>i</sup> "Bare," i. e., un-sheathed.—<sup>k</sup> A *quat* is a pimple, used here figuratively for a low fellow.—<sup>l</sup> "To the sense," i. e., to the quick.—<sup>m</sup> "Bobb'd," i. e., fished.



Rod. O! I am slain.

[IAGO <sup>1</sup> starts forward, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exit.

Cas. I am maim'd for ever.—Light, ho! murder! murder! [Falls.

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio.—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is e'en so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he.—O brave Iago! honest, and just, That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong; Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead, And your unblest fate hies:—strumpet, I come.

<sup>2</sup> Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [Exit OTHELLO.

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no <sup>3</sup> passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O, wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan.—It is a <sup>4</sup> heavy night. These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe

To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. No body come? then, shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, <sup>2</sup> unready, with a light.

Lod. Hark! [weapons.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that <sup>3</sup> cries out murder thus?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O! I am spoil'd; undone by villains: Give me some help. [this?

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.

Rod. O, help me! here.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[IAGO stabs RODERIGO.

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—<sup>4</sup>

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

[Iains.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by vil-

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen! I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho! who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! My sweet Cassio! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio! [pect

Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you sus- Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

[seek you.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to Iago. Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair, To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas! he faints.—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash

To be a party in this injury.—

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come.

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

<sup>5</sup> [Looking at Rod.

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman, Roderigo? no:—yes, sure. O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra.

Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon: These bloody accidents must excuse my manners That so neglected you.

Gra.

I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he.—O! that's well said;—the chair.— [A chair brought.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence; I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[To BIANCA.

Save you your labor.—He that lies slain here, Cas- sio, [you?

Was my dear friend. What malice was between Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o'the air.— [CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the <sup>d</sup> gastness of her eye?—

Nay, an you stir:—we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak, Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Alas! what's the matter? what's the mat- ter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd:

He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee,

Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—

What! do you shake at that?

Bian. Ho supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O! did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. O, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest, As you that thus abuse me.

Emil.

As I? fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night. [Aside.

That either makes me, or <sup>e</sup>fordoes me quite.

[Exeunt.

<sup>a</sup> "Forth of," i. e., out of.—<sup>b</sup> "No passage," i. e., no one passing by.—<sup>c</sup> "Heavy," i. e., thick; cloudy.

<sup>d</sup> Gastness for ghastliness.—<sup>e</sup> "Fordoes," i. e., ruins; destroys.

## SCENE II.—A Bedchamber.

DESDEMONA *in Bed asleep. A Light burning.*

*Enter OTHELLO, locking the Door after him.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—  
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then—put out the light?  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat,  
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd  
I cannot give it vital growth again, [<sup>2</sup>the rose,  
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[*Kissing her.*

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
And love thee after.—One more, and this the last:  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;  
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,  
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord! what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
No, heaven's forbend, I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven

Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,  
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know  
not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—  
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:  
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,  
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter? [<sup>3</sup>thee,

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave  
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul!  
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:  
Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin;  
For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord, have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did  
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,  
But with such general warranty of heaven  
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.  
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,  
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.  
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;  
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither;  
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then.—What! is he dead?  
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to  
my face?

Des. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup>Des. O Lord, Lord, Lord! [*He smother's her.*

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho!

my lord, my lord! [*Quite dead?*

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet  
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—  
So, so! [<sup>5</sup>*Stabs her.*

Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord! I would speak  
a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia,—By and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think she stirs again:—no.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

O insupportable, O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you, I may speak  
with you.

O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee. O! come in, Emilia.—

Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?  
[*Unlocks the Door.*

*Enter EMILIA.*

Emil. O, good my lord! yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What! now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

<sup>a</sup>“Relume,” i. e., rekindle.—<sup>b</sup>“Forfend,” i. e., forbid.

*Oth.* It is the very <sup>a</sup>error of the moon;  
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,  
And makes men mad.

*Emil.* Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,  
Call'd Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd?

And Cassio kill'd?

*Emil.* No; Cassio is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

*Emil.* Alas! what cry is that?

*Oth.* That! what?

*Emil.* Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—  
Help! Help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!

<sup>1</sup>[*Going to the bed.*]

Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emil.* O! who hath done  
This deed?

*Des.* Nobody; I myself; farewell!

Commend me to my kind lord. O farewell! [*Dies.*]

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?

*Emil.* Alas, who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, it was not I.

*Emil.* She said so; I must needs report a truth.

*Oth.* She's like a liar gone to burning hell:

'Twas I that kill'd her.

*Emil.* O! the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil.

*Oth.* She turn'd to <sup>b</sup>folly, and she was a whore.

*Emil.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire to say  
That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.

*Oth.* Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.

O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity.—Thy husband knew it all.

*Emil.* My husband?

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,  
If heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emil.* My husband?

*Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me first:  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Emil.* My husband?

*Oth.* What needs this iteration, woman? I say,  
thy husband. [<sup>d</sup>Love.—]

*Emil.* O mistress! villainy hath made mocks with  
My husband say, that she was false?

*Oth.* He, woman;  
I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

*Emil.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha! <sup>2</sup>[*Threatening her.*]

*Emil.* Do thy worst:  
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,  
Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace! you were best.

*Emil.* Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,  
As I have to be <sup>e</sup>hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—  
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!  
The Moor has kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

*Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.*

*Mon.* What is the matter?—How now, general!

*Emil.* O! are you come, Iago? you have done well,  
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Emil.* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:  
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false.  
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought; and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emil.* But did you ever tell him, she was false?

*Iago.* I did.

*Emil.* You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;  
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.—

She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress. Go to, <sup>f</sup>charm your  
tongue. [<sup>g</sup>to speak.]

*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue; I am bound  
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

*All.* O, <sup>h</sup>heaven <sup>i</sup>forfend!

*Emil.* And your reports have set the murderer on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.

*Mon.* O monstrous act!

*Emil.* Villainy! villainy! villainy!  
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't:—O villainy!  
I thought so <sup>h</sup>then:—I'll kill myself for grief.—

O villainy, villainy! [<sup>j</sup>home.]

*Iago.* What! are you mad? I charge you, get you

*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O! O! O! [<sup>k</sup>Falling on the <sup>l</sup>Ground.]

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down and roar,

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* O! she was foul.— [<sup>m</sup>Starting up.]

I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,  
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly  
stopp'd.

I know, this act shows terrible and grim. [*Dead.*]

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's  
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,  
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobation.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows,  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
A thousand times committed: Cassio confess'd it;  
And she did gratify his amorous works  
With that recognition and pledge of love  
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand;  
It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

*Emil.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace,  
sir? no;

No, I will speak as <sup>n</sup>liberal as the <sup>o</sup>wind.

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home. [<sup>p</sup>Drawing.]

<sup>a</sup> Error here means *wandering*; deviation from her course.  
—<sup>b</sup> "Folly," i. e., wantonness; unchastity.—<sup>c</sup> "Iteration,"  
i. e., repetition.—<sup>d</sup> "Hath made mocks with love," i. e., hath  
played upon the weakness of a violent passion.—<sup>e</sup> "More can  
I bear than you dare execute." King Henry VI. Part II.

<sup>f</sup> "Charm," i. e., silence, as with a charm.—<sup>g</sup> "For-  
fend," i. e., forbid.—<sup>h</sup> "Then," i. e., when she gave Des-  
demona's handkerchief to Iago.—<sup>i</sup> "As liberal," i. e., as  
freely.

*Emil.* I will not. [*IAGO offers to stab EMIL.*  
*Gra.* Fie! Fie!  
 Your sword upon a woman? [*Speak'st of,*  
*Emil.* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou  
 I found by fortune, and did give my husband:  
 For often, with a solemn earnestness,  
 (More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)  
 He begg'd of me to steal it.  
*Iago.* Villainous whore! <sup>1</sup> [*They hold him.*  
*Emil.* She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,  
 And I did give't my husband.  
*Iago.* Filth, thou liest.

<sup>2</sup> [*Stabs her, and exit instantly.*  
*Emil.* By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen.  
 O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool  
 Do with so good a wife? <sup>3</sup>

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven,  
 But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!  
*Gra.* The woman falls: sure, he has kill'd his wife.  
*Emil.* Ay, ay.—O, lay me by my mistress' side!  
*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.  
*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this  
 weapon,  
 Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.  
 Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,  
 But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,  
 For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.*  
*Oth.* I am not valiant neither,  
 But every puny whipster gets my sword.  
 But why should honor outlive honesty?  
 Let it go all.

*Emil.* What did thy song bode, lady?  
 Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,  
 And die in music:—*Willow, willow, willow.*—  
 Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:  
 So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;  
 So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber,  
 It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's \*temper.—  
 O! here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost  
 thee dear:

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me, then, and speak to me,  
 Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Re-enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* What is the matter!

*Oth.* Belhold! I have a weapon;  
 A better never did itself sustain  
 Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,  
 That, with this little arm, and this good sword,  
 I have made my way through more impediments  
 Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast!  
 Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—  
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;  
 Here is my journey's end, here is my <sup>b</sup>butt,  
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
 Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a 'lost fear;  
 \*Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
 And he retires.—Where should Othello go?—  
 Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-star'd \*wench!  
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at 'compt,  
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
 And fends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl;  
 Even like thy chastity.—O, cursed slave!  
 Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!  
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!  
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!  
 \*O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead? O! O!

<sup>5</sup> *Enter LODOVICO and CASSIO.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

*Oth.* That's he, that was Othello: here I am.

*Lod.* Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

<sup>6</sup> *Enter MONTANO with IAGO, bound, and Officers.*

*Oth.* I look down towards his <sup>8</sup> feet;—but that's a  
 fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*OTHELLO wounds IAGO.*

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.

*Iago.* I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

*Oth.* I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;

For, in my <sup>b</sup> sense, 'tis happiness to die.

*Lod.* O thou Othello! that wert once so good,

Fall'n in the <sup>1</sup> practice of a damned slave,

What shall be said to thee?

*Oth.* Why, any thing:

An honorable murderer, if you will;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honor.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy.

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.

*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing: what you know, you  
 know.

From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Lod.* What! not to pray?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,  
 Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,  
 Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;

<sup>7</sup> [*Showing it.*

And here another: the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook

By Roderigo.

*Oth.* O villain!

*Cas.* Most heathenish, and most gross!

*Lod.* Now, here's another discontented paper,  
<sup>8</sup> [*Producing it.*

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,  
 Roderigo meant to have send this damned villain;

But that, belike, Iago in the interim

Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O, the pernicious \*cattiff!—

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,

That was my wife's?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber;

And he himself confess'd, but even now,

That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,

Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool! fool! fool!

*Cas.* There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,

How he upbraids Iago, that he made him

Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came

That I was cast: and even but now he spake,

After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,

Iago set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go with us:

Your power and your command is taken off,

And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,

If there be any cunning cruelty,

\* "The ice-brook's temper;" an allusion to the peculiar virtue in tempering sword-blades which the water of the brook or rivulet called *Salto*, in Celtiberia, was reputed to possess.—<sup>b</sup> "My butt," i. e., my end.—<sup>c</sup> "Lost," i. e., vain.—<sup>d</sup> "Man," i. e., point; aim.—<sup>e</sup> *Wench* was formerly used in a good sense for a girl or young woman.—<sup>f</sup> *Compt* for account.

<sup>1</sup> "Towards his feet," i. e., to see if his feet be clown.—<sup>2</sup> "In my sense," i. e., in my opinion.—<sup>3</sup> "In the practice," i. e., in the snare.—<sup>4</sup> "Cattiff," i. e., villain; mean fellow.

That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state.—Come; bring <sup>1</sup> them away.

*Oth.* Soft you; a word or two, before you go.  
I have done the state some service, and they know it;  
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak  
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well:  
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away [eyes,  
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;  
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,  
<sup>2</sup>When a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,

And smote him—thus.

[Stabs himself.

*Lod.* O bloody period!

*Gra.* All that's spoke is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee:—no way but  
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [this,<sup>3</sup>

[Dies <sup>4</sup> on the Bed.

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,  
For he was great of heart.

*Lod.* O Spartan <sup>a</sup> dog!

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,  
Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [To Iago.  
This is thy work; the object poisons sight;  
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they <sup>b</sup> succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,  
Remains the <sup>c</sup> censure of this hellish villain;  
The time, the place, the torture:—O, enforce it!  
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state  
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.

<sup>a</sup> The dogs of *Spartan* race were of the most fierce and  
savage kind.—<sup>b</sup> "Succeed," i. e., devolve; pass by inher-  
itance.—<sup>c</sup> "The censure," i. e., the sentence; the judgment.

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



ACT III.—Scene 9.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. ANTONY,  
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,  
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS,  
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,  
VENTIDIUS,  
EROS,  
SCARUS, } Friends of Antony.  
DERCETAS,  
DEMETRIUS,  
PHILO,

MECÆNAS, }  
AGRIPPA, } Friends to Cæsar.  
DOLABELLA,  
PROCULEIUS,  
THYREUS,  
GALLUS,

MENAS,  
MENECRATES, } Friends to Pompey.  
VARRIUS,

TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.  
CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to Antony.  
SILIUS, an Officer <sup>1</sup> under Ventidius.  
EUPHRONIUS, Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES,  
Attendants on Cleopatra. A Soothsayer.  
A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.  
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.  
CHARMIAN, } Attendants on Cleopatra.  
IRAS,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, <sup>2</sup> in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, <sup>a</sup> reneges all temper,

<sup>a</sup> "Reneges," i. e., renounces.

And is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The <sup>b</sup> triple pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be  
reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a <sup>c</sup> bourn how far to be below'd.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven,  
new earth.

<sup>b</sup> Triple is used here for third.—<sup>c</sup> "A bourn," i. e., a bound or limit.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.* <sup>a</sup>Grates me :—the sum.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear <sup>b</sup>them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar had not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;  
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;  
Perform't, or else we <sup>c</sup>doom thee."

*Ant.* How, my love!

*Cleo.* Perchance,—nay, and most like,—  
You must not stay here longer; your dismissal  
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—  
Where's Fulvia's <sup>d</sup>process? Cæsar s, I would say?  
—Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine  
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame,  
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers!  
*Ant.* Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch  
Of the <sup>e</sup>rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.  
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life  
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

[*Embracing.*

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to <sup>f</sup>weet,  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* Excellent falsehood!  
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—  
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony  
Will be himself.

*Ant.* But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—  
Now, for the love of <sup>g</sup>Love, and her soft hours,  
Let's not <sup>h</sup>confound the time with conference harsh:  
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?  
*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fie, wrangling queen!  
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep; whose every passion <sup>i</sup>filly strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd.  
No messenger; but thine, and all alone,  
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;  
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO., with their Train.*

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?  
*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I am full sorry,  
That he approves the common <sup>j</sup>liar, who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Room.

*Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.*

*Char.* Lord Alexas, <sup>k</sup>most sweet Alexas, most any  
thing Alexas, almost absolute Alexas, where's the  
soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O!  
that I knew this husband, which, you say, must  
change his horns with garlands!

*Alex.* Soothsayer!

*Sooth.* Your will?

<sup>a</sup>"Grates," i. e., offends.—<sup>b</sup>"Them," i. e., the news, which  
was considered plural in Shakespeare's time.—<sup>c</sup>"Take in,"  
i. e., conquer.—<sup>d</sup>"Process," i. e., summons.—<sup>e</sup>"Rang'd," i. e.,  
well-arranged; well-ordered.—<sup>f</sup>"To sweet," i. e., to know.—  
<sup>g</sup>"For the love of Love," i. e., for the sake of the Queen of  
Love.—<sup>h</sup>"Confound," i. e., consume; lose.—<sup>i</sup>"The com-  
mon liar," i. e., *Fame*.

*Char.* Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know  
things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

*Enter ENOBARRUS.*

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray, then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means, in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

*Char.* Hush!

*Sooth.* You shall be more beloved, than belov'd.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune. Let  
me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and  
widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to  
whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me  
to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion  
me with my mistress.

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen, and proved a fairer former  
fortune,  
Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then, belike, my children shall have no  
<sup>k</sup>names. Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches  
must I have?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb,  
And <sup>l</sup>fruitful every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

*Alex.* You think, none but your sheets are privy  
to your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come; tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night,  
shall be, drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing  
else.

*Char.* Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth  
famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful pro-  
gnostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee,  
tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how? but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune  
better than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worse thoughts heavens mend!  
Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O! let him  
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet <sup>m</sup>Isis, I be-  
seech thee: and let her die too, and give him a  
worse; and let worse follow worse, till the worst  
of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a  
cuckold. Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though  
thou deny me a matter of more weight, good Isis, I  
beseech thee!

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of  
the people; for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a  
handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow

<sup>k</sup>"Shall have no names," i. e., shall prove bastards.—  
<sup>l</sup>Isis was an Egyptian goddess.

to behold a foul knave uncuckolded : therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly !

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo, now ! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

*Eno.* Hush ! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he, the queen.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord ?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here ?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth ; but on the sudden, A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus !—

*Eno.* Madam.

[*Alexas ?*]

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's

*Alex.* Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

*Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.*

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him : go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*]

*Mess.* Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius ?

*Mess.* Ay :

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst  
Cæsar ;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy  
Upon the first encounter <sup>a</sup>drave them.

*Ant.* Well, what worst ?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On :  
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus ;  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mess.* Labienus

(This is <sup>b</sup>stiff news) hath with his Parthian force  
<sup>c</sup>Extended Asia from Euphrates ;  
His conquering banner shook from Syria  
To Lydia, and to Ionia ; whilst—

*Ant.* Antony, thou would'st say,—

*Mess.* O, my lord !

[*tongue ;*]

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general  
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome ;  
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults  
With such full license, as both truth and malice  
Have power to utter. O ! then we bring forth weeds,  
When our quick winds lie still ; and our ills told us,  
Is as our <sup>d</sup>earing. Fare thee well awhile.

*Mess.* At your noble pleasure.

[*Exit.*]

*Ant.* From Sicyon now the news ? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon !—Is there such an

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will. [one ?]

*Ant.* Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

*Enter another Messenger.*

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you ?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she ?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon :

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Giving a Letter.*]

*Ant.*

Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire it :  
What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,  
By <sup>1</sup>repetition souring, does become  
The opposite of itself : she's good, being gone ;  
The hand <sup>2</sup>would pluck her back, that shov'd her on.  
I must from this enchanting queen break off ;  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
My idleness doth hatch.—How now ! Enobarbus !

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir ?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women. We see  
how mortal an unkindness is to them : if they suffer  
our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women die :  
it were pity to cast them away for nothing ; though,  
between them and a great cause, they should be  
esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the  
least noise of this, dies instantly : I have seen her  
die twenty times upon far poorer <sup>e</sup>moment. I do  
think, there is mettle in death, which commits  
some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity  
in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir ! no ; her passions are made of  
nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot  
call her winds and waters, and tears ; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs  
can report : this cannot be cunning in her ; if it be,  
she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* Would I had never seen her !

*Eno.* O, sir ! you had then left unseen a wonderful  
piece of work, which not to have been blessed  
withal would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir ?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia !

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.

When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a  
man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the  
earth : comforting therein, that when old robes are  
worn out, there are members to make new. If  
there were no more women but Fulvia, then had  
you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented :  
this grief is crowned with consolation ; your old  
smock brings forth a new petticoat ; and, indeed,  
the tears live in an onion, that should water this  
sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state  
Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here  
cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's,  
which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break

The cause of our <sup>f</sup>expedience to the queen,

And get her <sup>3</sup>leave to part : for not alone

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

Do strongly speak to us, but the letters, too,

Of many our contriving friends in Rome

Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius

Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands

The empire of the sea : our slippery people

(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,

Till his deserts are past) begin to throw

Pompey the great, and all his dignities,

Upon his son : who, high in name and power,

Higher than both in blood and life, stands up

<sup>a</sup> Drave for drove.—<sup>b</sup> "Stiff," i. e., bard.—<sup>c</sup> "Extended," i. e., overrun.—<sup>d</sup> "Earing," i. e., tilling ; ploughing.

<sup>e</sup> "Upon far poorer moment," i. e., for less reason ; upon a weaker motive.—<sup>f</sup> "Expedience," i. e., expedition.



For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,  
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,  
Which, like the "coursers" hair, hath yet but life,  
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do it. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he  
I did not send by you.—If you find him sad, [*does:*  
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*]

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dear,  
You do not hold the method to enforce [*ly,*  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in  
nothing. [*him.*]

*Cleo.* Thou teachest, I like a fool, the way to lose

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:  
In time we hate that which we often fear.

*Enter ANTONY.*

But here comes Antony.

*Cleo.* I am sick, and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall:  
It cannot be thus long; the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand further from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good  
news.

What says the married woman?—You may go:

Would, she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know,—

*Cleo.* O! never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first  
I saw the treasons plotted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,— [*true,*

*Cleo.* Why should I think, you can be mine, and  
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.* Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words; no going then:  
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;  
Bliss in our brows bent; none our parts so poor,  
But was a <sup>d</sup> race of heaven: they are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st  
There were a heart in Egypt. [*know,*

*Ant.* Hear me, queen.

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services a while, but my full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:  
Equality of two domestic powers [*strength,*  
Breeds scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to  
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace  
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change. My more particular,  
And that which most with you should <sup>s</sup>afe my  
Is Fulvia's death. [*going,*

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me  
freedom,

It does from childishness.—Can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen.

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read  
The garbols she <sup>h</sup>awak'd; at the last, best,  
See, when, and where she died.

*Cleo.* O, most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill  
With sorrowful <sup>i</sup>water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,

As you shall give the advice: by the fire

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,

Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,

As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come.—

But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,

So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;

And give true <sup>e</sup>credence to his love, which stands  
An honorable trial.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.

I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears  
Belong to <sup>h</sup>Egypt: good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
Like perfect honor.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood: no more.

*Cleo.* You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cleo.* And target.—Still he mends;

But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his <sup>h</sup>chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:

Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;

That you know well: something it is I would,—

O! my <sup>m</sup>oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labor

To bear such idleness so near the heart,

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;

Since my becoming's kill me, when they do not

Eye well to "you: your honor calls you hence;

Therefore, he deaf to my uncited folly,

\* "In use," i. e., in pledge.—"The port," i. e., the gate.

—s "Safe my going," i. e., tender my going not dangerous.

—b "The garbols she awak'd," i. e., the commotion she oc-

casioned.—Alluding to the *lachrymatory vials*, filled with

tears, which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed

friend.—"To Egypt," i. e., to me, the queen of Egypt.—

—j "His chafe," i. e., his rage.—"Oblivion," i. e., oblivious

memory.—"That is," when they are not acceptable in your

sight.

\* "The coursers," i. e., the horse's: an allusion to the vulgar error, that a horse's hair, dropped into corrupted water, would become animated.—b "I did not send you," i. e., "Appear as if I did not send you."—c "In our brows bent," i. e., in the arch of our eyebrows.—d "A race," i. e., a smack or flavor.

And all the gods go with you! upon your sword  
Sit laurel'd victory, and smooth success  
Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;  
Our separation so abides, and flies,  
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.  
Away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. An Apartment in CÆSAR'S House.

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
1 Our great 2 competitor. From Alexandria  
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike  
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy,  
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or  
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find  
A man, who is the abstract of all faults [*there*  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think, there are  
Evils 3 enow to darken all his goodness:  
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,  
Rather than 4 purchas'd; what he cannot change,  
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not  
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,  
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit  
And keep the turn of tipping with a slave;  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes  
(As his composure must be rare indeed, [*him,*  
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Antony  
No way excuse his 5 foils, when we do bear  
So great weight in his 6 lightness. If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
7 Fall on him for't; but, to 8 confound such time,  
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud  
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid  
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,  
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done; and every  
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report [*hour,*  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;  
And it appears, he is belov'd of those  
That only have fear'd 1 Cæsar: to the 2 fleets  
The 3 discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less.  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;  
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,  
Comes 4 lov'd by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to, and back, lacing the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,

Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them; which they 5 ear and wound  
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
Lack 6 blood to think on't, and 7 flush youth revolt.  
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,  
Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious 1 wassels. When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink  
The 2 stale of horses, and the gilded 3 puddle,  
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did  
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge; [*deign*  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou brows'd'st: on the Alps  
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on; and all this  
(It wounds thine honor, that I speak it now)  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as 4 lank'd not.

*Lep.* 'Tis pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain  
Did show ourselves 1 the field; and, to that end,  
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
To front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell. [*mean time*

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord. What you shall know  
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my 1 bond.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Charmian!

*Char.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink 1 mandragora.

*Char.*

Why, madam?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time,  
My Antony is away.

*Char.*

You think of him too much.

*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason!

*Char.*

Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch, Mardian—

*Mar.*

What's your highness' pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing: I take no pleas-  
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee, [*sure*  
That, being 1 unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?  
*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed?

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing,  
But what in deed is honest to be done;

\* "Competitor," i. e., associate; partner.—<sup>b</sup> "Enow," i. e., enough.—<sup>c</sup> "Purchas'd," i. e., procured by his own fault.—<sup>d</sup> That is, "when his trifling levity throws such a burden upon us."—<sup>e</sup> "To confound," i. e., to consume.—<sup>f</sup> "That only have fear'd Cæsar," i. e., whom fear, not love, made adherents to Cæsar.—<sup>g</sup> "The discontents," i. e., the discontented.

<sup>h</sup> "Ear," i. e., plough.—<sup>i</sup> "Lack blood," i. e., turn pale.—<sup>k</sup> "Flush," i. e., ruddy.—<sup>l</sup> *Wassels* is used here for *intemperance* in general.—<sup>m</sup> "Stale," i. e., urine.—<sup>n</sup> "The gilded puddle," i. e., stagnant, slimy water.—<sup>o</sup> "Lank'd not," i. e., became not lank.—<sup>p</sup> "For my bond," i. e., for my bounden duty.—<sup>q</sup> "Mandragora," i. e., a sleepy potion.—<sup>r</sup> "Unseminar'd," i. e., emasculated.

Yet have I fierce affections, and think  
What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O, Charmian!  
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?  
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?  
O, happy horse to bear the weight of Antony!  
Do bravely, horse, for <sup>a</sup> wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?  
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And <sup>b</sup> burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"  
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison:—think on me,  
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time? <sup>c</sup> Broad-fronted Cæsar,  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey  
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow:  
There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!  
*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony;  
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.—  
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?  
*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—  
This orient pearl:—his speech sticks in my heart.  
*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.  
*Alex.* Good friend, quoth he,  
Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,"  
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an <sup>1</sup> arm-girt steed,  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was <sup>2</sup> boastfully dumb'd by him.

*Cleo.* What! was he sad, or merry?  
*Alex.* Like to the time o' the year between the  
extremes  
Of hot and cold: he was nor sad, nor merry.  
*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition!—Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note  
him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his: he was not merry,  
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:  
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes,  
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.  
Why do you send so <sup>d</sup> thick?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—  
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so?

*Char.* O, that brave Cæsar!  
*Cleo.* Be chok'd with such another emphasis!  
Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar!  
*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.  
*Cleo.* My sallad days,

When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,  
To say as I said then!—But come, away:  
Get me ink and paper;  
He shall have every day a several greeting,  
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S  
House.

*Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays  
The thing we sue for.

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good; so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well:  
The people love me, and the sea is mine;  
My powers are <sup>e</sup> crescent, and my auguring hope  
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where  
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus  
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir,  
*Pom.* He dreams: I know, they are in Rome to-  
gether,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,  
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy <sup>3</sup> warm lip!  
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both:  
<sup>4</sup> Lay up the libertine in a <sup>6</sup> flood of feasts,  
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor,  
Even 'till a Lethe'd dullness.—How now, Varrius!

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Var.* This is most certain, that I shall deliver  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
A space for farther <sup>6</sup> travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter  
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,  
This amorous surfeiter would have <sup>7</sup> don'd his helm  
For such a petty war: his soldiership  
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

*Men.* I cannot <sup>8</sup> hope,  
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:  
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;  
His brother warr'd upon him, although, I think,  
Not mov'd by Antony.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
Were't not that we stand up against them all,

<sup>a</sup> "Wot'st," i. e., knowest.—<sup>b</sup> A *burgonet* is a helmet, a head piece.—<sup>c</sup> "Broad-fronted," in allusion to Cæsar's baldness.—<sup>d</sup> "So thick," i. e., in such quick succession.

<sup>e</sup> "Crescent," i. e., increasing; growing.—<sup>f</sup> *Till for to*.—<sup>g</sup> That is, "A sufficient space of time has elapsed for a longer journey."—<sup>h</sup> "Don'd," i. e., put on.—<sup>i</sup> "I cannot hope," i. e., I cannot expect.

'Twere pregnant they should <sup>a</sup>square between themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions, and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.  
Be it as our gods will have't! It only stands  
Our lives <sup>b</sup>upon to use our strongest hands.  
Come, Menas. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in the House of  
LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,  
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time  
For private <sup>c</sup>stomaching.

Eno. Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we <sup>d</sup>compose well here, to Parthia:  
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,  
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard: when we debate  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,  
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor <sup>e</sup>cursiveness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.  
Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus. [Shake hands.]

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;  
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,  
If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say myself offended; and with you  
Chiefly 't the world: more laugh'd at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my <sup>f</sup>question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,  
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,  
Made wars upon me, and their contestation  
Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business: my brother  
never

Did urge me in his <sup>g</sup>act: I did enquire it;  
And have my learning from some true <sup>h</sup>reports,  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
Discredit my authority with yours;  
And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
<sup>i</sup>No matter whole you have to make it with,  
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgment to me; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so; not so;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful <sup>j</sup>eyes attend those wars  
Which <sup>k</sup>fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third <sup>l</sup>of the world is yours, which with a <sup>m</sup>snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men  
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her <sup>n</sup>garboils, Cæsar,  
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,  
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must  
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,  
When rioting in Alexandria; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my <sup>o</sup>missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,  
He fell upon me, ere admitted: then  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was 't the morning; but, next day,  
I told him of myself, which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,  
Out of our <sup>p</sup>question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken  
The article of your oath, which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:  
The <sup>q</sup>honor's sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;  
The article of my oath. [them,

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd  
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;  
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,

<sup>a</sup> "Twere pregnant they should square," i. e., 'It is evident they would quarrel.'—<sup>b</sup> "It stands our lives upon," i. e., 'It is necessary for the preservation of our lives.'—<sup>c</sup> "Stomaching," i. e., resentment.—<sup>d</sup> "Compose," i. e., agree.—<sup>e</sup> "Nor cursiveness grow to the matter," i. e., let not ill-humor be added to the subject of our difference.

<sup>f</sup> "Did practise," i. e., did use unwarrantable arts or stratagems.—<sup>g</sup> "Question," i. e., subject of conversation.—<sup>h</sup> "Urge me in his act," i. e., use my name as a pretence for the war.—<sup>i</sup> Reports for reporters.—<sup>j</sup> "With graceful eyes," i. e., with looks of approval.—<sup>k</sup> "Fronted," i. e., opposed.—<sup>l</sup> "A snaffle," i. e., a bridle.—<sup>m</sup> "Garboils," i. e., commotions.—<sup>n</sup> "Did gibe my missive," i. e., did scoff my messenger.—<sup>o</sup> "Question," i. e., conversation.—<sup>p</sup> "The honor," i. e., the theme of honor, namely, the obligation of an oath.

I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without <sup>a</sup>it. Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honor  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis nobly spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no farther  
The <sup>b</sup>griefs between ye: to forget them quite,  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to <sup>c</sup>atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mecnæus.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the  
instant, you may, when you hear no more words of  
Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to  
wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent I had almost  
forgot. [no more.]

*Ant.* You wrong this presence; therefore, speak

*Eno.* Go to then; <sup>1</sup>you considerate stone.

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but

The manner of his speech; for it cannot be,  
We shall remain in friendship, our <sup>d</sup>conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge  
O' the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa;  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserv'd <sup>2</sup>for rashness.

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear  
Agrippa farther speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men,  
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,  
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
<sup>3</sup>My duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"  
To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and  
His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:  
Further this act of grace, and from this hour,  
The <sup>4</sup>hearts of brothers govern in our loves,  
And sway our great designs.

*Cæs.* There is my hand.  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother

<sup>5</sup>[*Ant.* takes it.]

Did ever love so dearly: let her live  
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never  
Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen.

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst  
Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,  
Of late upon me: I must thank him, only  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon us:  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he?

*Cæs.* About the Mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What's his strength  
By land?

*Cæs.* Great, and increasing; but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I'll lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus,  
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*]

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecnæus!  
—my honorable friend, Agrippa!—  
*Agr.* Good Enobarbus!

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad, that matters are  
so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-  
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-  
fast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had  
much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily  
deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be  
<sup>6</sup>square to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed  
up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed, or my reporter  
devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you.  
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that [silver;  
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold <sup>6</sup>and tissue)  
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,  
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With diverse-color'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, <sup>7</sup>did.

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony!

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her <sup>7</sup>the eyes,

<sup>a</sup>"Without it," i. e., without honesty.—<sup>b</sup>"Griefs," i. e.,  
grievances.—<sup>c</sup>"To atone," i. e., to reconcile.—<sup>d</sup>"Condi-  
tions," i. e., dispositions.

<sup>e</sup>"Square," i. e., true.—<sup>f</sup>"And what they undid, did,"  
i. e., and added to the warmth which they were intended to  
diminish.—<sup>g</sup>"Tended her <sup>7</sup>the eyes," i. e., waited upon her  
looks.

And made their bends adornings: at the helm  
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
<sup>1</sup>Smell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
 That yarely <sup>a</sup>frame the office. From the barge  
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,  
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
 And made a gap in nature.

*Ag.* Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing Antony sent to her,  
 Invited her to supper: she replied,  
 It should be better he became her guest,  
 Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,  
 Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,  
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;  
 And for his ordinary pays his heart  
 For what his eyes eat only.

*Ag.* Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;  
 He plough'd her, and she crop'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street;  
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
 That she did make defect perfection,  
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never; he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
 Her infinite variety: other women cloy  
 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,  
 Where most she satisfies; for vilest things  
 Become themselves in her, that the holy priests  
 Bless her when she is <sup>b</sup>riggish.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
 A blessed <sup>c</sup>lottery to him.

*Ag.* Let us go.—

Good Enocharbus, make yourself my guest,  
 Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in CÆSAR'S  
 House

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them;  
 Attendants.<sup>2</sup>*

*Ant.* The world, and my great office, will some-  
 Divide me from your bosom. [*times*]

*Octa.* All which time,  
 Before the gods my knee shall bow <sup>3</sup>with prayers  
 To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir.—My Octavia,  
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
 I have not kept my square, but that to come [*dy.*—  
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear la-  
 good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

<sup>4</sup>*Enter a Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* Now, sirrah: you do wish yourself in Egypt.  
*Sooth.* Would I had never come from thence, nor  
 you thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in my motion, have it not in my  
 tongue: but yet lie you to Egypt again.

*Ant.* Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher,  
 Cæsar's, or mine?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side:  
 Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
 Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
 Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel  
 Becomes <sup>a</sup>afraid, as being o'erpower'd: therefore,  
 Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more, but when to  
 If thou dost play with him at any game, [*thee.*  
 Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
 He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,  
 When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit  
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him,  
 But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,  
 He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;  
 And in our sports my better cunning faints  
 Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:  
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
 When it is all to nought; and his <sup>d</sup>quails ever  
 Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:  
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O! come, Ventidius,  
 You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;  
 Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA. \**

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you, has-  
 Your generals after. [*ten*]

*Ag.* Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
 Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.* We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at <sup>e</sup>Mount  
 Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter;

My purposes do draw me much about:  
 You'll win two days upon me.

*Mec. Ag.* Sir, good success!

*Lep.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Give me some music; music, 'moody food  
 Of that trade in love.

*Attand.* The music, ho!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Char-  
 mian.

*Char.* My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,  
 As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though 't  
 come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.—

Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,  
 My music playing far off, I will betray  
 Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce  
 Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,  
 I'll think them every one an Antony,  
 And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

\* "Yarely frame," i. e., readily perform.—<sup>b</sup> "Riggish,"  
 i. e., wanton.—<sup>c</sup> Lottery for allotment.

<sup>d</sup> The ancients matched quails as we match cocks.—<sup>e</sup> "At  
 Mount," i. e., at Mount Misenum.—<sup>f</sup> "Moody" here means  
 melancholy.

*Char.* 'Twas merry, when  
You wagger'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.* That time,—O times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then, put my <sup>a</sup> tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philipian.—

*Enter* <sup>1</sup>ELIS, a Messenger.

<sup>2</sup>O! from Italy?—  
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mess.* Madam, madam,—

*Cleo.* Antony's dead?—  
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:  
But well and free,  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mess.* First, madam, he is well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,  
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will;  
But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony  
Be free, and healthful, why so tart a <sup>b</sup> favor  
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,  
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal <sup>c</sup> man.

*Mess.* Will't please you hear me?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou  
<sup>d</sup>speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, <sup>3</sup>'tis well;  
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mess.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like "but yet," it does allay  
The good <sup>d</sup> precedence; fie upon "but yet!"

"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Prythee, friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together. He's friends with Cæsar;  
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

*Mess.* Free, madam? no; I made no such report:  
He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mess.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mess.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you?—Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me: I'll unhair thy head.

[*She hales him up and down.*]

<sup>a</sup> "Tires," i. e., head-dress.—<sup>b</sup> "So tart a favor," i. e., so  
gour a countenance.—<sup>c</sup> "A formal man," i. e., a man in his  
senses.—<sup>d</sup> "The good precedence," i. e., the good quality  
of what is already reported.

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in lingering pickle.

*Mess.* Gracious madam,  
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;  
And I will <sup>a</sup>boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue! thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a* <sup>4</sup>*Knife.*]

*Mess.* Nay, then I'll run.—  
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within <sup>f</sup>your-  
The man is innocent. [*self:*]

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-  
bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him.—Call.

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him.—  
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

*Re-enter* <sup>5</sup>ELIS, the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves, when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,

If thou again say, Yes.

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold  
there still?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo.* O! I would, thou didst,  
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made  
A cistern for scald snakes. Go, get thee hence:

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married?

*Mess.* Take no offence, that I would not offend you:

To punish me for what you make me do,

Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O! that his fault should make a knave of  
thee, [*hence:*]  
That art not! What! thou'rt sure of?—Get thee

The merchandise which thou hast brought from

Rome,

Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,

And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint.—O Iras! Charmian!—'Tis no matter.—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the <sup>6</sup>feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The color of her hair: bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Let him for ever go?—let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

<sup>a</sup> "Boot," i. e., recompense.—<sup>b</sup> "Within yourself," i. e.,  
within bounds.—<sup>c</sup> "The feature," i. e., the form.





*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

*Men.* You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray you, sir?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too: but you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very stranger of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still <sup>a</sup> conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then, shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come; let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—On Board POMPEY's Galley, lying near Misenum.

*Music.* Enter Two or Three Servants, with a <sup>b</sup> Banquet.

*1 Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their <sup>c</sup>plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

*2 Serv.* Lepidus is high-colored.

*1 Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

*2 Serv.* As they pinch one another by the <sup>d</sup>disposition, he cries out, "no more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

*1 Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

*2 Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a <sup>e</sup>partizan I could not heave.

*1 Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*A Sennet sounded.* Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

*Ant.* Thus do they, sir. [To CÆSAR.] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid: they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth, Or <sup>f</sup>foison, follow. The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You have strange serpents there.

*Ant.*

ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred, now, of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine!—A health to Lepidus.

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept: I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies <sup>1</sup>pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

*Men.* [Aside.] Pompey, a word.

*Pom.* <sup>2</sup>[Aside.] Say in mine ear: what is't?

*Men.* [Aside.] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech And hear me speak a word. [Thee, captain,

*Pom.* <sup>3</sup>[Aside.] Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What color is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own color too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so; and the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [To MENAS, aside.] Go, hang, sir, hang!

Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* [Aside.] If for the sake of merit thou wilt Rise from thy stool. [Hear me,

*Pom.* <sup>4</sup>[Aside.] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

<sup>5</sup>[Walks aside.]

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith.

What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quick-sands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.*

But entertain it,

And though thou think me poor, I am the man

Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky <sup>6</sup>enclips,

Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

*Pom.*

Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these <sup>b</sup>competi- Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable; [tors,

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All <sup>c</sup>then is thine.

*Pom.* Ah! this thou should'st have done,

<sup>a</sup> "Conversation," i. e., behavior.—<sup>b</sup> A banquet here is a *refection*, a *dessert*.—<sup>c</sup> Plants, besides its common meaning, is used here for *feet*.—<sup>d</sup> "By the disposition," i. e., in a *sovereign place*.—<sup>e</sup> The *partizan* was a weapon between a *pike* and a *halberd*.

<sup>1</sup> "Folison," i. e., plenty; abundance.—<sup>2</sup> "Inclips," i. e., encloses; embraces.—<sup>3</sup> "Competitors," i. e., confederates.

And not have spoke on't. In me, 'tis villainy;  
In thee, 'b had been good service. Thou must know,  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor,  
Mine honor, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue  
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done,  
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* [*Aside.*] For this,  
I'll never follow thy 'a pall'd fortunes more.  
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus.

*Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,  
*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas. [*Pompey.*]

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome.

*Pom.* Fill, till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.*]

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* He bears

The third part of the world, man: see'st not?

*Men.* The third part, then, is drunk: would it

That it might go on wheels! [*were all,*]

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the 'b reels.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!  
Here is to Cæsar.

*Cæs.* I could well forbear it.  
It's monstrous labor, when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.

*Cæs.* 'Profess it, I'll make answer; but I had  
rather fast

From all four days, than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor! [*To ANTONY.*]  
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let us all take hands,  
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense  
In soft and delicate Lethæ.

*Eno.* All take hands.—  
Make battery to our ears with the loud music;  
The while I'll place you: then, the boy shall sing;  
The 'd holding every man shall bear, as loud  
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.*]

SONG, <sup>2</sup> by the Boy.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink <sup>e</sup>cyne:  
In thy vats our eares be drown'd;

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;  
Cup us, till the world go round; } <sup>3</sup>The bur-  
Cup us, till the world go round! } den.

*Cæs.* What would you more?—Pompey, good  
night.—Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business  
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;  
You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbe  
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue  
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost  
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good  
Good Antony, your hand. [*night.*]

*Pom.* I'll try you on the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir. Give's your hand.

*Pom.* O, Antony! [*friends.*]  
You have my father's house.—But what? we are

Come down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.—  
[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and  
Attendants.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—These trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd! sound  
out! [*A Flourish.*]

*Eno.* Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

*Men.* Ho!—noble captain! come. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria.

*Enter VENTIDIUS, as it were in triumph, with SILIUS,  
and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead  
Body of PACORUS borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and  
now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, 'Orodes,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow: spur through Media,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly: so thy grand captain, Antony,  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* O Silius, Silius!  
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,  
Better to leave undone, than by our <sup>5</sup>deeds acquire  
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.

Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officers, than person: Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favor.  
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,  
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
Than gain which darkens him.  
I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that  
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
<sup>6</sup>Guins scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
That magical word of war, we have effected;  
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what  
haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,  
We shall appear before him.—On, there! pass along.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. An Ante-Chamber in CÆ-  
sar's House.

*Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.*

*Agr.* What! are the brothers parted? [*gone;*]

*Eno.* They have despatch'd with Pompey: he is

<sup>7</sup>Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia.

<sup>a</sup> "Pall'd," i. e., rapid; past the time of excellence.—

<sup>b</sup> "Increase the reels," i. e., increase its giddy course.—

<sup>c</sup> "Strike the vessels," i. e., tap or broach the vessels.—

<sup>d</sup> "The holding," i. e., the burden; the chorus.—<sup>e</sup> Pink

eyne are small eyes.

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

*Agr.* O Antony! O thou Arabian \*bird!

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go  
no farther. [*praises.*]

*Agr.* Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves  
Antony. [*cannot*]

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets  
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his †shards, and he their beetle.

So,—

[*Trumpets.*]

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

*Ant.* No farther, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in't.—Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest †band

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of †virtue, which is set

Betwixt us as the cement of our love,

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter

The fortress of it; for better might we

Have loved without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended

In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,

Though you be therein †curious, the least cause

For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends.

We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:

The elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

*Oct.* My noble brother!—

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,

And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

*Oct.* Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

*Cæs.* What, Octavia?

*Oct.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can

Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down feather,

That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,

And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*]

*Agr.* He has a cloud in's face.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse;

So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* Why, Enobarbus,

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain. [*rheum;*]

*Eno.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a

What willingly he did †confound, he wail'd:

Believe 't, till I weep too.

\* The Arabian bird was the phoenix.—† His shards," i. e., his wings.—‡ Band for bond.—d "The piece of virtue," i. e., Octavia.—e "Curious," i. e., scrupulous; particular.—f "Confound," i. e., destroy.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,

And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy.

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light

To thy fair way!

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell. [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]

*Ant.* Farewell. [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow?

*Alex.* Half afraid to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter †ELIS, the Messenger.

*Alex.* Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,

But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head

I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone. [*Near.*]

Through whom I might command it!—Come thou

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold

Octavia?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome

I look'd her in the face; and saw her led

Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,

or low? [*voic'd.*]

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak: she is low.

*Cleo.* That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and

dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,

If e'er thou look'd'st on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:

She shows a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain?

*Mess.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing,

I do perceive't.—There's nothing in her yet.—

The fellow has good judgment.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

*Mess.* Madam,

She was a widow.

*Cleo.* Widow?—Charmian, hark.

*Mess.* And I do think, she's thirty. [*round?*]

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long, or

Mess. Round, even to faultiness. [*are so.—*]

*Cleo.* For the most part, too, they are foolish that

Her hair, what color?

*Mess.* Brown, madam; and her forehead

As low as †you would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's gold for thee:

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.

I will employ thee back again: I find thee

Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;

† Station here means the act of standing.

Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much, That so I <sup>a</sup>harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him, This creature's no such thing.

*Char.* Nothing, madam. [*know.*]

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,

And serving you so long! [*Charmian:*]

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write. All may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Athena. A Room in ANTONY'S House.

*Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,— That were excusable, that, and thousands more Of semblable <sup>b</sup>import,—but he hath wag'd New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it To public ear: Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly He vented them; most narrow measure lent me. When the best hint was given him, he 'but look'd, Or did it from his <sup>c</sup>teeth.

*Oct.* O, my good lord! Believe not all; or, if you must believe, <sup>d</sup>Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady, If this division chance, ne'er stood between, Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock me presently, When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!" Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud, "O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother, Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway 'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia, Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honor, I lose myself: better I were not yours, Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested, Yourself shall go between us: the mean time, lady, I'll raise the preparation of a war Shall <sup>e</sup>stay your brother. Make your soonest haste: So, your desires are yours.

*Oct.* Thanks to my lord. The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak, Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be, As if the world should cleave, and that slain men Should solder up the <sup>f</sup>rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins, Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults Can never be so equal, that your love Can equally move with them. Provide your going; Choose your own company, and command what cost Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

*Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros?

*Eros.* There is strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old: what is the <sup>g</sup>success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of <sup>h</sup>him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him <sup>i</sup>rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own <sup>j</sup>appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,

They'll grind each other. Where is Antony?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and <sup>k</sup>spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepidus!"

And threatens the throat of that his officer,

That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigg'd.

*Eros.* For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;

My lord desires you presently: my news

I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught;

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,

In Alexandria: here's the manner of it.

I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,

Cleopatra and herself in chairs of gold

Were publicly enthron'd: at <sup>l</sup>their feet sat

Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,

And all the unlawful issue, that their lust

Since then hath made between them. Unto her

He gave the 'stablistment of Egypt; made her

Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,

Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the public eye? [*Exeunt.*]

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they ex-

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,

He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd

Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She

In the labiliments of the goddess Isis

That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,

As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus

Inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, <sup>k</sup>queasy with his insolence Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it; and have now receiv'd His accusations.

*Agr.* Whom does he accuse?

*Cæs.* Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily

Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not <sup>l</sup>rated him

His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me

Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,

That Lepidus of the triumvirate

Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain

All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and a messenger gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;

That he his high authority abus'd, [*quer'd,*]

And did deserve his change: for what I have con-

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,

<sup>a</sup> "Harry'd," i. e., harassed; worried.—<sup>b</sup> "Of semblable import," i. e., of similar tendency.—<sup>c</sup> "Did it from his teeth," i. e., did it to appearance only, not seriously.—<sup>d</sup> "Stomach not," i. e., resent not.—<sup>e</sup> "The rift," i. e., the opening.

<sup>f</sup> "What is the success?" i. e., what follows?—<sup>g</sup> "Of him," i. e., of Lepidus.—<sup>h</sup> "Rivalry," i. e., equal rank.—<sup>i</sup> "Appeal" here signifies accusation.—<sup>j</sup> "Queasy," i. e., sick; disgusted.—<sup>k</sup> "Rated," i. e., assigned.

And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA, with her Train.*

*Oct.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee cast-away!

*Oct.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,  
Should have borne men, and expectation faint'd,  
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come  
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented  
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown  
Is often held unlov'd: we should have met you  
By sea and land, supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

*Oct.* Good my lord,  
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
Of my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,  
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

*Oct.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
Where is he now?

*Oct.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra  
Hath nodd'd him to her: he hath given his empire  
Up to a whore: they now are levying  
The kings of the earth for war. He hath assembled  
Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king  
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:  
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;  
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,  
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,  
With a more larger list of sceptres.

*Oct.* Ah me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other!

*Cæs.* Welcome hither.  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,  
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wronged,  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities;  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,  
To do you justice, make his ministers  
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;  
And ever welcome to us.

*Agg.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off,

And gives his potent regiment to a trull,  
That noises it against us.

*Oct.* Is it so, sir?

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,  
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—ANTONY's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

*Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARRUS.*

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,  
And say'st, it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it? [we

*Cleo.* If not denounc'd against us, why should not  
Be there in person.

*Eno.* [Aside.] Well, I could reply:—  
If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were 'merely lost; the mares would bear  
A soldier, and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say?

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,  
What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,  
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,  
Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,  
That speak against us! A charge we bear ' the war,  
And as the president of my kingdom will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done.  
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Is't not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take ' in Torony?—You have heard on't, sweet?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd,  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well become the best of men,  
To taunt at slowness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea! what else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For ' that he dares us to't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd;  
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people  
Ingrass'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought.  
Their ships are 'yare, yours, heavy: no disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted

<sup>a</sup> "Regiment," i. e., government. — <sup>d</sup> "A trull," i. e., a harlot. — <sup>e</sup> "Forspoke," i. e., spoken against. — <sup>f</sup> "Merely," i. e., absolutely. — <sup>g</sup> "Take in," i. e., take; subdue. — <sup>h</sup> "For that," i. e., because. — <sup>i</sup> "Muliters." — <sup>k</sup> "Ingrass'd by swift impress," i. e., pressed in haste. — <sup>l</sup> "Yare," i. e., quick; nimble; ready.

<sup>a</sup> "The ostentation," i. e., the show. — <sup>b</sup> Obstruction.

Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego  
The way which promises assurance, and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty <sup>a</sup>sails; Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn,  
And with the rest, full-mann'd, from the head of  
Actium

Beat th' approaching Cæsar: but if we fail,

*Enter a Messenger.*

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord; he is descried;  
Cæsar has taken *Toryne*.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;  
Strange, that his power should <sup>b</sup>be.—*Canidius*,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse: we'll to our ship.

*Enter a Soldier.*

Away, my <sup>c</sup>Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier!

*Sold.* O, noble emperor! do not fight by sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the *Egypt*—  
And the *Phœnicians*, go a ducking; we <sup>d</sup>tians,  
Have used to conquer standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well.—Away!

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

*Sold.* By *Hercules*, I think, I am i' the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows  
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

*Can.* *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Justeus*,  
*Publicola*, and *Cælius*, are for sea;  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
<sup>e</sup>Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such <sup>f</sup>distractions, as  
Beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

*Sold.* They say, one *Taurus*.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls *Canidius*. [forth

*Can.* With news the time's with labor; and throws  
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

*Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.*

*Cæs.* *Taurus*!

*Taur.* My lord.

*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole:  
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.  
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:

Our fortune lies upon this <sup>g</sup>jump. [*Giving it.*  
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yond' side o' the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army one  
Way over the Stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant*

of CÆSAR, the other Way. After their going in  
is heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight.

*Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold  
The <sup>h</sup>Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral, [no longer.  
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter SCARUS.*

*Scar.* Gods, and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!

*Eno.* What's thy passion?

*Scar.* The greater <sup>i</sup>cattle of the world is lost  
With very ignorance: we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our side like the <sup>j</sup>token'd pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yond' ribald <sup>k</sup>hag of Egypt,  
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—  
When vantage, like a pair of twins, appear'd  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;—  
The <sup>l</sup>brize upon her like a cow in June,  
Hoists sails, and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not  
Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being <sup>m</sup>loof'd,

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting <sup>n</sup>mallard,  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.  
I never saw an action of such shame:  
Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack!

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:  
O! he has given example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own. [night

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good  
Indeed.<sup>3</sup>

*Can.* Towards *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend  
What farther comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render

My legions, and my horse: six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow

The wounded <sup>o</sup>chance of Antony, though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IX.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;  
It is asham'd to bear me.—Friends, come hither,  
I am so <sup>p</sup>lated in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever.—I have a ship  
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*Att.* Fly! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself, and have instructed cow-  
ards  
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;  
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you; be gone:

<sup>a</sup> "Sails," i. e., ships.—<sup>b</sup> "That his power should be," i. e., that his forces should be there.—<sup>c</sup> "Thetis," i. e., Cleopatra.—<sup>d</sup> "Carries," i. e., goes.—<sup>e</sup> "Distractions," i. e., detachments; separate bodies.—<sup>f</sup> "This jump," i. e., this hazard.

<sup>g</sup> "The Antoniad was the name of Cleopatra's ship.—  
<sup>h</sup> "Cattle," i. e., portion.—<sup>i</sup> "Token'd," i. e., spotted.—  
<sup>j</sup> "The brize," i. e., the gad-fly that stings cattle.—<sup>k</sup> "Loof'd," i. e., brought close to the wind.—<sup>l</sup> "Mallard," i. e., wild drake.—<sup>m</sup> "The wounded chance," i. e., the broken fortunes.—  
<sup>n</sup> "Lated," i. e., belated; benighted.

My treasure's in the harbor, take it.—O!  
 I follow'd that I blush to look upon:  
 My very hairs do mutiny; for the white  
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
 For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall  
 Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
 Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint  
 Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
 Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway:  
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
 Leave me, I pray, a little; 'pray you now:  
 Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost<sup>a</sup> command,  
 Therefore, I pray you. I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN,  
 and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him; comfort him.

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down.—O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam,—

Irás. Madam: O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes.—<sup>b</sup> He, at Philippi, kept  
 His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck  
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I  
 That the mad Brutus ended: he alone  
 Dealt on 'lieutenantry, and no practice had  
 In the brave squares of war; yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah! stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Irás. Go to him, madam, speak to him:  
 He is<sup>d</sup> unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:  
 Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; <sup>e</sup> but  
 Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation  
 By most unnable swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O! whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,  
 How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,  
 By looking back <sup>2</sup> what I have left behind  
 'Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!  
 Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought,  
 You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou know'st too well,  
 My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
 And thou should'st tow me after: o'er my spirit  
 Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
 Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
 Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must  
 To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
 And palter in the shifts of lowness, who  
 With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,  
 Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,  
 How much you were my conqueror; and that  
 My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
 Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them <sup>f</sup> rates

All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;  
 Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;  
 Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—  
 Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune  
 knows,

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE X.—CÆSAR'S Camp in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cas. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—  
 Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his <sup>g</sup> schoolmaster:  
 An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
 Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cas. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:

I was of late as petty to his ends,  
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf  
 To <sup>h</sup> his grand sea.

Cas. Be it so. Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
 Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,  
 He lessens his requests, and to thee sues  
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
 A private man in Athens: this for him.  
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,  
 Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves  
 The <sup>i</sup> circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cas. For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen  
 Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she  
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced <sup>k</sup> friend,  
 Or take his life there: this if she perform,  
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee.

Cas. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit EUPHRONIUS.]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time; despatch.  
 From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

[To THYREUS.]

And in our name, what she requires; add more,  
 From thine invention, offers. Women are not  
 In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure  
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;  
 Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
 Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cas. Observe how Antony becomes his <sup>l</sup> flaw,  
 And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
 In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,  
 and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will  
 Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges

<sup>a</sup> "Command," i. e., power to command.—<sup>b</sup> "He," i. e.,  
 Cæsar.—<sup>c</sup> "Dealt on lieutenantry," i. e., made war by his  
 officers.—<sup>d</sup> "Unqualified," i. e., divested of his faculties.—  
<sup>e</sup> "But," i. e., unless.—<sup>f</sup> "Rates," i. e., equals in value.

<sup>g</sup> "His schoolmaster," i. e., Euphronius, schoolmaster to  
 Antony's children.—<sup>h</sup> "His for its"—<sup>i</sup> "The circle," i. e., the  
 diadem; the crown.—<sup>k</sup> "Friend here means paramour.—"  
<sup>l</sup> "Becomes his flaw," i. e., conforms himself to this breach  
 in his fortune.

Frighted each other, why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have <sup>a</sup>nick'd his captainship; at such a point,  
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The 'mooted question. 'Twas a shame, no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Eup.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy, so she  
Will yield us up.

*Eup.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again. Tell him, he wears the rose  
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note  
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child, as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him, therefore,  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And answer me <sup>b</sup>declin'd; sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

*[Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]*

*Euo.* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd t' the <sup>c</sup>show  
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are  
A <sup>d</sup>parcel of their fortunes; and things outward  
Do draw the inward <sup>e</sup>qualities after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all <sup>f</sup>miserics, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd  
His judgment too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
That kneel'd unto the <sup>g</sup>bud.—Admit him, sir.

*Euo.* Mine honesty and I begin to <sup>h</sup>square. *[Aside.]*  
The loyalty well held to fools does make  
Our faith mere folly: yet he, that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter THYREUS.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends: say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Euo.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,  
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,  
Whose he is, we are, and that's Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Farther than he is Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Go on: right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows, that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* O!

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honor, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

*Cleo.* He is a god, and knows  
What is most right. Mine honor was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

*Euo.* *[Aside.]* To be sure of that,  
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee. *[Exit ENOBARBUS.]*

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shroud, <sup>i</sup>who is  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Cæsar, <sup>j</sup>that in <sup>k</sup>deputation  
I kiss his conquer'ing hand: tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, from his <sup>l</sup>all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me <sup>m</sup>grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father oft,  
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms <sup>n</sup>in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses. <sup>o</sup>*[Thyr. kisses her Hand.]*

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Favors, by Jove that thunders!—  
What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One, that but performs  
The bidding of the <sup>p</sup>fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Euo.* You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there.—Ah, you kite!—Now gods  
and devils!

Authority melts from me: of late, when I cry'd, "ho!"  
Like boys unto a <sup>q</sup>muss, kings would start forth,  
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am

*Enter Attendants.*

Antony yet. Take hence this <sup>r</sup>Jack, and whip him.

*Euo.* 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!  
Whip him.—Were'twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of—she here, what's her name,  
Since she <sup>s</sup>was Cleopatra?—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again.—The Jack of Cæsar shall  
Bear us an errand to him.—

*[Exeunt Attend., with THYREUS.]*

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd

<sup>a</sup> "Have nick'd," i. e., have set the mark of folly upon.—  
<sup>b</sup> "And answer me declin'd," i. e., and answer me in the  
decline of my age and power.—<sup>c</sup> "Stag'd t' the show," i. e.,  
exhibited to the public gaze.—<sup>d</sup> "A parcel of," i. e., of a  
piece with.—<sup>e</sup> "To square," i. e., to quarrel.

<sup>f</sup> "In deputation," i. e., by deputy.—<sup>g</sup> "All-obeying" for *all-  
obeyed*.—<sup>h</sup> "Give me grace," i. e., grant me the favor.—  
<sup>i</sup> "Of taking kingdoms in," i. e., of conquering kingdoms.—  
<sup>j</sup> "The fullest," i. e., the most complete and perfect.—  
<sup>k</sup> "A muss," i. e., a scramble.—<sup>l</sup> "This Jack," a term of  
contempt.—<sup>m</sup> "Since she was," i. e., since she ceased to be.



By one that looks on <sup>a</sup> feeders?

*Cleo.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever:—

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
(O misery on't) the wise gods <sup>b</sup> seal our eyes,  
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us  
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.* O! is it come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have

<sup>c</sup> Luxuriously pick'd out; for, I am sure,  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand; <sup>1</sup> that kingly seal,  
And plighter of high hearts!—O! that I were  
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
The horned herd, for I have savage cause;  
And to proclaim it civilly were like  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank  
For being <sup>d</sup> yare about him.—

<sup>2</sup> Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

*1 Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

*1 Att.* He did ask favor.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry  
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since [forth,  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence—  
The white hand of a lady fever thee;  
Shake <sup>3</sup> but to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar,  
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,  
He makes me angry with him; for he seems  
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,

When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike  
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to <sup>e</sup> quit me. Urge it thou:  
Hence, with thy stripes! begone! [Exit THYREUS.

*Cleo.* Have you done yet?

*Ant.* Alack! our <sup>f</sup> terrene moon  
Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony.

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his <sup>g</sup> points?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah, dear! if I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source, and the first stone  
Drop in my neck: as it <sup>h</sup> determines, so  
Dissolve my life! The next <sup>i</sup> Cæsarion smite,  
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,

By the <sup>k</sup> discandying of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.*

I am satisfied  
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy, too,  
Have knit again, <sup>4</sup> a fleet threat'ning most sealike.  
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,  
If from the field I shall return once more [lady?  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:  
There's hope in 't yet.

*Cleo.*

That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were <sup>1</sup> nice and lucky, men did ransom lives  
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,  
Let's have one other <sup>m</sup> gaudy night.—Call to me  
All my sad captains: fill our bowls; once more  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.*

It is my birthday:  
I had thought to have held it poor; but since my lord  
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night  
I'll force [queen;  
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my  
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,  
I'll make death love me, for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.

*Eno.* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be  
furious,  
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood,  
The dove will peck the <sup>n</sup> estridge: and I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart. When valor preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him. [Exit.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, reading a Letter; AGRIPPA,  
MÆCENAS, and others.

*Cæs.* He calls me boy, and chides, as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger [combat,  
He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal  
Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know,  
I have many other ways to die; mean time,  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.*

Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make <sup>o</sup> boot of his distraction: never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.*

Let our best heads  
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;  
And feast the army: we have store to do't,  
And they have earn'd the waste.—Poor Antony!

[Exeunt.

<sup>a</sup> "On feeders," i. e., on menials.—<sup>b</sup> "Seal," i. e., close up.—<sup>c</sup> "Luxuriously," i. e., wantonly.—<sup>d</sup> "Yare," i. e., ready; handy.—<sup>e</sup> "To quit me," i. e., to requite me; to repay me this insult.—<sup>f</sup> "Terrene," i. e., earthly.—<sup>g</sup> "One that ties his points," i. e., a menial attendant.—<sup>h</sup> "Determines," i. e., dissolves.—<sup>i</sup> "The next Cæsarion," i. e., Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

<sup>k</sup> "The discandying," i. e., the molting.—<sup>l</sup> "Nice," i. e., soft; tender; wanton.—<sup>m</sup> "Gaudy," i. e., feasting; festive.—<sup>n</sup> "The estridge," i. e., the estridge falcon.—<sup>o</sup> "Make boot," i. e., take advantage.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius?

*Eno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not? [tune]

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better for—He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

*Eno.* I'll strike; and cry, "Take 'all."

*Ant.* Well said; come on.—  
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night

*Enter Servants.*

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,  
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—  
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me  
And kings have been your fellows. [well]

*Cleo.* What means this?

*Eno.* 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow  
Out of the mind. [shoots]

*Ant.* And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men,  
And all of you clapp'd up together in  
An Antony, that I might do you service,  
So good as you have done.

*Serv.* The gods forbid!

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;  
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* What does he mean?

*Eno.* To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night;  
May be, it is the period of your duty:  
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,  
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow  
You'll serve another master. I look on you,  
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
I turn you not away; but, like a master  
Married to your good service, stay till death.  
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods yield you for't!

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,  
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;  
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,  
Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho!  
Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus.  
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty  
You take me in too dolorous a sense, [friends,  
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you  
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,  
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
Than death and honor. Let's to supper; come,  
And drown consideration. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Palace.

*Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.  
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing. What news? [you.]

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumor. Good night to

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter Two other Soldiers.*

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.

[The first Two place themselves at their Posts.]

4 *Sold.* Here we: [They take their Posts.] and if  
to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.

[Music of Hautboys under the Stage.]

4 *Sold.* Peace! what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace! I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, who Antony lov'd,  
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do.

[They advance to another Post.]

2 *Sold.* How now, masters!

3 *Omnes.* How now!

How now! do you hear this? 4 [Speaking together.]

1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;  
Let's see how it will give off.

5 *Omnes.* Content: 'Tis strange. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and  
others, attending.

*Ant.* Eros! mine armor, Eros!

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armor,  
Eros!

*Enter Eros, with Armor.*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armorer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.

*Cleo.* Sooth, la! I'll help.

*Ant.* 'Tis thus it must be. Well, well;  
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?  
Go, put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly, sir.

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.*

Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff it for our repose, shall bear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this, than thou. Despatch.—O, love!

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou should'st see

*Enter an armed Soldier.*

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.

To business that we love we rise betime,

And go to't with delight.

10 *Sold.* A thousand, sir,

Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,

And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets flourish.]

\* "Take all," i. e., let the survivor take all; no composition; victory or death.—"A mangled shadow," i. e., scarce the shadow of what I was.—"Yield you," i. e., reward you.

\* "It signs," i. e., it bodes.—"Briefly, sir," i. e., "Quickly, sir."—"More tight," i. e., more handy, adroit.

*Enter* <sup>1</sup> *Captains, and Soldiers.*

<sup>2</sup> *Capt.* The moro is fair.—Good morrow, general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame: what'er becomes of me,

This is a soldier's kiss. Rebukable, [*Kisses her.*

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,

Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber.

*Cleo.*

*Lead me.*

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—but now,—well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ANTONY'S Camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound.* *Enter* ANTONY and EROS; *a Soldier meeting them.*

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

*Ant.* Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

*Sold.* Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier

That has this morning left thee, would have still

Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?

*Sold.* Who?

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,

He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp

Say, "I am none of thine."

*Ant.* What say'st thou?

*Sold.* Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sold.* Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it:

Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him

(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:

Say, that I wish he never find more cause

To change a master.—O! my fortunes have

Corrupted honest men:—despatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

*Flourish.* *Enter* CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and others.*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.

Our will is, Antony be took alive;

Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* AGRIPPA.

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:

Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world

Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Antony

Is come into the field.

*Cæs.* Go; charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,

That Antony may seem to spend his fury

Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on

Affairs of Antony; there did persuade

Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honorable trust. I have done ill,  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus: the messenger  
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: best you <sup>3</sup> saved the bringer

Out of the host; I must attend mine office,

Or would have don't myself. Your emperor

Continues still a Jove.

[*Exit Soldier.*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,

And feel I am so most.—O Antony!

Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid

My better service, when my turpitude

Thou dost so crown with gold! This <sup>4</sup> blows my

heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean

Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.

I fight against thee?—No: I will go seek

Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits

My latter part of life.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the Camps.

*Alarum.* *Drums and Trumpets.* *Enter* AGRIPPA, *and others.*

*Agr.* Retire; we have engag'd ourselves too far.

Cæsar himself has work, and our <sup>5</sup> oppression

Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

*Alarum.* *Enter* ANTONY, *and* SCARUS *wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had driven them home

With clouts about their heads. [*Shouts afar off.*

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,

But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I have yet

Room for six <sup>6</sup> scotches more.

*Enter* EROS.

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir; and our advantage

For a fair victory. [*serves*

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,

And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:

'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.*

I will reward thee

Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold

For thy good valor. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I'll halt after. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria.

*Alarum.* *Enter* ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and* Forces.

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp. Run one  
before,

And let the queen know of our <sup>7</sup> gests.—To-morrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood

That hath to-day escap'd. I thank you all,

<sup>1</sup> "Saved," i. e., made safe. <sup>2</sup> "Blows," i. e., swells.—  
<sup>3</sup> "Our oppression," i. e., the force by which we are op-  
pressed, or overpowered. <sup>4</sup> "Scotches," i. e., cuts. <sup>5</sup> "Our  
gests," i. e., our deeds, achievements.

For a doughty-handed are you; and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been  
Each man's, like mine: you have shown all Hectors.  
Enter the city, <sup>b</sup>clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
The honor'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand:<sup>c</sup>

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great <sup>c</sup>fairy I'll commend thy acts, [world!  
Make her thanks bless thee.—O, thou day o' the  
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of <sup>d</sup>harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing.

*Cleo.* Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great <sup>e</sup>snare uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though  
grey [have we

Do something mingle with our younger brow; yet  
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for <sup>f</sup>goal of youth. Behold this man;

<sup>g</sup>[*Pointing to SCARUS.*

Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand:—  
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,

An armor all of gold; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled  
Like <sup>h</sup>glowing Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand:  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that <sup>i</sup>owe them.  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together,  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling <sup>j</sup>taborines,  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-  
gether,  
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—CÆSAR'S Camp.

*Sentinels on their Post. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
We must return to the court of <sup>k</sup>guard. The night  
Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was  
A shrewd one to us.

*Eno.* O! bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon!

When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent —

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace!

Hark further.

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy!  
The poisonous damp of night <sup>l</sup>disponge upon me,

That life, a very rebel to my will, <sup>m</sup>[*Lying down.*  
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver, and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony!

[*Dies.*

2 *Sold.* Let's speak to him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him; for the things he speaks  
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his  
Was never yet <sup>n</sup>fore sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

2 *Sold.* Awake, sir; awake! speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath <sup>o</sup>raught him.

Hark! the drums [*Drums afar off.*

<sup>p</sup>Do early wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note. Our hour  
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on, then;

He may recover yet. [*Exeunt, with the body.*

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea:

We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or i' the air;  
We'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Shall stay with us [order for sea is given,  
They have put forth the haven),  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavor. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.*

*Cæs.* But being <sup>q</sup>charg'd, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force  
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage! [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd. Where yond' pine  
does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word

Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

*Scar.* Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers  
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected; and by starts  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight.*

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Ant.* All is lost!

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder  
They cast their caps up, and carouse together [thou  
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis  
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;  
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,

<sup>a</sup> "Doughty-handed," i. e., brave.—<sup>b</sup> "Clip," i. e., embrace.—<sup>c</sup> Beauty united with power was the popular characteristic of *fairies*.—<sup>d</sup> "Proof of harness," i. e., armor of proof.—<sup>e</sup> "The world's great snare," i. e., the war.—<sup>f</sup> "Can get goal for goal," i. e., can win the prize of activity.—<sup>g</sup> "Like the men that owe them," i. e., with spirit becoming the men that *own* them.—<sup>h</sup> *Taborines* were small drums.—<sup>i</sup> "The court of guard," i. e., the guard-room.—<sup>k</sup> "Disponge," i. e., discharge; pour out.

<sup>l</sup> "Raught," i. e., reached.—<sup>m</sup> "But being charg'd," i. e., unless we are charged.—<sup>n</sup> "Triple-turn'd," i. e., Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as Antony supposes, to Augustus.

I have done all.—Bid them all fly; be gone.

[Exit SCARUS.]

O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more:  
Fortune and Antony part here; even here  
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts  
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.  
O this false<sup>1</sup> spell of Egypt! this great charm,—  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them  
home;  
Whose bosom was my<sup>2</sup> crownnet, my chief end,  
Like a right gipsy, hath, at<sup>3</sup> fast and loose,  
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—  
What, Eros! Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown  
For poor<sup>4</sup>st<sup>5</sup> diminutives, for<sup>2</sup> doits; and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails. [Exit CLEO.]

'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere  
Thou fell'st<sup>3</sup> under my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:  
Let me lodge<sup>4</sup> Lichas on the horns o' the moon;  
And with these hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
Under this plot; she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [Exit.]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O! he is more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly  
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument!  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument!  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,  
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,  
Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death.—  
To the monument! [Exeunt.]

SCENE XII.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me.

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish,  
A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world, [signs;  
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these

They are black vespers' pageants.

Eros.

Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with  
thought,

The rack<sup>1</sup> dislimbs, and makes it indistinct,  
As water is in water.

Eros.

It does, my lord.

Ant. My good<sup>2</sup> knave, Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body: here I am Antony,  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen,  
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine,  
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't  
A million more, now lost: she, Eros, has  
Pack'd cards with<sup>4</sup> Cæsar's, and false play'd my glory  
Unto an enemy's triumph.—  
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar.

No, Antony;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.

Ant.

Hence, saucy eunuch: peace!

She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,  
And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do,  
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake  
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!  
Then, in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony; it was divided  
Between her heart and lips. She render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant.

Dead, then?

Mar.

Dead.

Ant. Unarm<sup>5</sup> me, Eros: the long day's task is  
done,

And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,  
Does pay thy labor richly; go.—[Exit MARDIAN.]  
O! pluck off!—

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery<sup>6</sup> from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!  
Heart, once be stronger than thy<sup>1</sup> continent,  
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—  
No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;  
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—  
[Exit EROS.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All<sup>1</sup> length is torture: since the torch is out,  
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labor  
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.—  
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me:  
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:  
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros! Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant.

Since Cleopatra died  
I have liv'd in such dishonor, that my gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
The courage of a woman; less noble<sup>2</sup> minded  
Than she, which by her death our Cæsar tells,

<sup>1</sup> "My crownnet," i. e., the crown of my endeavors.—  
<sup>2</sup> "Fast and loose," a juggling game, practised by the gipsies,  
now call'd *pricking at the belt*—<sup>3</sup> "For poor't diminutives,"  
i. e., for the smallest piece of money.—<sup>4</sup> *Lichas*, the boy  
that brought the poisoned shirt to Hercules.—<sup>5</sup> "Emboss'd,"  
i. e., foaming at the mouth.

<sup>1</sup> "The rack dislimbs," i. e., the fleeting clouds destroy  
the picture.—<sup>2</sup> *Knave* was familiarly used for *servant*.—  
<sup>3</sup> "From," i. e., *proceeding from*.—"Thy continent," i. e.,  
the thing that *contains* thee.—<sup>4</sup> "All length," i. e., all length  
or extension of life.

"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros, That when the exigent should come, (which now is come indeed) when I should see behind me The inevitable prosecution of Disgrace and horror, that on my command Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come. Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeatest. Put color in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me! Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts, Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

*Ant.* *Eros,* Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see Thy master thus with <sup>a</sup>pleach'd arms, bending down His <sup>b</sup>corrigible neck, his face subdued To <sup>c</sup>penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded His baseness that <sup>d</sup>ensued?

*Eros.* I would not see't. *Ant.* Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn Most useful for thy country.

*Eros.* O, sir! pardon me. *Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once, Or thy precedent services are all But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me, then, that noble countenance, Wherein the <sup>e</sup>worship of the whole world lies.

*Ant.* Lo thee! [*Turning <sup>1</sup>his face from him.*]

*Eros.* My sword is drawn. *Ant.* Then, let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it. *Eros.* My dear master, My captain, and my emperor, let me say, Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man; and farewell. *Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

*Ant.* Now, *Eros.* *Eros.* Why, there then.—[*Falls on his Sword.*]

Thus do I escape the sorrow Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*]

*Ant.* Thrice nobler than myself! Thou teachest me, O valiant *Eros*! what I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and *Eros* Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me A nobleness in record: but I will be A bridegroom in my death, and run into't As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, *Eros*, Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[*Falling on his Sword.*]  
I learn'd of thee.—How! not dead? not dead?—  
The guard!—how?—O, despatch me!

*Enter DERCETAS and Guard.*  
*1 Guard.* What's the noise?  
*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends: O! make Of what I have begun. [*an end*]

*2 Guard.* The star is fallen.  
*1 Guard.* And time is at his period.  
*All.* Alas, and woe!

*Ant.* Let him that loves me, strike me dead.  
*1 Guard.* Not I.

*2 Guard.* Nor I.

*3 Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly. This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings, Shall enter me with him.

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Where's Antony?

*Der.* There, Diomed; there.

*Dio.* Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERCETAS.*]

*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

*Dio.* Most absolute lord, My mistress, Cleopatra, sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did she send thee?

*Dio.* Now, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is she?

*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw (Which never shall be found) you did suspect She had <sup>2</sup>compos'd<sup>d</sup> with Cæsar, and that your rage Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead, But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come, I dread, too late. [*pr'ythee.*]

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I *Dio.* What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, Come; your lord calls. [*what, ho!*]

*Enter some of the Guard.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

*1 Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live All your true followers out. [*to wear*]

*All.* Most heavy day!

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome Which comes to punish us, and we punish it, Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up: I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends, And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII.—The Same. A Monument.

*Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* O Charmian! I will never go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome, But comforts we despise: our size of sorrow, Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

*Enter, <sup>3</sup>below, DIOMEDES.*

As that which makes it.—How now! is he dead?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument, His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter, <sup>4</sup>below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand, [*tony, Antony!*]

<sup>5</sup>Thou varying shore o' th' world. O Antony, An-Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help: help, friends Below; let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace!

Not Cæsar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony, But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; only I here importune death a while, until

<sup>a</sup> "Pleach'd," i. e., folded. — <sup>b</sup> "Corrigible," i. e., corrected. — <sup>c</sup> "Penetrative" for penetrating. — <sup>d</sup> "His baseness that ensued," i. e., the baseness of him that followed. — <sup>e</sup> "The worship," i. e., the dignity; the honor.

<sup>f</sup> "Compos'd," i. e., arranged; agreed.

Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.—

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,  
(Dear my lord, pardon) I dare not,  
Lest I be <sup>a</sup>taken: not the imperious show  
Of the full-<sup>b</sup>fortun'd Cæsar ever shall  
Be <sup>b</sup>brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,  
And still <sup>c</sup>'condition, shall acquire no honor  
<sup>d</sup>Demurring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—  
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up.—  
Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O! quick, or I am gone.  
*Cleo.* Here's <sup>2</sup>port, indeed!—How heavy weighs  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness, [my lord!  
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little;—  
Wishers were ever fools.—O! come, come, come;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*  
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:  
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,  
This would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight.  
*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying.  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.  
*Cleo.* No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen.  
Of Cæsar seek your honor with your safety.—O!  
*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me.  
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;  
None about Cæsar.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end  
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts,  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,  
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' the world,  
The noblest; and do now not basely die,  
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanish'd. Now, my spirit is going;  
I can no more. [*Dies.*

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty?—O! see, my women,  
The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord!  
O! wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fallen: young boys, and girls,  
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon.<sup>3</sup>

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!  
*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.  
*Char.* Lady!—  
*Iras.* Madam!—  
*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!  
*Iras.* Royal Egypt!

*Empress!*  
*Char.* Peace, peace, Iras!  
*Cleo.* No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded  
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
And does the meanest chores.—It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;

\* Cleopatra means that she dare not come down out of the monument to Antony.—<sup>b</sup> "Be brooch'd," i. e., be ornamented, adorned.—<sup>c</sup> "Still condition," i. e., settled disposition.—<sup>d</sup> "Demurring," i. e., looking gravely.—<sup>e</sup> "Quicken," i. e., revive.—<sup>f</sup> "Chares," i. e., chores.

To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,  
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;  
Patience is sottish, and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?  
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!  
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,  
Our lamp is spent, it's out.—Good sirs, take heart:

[*To the Guard below.*  
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend  
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY's Body.*

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—CÆSAR's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so <sup>e</sup>frustrate, tell him, <sup>f</sup>that he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*

*Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that  
Appear thus to us? [*dar'st*

*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas.  
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,  
He was my master, and I wore my life,  
To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.* What is't thou say'st?

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar! Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater crack: the round world should have shook  
Lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom: in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;  
Not by a public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honor in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
<sup>5</sup>Split that self noble heart. This is his sword;  
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it, stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?  
The gods rebuke me, <sup>h</sup>but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

*Agr.* And strange it is,  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honors  
<sup>6</sup>Weighed equal with him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity; but you gods will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony!

<sup>7</sup>Have I follow'd thee to this?—but we do lance

<sup>e</sup> Frustrate for frustrated.—<sup>f</sup> "But it is," i. e., if it be not.

Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine: we could not stall together  
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine <sup>a</sup> his thoughts did kindle, that our stars,  
Unreconcilable should divide  
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—  
But I will tell you at some meetest season:

*Enter a Messenger.*

The business of this man looks out of him;  
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

*Mess.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mis-  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument, <sup>[tress,</sup>  
Of thy intents desires instruction,  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forced to.

*Cas.* Bid her have good heart:  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honorable and how kindly we  
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Mess.* So the gods preserve thee! <sup>[Exit.</sup>  
*Cas.* Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,  
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require,  
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,  
And with your speediest bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. <sup>[Exit PROCULEIUS.</sup>  
*Cas.* Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,  
To second Proculeius? <sup>[Exit GALLUS.</sup>

<sup>1</sup>*All.* Dolabella!  
*Cas.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employed: he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war,  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings. Go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. <sup>[Exeunt.</sup>

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Monu-  
ment.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar:  
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's <sup>b</sup> knave,  
A minister of her will; and it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the <sup>2</sup> dug,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,  
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.*<sup>3</sup> What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.  
*Cleo.*<sup>4</sup> Antony  
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master

Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, <sup>c</sup> as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer;  
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing.  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need. Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find  
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.*<sup>5</sup> Pray you, tell him  
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has <sup>d</sup> got. I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied  
Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpris'd.  
<sup>[PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend  
the Monument by a ladder, and come behind  
CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar  
and open the Gates.</sup>

Guard her till Cæsar come.  
<sup>[To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.</sup>  
*Iras.* Royal queen!  
*Char.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—  
*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands.

<sup>[Drawing a Dagger.</sup>  
*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold! <sup>e</sup><sup>[Disarms her.</sup>  
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death, too,  
That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.* Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by  
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death?  
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.* O! temperance, lady

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;  
If idle talk will once be <sup>f</sup> necessary,  
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,  
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,  
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
And show me to the shouting <sup>g</sup> varletry  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud  
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water flies  
Blow me into abhorring! rather make  
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* You do extend  
These thoughts of horror farther, than you shall  
Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Proculeius,  
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,  
I'll take her to my guard.

<sup>c</sup> As for that.—<sup>d</sup> "I send him the greatness he has got,"  
i. e., I give him the honor which he has himself achieved.—  
<sup>e</sup> "Varletry," i. e., rabble.

<sup>a</sup> His for its.—<sup>b</sup> "KNAVE," i. e., servant.



*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—  
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,  
[To CLEOPATRA.]

If you'll employ me to him.  
*Cleo.* Say, I would die.  
[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*  
*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?  
*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly, you know me.  
*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.  
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;  
Is't not your trick?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.  
*Cleo.* I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony:  
O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man!

*Dol.* If it might please you,—  
*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens; and therein  
stuck

A sun, and moon, which kept their course, and lighted  
The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,—  
*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm  
"Crested" the world; his voice was propertied  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to "quail and shake the orb,"  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping: his delights  
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in: in his livery [were  
Walk'd crowns, and "crownets"; realms and islands  
As "plates" dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.* Cleopatra,—  
*Cleo.* Think you, there was, or might be, such a  
As this I dream'd of? [man]

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.  
*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods:  
But, if there be, or ever were one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff  
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine  
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam.  
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight: would I might never  
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that "smites"  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.  
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.  
*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honorable,—  
*Cleo.* He'll lead me, then, in triumph?  
*Dol.* Madam, he will; I know't.  
Within. Make way there!—Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,  
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.

*Cæs.* Which is the queen of Egypt?  
*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.  
*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel.

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods  
Will have it thus: my master and my lord  
I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o' the world,  
I cannot "project" mine own cause so well  
To make it clear; but do confess I have  
Been laden with like frailties, which before  
Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,  
We will extenuate rather than enforce:  
If you apply yourself to our intents,  
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find  
A benefit in this change; but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
Of my good purposes, and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave. [and we]

*Cleo.* And may through all the world: 'tis yours;  
Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.  
*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,  
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;

[Showing a Paper.  
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

*Sc.* Here, madam.  
*Cleo.* This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,  
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sc.* Madam,  
I had rather seal my lips, than to my peril  
Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back?  
*Sc.* Enough to purchase what you have made  
known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar! O, behold,  
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,  
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild.—O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd!—What! goest thou back?  
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain, dog!  
O "rarely" base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.  
*Cleo.* O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is this;  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honor of thy lordliness

To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
"Parcel" the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his "envy"! Say, good Cæsar,  
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
"Immortal" toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet "modern" friends withal; and say,  
Some nobler token I have kept apart  
For Livia, and "Octavia," to induce  
Their mediation, must I be unfolded [me  
"With one that I have bred"? "Ye gods!" it smites  
Beneath the full I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To SELEUCUS.

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through th'ashes of "mischance."—Wert thou a man,  
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit SELEUCUS.]

\* "Crested," i. e., surmounted.—b "To quail," i. e., to  
crush.—c "Crownets," i. e., coronets.—d Plates mean silver  
coins.

\* "Project," i. e., delineate; shape; form.—f "Rarely  
base," i. e., base beyond example.—g "Parcel," i. e., add up.  
—h "His envy," i. e., his malice.—i "Immortal," i. e., trif-  
fling.—k "Modern," i. e., common; ordinary.—l "Livia and  
Octavia," Cæsar's wife and sister.—m With for by.

*Cleo.* Be it known, that we, the greatest, are <sup>a</sup>mis-  
thought

For things that others do; and when we fall,  
We answer others' <sup>b</sup>merits in our name,  
<sup>1</sup>And therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;  
Make not your thoughts your <sup>c</sup>prisons: no, dear  
For we intend so to dispose you, as [queen;  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:  
Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord!

*Cæs.* Not so. Adieu.

<sup>2</sup>[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.*]

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I  
should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers CHARMIAN.*]

*Irás.* Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.* Hie thee again:  
I have <sup>3</sup>spoken already, and it is provided;  
Go, put it to the haste.

*Char.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Behold, sir. [*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

*Cleo.* Dolabella?

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria  
Intends his journey, and within three days  
You with your children will be send before.  
Make your best use of this; I have perform'd  
Your pleasure, and my promise.

*Cleo.* Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dol.*] Now,  
Irás, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapor.

*Irás.* The gods forbid!  
*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Irás. Saucy lictors  
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers  
Ballad us out o' tune: the <sup>d</sup>quick comedians  
Extemporally will stage us, and present  
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
Some squeaking Cleopatra <sup>e</sup>boy my greatness  
I' the posture of a whore.

*Irás.* O, the good gods!

*Cleo.* Nay, that is certain.

*Irás.* I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails  
Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most <sup>f</sup>assur'd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

<sup>5</sup>*Re-enter CHARMIAN.*

Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch  
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony.—Sirrah, Irás, go.—  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;  
And, when thou hast done this <sup>g</sup>chare, I'll give thee  
leave

To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.  
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*]

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow,  
That will not be denied your highness' presence:  
He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in.—How poor an instrument  
[*Exit Guard.*]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me: now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant; now the <sup>h</sup>fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a Basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*]  
Hast thou the pretty <sup>i</sup>worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?

*Clown.* Truly I have him; but I would not be the  
party that should desire you to touch him, for his  
biting is immortal: those that do die of it do seldom  
or never recover.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard  
of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very  
honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman  
should not do but in the way of honesty, how  
she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt.—  
Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm;  
but he that will believe all that they say, shall never  
be saved by half that they do. But this is most  
fallible, the worm's an <sup>j</sup>adder-worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence: farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewell. [*Clown sets down the Basket.*]

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the  
worm will do his <sup>k</sup>kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted  
but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there  
is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care: it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you,  
for it is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple, but I  
know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I  
know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the  
devil dress her not; but, truly, these same whoreson  
devils do the gods great harm in their women, for  
in every ten that they make, the devils mar <sup>l</sup>nine.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone: farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.  
[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have  
Immortal longings in me. Now, no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.—

<sup>m</sup>Yare, yare, good Irás; quick.—Methinks, I hear  
Antony call: I see him rouse himself

<sup>a</sup> "Mi-thought," i. e., thought wrong of.—<sup>b</sup> *Merits* for *de-merits*.—That is, "Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free."—<sup>c</sup> "Quick," i. e., lively; quick-witted.—<sup>d</sup> Female characters were formerly played by boys.

<sup>e</sup> "This chare," i. e., this *chore*.—<sup>f</sup> "Fleeting," i. e., inconstant; changeable.—<sup>g</sup> *Worm* was used formerly to signify a *serpent*.—<sup>h</sup> "Will do his kind," i. e., will act according to his nature.—<sup>i</sup> "Yare, yare," i. e., be nimble; be ready.

To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title.  
I am fire, and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian:—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls, and dies.*  
Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?

If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking. [say,

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may  
The gods themselves do weep.

*Cleo.* This proves me base:  
If she first meet the curled Antony,  
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal  
wretch, <sup>1</sup>[*She applies the Asp to her Breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot <sup>a</sup>intrinsiccate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and despatch. O! could'st thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass  
<sup>b</sup>Unpolicied!

*Char.* O eastern star!  
*Cleo.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break!  
*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.—  
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.—

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*  
<sup>2</sup>Why should I stay—<sup>3</sup>[*Falls, and dies.*

*Char.* In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—  
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal!—Your crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play—

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Speak softly; wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.* Too slow a messenger. [*Applies the Asp.*  
O! come; apace; despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's  
beguil'd. [him.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar: call

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this  
well done?

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.  
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts  
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

*Within.* A way there! a way for Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, and <sup>4</sup>all his Train.*

*Dol.* O, sir! you are too sure an augurer:  
That you did fear, is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last:  
She <sup>c</sup>levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them?  
1 *Guard.* A simple countryman that brought her  
This was his basket. [figs:

*Cæs.* Poison'd, then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar!  
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake.  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress: tremblingly she stood,  
And on the sudden dropp'd.

*Cæs.* O noble weakness!—  
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of <sup>d</sup>grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,  
There is a <sup>e</sup>vent of blood, and something <sup>f</sup>blown:  
The like is on her arm. [leaves

1 *Guard.* This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-  
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable,  
That so she died; for her physician tells me,  
She hath pursu'd <sup>g</sup>conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed,  
And bear her women from the monument.  
She shall be buried by her Antony:  
No grave upon the earth shall <sup>h</sup>clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them; and their story is  
No less in pity, than his glory, which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn show, attend this funeral,  
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> "Intrinsiccate," i. e., entangled; perplexed.—<sup>b</sup> "Unpolici-  
ed," i. e., impolitic, to leave the means of death within  
my reach.

<sup>c</sup> "She levell'd at," i. e., she conjectured.—<sup>d</sup> "Of grace,"  
i. e., of graceful appearance.—<sup>e</sup> "A vent," i. e., an emis-  
sion; a flow.—<sup>f</sup> "Blown," i. e., swelled; puffed.—<sup>g</sup> "Pursu'd con-  
clusions," i. e., tried experiments.—<sup>h</sup> "Clip," i. e., enfold.

# CYMBELINE.



ACT V.—Scene 5.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.

CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, Husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, { Sons to Cymbeline, disguised  
ARVIRAGUS, { under the names of Polydore  
and Cudwal, supposed sons  
to Belarius.

PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, } Italians.

IACHIMO, Friend to Philario, }

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

PISANTO, Servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Jailors.

QUEEN, Wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

HELEN, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. The Garden 'of CYMBELINE's Palace.

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our  
a bloods

No more obey the b heavens, than our courtiers  
Still seem as does the king.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom,  
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow

That late he married) hath referr'd herself  
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;  
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all  
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,  
That most desir'd the match; but not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing  
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,  
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—  
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing

a "Our bloods," i. e., our dispositions, temperaments.—

b "No more obey the heavens," i. e., are not more obedient to  
the influences of the skies.

In him that should compare. I do not think,  
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,  
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him <sup>a</sup> far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;  
Crush him together, rather than unfold  
His measure <sup>b</sup> duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father  
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honor  
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,  
But had his titles by <sup>c</sup> Tenantius, whom  
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;  
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
Two other sons, who, in the wars of the time,  
Died with their swords in hand; for which their  
father,

Then old and fond <sup>d</sup> of's issue, took such sorrow,  
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,  
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd  
As he was born. The king he takes the babe  
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;  
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,  
Puts him to all the learnings that his time  
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,  
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and  
In his spring became a harvest; liv'd in court,  
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd;  
A simple to the youngest, to the more mature,  
A glass that <sup>d</sup> feated them; and to the graver,  
A child that guided dotards; <sup>2</sup> for his mistress,  
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price  
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;  
By her election may be truly read  
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honor him,  
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,  
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.  
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,  
Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,  
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery  
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge  
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years. [*convey'd*]

2 *Gent.* <sup>3</sup> Strange a king's children should be so  
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,  
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er his strange,  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
Yet it is true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the gen-  
tleman, the queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*]

# SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Queen.* No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,  
daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,  
Evil-ey'd unto you; you are my prisoner, but  
Your pailor shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,  
So soon as I can win th' offended king,  
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet  
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,

You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you.

*Post.*

Please your highness,

I will from hence to-day.

*Queen.*

You know the peril.  
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king  
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit QUEEN.*]

*Imo.* O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,  
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing  
(Always reserv'd my holy <sup>e</sup> duty) what  
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;  
And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world,  
That I may see again.

*Post.*

My queen! my mistress!

O, lady! weep no more, lest I give cause  
To be suspected of more tenderness  
Than doth become a man. I will remain  
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:  
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;  
Who to my father was a friend, to me  
Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen,  
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,  
Though ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter QUEEN.*

*Queen.*

Be brief, I pray you:  
If the king come, I shall incur I know not  
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*] Yet I'll  
move him

To walk this way. I never do him wrong,  
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,  
Pays dear for my <sup>f</sup> offences. [*Exit.*]

*Post.*

Should we be taking leave  
As long a term as yet we have to live,  
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little:

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,  
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love:  
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart;  
But keep it till you woo another wife,  
When Imogen is dead.

*Post.*

How! how! another?—  
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
And <sup>g</sup> wear up my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the Ring.*]

While <sup>h</sup> sense can keep it on. And sweetest, fairest,  
As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles  
I still win of you: for my sake, wear this:  
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it  
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*]

*Imo.*

O, the gods!

When shall we 'see again?

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Post.*

Alack, the king!

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my  
sight!

If after this command thou <sup>k</sup> fraught the court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!  
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

<sup>a</sup> "You speak him far." i. e., you praise him extensively.  
<sup>b</sup> That is, "My praise, however extensive, is short of his merit."  
<sup>c</sup> *Tenantius*, the father of Cymbeline.  
<sup>d</sup> "That feated them," i. e., that formed their manners.

<sup>e</sup> That is, "I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say so without breach of duty."—<sup>f</sup> That is, "He by new kindness, in order to renew our amity, pays, as it were, for the injuries I have done him."  
<sup>g</sup> "Wear up," i. e., "enclose in cere-cloth, in which the dead are wrapped."  
<sup>h</sup> "While sense can keep it on," i. e., while I have sensation to retain it.  
<sup>i</sup> "See," i. e., see each other.  
<sup>k</sup> "Fraught," i. e., fill.

*Post.* The gods protect you,  
And bless the good remainders of the court!  
I am gone. [Exit.]

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.

*Cym.* O disloyal thing!  
That should'st repair my youth, thou heapest  
A year's age on me.

*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation;  
I am senseless of your wrath: a touch more bare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

*Cym.* Past grace? obedience?  
*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair; that way, past  
grace. [queen.]

*Cym.* That might'st have had the sole son of my  
*Imo.* Obless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,  
And did avoid a puttock. [my throne]

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar would have made  
A seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one!  
*Imo.* Sir,  
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus.  
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is  
A man worth any woman; overbuiys me  
Almost the sum he pays.

*Cym.* What! art thou mad?  
*Imo.* Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I  
A weath'd's daughter, and my Leonatus [were  
Our neighbor shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing!—  
They were again together: you have done  
[To the QUEEN.  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

*Queen.* Beseech your patience.—Peace!  
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some com-  
Out of your best advice. [fort]

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,  
Die of this folly. [Exit.]

Enter PISANIO.

*Queen.* Fie!—You must give way:  
Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news?

*Pis.* My lord your son drew on my master.  
*Queen.* Ha!  
No harm, I trust, is done?

*Pis.* There might have been,  
But that my master rather play'd than fought,  
And had no help of anger: they were parted  
By gentlemen at hand.

*Queen.* I am very glad on't.  
*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend; he takes his  
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—  
I would they were in Afric both together,  
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

*Pis.* On his command. He would not suffer me  
To bring him to the haven: left these notes  
Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

*Queen.* This hath been  
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honor,  
He will remain so.

*Pis.* I humbly thank your highness.  
*Queen.* Pray, walk a while.

*Imo.* About some half hour hence,  
Pray you, speak with me. You shall, at least,  
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.  
[Exit.]

### SCENE III.—A Public Place.

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt:  
the violence of action hath made you reek as a  
sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in;  
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

*Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—  
Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* [Aside.] No, faith; not so much as his  
patience.

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass,  
if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it  
be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* [Aside.] His steel was in debt; it went  
o' the backside the town.

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* [Aside.] No; but he fled forward still,  
toward your face.

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of  
your own; but he added to your having, gave you  
some ground.

2 *Lord.* [Aside.] As many inches as you have  
oceans.—Puppies!

*Clo.* I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* [Aside.] So would I, till you had measured  
how long a fool you were upon the ground.

*Clo.* And that she should love this fellow, and  
refuse me!

2 *Lord.* [Aside.] If it be a sin to make a true  
election, she is damned.

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and  
her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I  
have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* [Aside.] She shines not upon fools, lest  
the reflection should hurt her.

*Clo.* Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had  
been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* [Aside.] I wish not so; unless it had been  
the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

*Clo.* You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

*Clo.* Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [Exit.]

### SCENE IV.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the  
haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,  
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost  
As offer'd mercy 'is. What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

*Pis.* It was, his queen, his queen!

*Imo.* Then wav'd his handkerchief?

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.

*Imo.* Senseless linen, happier therein than I!—  
And that was all?

*Pis.* No, madam; for so long  
As he could make me with this eye or ear  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep

\* "Repair," i. e., renovate. —b "A touch more rare,"  
i. e., a more exquisite feeling. —c "A puttock," i. e., a kite.  
—d Advice here means consideration, reflection.

\* Anciently almost every sign had a motto, or some at-  
tempt at a witticism, underneath it.—f "As offer'd mercy  
is," i. e., as the loss of intended mercy to a condemned  
criminal.

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind  
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
How swift his ship.

*Imo.* Thou should'st have made him  
As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
To after-eye him.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd  
them, but

To look upon him, till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;  
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then  
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,  
When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam,  
With his next vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,  
How I would think on him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear  
The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest, and his honor; or have charg'd him,  
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
T' encounter me with orisons, for then  
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,  
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

The queen, madam,  
Desires your highness' company. [*spatch'd.*—

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them de-  
I will attend the queen.

*Pis.* Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO's  
House.

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHINO, a Frenchman, a Dutch-  
man, and a Spaniard.*

*Iach.* Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain:  
he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove  
so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name  
of; but I could then have looked on him without the  
help of admiration, though the catalogue of his en-  
dowments had been tabled by his side, and I to  
peruse him by items.

*Phil.* You speak of him when he was less furnished,  
than now he is, with that which makes him both  
without and within.

*French.* I have seen him in France: we had very  
many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes  
as he.

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter,  
(wherein he must be weighed rather by her value,  
than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal  
from the matter.

*French.* And, then, his banishment.—

*Iach.* Ay, and the imprecations of those, that  
weep this lamentable divorce and her dolours, are  
wont wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify  
her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay  
flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But

how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How  
creeps acquaintance?

*Phil.* His father and I were soldiers together; to  
whom I have been often bound for no less than my  
life.—

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained  
amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your know-  
ing to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all,  
be better known to this gentleman, whom I com-  
mend to you, as a noble friend of mine: how worthy  
he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than  
story him in his own hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*Post.* Since when I have been debtor to you for  
courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay  
still.

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I  
was glad I did atone my countryman and you: it  
had been pity, you should have been put together  
with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon  
importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young  
traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I  
feared, than in my every action to be guided by  
others' experiences: but, upon my mended judg-  
ment, (if I not offend to say it is mended) my quar-  
rel was not altogether slight.

*French.* Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement  
of swords; and by such two, that would, by all like-  
lihood, have confounded one the other, or have fal-  
len both.

*Iach.* Can we, with manners, ask what was the  
difference?

*French.* Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in  
public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the  
report. It was much like an argument that fell out  
last night, where each of us fell in praise of our  
country mistresses; this gentleman at that time  
vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation)  
his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant,  
qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest  
of our ladies in France.

*Iach.* That lady is not now living; or this gentle-  
man's opinion, by this, worn out.

*Post.* She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of  
Italy.

*Post.* Being so far provoked as I was in France,  
I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself  
her adorer, not her friend.

*Iach.* As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-  
hand comparison) had been something too fair, and  
too good, for any lady in Brittany. If she went  
before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours  
out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but be-  
lieve she excelled many; but I have not seen the  
most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

*Post.* I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagoned mistress is dead,  
or she's outprized by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or  
given; or if there were wealth enough for the pur-

\* "The diminution of space," i. e., the diminution caused  
by space, or distance.—"Vantage," i. e., opportunity.—"I  
am in heaven for him," i. e., my prayers ascend to heaven  
on his behalf.—"Our buds," i. e., our buds of love.—"Of a  
crescent note," i. e., increasing in fame.—"Which makes  
him," i. e., which accomplishes him.—"Words him a great  
deal from the matter," i. e., makes the description of him  
very distant from the truth.—"Dolours," i. e., griefs.—"To  
extend him," i. e., to magnify his good qualities.

\* "Knowing," i. e., knowledge.—"Story him," i. e., re-  
late his history.—"Known together," i. e., known each  
other.—"Atone," i. e., reconcile.—"Importance," i. e., in-  
vestigation.—"Shunned to go even with what I heard," i. e.,  
studied to avoid conducting myself by the opinions of others.  
—"Confounded," i. e., destroyed.—"Her adorer, not her  
friend," i. e., her worshipper, not her lover.—Or is used  
here for either.

chase, or merit for the gift : the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

*Each.* Which the gods have given you ?

*Post.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Each.* You may wear her in title yours ; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too ; so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honor of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

*Phil.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first.

*Each.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress ; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

*Post.* No, no.

*Each.* I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something, but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation : and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

*Post.* You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you'll sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

*Each.* What's that ?

*Post.* A repulse ; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more, — a punishment too.

*Phil.* Gentlemen, enough of this ; it came in too suddenly : let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

*Each.* Would I had put my estate, and my neighbors, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail ?

*Each.* Yours ; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

*Post.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it : my ring I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

*Each.* You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue : you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

*Each.* I am the master of my speeches ; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

*Post.* Will you ? — I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match. Here's my ring.

*Phil.* I will have it no lay.

*Each.* By the gods, it is one. — If I bring you no sufficient testimony, that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours ; so is your diamond too : if I come off,

and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours ; — provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

*Post.* I embrace these conditions ; let us have articles betwixt us. — Only, thus far you shall answer : if you make good your vantage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no farther your enemy ; she is not worth our debate : if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

*Each.* Your hand : a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

*Post.* Agreed. [*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.*]

*French.* Will this hold, think you ?

*Phil.* Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Britain. A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.*

*Queen.* Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers :

Make haste. Who has the note of them ?

*I Lady.* I, madam.

*Queen.* Despatch. — [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs ?

*Cor.* Pleased your highness, ay : here they are, madam : [*Presenting a small Box.*]

But I beseech your grace, without offence, (My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds. Which are the movers of a languishing death ; But though slow, deadly ?

*Queen.* I wonder, doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question : have I not been Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes ? distill ? preserve ? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions ? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none human) To try the vigor of them, and apply Allayments to their act ; and by them gather Their several virtues, and effects.

*Cor.* Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart : Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

*Queen.* O ! content thee. —

*Enter PISANIO.*

[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him Will I first work : he's for his master, And enemy to my son. — How now, Pisanio ! — Doctor, your service for this time is ended : Take your own way.

*Cor.* [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam ; But you shall do no harm.

*Queen.* Hark thee, a word. —

<sup>4</sup>[*She talks apart to PISANIO.*]

*Cor.* I do not like her. She doth think, she has

<sup>a</sup> "To convince," i. e., to overcome. — <sup>b</sup> "Abused," i. e., deceived. — <sup>c</sup> "The approbation," i. e., the proof. — <sup>d</sup> "I am the master of my speeches," i. e., I said no more than I meant.

<sup>e</sup> "Conclusions," i. e., experiments. — <sup>f</sup> "Allayments," i. e., palliatives. — <sup>g</sup> *Act for action.*



Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has  
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs,  
Then afterward up higher; but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her.

Queen. No farther service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee.  
Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[Exit.]  
Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou  
think, in time

She will not <sup>a</sup>quench, and let <sup>i</sup>nstruction enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,  
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art, then,  
As great as is thy master: greater; for  
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name  
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is: to shift his <sup>b</sup>being,  
Is to exchange one misery with another,  
And every day that comes comes to decay  
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,  
To be depend on a thing that <sup>c</sup>leans?  
Who cannot be new-built; nor has no friends,  
[The QUEEN drops <sup>2</sup>the Box: PISANIO takes it  
up <sup>3</sup>and presents it.

So much as but to prop him.—Thou tak'st up  
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labor.  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know  
What is more cordial:—nay, I pry'thee, take it;  
It is an earnest of a farther good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her: do't as from thyself.  
Think what a chance thou <sup>4</sup>chancest on; but think  
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king  
To any shape of thy preferment, such  
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,  
Set thee on to this desert, am bound  
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:  
Think on my words. [Exit Pis.]—A sly and con-  
stant knave,

Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,  
And the <sup>5</sup>remembrancer of her, to hold  
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,  
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
Of <sup>6</sup>liegers for her suite; and which she after,  
Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done.  
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,  
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;  
Think on my words. [Exit QUEEN and Ladies.]

Pis. And shall do;  
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;  
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,

That hath her husband banish'd:—O, that husband!  
My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated  
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,  
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
Is the desire that's <sup>7</sup>glorious; blessed be those,  
How mean soe'er that have their honest wills,  
Which <sup>8</sup>seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome  
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,  
And greets your highness dearly. [Gives the Letter.]  
Imo. Thanks, good sir:  
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!  
[Aside.]

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness, be my friend:  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot,  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;  
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.] "He is one of the noblest note,  
To whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied.  
Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust—  
"LEONATUS."  
So far I read aloud;  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so  
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—  
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich <sup>9</sup>cope  
<sup>6</sup>O'er sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones  
Upon 'th' unnumber'd bench; and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?  
Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and mon-  
keys,

'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and  
Content with <sup>10</sup>mows the other: nor i' the judgment;  
For idiots, in this case of favor, would  
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;  
Sluttish, to such neat excellence oppos'd,  
Should make desire vomit <sup>8</sup>to emptiness,  
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,  
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,  
That tub both fill'd and running) ravening first  
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,  
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam, well.—Beseech you, sir,  
desire [To PISANIO.]  
My man's abode where I did leave him; he  
Is strange and i'peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,  
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'ho?

Iach. Well, madam. [Sees her.]

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none, a stranger there,

<sup>a</sup> "Quench," i. e., grow cool.—<sup>b</sup> "To shift his being," i. e., to change his abode.—<sup>c</sup> "That bongs," i. e., that hurries to-wards its fall.—<sup>d</sup> "The remembrancer of her," i. e., the person to remind her.—<sup>e</sup> "Liegers," i. e., ambassadors.

<sup>f</sup> "The desire that's glorious," i. e., the station so much de-sired that is called glorious.—<sup>g</sup> "Which seasons," i. e., which tempers, in k's place.—<sup>h</sup> "With mows," i. e., with making mouths.—<sup>i</sup> "Is strange and i'peevish," i. e., is a for-eigner, and foolish, or silly.

So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd  
The Briton reveller.

*Imo.* When he was here,  
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times  
Not knowing why.

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces  
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton  
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs,  
cries, "O!

Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows  
By history, report, or his own proof,  
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
But must be,—will his free hours languish  
For assur'd bondage?"

*Imo.* Will my lord say so?

*Iach.* Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with  
It is a recreation to be by, [laughter:  
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but, heavens  
Some men are much to blame. [know,

*Imo.* Not he, I hope.

*Iach.* Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards  
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis <sup>a</sup> much;  
In you,—which I <sup>1</sup> account beyond all talents,—  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir?

*Iach.* Two creatures, heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir?

You look on me: what wreck discern you in me,  
Deserves your pity?

*Iach.* Lamentable! What!  
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace  
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,  
Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

*Iach.* That others do,  
I was about to say, enjoy your—But  
It is an office of the gods to venge it  
Not mine to speak on't.

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,  
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do; for certainties  
Either are past remedies, or, timely <sup>b</sup> knowing,  
The remedy then born) discover to me  
What both you spur and <sup>c</sup> stop.

*Iach.* Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here; should I (damn'd then)  
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
That mount the Capitol; join gripe with hands  
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as  
With labor), then <sup>2</sup> bo-peeping in an eye,  
Base and illustrious as the smoky light  
That's fed with stinking tallow, it were fit,  
That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My lord, I fear,  
Has forgot Britain.

*Iach.* And himself. Not I,

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce  
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces  
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue  
Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my  
heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady  
So fair, and fasten'd to an <sup>d</sup> empery  
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd  
With tomboys, hir'd with that <sup>e</sup> self exhibition  
Which your own coffers yield! with diseases'd ventures,  
That <sup>3</sup> pay with all infirmities for gold  
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,  
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd,  
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you  
Recoil from your great stock.

*Imo.* Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,  
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears  
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,  
How should I be reveng'd?

*Iach.* Should he make me

Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,  
While he is vaulting variable ramps,  
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.  
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,  
More noble than that runagate to your bed,  
And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close, as sure.

*Imo.* What ho, Pisanio!

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away!—I do <sup>4</sup> contemn mine ears, that have  
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honorable,  
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange.  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
From thy report, as thou from honor; and  
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—  
The king my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,  
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart  
As in a Romish stew, and to expound  
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court  
He little cares for, and a daughter whom  
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

*Iach.* O happy Leonatus! I may say;  
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,  
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness  
Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long!  
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever  
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only  
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.  
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance  
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,  
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one  
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,  
That he enchants societies unto him:  
Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:  
He hath a kind of honor sets him off,  
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd  
To try your taking of a false report; which hath  
Honor'd with confirmation your great judgment  
In the election of a sir so rare,  
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him  
Made me to <sup>f</sup> fan you thus; but the gods made you,

<sup>a</sup> "In himself, 'tis much," i. e., if he regarded merely his own character, his conduct would be highly censurable.—  
<sup>b</sup> "Timely knowing," i. e., being timely known.—<sup>c</sup> "What both you spur and stop," i. e., what you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold.

<sup>d</sup> "An empery," i. e., sovereign command.—<sup>e</sup> "Self exhibition," i. e., allowance; pension.—<sup>f</sup> "To fan," i. e., to winnow.

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

*Imo.* All's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot T' entreat your grace but in a small request, And yet of moment too, for it concerns Your lord; myself, and other noble friends, Are partners in the business.

*Imo.* Pray, what is't?

*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord, (The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums, To buy a present for the emperor; Which I, the factor for the rest, have done In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels Of rich and exquisite form. Their value's great, And I am something curious, being <sup>a</sup>strange, To have them in safe stowage: may it please you To take them in protection?

*Imo.* Willingly,

And pawn mine honor for their safety: since My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them In my bed-chamber.

*Iach.* They are in a trunk, Attended by my men; I will make bold To send them to you, only for this night, I must abroad to-morrow.

*Imo.* O! no, no.

*Iach.* Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word, By lengthening my return. From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise To see your grace.

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains; But not away to-morrow.

*Iach.* O! I must, madam: Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night: I have <sup>1</sup>outstay'd my time, which is material To the tender of our present.

*Imo.* I will write.

Send your trunk to me: it shall safe be kept, And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Court before CYMBELINE's Palace.

*Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords, <sup>2</sup>as from the Bowling-alley.*

*Clo.* Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the <sup>b</sup>jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

*1 Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

*2 Lord. [Aside.]* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

*Clo.* When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

*2 Lord.* No, my lord; [*Aside.*] nor crop the ears of them.

*Clo.* Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

*2 Lord. [Aside.]* To have smelt like a fool.

*Clo.* I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth.

—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

*2 Lord. [Aside.]* You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb <sup>c</sup>on.

*Clo.* Sayest thou?

*2 Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every <sup>d</sup>companion that you give offence to.

*Clo.* No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

*2 Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

*1 Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

*Clo.* A stranger! and I not know on't?

*2 Lord. [Aside.]* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

*1 Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus's friends.

*Clo.* Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

*1 Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

*Clo.* Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

*1 Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

*Clo.* Not easily, I think.

*2 Lord. [Aside.]* You are a fool granted; therefore, your issues being foolish do not derogate.

*Clo.* Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

*2 Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that Bears all down with her brain; and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess! Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest, Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd; A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer, More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm The walls of thy dear honor; keep unshak'd That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE II.—A Bed-Chamber; in one part of it, a <sup>3</sup>great Trunk.

*IMOGEN reading in her Bed; <sup>4</sup>HELEN attending.*

*Imo.* Who's there? my woman, Helen?

*Lady.* Please you, madam.

*Imo.* What hour is it?

*Lady.* Almost midnight, madam.

*Imo.* I have read three hours, then. Mine eyes are weak;

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I prythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit <sup>5</sup>HELEN.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods!

From furies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps.*]

\* "Being strange," i. e., being a foreigner.—<sup>b</sup> In the game of bowls, the *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed: to "kiss the jack" is a state of great advantage.

<sup>c</sup> That is, <sup>d</sup> You are a *corcomb*.—<sup>d</sup> Companion, a word of contempt, as we now use *fellow*.

*Enter IACHIMO from the Trunk.*

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labor'd  
Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus [sense  
Did softly press the <sup>a</sup> rushes, ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded. Cythera,  
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed? fresh lily,  
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!  
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,  
<sup>1</sup>[*Kissing her.*

How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that  
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper  
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,  
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied  
Under <sup>2</sup>the windows; white and azure, lac'd  
With blue of heaven's own <sup>b</sup>tinct.—But my design,  
To note the chamber: I will write all down:—

<sup>3</sup>[*Takes out his tables.*

Such, and such, pictures:—there the window;—  
such

Th' adornment of her bed:—the arras, figures,  
Why, such, and such;—and the contents o' the  
story.—

Ah! but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory:  
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,  
And be her sense but as a monument,  
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard.—  
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the conscience does within,  
To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast  
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,  
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret  
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en  
The treasure of her honor. No more.—To what end?  
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late  
The tale of Terens; here the leaf's turn'd down,  
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:  
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning  
May <sup>4</sup>dare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three,—time, time!

[*Exit into the Trunk.*<sup>5</sup>

SCENE III.—An Ante-Chamber adjoining  
IMOGEN'S Apartment.

*Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

<sup>1</sup> *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in  
loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

<sup>1</sup> *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble  
temper of your lordship. You are most hot, and  
furious, when you win.

*Clo.* Winning will put any man into courage. If  
I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold  
enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

<sup>1</sup> *Lord.* Day, my lord.

*Clo.* I would this music would come. I am advis'd  
to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will pene-  
trate.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your

<sup>a</sup> Chambers were anciently strewed with rushes.—<sup>b</sup> That is, 'The cy-lid tinged with blue, and lac'd with veins of a darker blue.'

fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will  
do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First,  
a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a won-  
derful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—  
and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus' gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that bes;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With every thing that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise;  
Arise, arise!*

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider  
your music the <sup>c</sup>better: if it do not, it is a <sup>d</sup>fault in  
her ears, which horse-hairs, and calves'-guts, nor the  
voice of <sup>e</sup>'an unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never  
amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

*Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.*

<sup>2</sup> *Lord.* Here comes the king.

*Clo.* I am glad I was up so late, for that's the rea-  
son I was up so early: he cannot choose but take  
this service I have done, faithfully.—Good morrow to  
your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern  
Will she not forth? [*daughter?*

*Clo.* I have assailed her with music, but she  
vouchsafes no notice.

*Cym.* The exile of her minion is too new;  
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time  
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,  
And then she's yours.

*Queen.* You are most bound to the king;  
Who lets go by no vantages, that may  
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself  
To orderly solicits, and be friended  
With aptness of the <sup>4</sup>season: make denials  
Increase your services: so seem, as if  
You were inspir'd to do those duties which  
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,  
Save when command to your dismissal tends,  
And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.* Senseless? not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome:  
The one is Caius Lucius.

*Cym.* A worthy fellow,  
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;  
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him  
According to the honor of his sender;  
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,  
We must extend our <sup>e</sup>notice.—Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your mistress,  
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need  
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our  
queen.

[*Exeunt CYM., QUEEN, Lords, and Mess.*

*Clo.* If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,  
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—  
[<sup>8</sup> *Calls.*

I know her women are about her: what  
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; <sup>9</sup>and makes  
Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold

<sup>c</sup> "Consider your music the better," i. e., pay you more for it.—<sup>d</sup> With aptness of the season." i. e., with solici-  
tations well timed.—<sup>e</sup> That is, 'We must extend towards him-  
self our notice of his goodness, heretofore shown to us.'

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;  
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: what  
Can it not do, and undo? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me; for  
I yet not understand the case myself.  
By your leave.

[Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you: sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you  
What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much  
pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,  
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,  
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:  
If you swear still, your recompense is still  
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,  
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness? 'twere my sin:  
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;  
And am so near the lack of charity,  
(To accuse myself) I hate you; which I had rather  
You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,  
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,  
With scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none:  
And though it be allow'd in manner parties,  
(Yet who than he more mean?) to kuit their souls  
(On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot,  
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
The consequence o' the crown, and must not foil  
The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!  
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more  
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base

To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,  
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd  
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated  
For being prefer'd so well.

Clo.

The south-fog rot him!  
Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than  
come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer  
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman bid thee presently.—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am 'sprited with a fool;  
Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my woman  
Search for a jewel, that too casually  
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; shrew me,  
If I would lose it for a revenue  
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,  
I saw't this morning: confident I am,  
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it.  
I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord  
That I kiss ought but he.

Pis.

'Twill not be lost.  
Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [Exit Pis.

Clo. You have abus'd me.—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,  
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,  
To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd.—

His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House.

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure  
To win the king, as I am bold, her honor  
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;  
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish  
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd hopes,  
I barely gratify your love; they failing,  
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,  
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king  
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius  
Will do's commission thoroughly; and, I think,  
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,  
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post.

I do believe,  
(<sup>b</sup> Statist though I am none, nor like to be)  
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear  
The legion, now in Gallia, sooner landed  
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings  
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar  
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage

<sup>a</sup> "So verbal," i. e., so verbose, full of talk.—<sup>b</sup> "Self-figur'd knot," i. e., knots of their own tying.—<sup>c</sup> "A hilding for a livery," i. e., a low fellow, fit only to wear a livery.

<sup>d</sup> That is, "If you were to be dignified only in comparison to your virtues, the under-hangman's place is too good for you."—<sup>e</sup> "Clipp'd," i. e., enclosed.—<sup>f</sup> "Sprited," i. e., haunted.—<sup>g</sup> Or stands here for *cre.*—<sup>h</sup> "Statist," i. e., statesman.

Worthy his frowning at: their discipline  
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known  
To their <sup>a</sup>approvers, they are people, such  
That mend upon the world.

*Enter IACHIMO.*

*Phil.* See! Iachimo?

*Post.* The swiftest harts have posted you by land,  
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.

*Phil.* Welcome, sir.

*Post.* I hope, the briefness of your answer made  
The speediness of your return.

*Iach.* Your lady  
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

*Post.* And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty  
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,  
And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenor good, I trust.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

*Phil.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,  
When you were there?

*Iach.* He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet.—  
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?

*Iach.* If I had lost,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness, which  
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

*Post.* The stone's too hard to come by.

*Iach.* Not a whit,  
Your lady being so easy.

*Post.* Make not, sir,  
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we  
Must not continue friends.

*Iach.* Good sir, we must,  
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought  
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
We were to question further; but I now  
Profess myself the winner of her honor,  
Together with your ring; and not the wronger  
Of her, or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wils.

*Post.* If you can make't apparent  
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand  
And ring <sup>2</sup>are yours: if not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honor, gains, or loses,  
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both  
To who shall find them.

*Iach.* Sir, my circumstances,  
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength  
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,  
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find  
You need it not.

*Post.* Proceed.

*Iach.* First, her bedchamber,  
(Where, I confess, I slept not, but, profess,  
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,  
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
And Cythus swell'd above the banks, or for  
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,  
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
Since the true life on't 'twas.

*Post.* This is <sup>3</sup>most true;

And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
Or by some other.

*Iach.* More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.* So they must,  
Or do your honor injury.

*Iach.* The chimney  
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,  
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves: the cutter  
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

*Post.* This is a thing,  
Which you might from relation likewise reap,  
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

*Iach.* The roof o' the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons  
(I had forgot them) were two <sup>4</sup>winged Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their <sup>b</sup>brands.

*Post.* This is her honor.—  
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise  
Be given to your remembrance) the description  
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

*Iach.* Then, if you can,  
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—  
[*Producing the Bracelet.*]  
And now 'tis up again: it must be married  
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

*Post.* Jove!—  
Once more let me behold it. Is it that  
Which I left with her?

*Iach.* Sir, (I thank her) that:  
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;  
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me,  
And said, she priz'd it once.

*Post.* May be, she pluck'd it off,  
To send it me.

*Iach.* She writes so to you, doth she?

*Post.* O! no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this  
too; [*Giving the Ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honor,  
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,  
Where there's another man: the vows of women  
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.—  
O, above measure false!

*Phil.* Have patience, sir,  
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:  
It may be probable she lost it; or,  
Who knows, if one, her women, being corrupted,  
Hath stolen it from her?

*Post.* Very true;  
And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring.—  
Render to me some corporal sign about her,  
More evident than this, for this was stolen.

*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

*Post.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.  
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true. I am sure,  
She would not lose it: her attendants are  
All <sup>c</sup>sworn, and honorable:—they induc'd to steal it!  
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:  
The <sup>d</sup>cognizance of her incontinency  
Is this:—she hath bought the name of whore thus  
dearly.—

<sup>b</sup>The *brands* of the andirons are the horizontal pieces upon which the wood is supported, properly called *brand-irons*.—<sup>c</sup>Servants in great houses were formerly *sworn* to fidelity.—<sup>d</sup>"The cognizance," i. e., the token; the visible proof.

<sup>a</sup>"To their approvers," i. e., to those who *prove* or try them.

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you!

*Phil.* Sir, be patient.  
This is not strong enough to be believ'd  
Of one persuaded well of.

*Post.* Never talk on't;  
She hath been colted by him.

*Iach.* If you seek  
For farther satisfying, under her breast  
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud  
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,  
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger  
To feed again, though full. You do remember  
This stain upon her?

*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm  
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

*Iach.* Will you hear more?  
*Post.* Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;  
Once, and a million!

*Iach.* I'll be sworn,——  
*Post.* No swearing.  
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;  
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou'st made me cuckold.

*Iach.* I will deny nothing.  
*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-  
meal!  
I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before  
Her father.—I'll do something. [*Exit.*]

*Phil.* Quite besides  
The government of patience!—You have won:  
Let's follow him, and <sup>b</sup>pervert the present wrath  
He hath against himself.

*Iach.* With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the  
Same.

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;  
And that most venerable man, which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools  
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,  
And pray'd me off forbearance; did it with  
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't [*her*  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought  
As chaste as unsum'd snow:—O, all the devils!  
This yellow lachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—  
Or less,—at first; perchance he spoke not, but,  
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a 'foaming one,  
Cry'd "oh!" and mounted; found no opposition  
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she  
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,  
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;  
Ambitions, covetings, change of pides, disdain,  
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be nam'd; nay, that hell knows,  
Why, hers, in part, or all: but, rather, all;  
For even to vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still

\* "Limb-meal," i. e., piecemeal. <sup>b</sup> *Pervert* is used for  
*avert*. <sup>c</sup> "Pudency," i. e., modesty.

One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
Detest them, curse them.—Yet 'tis greater skill,  
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:  
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. A Room of State in CYM-  
BELINE's Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords, at  
one Door; at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attend-  
ants.*

*Cym.* Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with  
us?

*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet  
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears, and tongues,  
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,  
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,  
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less  
Than in his feats deserving it) for him,  
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,  
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately  
Is left untender'd.

*Queen.* And, to kill the marvel,  
Shall be so ever.

*Clo.* There be many Cæsars,  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,  
For wearing our own noses.

*Queen.* That opportunity,  
Which then they had to take from us, to resume  
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,  
The kings your ancestors, together with  
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands  
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;  
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,  
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of con-  
quest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag  
Of "came," and "saw," and "overcame:" with  
shame

(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried  
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,  
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,  
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd  
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof  
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
(O, <sup>d</sup>giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,  
Made Lull's town with rejoicing fires bright,  
And Britons strut with courage.

*Clo.* Come, there's no more tribute to be paid.  
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;  
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other  
of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such  
straight arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end.

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can gripe as  
hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I  
have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay  
tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a  
blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay  
him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray  
you now.

*Cym.* You must know,  
Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,  
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch

<sup>d</sup> "Giglot fortune," i. e., false, inconstant fortune.

The sides o' the world) against all color, here  
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be.

<sup>1</sup> *Clo.* We do.

<sup>2</sup> *Cyn.* Say, then, to Cæsar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which  
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar  
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,  
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,  
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made  
our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put  
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd  
Himself a king.

*Luc.* I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar  
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than  
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.  
Receive it from me, then.—War and confusion,  
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look  
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,  
I thank thee for myself.

*Cym.* Thou art welcome, Caius.  
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much under him; of him I gather'd honor;  
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,  
Believes me keep at utterance. I am <sup>b</sup>perfect,  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent  
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:  
So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.  
*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-  
time with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek  
us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our  
salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours.  
If you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the  
better for you; and there's an end.

*Luc.* So, sir.

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:  
All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter PISANIO.

*Pis.* How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not  
What monsters her accuse?—Leonatus!  
O, master! what a strange infection  
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian  
(As poisonous tongued, as handed) hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:  
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,  
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
As would take <sup>c</sup> in some virtue.—O, my master!  
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were  
Thy <sup>d</sup> fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?  
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I  
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?  
If it be so to do good service, never  
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity,  
So much as this fact comes to? "Do't. The letter

That I have sent her, by her own command  
Shall give thee opportunity:"—O damn'd paper!  
Black as the ink that's on thee. Senseless bauble,  
Art thou a <sup>e</sup> feodary for this act, and look'st

So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am <sup>f</sup> commanded.

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio!

*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord: Leonatus.  
O! learn'd indeed were that astronomer,  
That knew the stars, as I his characters;  
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,  
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,  
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,  
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him:  
Some griefs are medicinal; that is one of them,  
For it doth physic love;—of his content,  
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave.—Bless'd be,  
You bees, that make these looks of counsel! Lovers,  
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reads.]

"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take  
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as  
you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew  
me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cam-  
bria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will  
out of this advise you follow. So, he wishes you all  
happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,  
increasing in love,

"LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?  
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me  
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,  
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—  
O, let me <sup>b</sup>ate!—but not like me;—yet long'st,—  
But in a fainter kind:—O! not like me,  
For mine's beyond beyond) say, and speak <sup>c</sup> thick,  
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,  
To the smothering of the sense) how far it is  
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as  
T' inherit such a haven: but, first of all,  
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap  
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,  
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence.  
Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?  
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,  
How many score of miles may we well ride  
'Twixt hour and hour?

*Pis.* One score 'twixt sun and sun,  
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much, too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,  
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding  
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i' the <sup>b</sup> clocks <sup>b</sup> by half.—But this is fool-  
ery,—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say  
She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,  
A riding suit, no costlier than would fit  
A franklin's housewife.

*Pis.* Madam, <sup>k</sup> you're best consider.

*Imo.* I see before me, man: nor here, nor <sup>l</sup> here,  
Nor what <sup>m</sup> ensues, but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee:

<sup>f</sup> "Ignorant in what I am commanded," i. e., unpractised  
in the arts of murder.—<sup>g</sup> "Speak thick," i. e., crowd one  
word on another, as fast as possible.—<sup>h</sup> "By 'the clocks' are  
meant hour glasses.—A franklin is a yeoman.—<sup>i</sup> "You're  
best," for you had best.—<sup>j</sup> "Nor here, nor here," i. e., neither  
this way nor that way.—<sup>k</sup> "Nor what ensues," i. e., nor the  
consequences that will follow.

<sup>a</sup> "At utterance," i. e., at the extremity of defiance.—  
<sup>b</sup> "Perfect," i. e., well informed.—<sup>c</sup> "Take in," i. e., conquer.  
—<sup>d</sup> "That is," Thy mind is now as low, compared to hers, as  
thy fortunes formerly were.—<sup>e</sup> "A feodary," i. e., a con-  
federate.



Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say;  
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Wales. A mountainous Country,  
with a Cave

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys; this gate  
Instructs you how t'adore the heavens, and bows you  
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through  
And keep their impious turbands on, without  
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!  
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
As prouder livers do.

*Gul.* Hail, heaven!

*Arv.* Hail, heaven!

*Bel.* Now, for our mountain spout. Up to yond'  
hill:

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,  
When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place which lessens and sets off: [you,  
And you may then revolve what tales I have told  
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  
That service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see;  
And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O! this life  
Is nobler, than attending for a check;  
Richer, than doing nothing for a bob;  
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours.

*Gul.* Out of your proof you speak: we, poor un-  
flieg'd, [not  
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know  
What air's from home. Happily this life is best,  
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,  
That have a sharper known, well corresponding  
With your stiff age; but unto us it is  
A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,  
A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
To stride a limit.

*Arv.* What should we speak of,  
When we are old as you? when we shall hear  
The rain and wind beat dark December, how  
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse  
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:  
We are beastly: subtle as the fox for prey;  
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:  
Our valor is to chase what flies; our cage  
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,  
And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak!  
Did you but know the city's usuries,  
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,  
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb  
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that  
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,  
A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
I' the name of fame, and honor; which dies i' the  
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph, [search,  
As record of fair act; nay, many times,  
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,  
Must court'sy at the censure.—O, boys! this story  
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd

<sup>a</sup> "Jet," i. e., strut; walk proudly.—<sup>b</sup> "Sharded," i. e.,  
scaly-winged.—<sup>c</sup> "To ours," i. e., compared to ours.—  
<sup>d</sup> "Your proof," i. e., your experience.—<sup>e</sup> "To stride a  
limit," i. e., to overpass his bound.

With Roman swords, and my report was once  
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;  
And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
Was not far off: then, was I as a tree,  
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,  
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,  
Shook down my mellow laughings, nay, my leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.

*Gul.* Uncertain favor!

*Gul.* My fault being nothing (as I have told you  
oft)  
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline,  
I was confederate with the Romans: so,  
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years  
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world;  
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid  
More pious debts to heaven, than in all  
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains!  
This is not hunter's language.—He that strikes  
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;  
To him the other two shall minister,  
And we will fear no poison, which attends  
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the val-  
leys. [*Exeunt* *Gul.* and *Arv.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!  
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;  
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up  
thus meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit  
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,  
In simple and low things, to prize it, much  
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—  
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom  
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!  
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell  
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
Into my story: say,—“Thus mine enemy fell;  
And thus I set my foot on's neck;” even then  
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture  
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
(Once Arviragus) in as like a vigor,  
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more  
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd.—  
<sup>2</sup>[*Horns wind.*]

O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,  
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon  
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes,  
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile, [mother,  
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their  
And every day do honor to her grave:  
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
They take for natural father. <sup>4</sup>[*Horn.*].—The game  
is up. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

*Enter* PISANIO and IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,  
the place  
Was near at hand.—Ne'er long'd my mother so  
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! Man!  
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,  
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks  
that sigh  
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus,  
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
Beyond self-explication: put thyself  
Into a havior of less fear, ere wildness

<sup>1</sup> "Report," i. e., reputation.

Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?  
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with

<sup>1</sup>[*Pis. offers a Letter.*

A look-utender? If it be summer news,  
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st [hand!  
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's  
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him.  
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy  
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read  
Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.* Please you, read; <sup>2</sup>[*Giving it.*  
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
The most disdain'd of fortune.

*Imo.* [*Reads.*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played  
the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof  
lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak sur-  
mises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as  
certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou,  
Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted  
with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take  
away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Mil-  
ford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose:  
where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain  
it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonor, and  
equally to me disloyal." [paper

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword? the  
Hath cut her throat already.—No: 'tis slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and <sup>a</sup>states,  
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it to be false?  
To lie in watch there, and to think on him? [ture,  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge na-  
To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed,  
Is it?

*Pis.* Alas, good lady!

*Imo.* I false? Thy conscience witness.—Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,  
Thy favor's good enough. Some day of Italy,  
<sup>3</sup>Who smothers her with painting, hath betray'd him:  
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O!  
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband! shall be thought  
Put on for villainy; not born where't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false  
*Aeneas,*  
Were in his time thought false; and Sinan's weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity  
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,  
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper <sup>b</sup>men:  
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjurd,  
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:  
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,  
A little witness my obedience: look!  
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.  
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:  
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,  
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.  
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument!  
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine, [heart:  
That 'cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my  
Something's afore't:—Soft, soft! we'll no defence;  
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?  
The <sup>d</sup>scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,  
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.  
And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely <sup>e</sup>followers, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,  
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her  
That now thou <sup>e</sup>tir'st on, how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch:  
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady!  
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,  
I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do't, and to bed, then.

*Pis.* I'll <sup>e</sup>crack mine eye-balls first.

*Imo.* And wherefore, then,  
Diddst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd  
So many miles with a pretence? this place?  
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labor?  
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,  
For my being absent; whereunto I never  
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,  
To be <sup>f</sup>unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
Th' elected deer before thee?

*Pis.* But to win time,  
To lose so bad employment; in the which  
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,  
Hear me with patience.

*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary; speak:  
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,  
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

*Pis.* Then, madam,  
I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like,  
Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* Not so, neither:

But if I were as wise as honest, then  
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,  
But that my master is abus'd:  
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtesan.

*Pis.* No, on my life.  
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him  
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded  
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,  
And that will well confirm it.

*Imo.* Why, good fellow,  
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?  
Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband?

<sup>a</sup> "States," i. e., persons of the highest state, or rank.—  
<sup>b</sup> That is, 'Wilt make all honest men suspected.'

<sup>c</sup> "Cravens," i. e., makes cowardly.—<sup>d</sup> "The scriptures,"  
i. e., the writings.—<sup>e</sup> "Tir'st," i. e., feedest; prey'st.—<sup>f</sup> "Un-  
bent," i. e., unprepared.

*Pis.* If you'll back to the court,—

*Imo.* No court, no father; nor no more ado  
With that harsh, noble, simple, <sup>1</sup>empty nothing,  
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me  
As fearful as a siege.

*Pis.* If not at court,  
Then not in Britain must you bide.

*Imo.* Where then?  
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,  
Are they not but in Britain? 'P the world's volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;  
In a great pool, a swan's nest: pr'ythee, think  
There's livers out of Britain.

*Pis.* I am most glad  
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise  
That, which, t' appear itself, must not yet be,  
But by self-danger, you should tread a course  
<sup>2</sup>Privy, yet <sup>3</sup>full of view: yea, haply, near  
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,  
That though his actions were not visible, yet  
Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* O, for such means!  
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,  
I would adventure.

*Pis.* Well then, here's the point.  
You must forget to be a woman; change  
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,  
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly,  
Woman it pretty self) into a waggish <sup>3</sup>carriage:  
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
As quarrelous as the weasel: nay, you must  
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!  
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch  
Of common-kissing <sup>b</sup>Titan; and forget  
Your laborious and dainty trims, wherein  
You made great Juno angry.

*Imo.* Nay, be brief:  
I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one.  
Forethinking this, I have already fit  
(Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all  
That answer to them: would you, in their serving,  
And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius  
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
Wherein you are <sup>c</sup>happy, (which you will make him  
know,

If that his head have ear in music) doubtless,  
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honorable,  
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,  
You have <sup>d</sup>me, rich; and I will never fail  
Beginning nor supplyment.

*Imo.* Thou art all the comfort  
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:  
There's more to be consider'd, but we'll even  
All that good time will give <sup>e</sup>us. This attempt  
I'm <sup>f</sup>soldier to, and will abide it with  
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,  
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,  
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:

<sup>a</sup> "Full of view," i. e., in full view of circumstances.—  
<sup>b</sup> "Titan" i. e., the sun.—<sup>c</sup> "Wherein you are happy," i. e.,  
wherein you are accomplished.—<sup>d</sup> "you have me," i. e.,  
"for your subsistence abroad you may rely on me."—<sup>e</sup> "That  
is," "We'll even do all that time will allow us."—<sup>f</sup> "I'm sol-  
dier to," i. e., I'm equal to, or have ability for.

What's in't is precious: if you are sick at sea,  
Or stomach-quail'd at land, a dram of this  
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,  
And fit you to your manhood.—May the gods  
Direct you to the best!

*Imo.* Amen. I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and  
Lords.*

*Cym.* Thus far; and so farewell.

*Luc.* Thanks, royal sir.  
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;  
And am right sorry that I must report ye  
My master's enemy.

*Cym.* Our subjects, sir,  
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself,  
To show less sovereignty than they must needs  
Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.* So, sir. I desire of you  
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.—  
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that office;  
The due of honor in no point omit.  
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

*Clo.* Receive it friendly; but from this time forth  
I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.* Sir, the event  
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,  
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning; but it honors us,  
That we have given him cause.

*Clo.* 'Tis all the better:  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

*Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor  
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,  
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:  
The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves  
His war for Britain.

*Queen.* 'Tis not sleepy business,  
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus  
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day. She looks us like  
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:  
We have noted it.—Call her before us, for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Queen.* Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady  
So tender of <sup>4</sup>rebuks, that words are strokes,  
And strokes death to her.

*Re-enter an Attendant.*

*Cym.* Where is she, sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

*Attend.* Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer  
That will be given to the loud'st noise we make.

*Queen.* My lord, when last I went to visit her,  
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;  
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,  
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this

She wish'd me to make known, but our great court  
Made me to blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd? *[Exit.]*  
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I  
Fear prove false!

*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the king.  
*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
I have not seen these two days.

*Queen.* Go, look after.—*[Exit CLOTEN.]*  
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus,  
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;  
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown  
To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is  
To death, or to dishonor; and my end  
Can make good use of either: she being down,  
I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How now, my son!  
*Clo.* 'Tis certain, she is fled.  
Go in, and cheer the king: he rages; none  
Dare come about him.

*Queen.* All the better: may  
This night a forestal him of the coming day!

*[Exit QUEEN.]*  
*Clo.* I love, and hate her, for she's fair and royal;  
And that she hath all courtly parts, more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all. I love her therefore; but,  
Disdaining me, and throwing favors on  
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,  
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point  
I will conclude to hate her; nay, indeed,  
To be reveng'd upon her: for, when fools shall—

*Enter PISANIO.*

Who is here?—What! are you packing, sirrah?  
Come hither. Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,  
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else  
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O, good my lord!  
*Clo.* Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—  
I will not ask again. Close villain,  
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?  
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot  
A dram of worth be drawn.

*Pis.* Alas, my lord!  
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?  
He is in Rome.

*Clo.* Where is she, sir? Come nearer;  
No farther halting: satisfy me home  
What is become of her?

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!  
*Clo.* All-worthy villain!  
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,  
At the next word.—No more of worthy lord,—  
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
Thy condemnation and thy death.

*Pis.* Then sir,  
This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight. *[Presenting a Letter.]*

*Clo.* Let's see't.—I will pursue her  
Even to Augustus' throne.

*Pis.* *[Aside.]* Or this, or perish.  
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

*Clo.* Humph!  
*Pis.* *[Aside.]* I'll write to my lord she's dead.

O Imogen,  
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

*Clo.* It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah,  
if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service,  
undergo those employments, wherein I should  
have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—  
that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform  
it directly and truly. I would think thee an honest  
man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy  
relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

*Pis.* Well, my good lord.

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently  
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune  
of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the  
course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of  
mine. Wilt thou serve me?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast  
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

*Pis.* I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same  
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and  
mistress.

*Clo.* The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit  
hither: let it be thy first service; go.

*Pis.* I shall, my lord. *[Exit.]*

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven.—I forgot to  
ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon.—Even  
there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I  
would, these garments were come. She said upon  
a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my  
heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus  
in more respect than my noble and natural person,  
together with the adornment of my qualities. With  
that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill  
him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valor,  
which will then be a torment to her contempt. He  
on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on  
his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined,  
(which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the  
clothes that she so praised) to the court I'll knock  
her back, foot her home again. She hath despised  
me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

*Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to Milford-  
Haven?

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is  
the second thing that I have commanded thee: the  
third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my  
design. Be but duteous, and true perferment shall  
tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Mil-  
ford: would I had wings to follow it.—Come, and  
be true. *[Exit.]*

*Pis.* Thou bidd'st me to thy loss: for true to thee  
Were to prove false, which I will never be  
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,  
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,  
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed  
Be cross'd with slowness: labor be his need!

*[Exit.]*

SCENE VI.—Before the Cave of BELARIUS.

*Enter IMOGEN, attired like a Boy.*

*Imo.* I see, a man's life is a tedious one:  
I have 'tird myself, and for two nights together  
Have made the ground my bed: I should be sick,

\* "Forestal him of," i. e., prevent him from ever seeing.—  
b "Than lady, ladies, woman," i. e., than any lady, than all  
ladies, than all womankind.

But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,  
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,  
Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think,  
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, [me,  
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told  
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis  
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness  
Is <sup>a</sup>sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood  
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!  
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,  
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?

<sup>1</sup>[*Seeing the Cave.*

Here is a path to it: 'tis some savage hold:  
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
Plenty, and peace, breed cowards; hardness ever  
Of hardness is mother.—Ho! Who's here?  
If any thing that's <sup>b</sup>civil, speak; if savage,  
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then, I'll enter.  
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
Such a foe, good heavens! <sup>2</sup>[*Exit into the Cave.*

*Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have prov'd best <sup>c</sup>woodman;  
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I, [and  
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our <sup>d</sup>match:  
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,  
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs  
Will make what's homely, savory: weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when <sup>e</sup>resty sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,  
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

*Gui.* I am thoroughly weary.

*Arv.* I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

*Gui.* There is cold meat i' the cave: we'll browse  
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd. [on that,

*Bel.* Stay: come not in.  
[*Looking in.*

But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
Here were a fairy.

*Gui.* What's the matter, sir?

*Bel.* By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness  
No elder than a boy!

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not:  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought  
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took. Good  
troth, [found  
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had  
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my  
I would have left it on the board, so soon [meat:  
As I had made my meal, and parted  
With prayers for the provider.

*Gui.* Money, youth?

*Arv.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt;  
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*Imo.* I see, you are angry.

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died, had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whither bound?

*Imo.* To Milford-Haven.

*Bel.* What's your name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman, who  
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford;

To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am fallen i' this offence.

*Bel.* Pr'ythee, fair youth,  
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd.  
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—  
Boys, bid him welcome.

*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,  
I bid for you, as I do buy.

*Arv.* I'll make't my comfort,  
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother;  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him  
After long absence, such is yours.—Most welcome.  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst friends!  
If brothers!—[*Aside.*] Would it had been so, that  
they

Had been my father's sons: then, had my <sup>e</sup>prize  
Been less; and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthumus.

*Bel.* He h'wrings at some distress.

*Gui.* Would I could free't!

*Arv.* Or I; whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

*Bel.* Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

*Imo.* Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by  
That nothing gift of <sup>i</sup>differing multitudes)  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus false.

*Bel.* It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:  
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gui.* Pray, draw near.

*Arv.* The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,  
less welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

*Arv.* I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt, <sup>3</sup>into the Cave.*

## SCENE VII.—Rome.

*Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.*

*1 Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ:  
That since the common men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;  
And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite  
The gentry to this business. He creates  
Lucius pro-consul; and to you, the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy he <sup>4</sup>commends  
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

*Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces?

*2 Sen.* Ay.

*Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

*1 Sen.* With those legions  
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be <sup>k</sup>suppliant: the words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time  
Of their despatch.

*Tri.* We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> "Is sorer," i. e., is worse; is a greater crime.—<sup>b</sup> "Civil," i. e., civilized.—<sup>c</sup> *Woodman* here signifies *hunter*.—<sup>d</sup> "Our match," i. e., our agreement.—<sup>e</sup> "Resty," i. e., dull; heavy.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—The Forest, near the Cave.

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) <sup>a</sup> for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vainglory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber) I mean, the lines of my body are as well-drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single <sup>b</sup> oppositions; yet this <sup>c</sup> perverse errant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage, but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose. Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—Before the Cave.

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Bel.* You are not well: [*To IMOGEN.*] remain here in the cave:

We'll come to you after hunting.

*Arv.* Brother, stay here: [*To IMOGEN.*]  
Are we not brothers?

*Imo.* So man and man should be;  
But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

*Gui.* Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

*Imo.* So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;

But not so citizen a wanton, as  
To seem to die, ere sick. So please you, leave me;  
Stick to your <sup>e</sup>journal course: the breach of custom  
Is breach of <sup>d</sup>all. I am ill; but your being by me  
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort  
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,  
Since I can reason of it: pray you, trust me here;  
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die,  
Stealing so poorly.

*Gui.* I love thee; I have spoke it:  
How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
As I do love my father.

*Bel.* What! how? how?

*Arv.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me  
In my good brother's fault: I know not why  
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,  
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,  
My father, not this youth.

*Bel.* [*Aside.*] O noble <sup>e</sup>strain!  
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!  
Towards father towards, and base things sire base:  
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.

I am not their father; yet who this should be  
Doth miracle <sup>f</sup>itself, lov'd before me.—  
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

*Arv.* Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arv.* You health.—So please you, sir.

*Imo.* [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,  
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court:  
Experience, O! thou disprov'st report.

Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still; heart-sick.—Pisanio,  
I'll now taste of thy drug.

*Gui.* I could not stir him:

He said, he was <sup>g</sup>gentle, but unfortunate;  
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

*Arv.* Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter  
I might know more.

*Bel.* To the field, to the field!—

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

*Arv.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our house-wife.

*Imo.* Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

*Bel.* And shalt be ever. [*Exit IMOGEN.*]  
This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had  
Good ancestors.

*Arv.* How angel-like he sings.

*Gui.* But his neat cookery: he cut our roots in  
characters;

And sauc'd our broth, as Juno had been sick,  
And he her dieter.

*Arv.* Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh  
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;  
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly  
From so divine a temple, to commix  
With winds that sailors rail at.

*Gui.* I do note,  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their <sup>h</sup>spurs together.

*Arv.* Grow, patience!  
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root <sup>i</sup>with the increasing vine!

*Bel.* It is great <sup>k</sup>morning. Come; away!—Who's  
there? <sup>l</sup>[*They stand back.*]

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I cannot find those runagates: that villain  
Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.

*Bel.* Those runagates!  
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis  
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.  
I saw him not these many years, and yet  
I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws: hence!  
*Gui.* He is but one. You and my brother search  
What companies are near: pray you, away;  
Let me alone with him.

*[Exit BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]*

*Clo.* Soft! what are you  
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?  
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

*Gui.* A thing

More slavish did I ne'er, than answering  
A slave without a knock.

*Clo.* Thou art a robber,  
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

<sup>a</sup> "For," i. e., because.—<sup>b</sup> "In single oppositions," i. e., in single combat.—<sup>c</sup> "Journal," i. e., daily.—<sup>d</sup> That is, 'An infraction of the order of daily life leads to disorder in all things.'—<sup>e</sup> "Strain," i. e., race; generation.

<sup>f</sup> "Doth miracle itself," i. e., doth appear wonderful.—<sup>g</sup> "Gentle," i. e., wellborn.—<sup>h</sup> "Spurs," i. e., roots.—<sup>i</sup> *With* is used here, probably, for *from*.—<sup>k</sup> "Great morning" (*Fr. grand matin*), a Gallicism.

*Gui.* To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have  
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big? [not I]  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,  
Why I should yield to thee.

*Clo.* Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes?

*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

*Clo.* Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

*Gui.* Hence then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;  
I am loath to beat thee.

*Clo.* Thou injurious thief,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

*Gui.* What's thy name?  
*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.

*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.

*Clo.* To thy farther fear,  
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I'm son to the queen.

*Gui.* I am sorry for't, not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

*Clo.* Art not afraid?  
*Gui.* Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Clo.* Die the death.  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
And on the gates of Lud's town set thy heads.  
Yield, rustic, mountaineer. [Exeunt, fighting.]

*Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* No company's abroad. [sure.  
*Arv.* None in the world. You did mistake him,

*Bel.* I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favor  
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute  
'Twas very Cloten.

*Arv.* In this place we left them:  
I wish my brother make good time with him,  
You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being scarce made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment  
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's Head.*

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,  
There was no money in't. Not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none;  
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head, as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?  
*Gui.* I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,  
Son to the queen after his own report;  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,  
With his own single hand he'd take us in, [grow,  
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they  
And set them on Lud's town.

*Bel.* We are all undone.  
*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,  
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law  
Protects not us; then, why should we be tender,  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threaten us;  
Play judge, and executioner, all himself,

For we do fear the law? What company  
Discover you abroad?

*Bel.* No single soul  
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason  
He must have some attendants. Though his humor  
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not  
Absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,  
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,  
It may be heard at court, that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time  
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,  
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear  
He'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then, on good ground we fear,  
If we do fear this body hath a nail  
More perilous than the head.

*Arv.* Let ordinance  
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoever,  
My brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no mind  
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.

*Gui.* With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en  
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek  
Behind our rock; And let it to the sea,  
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:  
That's all I seek. [Exit.]

*Bel.* I fear, 'twill be reveng'd.  
Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't, though  
Becomes thee well enough. [valor

*Arv.* 'Would I had done't,  
So the revenge alone pursued me.—Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,  
That possible strength might meet, would seek us  
And put us to our answer. [through,

*Bel.* Well, 'tis done.  
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I pry'thee, to our rock:  
You and Fidele play the cooks; I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arv.* Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll willingly to him: to gladden his color,  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,  
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.]

*Bel.* O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder,  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd, honor untaught,  
Civility not seen from other, valor  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,  
What Cloten's being here to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS.*

*Gui.* Where's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream  
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage

\* "Mere," i. e., utter.—"Lines of favor," i. e., lines of his countenance.—"Perfect," i. e., well aware; well informed.—"Take us in," i. e., conquer, subdue us.

\* "For," i. e., because.—"Did make my way long forth," i. e., made my way forth from the cave long, or tedious.—"All I seek," i. e., all I care.—"That possible strength might meet," i. e., that fell within the possibility of opposition.—"To gain," i. e., to regain; to restore.

For his return.

[Solemn Music.]

*Bel.* My ingenious instrument!  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

*Gui.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence even now.

*Gui.* What does he mean? since death of my  
dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting <sup>a</sup> toys,  
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.  
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing in his Arms IMOGEN, as dead.*

*Bel.* Look! here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms  
Of what we blame him for.

*Arv.* The bird is dead,  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

*Gui.* O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

*Bel.* O, melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish <sup>b</sup> crure  
Might easiest harbor in?—Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;  
but I,  
Thou didst <sup>a</sup> most rare boy, of melancholy.—  
How found you him?

*Arv.* <sup>c</sup> Stark, as you see:  
Thus smiling, <sup>d</sup> as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek  
Reposing on a cushion.

*Gui.* Where?

*Arv.* O' the floor;  
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept, and put  
My clouted <sup>e</sup> brogues from off my feet, whose rude-  
Answer'd my steps too loud. [ness]

*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps;  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.

*Arv.* With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack  
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor  
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leafy eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,  
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To <sup>f</sup> winter-guard <sup>g</sup> thy cose.

*Gui.* Pr'ythee, have done;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt—to the grave!

*Arv.* Say, where shall's lay him?

*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arv.* Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices

Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,  
As once our mother: use like note, and words,  
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;  
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Arv.*

We'll speak it, then.  
*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for  
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;  
And, though he came our enemy, remember,  
He was <sup>h</sup> paid for that: though mean and mighty,  
Together, have one dust, yet reverence, [rotting  
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction  
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,  
And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,  
When neither <sup>i</sup> is alive.

*Arv.*

If you'll go fetch him,  
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS.]

*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the  
My father hath a reason for't. [east;

*Arv.* 'Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.

*Arv.* So.—Begin.

#### SONG.

*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads <sup>j</sup> and lasses must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Arv.* Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe, and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, earning, phisic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

*Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
*Arv.* Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
*Gui.* Fear not slander, <sup>k</sup> censure rash;  
*Arv.* Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:  
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must  
<sup>l</sup> Consign to thee, and come to dust.

*Gui.* No <sup>m</sup> exorciser harm thee!  
*Arv.* Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
*Gui.* Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
*Arv.* Nothing ill come near thee!  
Both. Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave!

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.*

*Gui.* We have done our obsequies. Come, lay  
him down. <sup>n</sup> [They place him beside IMOGEN.]  
*Bel.* Here's a few flowers, but about midnight  
more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,  
Are strewings fit't for graves.—Upon their faces.—  
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so  
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strew.—  
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.  
The ground that gave them first has them again:  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

<sup>a</sup> Toys for trifles.—<sup>b</sup> A crure was a small vessel of burden.  
—<sup>c</sup> "Stark," i. e., cold and stiff.—<sup>d</sup> As for as if.—<sup>e</sup> "Clouted  
brogues," are wooden shoes with clout or hob nails.—<sup>f</sup> The  
ruddock is the redbreast.—<sup>g</sup> "To winter-guard," i. e., to guard  
during winter.

<sup>h</sup> "Paid," i. e., punished.—<sup>i</sup> "Censure," i. e., judgment.—  
<sup>j</sup> "Consign to thee," i. e., send the same content with thee.  
—<sup>k</sup> An exorciser, anciently, was one who could raise spirits.



*Imo.* [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—  
[*thither?*]  
I thank you.—By yond' bush?—Pray, how far 'Ods a pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—  
I have gone all night:—faith, I'll lie down and sleep. But, soft! no bedfellow.—O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the Body.*]  
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world; This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I dream, 'For lo! I thought I was a cave-keeper, And cook to honest creatures; but 'tis not so: 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith, I tremble still with fear; but if there be Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it! The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt. A headless man!—The garment of Posthumus! I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand; His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; The brawns of Hercules: but his 'Jovial face— Murder in heaven!—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio, All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks, And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou, Conspir'd with that 'irregular devil, Cloten, Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read, Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio— From this most bravest vessel of the world Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas! Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart, [that? And left 'thy head on.—How should this be? Pisanio! 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and here in them Have laid this woe here. O! 'tis a pregnant, pregnant.

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious And cordial to me, have I not found it Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home: This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!— Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood, That we the horrid may seem to those Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!

*Enter Lucius, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia, After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending You, here at Milford-Haven, with your ships: They are in readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The senate hath stir'd up the 'confiners, And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits, That promise noble service, and they come Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, Sienna's brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o' the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir, What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,

(I 'fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) thus:— I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd

From the spongy south to this part of the west, There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends, (Unless my sins abuse my divination) Success to the Roman host.

*Luc.* Dream often so, And never false.—Soft, ho? what trunk is here, Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime It was a worthy building.—How? a page!— Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather; For nature doth abhor to make his bed With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.— Let's see the boy's face.

*Cap.* He is alive, my lord.  
*Luc.* He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems, [one, They crave to be demanded. Who is this, Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he, That, otherwise than noble nature 'did, Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it? What art thou?

*Imo.* I am nothing: or if not, Nothing to be were better. This was my master, A very valiant Briton, and a good, That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas! There are no more such masters: I may wander From east to occident, cry out for service, Try many, all good, serve truly, never Find such another master.

*Luc.* 'Lack, good youth! Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

*Imo.* Richard du Champ. [*Aside.*] If I do lie, and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope They'll pardon.—Say you, sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same: Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name. Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say, Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure, No less below'd. The Roman emperor's letters, Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner, Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods, I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep As these poor 'pickaxes can dig: and when With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd And on it said a 'century of prayers, [his grave, Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh; And, leaving so his service, follow you, So please you entertain me.

*Luc.* Ay, good youth; And rather father thee, than muster thee.—My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can, And make him with our pikes and partisans A grave: come, 'arm him.—Boy, he is prefer'd By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd, As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes: Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in CYMBELINE's Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.*

*Cym.* Again; and bring me word how 'tis with A fever with the absence of her son; [her.

a "Ods pittikins" derived from *God's pity*.—b "His Jovial face," i. e., a face like Jove's.—c "Irregular," i. e., lawless; licentious.—d "Tis pregnant," i. e., 'tis a ready, opposite conclusion.—e "The confiners," i. e., the borderers.—f Fast for fasted.

g "Did," i. e., did it; made it.—h "These . . . pickaxes," i. e., her fingers.—i "A century," i. e., a hundred.—k "Arm him," i. e., take him up in your arms.

A madness, of which her life's in danger.—Heavens,  
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,  
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen  
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time  
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,  
So needful for this present: it strikes me past  
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure, and  
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharp torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,  
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,  
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your high-  
Hold me your loyal servant. [ness,

*1 Lord.* Good my liege,  
The day that she was missing he was here:  
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,  
There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And 'twill, no doubt, be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome:  
We'll slip you for a season; but 'twill with jealousy

[To PISANIO.

<sup>2</sup>You yet depend.

*1 Lord.* So please your majesty,  
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast, with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—  
I am amaz'd with 't matter.

*1 Lord.* Good my liege,  
Your preparation can 'affront no less [ready.  
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're  
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,  
That long to move.

*Cym.* I thank you. Let's withdraw,  
And meet the time, as it seeks us: we fear not  
What can from Italy annoy us, but  
We grieve at chances here.—Away! [Exit.

*Pis.* I 'd had no letter from my master, since  
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange:  
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
To yield me often tidings; neither know I  
What is betid to Cloten, but remain  
Perplex'd in all: the heavens still must work.  
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true:  
These present wars shall find I love my country,  
Even to the 'note of the king, or I'll fall in them.  
All other doubts by time let them be clear'd;  
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it  
From action and adventure?

*Gui.* Nay, what hope  
Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans  
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us  
For barbarous and unnatural 'revolts  
During their use, and slay us after.

*Bel.* Sons,  
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.  
To the king's party there's no going: newness  
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a 'render  
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from 's that  
Which we have done, whose answer would be death  
Drawn on with torture.

*Gui.* This is, sir, a doubt,  
In such a time nothing becoming you,  
Nor satisfying us.

*Arv.* It is not likely,  
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their 'quarter'd fires, have both their eyes  
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our 'note,  
To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* O! I am known  
Of many in the army: many years,  
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him  
From my remembrance: and, besides, the king  
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
The 'certainty of this hard life: aye, hopeless  
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,  
But to be still hot summer's taulings, and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

*Gui.* Than be so,  
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:  
I and my brother are not known; yourself,  
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,  
Cannot be question'd.

*Arv.* By this sun that shines,  
I'll thither. What thing is't, that I never  
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,  
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?  
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel,  
Nor iron, on his heel? I am asham'd  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

*Gui.* By heavens, I'll go.  
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,  
The hazard therefore due fall on me by  
The hands of Romans.

*Arv.* So say I. Amen.  
*Bel.* No reason I, since of your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
My crack'd one to more cure. Have with you, boys.  
If in your country wars you chance to die,  
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:  
Lead, lead!<sup>1</sup> The time seems long; their blood  
thinks scorn,  
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[Exit.

#### ACT V.

##### SCENE I.—A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.

*Post.* Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd  
Thou should'st be color'd thus. You married ones,  
If each of you should take this course, how many  
Must murder wives much better than themselves,  
For 'wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!  
Every good servant does not all commands;

<sup>a</sup> "And will," i. e., and he will.—<sup>b</sup> "Amaz'd with matter," i. e., confounded by a variety of business.—<sup>c</sup> "Affront," i. e., encounter.—<sup>d</sup> "Even to the note of the king," i. e., even so that the king shall notice my valor.—<sup>e</sup> *Revolts for revolters.*

<sup>1</sup> "To a render," i. e., to an acknowledgment.—<sup>2</sup> "Their quarter'd fires," i. e., the fires in the respective quarters of the Roman army.—<sup>3</sup> "Upon our note," i. e., in noticing us.—<sup>4</sup> "The certainty," i. e., the certain consequence.—<sup>5</sup> "For wrying," i. e., for deviating from the right way.

No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never Had liv'd to put <sup>a</sup> on this: so had you saved The noble Imogen to repent, and struck Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, ah! ah!

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love, To have them full no more: you some permit To second ills with ills, each <sup>1</sup> later worse, And make <sup>2</sup> men dread it, to the doer's thrift. But Imogen is your own: do your best wills, And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither Among the Italian gentry, and to fight Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace! I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight Against the part I come with; so I'll die For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life Is, every breath, a death: and thus unknown, Pitted nor hated, to the face of peril Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know More valor in me, than my habits show. Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me! To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—The Same.

<sup>3</sup> *Trumpets and Drums. Enter at one Side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army: at the other Side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following like a poor Soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him. Alarums on both sides.*

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady, The princess of this country, and the air on't Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this <sup>b</sup> earl, A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me In my profession? Knighthoods and honors, borne As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. If that thy gentry, Britain, go before This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*]

<sup>5</sup> *Alarums. The Battle continues: the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but The villainy of our fears.

*Gai. Arr.* Stand, stand, and fight!

<sup>5</sup> *Alarums. Enter POSTHUMUS, and secunds the Britons; they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt: then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself; For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such As war were hood-wink'd.

*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a Briton Lord.*

*Lord.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

*Post.* I did; Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

*Lord.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost, But that the heavens fought. The king himself Of his wings destitute, the army broken, And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying Through a strait lane: the enemy full-hearted, Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling Merely through fear; <sup>c</sup> that the strait pass was <sup>d</sup> damm'd.

With dead men hurt behind, and towards living To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Lord.* Where was this lane?

*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, [turf; An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd So long a breeding, as his white beard came to, In doing this for's country: athwart the lane, He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run The country <sup>e</sup> base, than to commit such slaughter; With faces fit for masks, or, rather, fairer Than those for preservation cas'd, or 's shame) Made good the passage; cried to those that fled, "Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men: To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards! Stand; Or we are Romans, and will give you that Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save, But to look back in frown: stand, stand!"—These Three thousand confident, in act as many, [three, (For three performers are the file, when all The rest do nothing) with this word, "stand, stand!" Accommodated by the place, more charming With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks, [coward Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd But by example (O, a sin in war, Damnd in the first beginners!) <sup>f</sup> gan to look The way that they did, and to grin like lions Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon, A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly, Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves, The strides they victors made. And now our cowards (Like fragments in hard voyages) became The life o' the need: having found the back-door open Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound! Some slain before; some dying; some, their friends, O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chas'd by one, Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty: Those that would die or ere resist are grown The mortal <sup>g</sup> bugs o' the field.

*Lord.* This was strange chance: A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!

*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made Rather to wonder at the things you hear, Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't, And vent it for a mockery? Here is one: "Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane, Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.

*Post.* 'Lack! to what end? Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;

<sup>e</sup> That for so that.—<sup>d</sup> "Damm'd," i. e., blocked up.—<sup>e</sup> The country base, i. e., a country game; vulgarly called *prison base*.—<sup>f</sup> "Shame," i. e., modesty; shamefacedness.—<sup>g</sup> "Bugs," i. e., bugbears; terrors.

<sup>a</sup> "To put on," i. e., to incite; to instigate.—<sup>b</sup> "This earl," i. e., this clown.

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,  
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
You have put me into rhyme.

*Lord.* Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*  
*Post.* Still going?—This is a lord. O noble misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me.  
To-day, how many would have given their honors  
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,  
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,  
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,  
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,  
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we  
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find  
For being now a favorer to the Briton, [him;  
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again  
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,  
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall  
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
Here made by the Roman; great the answer he  
Britons must take; for me, my ransom's death:  
On either side I come to spend my breath,  
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,  
But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter Two Briton Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.  
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a <sup>b</sup> silly habit,  
That gave th' <sup>c</sup> affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;  
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is

*Post.* A Roman, [there?  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell [service,  
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his  
As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GU-  
DERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Cap-  
tives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYM-  
BELINE, who delivers him over to a Jailor; after  
which, all go out.*

#### SCENE IV.—A Prison.

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and Two Jailors.*

1 *Jail.* You shall not now be stolen; you have  
<sup>d</sup>locks upon you:  
So, graze as you find pasture.

2 *Jail.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Jailors.*

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way,  
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather  
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd  
By the sure physician, death, who is the key  
T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fet-  
ter'd [give me

More than my shanks, and wrists: you good gods,  
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,  
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?  
So children temporal fathers do appease;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?  
I cannot do it better than in <sup>e</sup>gyves,  
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,  
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me than my all.  
I know, you are more clement than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
On their abatement: that's not my desire.  
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though  
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:  
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp,  
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:  
You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,  
If you will take this audit, take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*

*Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, SCILLIUS  
LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man  
attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an  
ancient Matron, his Wife and Mother to POSTHU-  
MUS, with Music before them: then, after other  
Music, follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers  
to POSTHUMUS, with Wounds as they died in the  
Ivirs. They circle POSTHUMUS round as he lies  
sleeping.*

*Sici.* No more, thou thunder-master, show  
Thy spite on mortal flies:  
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
That thy adulteries  
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well?

Whose face I never saw;  
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd  
Attending nature's law.

Whose father, then, (as men report,  
Thou orphans' father art)  
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him  
From this earth-vexing smart.

*Moth.* Lucina lent not me her aid,  
But took me in my throes;  
That from me was Posthumus ript,  
Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
A thing of pity.

*Sici.* Great nature, like his ancestry,  
Moulded the stuff so fair,  
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,  
As great Scillius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,  
In Britain where was he,  
That could stand up his parallel,  
Or fruitful object be  
In eye of Imogen, that best  
Could deem his dignity?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,  
To be exil'd, and thrown  
From Leonati' seat, and cast  
From her his dearest one,  
Sweet Imogen?

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
Slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy;  
And to become the <sup>f</sup>geck and scorn  
O' the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came,  
Our parents, and <sup>2</sup> we twain,  
That striking in our country's cause  
Fell bravely, and were slain;  
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,  
With honor to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
To Cymbeline perform'd:  
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,

<sup>a</sup> "Answer," i. e., retaliation.—<sup>b</sup> "Silly," i. e., simple;  
rustic.—<sup>c</sup> "Affront," i. e., encounter.—<sup>d</sup> An allusion to the  
custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned  
out to pasture.—<sup>e</sup> "In gyves," i. e., in fetters.

<sup>f</sup> "The geck," i. e., the fool.

Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
The graces for his merits due,  
Being all to dolours turn'd?

*Sici.* Thy crystal window ope; look out:  
No longer exercise,  
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh  
And potent injuries.

*Moth.* Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
Take off his miseries.

*Sici.* Peep through thy marble mansion; help!  
Or we poor ghosts will cry,  
To the shining synod of the rest,  
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,  
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting  
upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunderbolt; the  
Ghosts fall on their Knees.

*Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
Offend our hearing: hush!—How dare you ghosts  
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,  
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?  
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest

Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:  
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;

No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.  
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,  
The more delay'd, a delighted. Be content;

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—  
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.  
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;  
And so, away: no farther with your din  
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]

*Sici.* He came in thunder; his celestial breath  
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle  
Stoop'd, as to 'b foot us: his ascension is  
More sweet than our bless'd fields. His royal bird  
Prunes the immortal wing, and 'cloys his beak,  
As when his god is pleas'd.

*All.* Thanks, Jupiter.

*Sici.* The marble pavement closes; he is enter'd  
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,  
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

*Post.* [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-  
sire, and begot

A father to me; and thou hast created  
A mother, and two brothers. But (O scorn!)  
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born,  
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend  
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done;  
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:  
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
And yet are steep'd in favors; so am I,  
That have this golden chance, and know not why.

<sup>1</sup> [*Finding the Tablet.*]  
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare  
Be not, as is our 'd fangled world, a garment [one!]  
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects  
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to him-  
self unknown, without seeking find, and be em-

braced by a piece of tender air; and when from a  
stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches, which, being  
dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to  
the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthu-  
mus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and  
flourish in peace and plenty."

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
"Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing:  
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
The action of my life is like it, which  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter Jailors.*

*Jail.* Come, sir, are you ready for death?

*Post.* Over-roasted, rather; ready long ago.

*Jail.* Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready  
for that, you are well cooked.

*Post.* So, if I prove a good repast to the specta-  
tors, the dish pays the shot.

*Jail.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir; but the com-  
fort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear  
no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of  
parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in  
faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much  
drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and  
sorry that you are 'paid too much; purse and  
brain both empty: the brain the heavier for be-  
ing too light, the purse too light, being drawn  
of heaviness. O! of this contradiction you shall  
now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it  
sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true  
debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and  
to come, the discharge.—Your neck, sir, is pen,  
book, and counters; so the acquaintance follows.

*Post.* I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

*Jail.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the  
toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep,  
and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he  
would change places with his officer; for, look you,  
sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

*Jail.* Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have  
not seen him so pictured: you must either be direct-  
ed by some that take upon them to know, or take  
upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not  
know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril:  
and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I  
think, you'll never return to tell one.

*Post.* I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes  
to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink,  
and will not use them.

*Jail.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man  
should have the best use of eyes to see the way of  
blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of wink-  
ing.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Knock off his manacles: bring your pris-  
oner to the king.

*Post.* Thou bring'st good news. I am called to  
be made free.

*Jail.* I'll be hang'd, then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a jailor; no  
bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.*]

*Jail.* Unless a man would marry a gallows, and  
beget young gibbets, I never saw one so 'b prone.  
Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves de-  
sire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be  
some of them too, that die against their wills: so

<sup>e</sup> "Tongue, and brain not," i. e., talk, and understand not.

<sup>—f</sup> Paid here means subdued, overcome by the liquor, —

<sup>s</sup> "Jump," i. e., hazard. — <sup>b</sup> "So prone," i. e., so prompt,

ready.

<sup>a</sup> Delighted for delightful. — <sup>b</sup> "To foot us," i. e., to grasp  
us in his clutches. — <sup>c</sup> Cloys for claws. — <sup>d</sup> "Fangled," i. e.,  
trifling

should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O, there were desolation of jailors, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a perferment in't. [Exit.

## SCENE V.—CYMBELINE'S Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVI-RAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

*Cym.* Stand by my side you, whom the gods have Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, [made That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before <sup>a</sup>target of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one, that promis'd nought But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him?  
*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead and But no trace of him. [living,

*Cym.* To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain, By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are: report it.

*Bel.* Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen. Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees.— Arise, my knights o' the battle: I create you Companions to our person, and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly Greet you our victory? you look like Romans, And not o' the court of Britain.

*Cor.* Hail, great king! To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

*Cym.* Whom worse than a physician Would this report become? But I consider, By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life; Which, being cruel to the world, concluded Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd, I will report, so please you: these her women Can trip me, if I err, who, with wet cheeks, Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Pr'ythee, say.  
*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only Affected greatness got by you, not you: Married your royalty, was wife to your place, Abhor'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this; And, but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed. [love

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in <sup>b</sup>hand to With such integrity, she did confess Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life, But that her flight prevented it, she had Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend! Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more? [had  
*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took, Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd, By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O'come you with her show; and in time (When she had fitted you with her craft) to work Her son into th' adoption of the crown: But failing of her end by his strange absence, Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so, Despairing died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women?

*Lady.* We did so, please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes Were not in fault, for she was beautiful; Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart, That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter! That it was folly in me, thou may'st say, And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute: that The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit, That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter Of you their captives, which ourself have granted. So, think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day Was yours by accident; had it gone with us, We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth, A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer. Augustus lives to think on't; and so much For my peculiar care. This one thing only I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born, Let him be ransom'd: never master had A page so kind, so duteous, diligent, So tender over his occasions, true, So 'feet, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm, Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir, And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him: His <sup>a</sup>favor is familiar to me.—Boy, Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore, To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live, And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt, Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it; Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner, The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad, And yet I know thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no; alack! There's other work in hand.—I see a thing Bitter to me as death.—Your life, good master, Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.* The boy disdains me, He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys, That place them on the truth of girls and boys.— Why stands he so perplex'd?

<sup>a</sup> "Target," i. e., target; shield.—<sup>b</sup> "bear in hand" is to delude by false appearances.

<sup>c</sup> "So feat," i. e., so ready, dexterous.—<sup>d</sup> "His favor," i. e., his countenance.

*Cym.* What would'st thou, boy?  
I love thee more and more; think more and more  
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?  
speak;

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

*Imo.* He is a Roman; no more kin to me,  
Than I to your highness, who, being born your vassal,  
Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore cy'st him so?

*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.  
*Cym.* Thou art my good youth, my page;  
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

*Bel.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

*Arv.* One said another  
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad,  
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?

*Gwi.* The same dead thing alive. [forbear.]

*Bel.* Peace, peace! see farther; he eyes us not:  
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure  
He would have spoke to us.

*Gwi.* But we saw him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent; let's see farther.

*Pis.* [Aside.] It is my mistress!  
Since she is living, let the time run on,  
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side:  
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [To IACHIMO.] step  
you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,  
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,  
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall  
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

*Imo.* My boon is, that this gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this ring.

*Post.* [Aside.] What's that to him?

*Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say,  
How came it yours?

*Iach.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

*Cym.* How! me?

*Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that,  
Torments me to conceal. By villainy [which  
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;  
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may  
grieve thee,

As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd [lord!  
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my  
*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iach.* That paragon, thy daughter,  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

*Cym.* My daughter! what of her? renew thy  
strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,  
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour) it was in Rome, (accurs'd  
The mansion where) 'twas at a feast, (O! would  
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least

Those which I heav'd to head) the good Posthumus,  
(What should I say? he was too good to be  
Where ill men were, and was the best of all

Amongst the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speak: for a feature, laming

\* Feature is used here for proportion.

The shrine of Venus, or b straight-pight Minerva,  
Postures beyond brief nature; for c condition,  
A shop of all the qualities that man  
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,  
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

*Cym.* I stand on fire.

Come to the matter.

*Iach.* All too soon I shall, [mus,  
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthu-  
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one  
That had a royal lover) took his hint;  
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein  
He was as calm as virtue) he began [made,  
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being  
And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
Were d crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description  
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to the purpose.

*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her e as Dian had hot dreams,  
And she alone were cold: whereat, I, wretch,  
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him  
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore  
Upon his honor'd finger, to attain

In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring  
By her's and mine adultery. He, true knight,  
No lesser of her honor confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;

And would so, had it been a carbuncle

Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it

Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain

Post I in this design: well may you, sir,

Remember me at court, where I was taught

Of your chaste daughter the wide difference

'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quenched

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain

'Gan in your duller Britain operate

Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;

And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,

That I return'd with f similar proof, enough

To make the noble Leonatus mad,

By wounding his belief in her renown

With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes

Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,

(O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks

Of secret on her person, that he could not

But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—

Metinks, I see him now,—

*Post.* Ay, so thou dost.

[Coming forward.]

Italian fiend!—Ah me! most credulous fool,

Egregious murderer, thief, any thing

That's due to all the villains past, in being,

To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,

Some upright j'usticer! Thou, king, send out

For torturers ingenious: it is I

That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,

By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,

That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;

That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,

A sacrilegious thief, to do't—The temple

Of virtue was she:—yea, and she herself

Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me; set

The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain

Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and

Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!

My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,

Imogen, Imogen!

b "Straight-pight," i. e., straight-shaped.—c "Condition," i. e., temper; quality.—d "Crack'd," i. e., boasted.—e "As for as if,"—f "Similar," i. e., specious; plausible; fignred.—g "Justicer" was anciently used for justice.

*Imo.* Pence, my lord! hear, hear!—

*Post.* Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,  
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*]

*Pis.* O, gentlemen! help  
Mine, and your mistress.—O, my lord Posthumus!  
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!—  
Mine honor'd lady!

*Cym.* Does the world go round?

*Post.* How come these 'stagers on me?

*Pis.* Wake, my mistress!

*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  
To death with mortal joy.

*Pis.* How fares my mistress?

*Imo.* O! get thee from my sight;  
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  
Breathe not where princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of Imogen!

*Pis.* Lady,  
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
That box I gave you was not thought by me  
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

*Cym.* New matter still?

*Imo.* It poison'd me.

*Cor.* O gods!

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,  
Which must approve thee honest: if Pisanio  
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection  
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd  
As I would serve a rat.

*Cym.* What's this, Cornelius?

*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me  
To temper poisons for her; still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only  
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs  
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
The present power of life; but, in short time,  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.

*Bel.* My boys,

There was our error.

*Gui.* This is, sure, Fidele. [You?]

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady from  
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now  
Throw me again. [*Embracing POSTHUMUS.*]

*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die!

*Cym.* How now! my flesh, my child?

What! mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me!

*Imo.* Your blessing, sir.

[*Kneeling.*]

*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame ye  
You had a motive for't. [not;]

[*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

*Cym.* My tears that fall,

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

*Imo.* I am sorry for't, my lord.

*Cym.* O! she was naught; and long of her it  
was,

That we meet here so strangely: but her son

Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

*Pis.* My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  
Upon my lady's missing, came to me [swore,

With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and  
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

It was my instant death. By accident,  
I had a feigned letter of my master's  
Then in my pocket, which directed him  
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments  
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate  
My lady's honor: what became of him,  
I farther know not.

*Gui.* Let me end the story.

I slew him there.

*Cym.* Marry, the gods forefend!  
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
Pluck a hard sentence: prythee, valiant youth,  
Deny't again.

*Gui.* I have spoke it, and I did it.

*Cym.* He was a prince.

*Gui.* A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me  
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me  
With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head;  
And am right glad, he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.

*Cym.* I am sorry for thee:  
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must  
Endure our law. Thou art dead.

*Imo.* That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.

*Cym.* Bind the offender,  
And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, sir king.

This is better than the man he slew,  
As well descended as thyself; and hath  
More of these merited, than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

[*To the Guard.*]

They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.* Why, old soldier,  
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  
As good as we?

*Arv.* In that he spake too far.

*Cym.* And thou shalt die for't.

*Bel.* We will die all three;

But I will prove that two on's are as good  
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must  
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

*Arv.* Your danger's ours.

*Gui.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it, then, by leave.

Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who was call'd  
Belarius.

*Cym.* What of him? he is

A banish'd traitor.

*Bel.* He it is that hath  
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;  
I know not how, a traitor.

*Cym.* Take him hence.

The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.* Not too hot:

First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

And let it be confiscate all, so soon

As I have receiv'd it.

*Cym.* Nursing of my sons?

*Bel.* I am too blunt, and saucy; here's my knee:

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;

Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,

These two young gentlemen, that call me father,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine:

They are the issue of your loins, my liege,

\* "These staggers," i. e., this madness.—b "To temper,"  
i. e., to compound; to mix.

\* "Forefend," i. e., forbid.



And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.*

How! my issue?

*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan, Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd: Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes (For such, and so they are) these twenty years Have I train'd up; those arts they have, as I Could put into them: my breeding was, sir, as Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't; Having receiv'd the punishment before, For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty Excited me to treason. Their dear loss, The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir, Here are your sons again; and I must lose Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.— The benediction of these covering heavens Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.*

Thou weep'st, and speak'st.

The service, that you three have done, is more  
\*Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons.

*Bel.*

Be pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
Most worthy prince, as your's is true Guiderius:  
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,  
Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp'd  
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand  
Of his queen mother, which, for more<sup>b</sup> probation,  
I can with ease produce.

*Cym.*

Guiderius had

Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:  
It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.*

This is he,

Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

*Cym.*

O! what am I

A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother  
Rejoic'd deliverance more.—Bless'd pray you be,  
That after this strange starting from your orbs,  
You may reign in them now.—O Imogen!  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.*

No, my lord;

I have got two worlds by't.—O, my gentle brothers!  
Have we thus met? O! never say hereafter,  
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When you were so indeed.

*Cym.*

Did you e'er meet?

*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gwi.*

And at first meeting lov'd;

Continued so, until we thought he died.

*Cor.*

By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

*Cym.*

O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This<sup>c</sup> fierce abridg-  
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which [ment  
Distinction should be rich<sup>d</sup> in.—Where? how liv'd  
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?  
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?  
Why fled you from the court, and whither? These,

And your three<sup>e</sup> motives to the battle, with  
I know not how much more, should be demanded,  
And all the other by-dependencies,  
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,  
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,  
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;  
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye  
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting  
Each object with a joy: the counterchange  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—  
Thou art my brother: so we'll hold thee ever.

[*To BELARIUS.*

*Imo.* You are my father, too; and did relieve me,  
To see this gracious season.

*Cym.*

All o'erjoy'd,

Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.

*Imo.*

My good master,

I will yet do you service.

*Luc.*

Happy be you!

*Cym.* The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,  
He would have well become this place, and grac'd  
The thankings of a king.

*Post.*

I am, sir,

The soldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeching: 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,  
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might  
Have made you finish.

*Iach.*

I am down again; [*Knéeing.*

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,  
Which I so often owe; but your ring first,  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess  
That ever swore her faith.

*Post.*

Kneel not to me:

The power that I have on you is to spare you;  
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,  
And deal with others better.

*Cym.*

Nobly doom'd.

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:  
Pardon's the word to all.

*Arv.*

You help us, sir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother;  
Joy'd are we, that you are.

[*Rome,*

*Post.* Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of  
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,  
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,  
Appear'd to me, with other spritely<sup>f</sup> shows  
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found  
This label on my bosom; whose<sup>g</sup> containing  
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
Make no<sup>h</sup> collection of it: let him show  
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.*

Philarmous!

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord. [*Coming forward.*

*Luc.*

Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* [*Reads.*] "When as a lion's whelp shall,  
to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be  
embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from  
a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which being  
dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the  
old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus  
end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish  
in peace and plenty."

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,

\* "More unlike," i. e., more unlikely, incredible.—<sup>b</sup> "For more probation," i. e., for further proof.—<sup>c</sup> "Fierce," i. e., vehement; rapid.—<sup>d</sup> "Which distinction should be rich in," i. e., which ought to be rendered distinct by an ample narrative.

<sup>e</sup> "Your three motives," i. e., the motives of you three.—<sup>f</sup> "Spritely shows," i. e., groups of sprites; ghostly appearances.—<sup>g</sup> "Whose containing," i. e., the contents of which.—<sup>h</sup> "Make no collection of it," i. e., draw no conclusion from it.

Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.  
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*  
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,  
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,  
Answering the letter of the oracle,  
Unknown to you, unsought, were \*clipp'd about  
With this most tender air.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point  
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,  
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,  
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue  
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.* Well,

My peace we will begin.—And, Caius Lucius,  
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,  
And to the Roman empire; promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;

\* "Clipp'd about," i. e., embraccd.

Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers  
Have laid most heavy hand.

*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do tune  
The harmony of this peace. The vision,  
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke  
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,  
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun  
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,  
Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite  
His favor with the radiant Cymbeline,  
Which shines here in the west.

*Cym.* Laud we the gods;

And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils  
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace  
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let  
A Roman and a British ensign wave  
Friendly together; so through Lud's town march,  
And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—  
Set on there!—Never was a war did cease,  
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.



ACT III.—Scene I.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.  
 PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.  
 HELICANUS, } two Lords of Tyre.  
 ESCANES, }  
 SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.  
 CLEON, Governor of Tharsus.  
 LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.  
 CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus.  
 THALIARD, a Lord of Antioch.  
 PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon.  
 LEONINE, Servant to Dionyza.

Marshal.  
 A Pander, and his Wife.  
 BOULT, their Servant.  
 GOWER, as Chorus.

The Daughter of Antiochus.  
 DIONYZA, Wife to Cleon.  
 THAISA, Daughter to Simonides.  
 MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.  
 Lychorida, Nurse to Marina.  
 DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, Messengers, &c.  
 SCENE, dispersedly in various Countries.

## ACT I.

Enter <sup>a</sup>GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that <sup>b</sup>old was sung,  
 From ashes ancient Gower is come;  
 Assuming man's infirmities,  
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes.  
 It hath been sung at festivals,  
 On ember-eyes, and holy <sup>c</sup>ales,  
 And lords and ladies in their lives  
 Have read it for restoratives:  
 The purpose is to make men glorious;  
*Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.*  
 If you, born in these latter times,  
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,

And that to hear an old man sing,  
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
 I life would wish, and that I might  
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.—  
 This Antioch, then: Antiochus the great  
 Built up this city for his chiefest seat,  
 The fairest in all Syria;  
 I tell you what my authors say:  
 This king unto him took a <sup>d</sup>feere,  
 Who died and left a female heir,  
 So buxom, blithe, and full of <sup>e</sup>face,  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
 With whom the father liking took,  
 And her to incest did provoke.  
 Bad child, worse father, to entice his own  
 To evil, should be done by none.  
 By custom what they did begin  
 Was with long use <sup>f</sup>account no sin.

<sup>a</sup> Chorus, in the character of Gower, an old English poet, who has related the story of this play in his *Confessio Amantis*.—<sup>b</sup> "Old," i. e., of old.—<sup>c</sup> "Ales," i. e., Whitsun-ales.

<sup>d</sup> "A feere," i. e., a mate or companion.—<sup>e</sup> "Full of face," i. e., exceedingly beautiful.—<sup>f</sup> Account for accounted.

The beauty of this sinful damo  
Made many princes thither <sup>a</sup> frame,  
To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
In marriage pleasures play-fellow :  
Which to prevent he made a law,  
To keep her <sup>b</sup> still and men in awe,  
That whose ask'd her for his wife,  
His riddle told not, lost his life :  
So, for her many a wight did die,  
As yond' grim looks do <sup>c</sup> testify.  
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter* ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre, you have at large  
The danger of the task you undertake. [*receiv'd*]

*Per.* I have, Antiochus, and with a soul  
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
Think death no hazard in this enterprise. [*Music.*]

*Ant.* Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd)  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.

*Enter the Daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.

*Per.* See, where she comes, apparell'd like the  
spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men !

Her face, the book of <sup>d</sup> praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thenceo  
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild <sup>e</sup> companion.

Ye gods, that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness !

*Ant.* Prince Pericles,—

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain ;  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
Yond' sometime famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,  
That, without covering, save yond' field of stars,  
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,  
For <sup>f</sup> going on death's net, whom none resist

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must :  
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us, life's but breath ; to trust it, error.  
I'll make my will, then ; and as sick men do,

<sup>a</sup> "Frame," i. e., shape, direct their course. — <sup>b</sup> "To keep her still," i. e., to keep her still to himself. — <sup>c</sup> Pointing to the scene of the palace gate at Antioch, on which the heads of those unfortunate *wights* were fixed. — <sup>d</sup> "The book of praises," i. e., the book where may be read all that is *praiseworthy*. — <sup>e</sup> "Her mild companion," i. e., the companion of her mildness. — <sup>f</sup> "For going," i. e., for fear of going.

Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,  
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did :  
So, I bequeath a happy peace to you,  
And all good men, as every prince should do :  
My riches to the earth from whence they came,  
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.

Thus, ready for the way of life or death,  
I wait the sharpest blow.

*Ant.* Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then ;  
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* Of all, 'say'd yet, may'st thou prove pros-  
Of all, 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness. [*perous!*]

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,  
Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness, and courage.

THE RIDDLE.

*I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh, which did me breed ;  
I sought a husband, in which labor,  
I found that kindness in a father :  
He's father, son, and husband mild,  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last : but, O ! you powers,  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,  
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?  
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,  
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill ;  
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt,  
For he's no man on whom perfections <sup>g</sup> wait,  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,  
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music, [*en ;*  
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to heark-  
But being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,  
For that's an article within our law,  
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd :  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king,  
Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;  
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.  
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown ;  
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,  
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear :  
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole  
casts [*through'd*]

<sup>h</sup> Copp'd' hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is  
By man's oppression ; and the poor worm doth die  
for't.

Kings are earth's gods ; in vice their law's their will,  
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill ?  
It is enough you know ; and it is fit,  
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.  
All love the womb that their first beings bred,  
Then, give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head ! he  
has found the meaning ; [*of Tyre,*  
But I will 'gloze with him. [*To him.*] Young prince  
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,  
Your exposition misinterpreting.

<sup>g</sup> That is, 'no perfect or honest man.' — <sup>h</sup> "Copp'd," i. e., conical. — "Gloze," i. e., flatter ; in-imute.

We might proceed to cancel of your days;  
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.  
Forty days longer we do respite you;  
If by which time our secret be undone,  
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:  
And until then your entertain shall be,  
As doth befit our honor, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANTIOCHUS, his Daughter, and Attendants.*]

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin,  
When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
If it be true that I interpret false,  
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,  
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;  
<sup>b</sup> Where now you're both a father and a son,  
By your untimely clasplings with your child,  
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father)  
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
By the defiling of her parent's bed;  
And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men  
<sup>c</sup> Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shun no course to keep them from the light:  
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.  
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:  
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you <sup>d</sup> clear,  
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.*

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for the which  
To have his head. [*He mean*]  
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin  
In such a loathed manner:  
And therefore instantly this prince must die;  
For by his fall my honor must keep high.  
Who attends us there?

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* Doth your highness call?  
*Ant.* Thaliard,  
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes  
Her private actions to your secrecy;  
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;  
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:  
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?  
*Thal.* My lord,  
'Tis done.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ant.* Enough.—  
Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.  
*Mess.* My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit Messenger.*]  
*Ant.* As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot  
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark  
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,  
Unless thou say Prince Pericles is dead.

*Thal.* My lord, if I  
Can get him once within my pistol's length,  
I'll make him sure: so, farewell to your highness.  
[*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu.—Till Pericles be dead,  
My heart can lend no succor to my head. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.*

*Per.* Let none disturb us: why should this change  
of thoughts?

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,  
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,  
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me  
quiet. [*them,*]  
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun  
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,  
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.  
Then, it is thus: that passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
And what was first but fear what might be done,  
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done:  
And so with me:—the great Antiochus  
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since he's so great, can make his will his act)  
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;  
Nor boots it me to say, I honor,  
If he suspect I may dishonor him:  
And what may make him blush in being known,  
He'll stop the course by which it might be known.  
With hostile forces he'll o'spread the land,  
And with the fustent of war will look so huge,  
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;  
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,  
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:  
Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,  
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them)  
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast.

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,  
Peaceful and comfortable.

*Hel.* Peace, peace! and give experience tongue.  
They do abuse the king, that flatter him:  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;  
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err:  
When signior Sooth, here, does proclaim a peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.  
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;  
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else; but let your cares o'er-look  
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,  
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus,  
thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

*Hel.* How dare the plants look up to heaven, from  
They have their nourishment? [*whence*]

*Per.* Thou know'st I have power  
To take thy life from thee.

*Hel.* I have ground the axe myself;  
Do you but strike the blow.

<sup>a</sup> "To cancel of your days," i. e., to the destruction of your life.—<sup>b</sup> Where for whereas.—<sup>c</sup> "Blush," i. e., who blush.—<sup>d</sup> "To keep you clear," i. e., to prevent suspicion from falling upon you.

<sup>e</sup> "Mis-dread," i. e., dread of evil.—<sup>f</sup> "Ostent," i. e., appearance; show.—<sup>g</sup> "That blast," i. e., the blast of flattery.

*Per.* Rise, pr'ythee rise.  
Sit down; thou art no flatterer:  
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid.  
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
What would'st thou have me do?

*Hel.* To bear with patience  
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,  
That ministers a potion unto me,  
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.  
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,  
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
From whence an issue I might propagate,  
\*Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest:  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
Seem'd not to strike, but <sup>b</sup>smooth; but thou know'st  
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss. [this,  
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled  
Under the covering of a careful night,  
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,  
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.  
And should he <sup>c</sup>doubt it, (as no doubt he doth)  
That I should open to the listening air,  
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,  
To top that doubt he'll fill this land with arms,  
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;  
When all, for mine, if I may call't, offence,  
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:  
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,  
Who now revolv'st me for it—

*Hel.* Alas, sir!

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my  
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts [checks,  
How I might stop this tempest ere it came:  
And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me leave  
to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
Who either by public war, or private treason,  
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,  
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to <sup>d</sup>any; if to me,  
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

*Hel.* We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,  
From whence we had our being and our birth.

*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee, then; and to  
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,  
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
The care I had, and have, of subjects' good,  
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.  
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;  
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.  
But in our <sup>e</sup>orbs we live so round and safe,

\* "Are arms," i. e., that are arms.—<sup>b</sup> To smooth is to soothe, coax, flatter.—<sup>c</sup> "Should he doubt it," i. e., should he fear, suspect it.—<sup>d</sup> "Your rule direct to any," i. e., transfer your authority to any one.—<sup>e</sup> "In our orbs," i. e., in our different spheres.

That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,  
Thou show'd'st a subject's <sup>f</sup>shine, I a true prince.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Tyre. An Ante-chamber in the  
Palace.

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this is the court.  
Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I  
am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—  
Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good  
discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of  
the king, desired he might know none of his secrets:  
now do I see he had some reason for it; for if a  
king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the in-  
dignity of his oath to be one.—Hush! here come  
the lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.*

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,  
Farther to question me of your king's departure:  
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

*Thal.* [Aside.] How! the king gone?

*Hel.* If farther yet you will be satisfied,  
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch—

*Thal.* [Aside.] What from Antioch?

*Hel.* Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)  
Took some displeasure at him: at least, he judg'd  
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd, [so;  
To show his sorrow he'd correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's <sup>h</sup>toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal.* [Aside.] Well, I perceive  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
But since he's gone, the king's seas must please:  
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—  
I'll present myself.—[*To them.*] Peace to the lords  
of Tyre.

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.  
*Thal.* From him I come,  
With message unto princely Pericles:  
But since my landing I have understood,  
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels,  
My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it,  
Commended to our <sup>i</sup>master, not to us;  
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,  
As friends to Antioch we may feast in Tyre.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's  
House.

*Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.*

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire,  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord! even such our griefs;  
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyza,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?

<sup>f</sup> "Convince," i. e., overcome.—<sup>g</sup> "Shine," i. e., splendor;  
lustre.—<sup>h</sup> That is, 'Intrusts himself to the dangers of the  
sea.'—<sup>i</sup> "Commended to our master," i. e., 'commended as  
it is to our master.'

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep  
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep, [louder;  
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them  
That if heaven slumber, while their creatures want,  
They may awake their helps to comfort them.  
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir. [ment,

*Cle.* This Tharsus, o'er which I have the govern-  
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,  
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets,  
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the  
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;  
Whose men and dames so <sup>a</sup>jett'd, and adorn'd,  
Like one another's glass to <sup>b</sup>trim them by:  
Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feed on as delight;  
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dio.* O! 'tis too true. [change,

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this our  
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:  
Those palates, who not yet two summers <sup>c</sup>younger,  
Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:  
Those mothers who to <sup>d</sup>nurse up their babes  
Thought nought too curious, are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.  
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,  
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true?

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*Cle.* O! let those cities, that of plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears:  
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor?

*Cle.* Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,  
For comfort is too far for us to expect. [shore,

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighboring  
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir  
That may succeed as his inheritor;  
And so in ours. Some neighboring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their <sup>e</sup>power,  
To beat us down, the which are down already;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

*Lord.* That's the least fear; for by the semblance  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favorers, not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat;  
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need we fear?

The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.

<sup>a</sup> "Jett'd," i. e., strutt'd. — <sup>b</sup> "To trim," i. e., to dress. —  
<sup>c</sup> "Two summers younger," i. e., two summers ago, or since.  
<sup>d</sup> "To nurse," i. e., to nurse. — <sup>e</sup> "Their power," i. e., their  
forces. — <sup>f</sup> "Him's," i. e., him *who is*.

Go, tell their general we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace <sup>g</sup>consist;  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men,  
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets;  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load:  
And these our ships you <sup>h</sup>happily may think  
Are like the Trojan horse, 'twas stuff'd within  
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,  
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,  
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead.

*All.* The gods of Greece protect you!

And we'll pray for you.

*Per.*

Arise, I pray you, arise:

We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harborage for ourself, our ships, and men.

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!  
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen)  
Your grace is welcome to our town and us. [while,

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a  
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I <sup>k</sup>wis, to incest bring;  
A better prince, and benign lord,  
That will prove <sup>m</sup>awful both in deed and word.  
Be quiet, then, as men should be,  
Till he hath pass'd necessity.  
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
The good in <sup>n</sup>conversation  
(To whom I give my <sup>o</sup>benizon)  
Is still at Tharsus, where each man  
Thinks all is wit he spoken <sup>p</sup>can:  
And to remember what he does,  
Build his statue to make him glorious:  
But tidings to the contrary  
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON;  
all the Train with them. Enter at another door,  
a Gentleman, with a Letter to PERICLES: PERI-  
CLES shows the Letter to CLEON; then gives the  
Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt  
PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.*

*Gow.* Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,  
Not to eat honey like a drone,

<sup>g</sup> "If he on peace consist," i. e., if he stands on peace. —  
<sup>h</sup> "You happily," i. e., which you perhaps. — <sup>i</sup> "Was stuff'd,"  
i. e., which was stuff'd. — <sup>j</sup> "I wis," i. e., I think. — <sup>k</sup> "A better  
prince," i. e., you have seen a better prince. — <sup>l</sup> "Awful," i. e.,  
entitled to reverence. — <sup>m</sup> "In conversation," i. e., in con-  
duct, behavior. — <sup>n</sup> "Benizon," i. e., benediction; blessing. —  
<sup>o</sup> "Thinks all is wit he spoken can," i. e., thinks all he  
(Pericles) can speak is as true as holy writ.

From others' labors; for though he strive  
To killen bad, keep good alive;  
And, to fulfil his prince's desire,  
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:  
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
And hid intent, to murder him;  
And that in Tharsus was not best  
Longer for him to make his rest.  
He, knowing so, put forth to seas,  
Where when men <sup>a</sup>been, there's seldom ease,  
For now the wind begins to blow;  
Thunder above, and deeps below,  
Make such unquiet, that the ship,  
<sup>b</sup>Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;  
And he, good prince, having all lost,  
By waves from coast to coast is tost.  
All perishen of man, of pelf,  
Ne aught <sup>c</sup>escapen but himself;  
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,  
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:  
And here he comes. What shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower; this <sup>d</sup>longs the text.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. An open Place by the  
Sea-side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of  
heaven!

Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you;  
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath  
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,  
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;  
And having thrown him from your watery grave,  
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilch!

2 Fish. Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 Fish. What, Patch-wreech, I say!

3 Fish. What say you, master?

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now. Come away,  
or I'll fetch thee with a <sup>e</sup>wannion.

3 Fish. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor  
men, that were cast away before us even now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to  
hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help  
them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help our-  
selves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I  
saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled!  
they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on  
them! they ne'er come, but I look to be washed.  
Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why as men do a-land: the great ones  
eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich  
misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and  
tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last  
devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I  
heard on the land, who never leave gaping, till they've  
swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells  
and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I  
would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me  
too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have  
kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should  
never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and  
parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides  
were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones,  
that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea  
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;  
And from their watery empire recollect  
All that may men approve, or men detect!—  
Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it  
be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and  
no body look after it. [Coast—]

Per. Y' may see, the sea hath cast me upon you  
2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to  
cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,  
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;  
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them  
in our country of Greece, gets more with begging,  
than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's  
nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou canst fish  
fort.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know,  
But what I am want teaches me to think on;  
A man through'd up with cold: my veins are chill,  
And have no more of life, than may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now, gods forbid it! I  
have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee  
warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come,  
thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays,  
fish for fasting days, and more'er puddings and  
flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could  
not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and  
so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 Fish. O! not all, my friend, not all; for if all  
your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better  
office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw  
up the net. [Exeunt Two of the Fishermen.]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their  
labor!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir; do you know where you  
are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis,  
and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called,  
for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his  
subjects the name of good by his government. How  
far is his court distant from this shore?

<sup>f</sup> "Flap-jacks," i. e., pomeakes.

<sup>a</sup> Been is used here for be—<sup>b</sup> "Should house," i. e., which  
should house.—<sup>c</sup> "Ne aught escapen," i. e., nothing escaped.  
—<sup>d</sup> "Longs," i. e., belongs to.—<sup>e</sup> "With a wannion," i. e.,  
with a mischief; with a vengeance.—<sup>f</sup> The playing of por-  
pises round a ship forebodes a violent gale of wind.



1 *Fish*. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to joust and a tourney for her love.

*Per*. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish*. O, sir! things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for. His wife's soul—

*Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.*

2 *Fish*. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! 'bobs on't; 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armor.

*Per*. An armor, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all crosses Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself: And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge (even as he left his life) "Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death;" (and point'd to this brace) "For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity, The which the gods protect thee from, it may defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it, Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given 't again. I thank thee for't: my shipwreck now's no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

1 *Fish*. What mean you, sir?

*Per*. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, And for his sake I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with it I may appear a gentleman: And if that ever my low fortunes better, I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

*Per*. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, do ye take it; and the gods give thee good on't!

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

*Per*. Believe it, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel; And spite of all the <sup>d</sup>rapture of the sea, This jewel holds his <sup>d</sup>biding on my arm: Unto thy value will I mount myself Upon a courser, whose delightful steps Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.— Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided Of a pair of <sup>b</sup>ases.

2 *Fish*. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

*Per*. Then honor be but a goal to my will!

This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Ladies, Lords, &c.

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Sim*. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord*. They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

*Sim*. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,

In honor of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

*Thai*. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*Sim*. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are A model, which heaven makes like to itself: As jewels lose their glory if neglected, So princes their renown, if not respected. 'Tis now your honor, daughter, to explain The labor of each knight in his device.

*Thai*. Which, to preserve mine honor, I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight: he passes over the Stage, and his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.*

*Sim*. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

*Thai*. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun; The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*.

*Sim*. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes over.*]

Who is the second that presents himself?

*Thai*. A prince of Macedon, my royal father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady: The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulzura que per fuerza*. [*The third Knight passes over.*]

*Sim*. And what the third?

*Thai*. The third of Antioch; And his device, a wreath of chivalry: The word, *Me pompe proceat apex*.

[*The fourth Knight passes over.*]

*Sim*. What is the fourth?

*Thai*. A burning torch, that's turned upside down; The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*. [and will.

*Sim*. Which shows that beauty hath his power Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes over.*]

*Thai*. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds, Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried; The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[*The sixth Knight passes over.*]

*Sim*. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd? [*is*]

*Thai*. He seems to be a stranger; but his present A wither'd branch, that's only green at top: The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

*Sim*. A pretty moral:

From the dejected state wherein he is, He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord*. He had need mean better, than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just <sup>k</sup>commend;

For by his rusty outside he appears

To have practis'd more the <sup>l</sup>whipstock than the lance.

2 *Lord*. He well may be a stranger, for he comes To an honor'd triumph strangely furnished.

3 *Lord*. And on set purpose let his armor rust Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*Sim*. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan

<sup>a</sup> "To joust and turney," i. e., to run and tilt in the lists.

<sup>b</sup> "Bots on't," an exclamation formerly in use.—<sup>c</sup> The brace is armor for the arm.—<sup>d</sup> The rapture, i. e., the violent seizure.—<sup>e</sup> "Biding," i. e., keeping.—<sup>f</sup> Bases were a kind of embroidered mantle, which hung from about the middle to the knees, or lower.

<sup>k</sup> "Return them," i. e., return them notice.—<sup>l</sup> "The word," i. e., the motto.—<sup>m</sup> That is, <sup>n</sup> More by sweetness than by force.  
<sup>n</sup> Commendation.—<sup>o</sup> Whip-handle.

The outward habit by the inward <sup>a</sup> man.  
But stay, the knights are coming: we'll withdraw  
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*]  
[*Great Shouts, and all cry, The mean knight!*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Hall of State.  
A Banquet prepared.

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Ladies, Lords, Knights,  
and Attendants.*

*Sim.* Knights,  
To say you are welcome were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,  
Since every worth in show commends itself.  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:  
You are princes, and my guests.

*Thai.* But you, [*To PER.*] my knight and guest;  
To whom this wreath of victory I give,  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours;  
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed;  
And you're her labor'd scholar. Come, queen o'  
the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are) here take your place:  
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

*Knights.* We are honor'd much by good Simonides.

*Sim.* Your presence glads our days: honor we love,  
For who hates honor hates the gods above.

*Marshal.* Sir, yond's your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.  
1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,  
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courteous knights.

*Sim.* Sit, sir; sit.  
By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These eates resist <sup>b</sup> me, he not thought upon.

*Thai.* By Juno, that is queen  
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat  
Do seem <sup>c</sup> unsavory, wishing him my meat.  
Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

*Sim.* He's but a country gentleman:  
He has done no more than other knights have done,  
He has broken a staff, or so; so, let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass.

*Per.* Yond' king's to me like to my father's picture,  
Which tells me in that glory once he was;  
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
And he the sun for them to reverence.  
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights  
Did <sup>d</sup> veil their crowns to his supremacy;  
<sup>d</sup> Where now his son, like a glow-worm in the night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:  
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;  
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

*Sim.* What! are you merry, knights?

1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?

*Sim.* Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,  
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips)  
We drink this health to you.

*Knights.* We thank your grace.

*Sim.* Yet pause a while;  
Yond' knight doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa?

*Thai.* What is it  
To me, my father?

*Sim.* O! attend, my daughter:  
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes  
To honor them; and princes, not doing so,  
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd  
Are wonder'd at. Therefore,  
To make his entrance more sweet, here say,  
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

*Thai.* Alas, my father! it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Sim.* How!  
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

*Thai.* [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not  
please me better.

*Sim.* And further tell him, we desire to know,  
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

*Thai.* The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.  
*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him  
freely.

*Thai.* And, farther, he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre (my name, Pericles,  
My education been in arts and arms)  
Who looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace; names himself  
Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,  
Who only by misfortune of the seas  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.

*Sim.* Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time which looks for other revels.  
Even in your armors, as you are 'address'd,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance.  
I will not have excuse, with saying, this  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,  
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.  
Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:  
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip,  
And that their measures are as excellent.

*Per.* In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

*Sim.* O! that's as much, as you would be denied  
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesies.—Unclasp, unclasp:  
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights,  
to conduct [sir,

These knights unto their several lodgings!—Yours,  
We have given order to be next our own.

*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
And that's the mark I know you level at:  
Therefore, each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> The meaning is, 'That makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit.'—<sup>b</sup> 'These eates resist me,' i. e., these delicacies go against my stomach.—<sup>c</sup> 'Vail,' i. e., lower.—<sup>d</sup> Where for whereas.

<sup>e</sup> 'His entrance,' i. e., his reverie.—<sup>f</sup> 'Address'd,' i. e., accoutred; prepared for combat.

## SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.*

*Hel.* No, Escanes; know this of me,  
 Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:  
 For which the most high gods, not minding longer  
 To withhold the vengeance, that they had in store,  
 Due to this heinous capital offence,  
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
 When he was seated, and his daughter with him,  
 In a chariot of inestimable value,  
 A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up  
 Those bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,  
 That all those eyes <sup>a</sup>ador'd them ere their fall,  
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

*Esea.* 'Twas very strange.

*Hel.* And yet but just; for though  
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
 To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

*Esea.* 'Tis very true.*Enter Three Lords.*

*1 Lord.* See! not a man, in private conference  
 Or council, has respect with him but he.

*2 Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.*3 Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.*1 Lord.* Follow me, then.—Lord Helicane, a word.*Hel.* With me? and welcome.—Happy day, my lords.

*1 Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,  
 And now at length they overflow their banks.

*Hel.* Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love.

*1 Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;  
 But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
 Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.  
 If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;  
 And be <sup>b</sup>resolved, he lives to govern us,  
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
 And leaves us to our free election.

*2 Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in  
 our censure:

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,  
 Like goodly buildings left without a roof,  
 Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,  
 That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,  
 We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

*All.* Live, noble Helicane!*Hel.* Try honor's cause; forbear your suffrages:

If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
 Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.

A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you

To forbear the absence of your king;

If in which time expir'd he not return,

I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love,

Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,

And in your search spend your adventurous worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,

You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

*1 Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield:

And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,

We with our travels will endeavor.

*Hel.* Then, you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:

When peers thus knit a kingdom ever stands.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter: the Knights meet him.**1 Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know:That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake  
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,

Which yet from her by no means can I get.

*2 Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?*Sim.* 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied  
To her chamber, that it is impossible. *[her*

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,

And on her virgin honor will not break it.

*3 Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take  
our leaves. *[Exeunt.]**Sim.* So,

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter.

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no.

Well, I commend her choice,

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.**Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides!*Sim.* To you as much, sir. I am beholding to you

For your sweet music this last night: I do

Protest, my ears were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend,  
Not my desert.*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master.*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.*Sim.* Let me ask one thing.

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

*Per.* As of a most virtuous princess.*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not?*Per.* As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.*Sim.* My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you:

Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,

And she'll your scholar be: therefore, look to it.

*Per.* I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.*Sim.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.*Per.* *[Aside.]* What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life.

*[To him.]* O! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honor her. *[art**Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou  
A villain.*Per.* By the gods, I have not,

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.*Per.*

Traitor!

*Sim.*

Ay, traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat, unless it be the king,That calls me traitor, I return the lie. *[courage.**Sim.* *[Aside.]* Now, by the gods, I do applaud his*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court for honor's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state;

<sup>a</sup> "Those eyes ador'd," i. e., those eyes which ador'd.—<sup>b</sup> "Be resolved," i. e., be satisfied.—<sup>c</sup> "The strongest in our censure," i. e., the most probable in our opinion.

And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove he's honor's enemy.

*Sim.* No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter THAISA.*

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you?

*Thai.* Why, sir, if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory!—

[*Aside.*] I am glad on't with all my heart.

[*To her.*] I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,  
Bestow your love and your affections  
Upon a stranger? [*Aside.*] who, for aught I know,  
May be (nor can I think the contrary)  
As great in blood as I myself.

[*To her.*] Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame  
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,  
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—  
Man and wife.—Nay, come; your hands,  
And lips must seal it too;  
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;  
And for farther grief,—God give you joy!—  
What, are you both pleas'd?

*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

*Sim.* What! are you both agreed?

*Both.* Yes, if't please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;  
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Now sleep <sup>a</sup>yslaked hath the rout;  
No din but snores the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage feast.  
The cat with <sup>b</sup>eyne of burning coal,  
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;  
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
Are the blither for their dronth.  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,  
And time that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly <sup>c</sup>eche;  
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

*Dumb Show.*

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a Letter: PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to PERICLES. Then, enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA: SIMONIDES shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her Father, and all depart.*

*Gow.* By many a <sup>d</sup>dern and painful <sup>e</sup>perch  
Of Pericles the careful search  
By the four opposing <sup>f</sup>coignes,  
Which the world together joins,

Is made, with all due diligence,  
That horse, and sail, and high expense,  
Can stand the <sup>g</sup>quest. At last from Tyre  
(Fame answering the most strange inquire,)  
To the court of king Simonides  
Are letters brought, the tenor these:—  
Antiochus and his daughter dead:  
The men of Tyros on the head  
Of Helicanus would set on  
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
The mutiny he there hastes t' <sup>h</sup>oppress;  
Says to them, if king Pericles  
Come not home in twice six moons,  
He, obedient to their dooms,  
Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
Yraved the regions round,  
And every one with claps <sup>i</sup>gan sound,  
"Our heir apparent is a king!"  
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"  
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:  
His queen, with child, makes her desire  
(Which who shall cross?) along to go.  
Omit we all their <sup>j</sup>dole and woe:  
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
And so to sea. Then, vessel shakes  
On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood  
Varies again: the grizzly north  
Disgorges such a tempest forth  
That, as a duck for life that dives,  
So up and down the poor ship drives.  
The lady shrieks, and <sup>k</sup>well-a-pear,  
Does fall in travail with her fear:  
And what ensues in this <sup>l</sup>self storm  
Shall for itself itself perform.  
I <sup>m</sup>will relate, action may  
Conveniently the rest convey,  
Which might not what by me is told.  
In your imagination hold  
This stage the ship, upon whose deck  
The seas-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.*

*Per.* Thou God of this great <sup>n</sup>vast, rebuke these  
surges, [<sup>o</sup> hast  
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that  
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
Having call'd them from the deep. O! still  
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; duly quench  
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O! how, Lychorida,  
How does my queen?—Thou storm, <sup>p</sup>venomously  
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle  
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
Unheard.—Lychorida!—<sup>q</sup>Lucina, O!  
Divinest patroness and midwife, gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

*Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.*

*Lye.* Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who, if it had <sup>r</sup>conceit, would die as I  
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece  
Of your dead queen.

<sup>a</sup> "Yslaked," i. e., quenched.—<sup>b</sup> Eyes.—<sup>c</sup> "Eche," i. e., eke out.—<sup>d</sup> "Dern," i. e., lonely; solitary.—<sup>e</sup> Perch, a measure of five and a half yards.—<sup>f</sup> "Coignes," i. e., corners.  
<sup>g</sup> "Can stand the quest," i. e., can assist the search.—<sup>h</sup> Oppress for suppress.—<sup>i</sup> "Dole," i. e., grief; sorrow.—<sup>k</sup> "Well-a-pear!" an exclamation equivalent to "Well-a-day!"—<sup>l</sup> "Self" is used here for self-same.—<sup>m</sup> "I will," i. e., I shall not.—<sup>n</sup> "This great vast," i. e., this wide expanse.—<sup>o</sup> "Venomously," i. e., maliciously.—<sup>p</sup> Lucina, the goddess of child-bearing.—<sup>q</sup> "Conceit," i. e., thought.

<sup>a</sup> "Yslaked," i. e., quenched.—<sup>b</sup> Eyes.—<sup>c</sup> "Eche," i. e., eke out.—<sup>d</sup> "Dern," i. e., lonely; solitary.—<sup>e</sup> Perch, a measure of five and a half yards.—<sup>f</sup> "Coignes," i. e., corners.

*Per.* How! how, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.  
Here's all that is left living of your queen,  
A little daughter: for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honor with you.

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge.

*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life;  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;  
For thou'rt the rusteldest welcome to this world,  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!  
Thou hast as <sup>b</sup>chiding a nativity,  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage <sup>c</sup>quit,  
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods  
Throw their best eyes upon it!

*Enter Two Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* What, courage, sir! God save you.

*Per.* Courage enough. I do not fear the <sup>d</sup>flaw;  
It hath done to me the worst: yet, for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh new sea-farer,  
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bowlines there; thou wilt not,  
wilt thou?—Blow, and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy bil-  
low kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea  
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the  
ship be cleared of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath  
been still observed, and we are strong in earnest.  
Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard  
straight.

*Per.* As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida!  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe  
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

*[Exit LYCHORIDA.]*

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,  
caulk'd and bitum'd ready. *[this?]*

*Per.* I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner, *[it?]*  
Alter thy course <sup>f</sup>for Tyre. When canst thou reach

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

*Per.* O! make for Tharsus.—

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it  
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner:  
I'll bring the body presently. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S  
House.

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons who  
have been Shipwrecked.*

*Cer.* Philemon, ho!

*Enter PHILEMON.*

*Phil.* Doth my lord call?

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men:  
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

*Serv.* I have been in many; but such a night as this,  
Till now I ne'er endur'd.

*Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return:  
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,  
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,  
And tell me how it works. *[To PHILEMON.]*

*[Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and the rest.]*

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

*Cer.* Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook, as the earth did quake;  
The very <sup>g</sup>principals did seem to rend,  
And all to <sup>h</sup>topple. Pure surprise and fear  
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;  
'Tis not our husbandry.

*Cer.* O! you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship,  
having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

*Cer.* I hold it ever,

Virtue and <sup>k</sup>cunning were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever  
Have studied physick, through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have  
(Together with my practice) made familiar  
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions  
That dwell in <sup>l</sup>vegetives, in metals, stones;  
And can speak of the disturbances that nature  
Works, and of her cures; which doth give me  
A more content, in course of true delight,  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,  
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death. *[forth]*

2 *Gent.* Your honor has through Ephesus pour'd  
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:  
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but  
even

Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon  
Such strong renown as time shall never—

*Enter Two Servants with a Chest.*

*Serv.* So; lift there.

<sup>a</sup> "Conditions," i. e., qualities; dispositions.—<sup>b</sup> "Chiding," i. e., noisy.—<sup>c</sup> That is, "Thy loss by the death of thy mother, is more than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counter-balance."—<sup>d</sup> "The flaw," i. e., the storm; the blast.—<sup>e</sup> "Thither," i. e., towards Tharsus.—<sup>f</sup> "For Tyre," i. e., instead of Tyre.

<sup>g</sup> The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.—<sup>h</sup> "To topple," i. e., to tumble.—<sup>i</sup> "Our husbandry," i. e., our economical prudence.—<sup>k</sup> "Cunning," i. e., knowledge.—<sup>l</sup> "Vegetives," i. e., vegetables.

*Cer.* What is that?  
*Serv.* Sir, even now  
 Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:  
 'Tis of some wreck.  
*Cer.* Set it down; let's look upon't.  
*2 Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.  
*Cer.* Whate'er it be,  
 'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:  
 If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,  
 'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.  
*2 Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.  
*Cer.* How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd.  
 Did the sea cast it up?  
*Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,  
 As toss'd it upon shore.  
*Cer.* Come, wrench it open.  
 Soft, soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.  
*2 Gent.* A delicate odor.  
*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.  
 O, you most potent gods! what's here? a corpse?  
*1 Gent.* Most strange!  
*Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and en-  
 With full bags of spices! A passport too:  
 Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

[Unfolds a Scroll.]

“Here I give to understand,  
 (If e'er this coffin drive a-land)  
*I, king Pericles, have lost  
 This queen, worth all our 'mundane cost.  
 Who finds her, give her burying;  
 She was the daughter of a king;  
 Besides this treasure for a fee,  
 The gods requite his charity!’*”

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart  
 That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.

*2 Gent.* Most likely, sir.

*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night;  
 For look, how fresh she looks.—They were too rough,  
 That threw her in the sea. Make fire within:  
 Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.  
 Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
 And yet the fire of life kindle again  
 The overpressed spirits. I heard  
 Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours lien dead,  
 Who was by good appliance recovered.

*Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—  
 The rough and woful music that we have,  
 Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.  
 The vial once more;—how thou stir'st, thou block!—  
 The music there!—I pray you, give her air.  
 Gentlemen,  
 This queen will live: nature awakes a warm  
 Breath out of her: she hath not been entanc'd  
 Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow  
 Into life's flower again!

*1 Gent.* The heavens  
 Through you increase our wonder, and set up  
 Your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive! behold,  
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
 Which Pericles hath lost,  
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold:  
 The diamonds of a most praised water  
 Do appear to make the world twice rich. Live,  
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
 Rare as you seem to be!

*Thail.* O dear Diana! [this?]  
 Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is  
*2 Gent.* Is not this strange?

\* “Mundane,” i. e., worldly.

*1 Gent.* Most rare.  
*Cer.* Hush, gentle neighbors!  
 Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.  
 Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,  
 For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;  
 And Æsculapius guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying THAISA out.]

SCENE III.—Tharsus. A Room in CLEON'S  
 House.

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,  
 and MARINA.*

*Per.* Most honor'd Cleon, I must needs be gone:  
 My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands  
 In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,  
 Take from my heart all thankfulness; the gods  
 Make up the rest upon you!

*Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you  
 Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

*Dion.* O, your sweet queen!  
 That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her  
 To have bless'd mine eyes!

*Per.* We cannot but obey

The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
 As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
 Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina (whom,  
 For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here  
 I charge your charity withal, and leave her  
 The infant of your care; beseeching you  
 To give her princely training, that she may  
 Be manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord, but think  
 Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,  
 (For which the people's prayers still fall upon you)  
 Must in your child be thought on. If 'neglection  
 Should therein make me vile, the common 'body,  
 By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty;  
 But if to that my nature need a spur,  
 The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
 To the end of generation.

*Per.* I believe you;  
 Your honor and your goodness teach me to't,  
 Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
 By bright Diana, whom we honor all,  
 Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
 Though I show will 'in't. So I take my leave.  
 Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
 In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I have one myself,  
 Who shall not be more dear to my respect,  
 Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.  
*Cle.* We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'  
 the shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd 'Neptune, and  
 The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace  
 Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O! no tears,  
 Lychorida, no tears:  
 Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
 You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S  
 House.

*Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
 Lay with you in your coffer, which are

b “Neglection,” i. e., neglect. — c “The common body,”  
 i. e., the common people. — d “Show will in't,” i. e., appear  
 wilful by such conduct. — e “The mask'd Neptune,” i. e., the  
 insidious waves, that wear a treacherous smile.

At your command. Know you the character?

*Thai.* It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
Even on my yearning time; but whether there  
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,  
I cannot rightly say. But since king Pericles,  
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to,  
And never more have joy.

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may abide till your date <sup>a</sup>expire.  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire:  
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder. But alack!  
That monster envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
And in this kind hath our Cleon  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
Even ripe for marriage rite: this maid  
<sup>e</sup>Hight Philoten; and it is said  
For certain in our story, she  
Would ever with Marina be:  
Be't when she weav'd the <sup>d</sup>sleided silk  
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;  
Or when she would with sharp needle wound  
The cambric, which she made more sound  
By hurting it; or when to the lute  
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
That still <sup>e</sup>records with moan; or when  
She would with rich and constant pen  
Vail to her mistress Dian; still  
This Philoten contends in skill  
With <sup>f</sup>absolute Marina: so  
With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
All praises, which are paid us debts,  
And not as given. This so darks  
In Philoten all graceful marks,  
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
A present murderer does prepare  
For good Marina, that her daughter  
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:  
And cursed Dionyza hath  
The <sup>g</sup>pregnant instrument of wrath  
<sup>h</sup>Prest for this blow. The unborn event

I do commend to your content:

Only I carried winged time

Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;

Which never could I so convey,

Unless your thoughts went on my way.—

Dionyza doth appear,

With Leonine, a murderer.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—Tharsus. An open Place near the Sea-shore.

*Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:  
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,  
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,  
Inflame too <sup>i</sup>nicely; nor let pity, which  
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her.

Here

She comes weeping for her old nurse's death.

Thou art resolv'd?

*Leon.* I am resolv'd.

*Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.*

*Mar.* No, I will rob <sup>k</sup>Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy grave with flowers: the yellows, blues,  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,  
While summer days do last. Ah me, poor maid!  
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm,  
Whirling me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now, Marina! why do you weep alone?  
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not  
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have  
A nurse of me. Lord! how your <sup>l</sup>favor's chang'd  
With this unprofitable woe. Come, come;  
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.  
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,  
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

*Mar.* No, I pray you;

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

*Dion.*

Come, come;

I love the king your father, and yourself,  
With more than foreign <sup>m</sup>heart. We every day  
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find  
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;  
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken  
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you;  
Walk, and be cheerful once again: <sup>n</sup>reserve  
That excellent complexion, which did steal  
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;  
I can go home alone.

*Mar.*

Well, I will go;

But yet I have no desire to it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.—  
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at least.

Remember what I have said.

*Leon.*

I warrant you, madam.

*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.  
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:

<sup>a</sup> "Till your date expire," i. e., till you die.—<sup>b</sup> "Wrack," i. e., ruin.—<sup>c</sup> "Hight," i. e., called.—<sup>d</sup> "Sleided silk," is unwrought silk.—<sup>e</sup> "Records," i. e., sings.—<sup>f</sup> "Absolute," i. e., accomplished; perfect.—<sup>g</sup> "Pregnant," i. e., apt; quick.—<sup>h</sup> "Prest," i. e., ready.

<sup>i</sup> "Nicely," i. e., tenderly; fondly.—<sup>k</sup> "Tellus," i. e., the earth.—<sup>l</sup> "Your favor," i. e., your countenance.—<sup>m</sup> "With more than foreign heart," i. e., with the same warmth of affection as if he were my countryman.—<sup>n</sup> "Reserve" is used for *preserve*.

What! I must have care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—  
[Exit DIONYZA.]

Is the wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
But cry'd "good seamen!" to the sailors, galling  
His kingly hands hauling ropes;  
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea  
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:

Never were waves nor wind more violent;  
And from the ladder-tackle washes off  
A "canvass-climber." "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"  
And with a dropping industry they skip  
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come; say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life.  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
To any living creature: believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:  
I trod upon a worm against my will,  
But I wept for it. How have I offended,  
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or  
My life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the dead, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.  
You are well favor'd, and your looks foreshew  
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:  
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:  
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,

And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1 Pirate. Hold, villain! [LEONINE runs away.]

2 Pirate. A prize! a prize!

3 Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's  
have her aboard suddenly.

[Exit Pirates with MARINA.]

## SCENE II.—Near the Same.

Enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguish thieves serve the great pirate  
Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:  
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,  
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see farther;  
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

[Exit.]

## SCENE III.—Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul.

Boul. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is  
full of gallants: we lost too much money this morn,  
by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures.  
We have but poor three, and they can do no more  
than they can do; and they with continual action  
are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, whate'er  
we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be  
used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up  
of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some  
eleven—

Boul. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down  
again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a  
strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully  
sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome  
o' conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that  
lay with the little baggage.

Boul. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him  
roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the mar-  
ket. [Exit BOULT.]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as  
pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame  
to get when we are old?

Pand. O! our credit comes not in like the com-  
modity; nor the commodity wages not with the  
danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick  
up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our  
door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand  
upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving  
over.

Bawd. Come; other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we? ay, and better too; we  
offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade;  
it's no calling. But here comes Boul.

Enter BOULT, and the Pirates with MARINA.

Boul. Come your ways. My masters, you say  
she's a virgin?

1 Pirate, O, sir! we doubt it not.

Boul. Master, I have gone thorough for this  
piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have  
lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boul, has she any qualities?

Boul. She has a good face, speaks well, and has  
excellent good clothes: there's no farther necessity  
of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boul?

Boul. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand  
pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall  
have your money presently. Wife, take her in: in-  
struct her what she has to do, that she may not be  
frow in her entertainment.

[Exit Pander and Pirates.]

Bawd. Boul, take you the marks of her; the col-  
or of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with  
warrant of her virginity, and cry, "He that will  
give most, shall have her first." Such a maiden-  
head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have  
been. Get this done as I command you.

<sup>a</sup> "A canvass-climber," i. e., a sailor.—<sup>b</sup> Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in the Spanish armada. The making his ancestor a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days.

<sup>c</sup> "Wages not with the danger," i. e., is not equal to the danger.—<sup>d</sup> "Hatched," i. e., half open.—<sup>e</sup> "Gone thorough for this piece," i. e., bid a high price for her.—<sup>f</sup> "Raw," i. e., unskillful.



*Boult.* Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*]

*Mar.* Alack, that Leonine was so slack; so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,

(Not enough barbarous) had not o'erboard thrown me For to seek my mother!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

*Mar.* The more my fault,

To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me!

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you up.—*Boult's* returned.

*Re-enter BOULT.*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

*Boult.* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs: I have drawn her picture with my voice.

*Bawd.* And I prythee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

*Boult.* Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that 'cowers' i' the hams?

*Bawd.* Who? monsieur Veroles?

*Boult.* Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*Bawd.* Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but 'repair' it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crows in the 'sun.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

*Bawd.* Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a 'mere profit.

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O! take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; for

your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

*Boult.* Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

*Bawd.* Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so!

*Bawd.* Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boult.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

*Bawd.* Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore, say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boult.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of 'eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lowly inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. Diana, aid my purpose!

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. A Room in CLEON'S House.

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

*Dion.* Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

*Cle.* O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter

The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.

*Dion.* I think,

You'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady! Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth, I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine! Whom thou hast poison'd too.

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness Becoming well thy face: what canst thou say, When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates, To foster it, nor ever to preserve. She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it, Unless you play the pious 'innocent, And for an honest attribute, cry out, "She died by foul play?"

*Cle.* O! go to. Well, well; Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods Do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those, that think The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence, And open this to Pericles. I do shame To think of what a noble 'strain you are, And of how coward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding Who ever but his approbation added, Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow From honorable courses.

*Dion.* Be it so, then; Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead, Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. She did disdain my child, and stood between Her and her fortunes: none would look on her, But cast their gazes on Marina's face; Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a 'malkin, Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough; And though you call my course unnatural,

<sup>a</sup> "That cowers," i. e., that bends.—<sup>b</sup> "Repair," i. e., renovate.—<sup>c</sup> That is, 'He will seek the shadow of our house, to scatter his money there.'—<sup>d</sup> "A mere profit," i. e., a certain, an absolute profit.

<sup>e</sup> Thunder is supposed to rouse eels from the mud.—<sup>f</sup> Innocent was used formerly for idiot.—<sup>g</sup> "Strain," i. e., race; family.—<sup>h</sup> "A malkin," i. e., a coarse wench.

You not your child well loving, yet I find,  
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness,  
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it!

*Dion.* And as for Pericles,  
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
And even yet we mourn: her monument  
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaph  
In glittering golden characters express  
A general praise to her, and care in us  
At whose expense 'tis done.

*Cle.* Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, doth with thine angel's face,  
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

*Dion.* You are like one, that superstitiously  
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies:  
But yet, I know, you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest leagues  
make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;  
\* Making (to take your imagination)  
From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime  
To use one language, in each several clime,  
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech  
you, [you,

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach  
The stages of our story. Pericles

Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,  
Attended on by many a lord and knight,  
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,  
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,  
Old Helicanus goes along behind. [brought

Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have  
This king to Tharsus, (think this pilot thought,  
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on)  
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.  
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;  
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter PERICLES with his Train, at one door; CLEON  
and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERI-  
CLES the Tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES  
makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a  
mighty passion departs.*

*Gow.* See, how belief may suffer by foul show.  
The horror'd passion stands for true old woe;  
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-  
show'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears  
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;  
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
A tempest, which his mortal <sup>b</sup> vessel tears,  
And yet he rides it out. Now, please you, <sup>c</sup> wit  
The epitaph is for Marina writ  
By wicked Dionyza.

"The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,  
Who wither'd in her spring of year:  
She was of Tyros, the king's daughter,  
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.  
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,

<sup>d</sup> Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the  
earth.

*Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,  
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:  
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never<sup>e</sup> stint)  
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."*

No visor does become black villainy,  
So well as soft and tender flattery.  
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
And hear his courses to be ordered  
By lady fortune; while our scene must play  
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,  
In her unholy service. Patience then,  
And think you now are all in Mitylene. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

*Enter from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No; nor never shall do in such a place as  
this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there, did  
you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-  
houses. Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous;  
but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Room in the Brothel.

*Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather than twice the worth  
of her, she had ne'er come here.

*Bawd.* Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze  
the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation: we  
must either get her ravished, or be rid of her.  
When she should do for clients her fitment, and do  
me the kindness of our profession, she has me her  
quicks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers,  
her knees, that she would make a puritan of the  
devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

*Boult.* Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfur-  
nish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swear-  
ers priests.

*Pand.* Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for  
me!

*Bawd.* 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but  
by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysi-  
machus, disguised.

*Boult.* We should have both lord and f'low'n, if the  
preevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter LYSIMACHUS.*

*Lys.* How now! \* How a dozen of virginities?

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to-bless your honor!

*Boult.* I am glad to see your honor in good health.

*Lys.* You may so; 'tis the better for you that your  
resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, whole-  
some inquiry! I have you that a man may deal withal,  
and defy the surgeon?

*Bawd.* We have here one, sir, if she would—but  
there never came her like in Mitylene.

*Lys.* If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou  
would'st say.

*Bawd.* Your honor knows what 'tis to say, well  
enough.

*Lys.* Well; call forth, call forth.

*Boult.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and red,  
you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed,  
if she had but—

*Lys.* What, pr'ythee?

*Boult.* O, sir! I can be modest.

\* "Making," i. e., travelling.—<sup>b</sup> "His mortal vessel," i. e.,  
his body.—<sup>c</sup> "Now, please you, wit," i. e., now be pleased to  
know.—<sup>d</sup> "Thetis," i. e., the sea.

<sup>e</sup> "Stint," i. e., cease.—<sup>f</sup> "Lown," i. e., low fellow; scoun-  
drel.—<sup>g</sup> "How," i. e., how much?

*Lys.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

*Enter MARINA.*

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never pluck'd yet, I can assure you.—Is she not a fair creature?

*Lys.* Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

*Bawd.* I beseech your honor, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

*Lys.* I beseech you, do.

*Bawd.* First, I would have you note, this is an honorable man. [To MARINA.]

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

*Bawd.* Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honorable he is in that, I know not.

*Bawd.* Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Have you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage.—Come, we will leave his honor and her together. Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and BOULT.*]

*Lys.* Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lys.* Why, I cannot name but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar.* Ever since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honorable parts, and are the governor of this place.

*Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

*Lys.* Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O! you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honor, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it. [Sage.]

*Lys.* How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be

*Mar.* For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune  
Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,  
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—  
That the gods  
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i' the purer air!

*Lys.* I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd  
thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, [thee:  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for  
Persevere in that clear way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee.

*Mar.* The gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent; for to me

The very doors and windows savor vilely.

Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and

I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.

Hold, here's more gold for thee.

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,

That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost hear  
From me, it shall be for thy good.

*Enter BOULT.*

*Boult.* I beseech your honor, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your  
But for this virgin that doth prop it, would I house,  
Sink, and overwhelm you. Away!

[*Exit LYSIMACHUS.*]

*Boult.* How's this? We must take another course  
with you. If your peevish elasticity, which is not  
worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the  
'coope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded  
like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or  
the common hangman shall execute it. Come your  
way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away.  
Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter Bawd.*

*Bawd.* How now! what's the matter?

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress: she has here  
spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O, abominable!

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to  
stink afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her  
like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as  
a snow-ball; saying his prayers, too.

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away; use her at thy  
pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make  
the rest malleable.

*Boult.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground  
than she is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures away with her. Would  
she had never come within my doors.—Marry, hang  
you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the  
way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of  
chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit Bawd.*]

*Boult.* Come, mistress; come your way with me.

*Mar.* Whither wilt thou have me?

*Boult.* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

*Mar.* Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing.

*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master;  
or rather, my mistress.

*Mar.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art,  
Since they do better thee in their command.  
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend  
Of hell would not in reputation change:  
Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel  
That hither comes inquiring for his Tib;

<sup>b</sup> "Clear," i. e., pure; innocent.—<sup>c</sup> "Under the cope," i. e., under the cope or canopy of heaven.—<sup>d</sup> A coystrel is a low, mean fellow.—<sup>e</sup> Tib was a common name for a strumpet.

<sup>a</sup> "A gamester," i. e., a wanton.

To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear  
Is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

*Boult.* What would you have me do! go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman: Any of these ways are yet better than this; For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, Would own a name too "dear. That the gods Would safely deliver me from this place!

Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,  
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;  
And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will  
Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again,  
And prostitute me to the basest groom  
That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if  
I can place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But, amongst honest women?

*Boult.* Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst  
them. But since my master and mistress have  
bought you, there's no going but by their consent;  
therefore, I will make them acquainted with your  
purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tract-  
able enough. Come; I'll do for thee what I can:  
come your ways. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT V.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances  
Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances,  
As goddess-like, to her admired bays. *[Poses]*

Deep <sup>b</sup>clerks she <sup>c</sup>dumbs, and with her needle com-  
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,  
That even her art sisters the natural roses;  
Her <sup>d</sup>inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain  
She gives the curs'd bawd. Here we her place,  
And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Where we left him on the sea, tumbled and tost;  
And, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd  
Here where his daughter dwells: and on this coast  
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd  
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence  
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;  
And to him in his barge with fervor hies.

In your supposing once more put your <sup>e</sup>sight;  
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:  
Where, what is done in action, more, if 't might,  
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.

*[Exit.]*

<sup>a</sup> "Would own a name too dear," i. e., would think his tribe dishonored by such a profession.—<sup>b</sup> "Deep clerks," i. e., learned men.—<sup>c</sup> "Dumbs," i. e., silences.—<sup>d</sup> *Inkle* is a kind of linen tape.—<sup>e</sup> That is, "Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination."—"If might," i. e., if our stage would permit.

SCENE I.—On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene,  
A Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it;  
PERICLES within it, reclining on a Couch. A  
Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

*Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them HELICANUS.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Where's the lord Helicanus? he can  
resolve you. *[To the Sailor of Mitylene.*

O here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,  
And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,  
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

*Hel.* That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

*Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter Two or Three Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* Dost your lordship call?

*Hel.* Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard: I pray  
Greet him fairly.

*[Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.]*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS, and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir,

This is the man that can in aught you would  
Resolve you.

*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

*Hel.* And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,  
And die as I would do.

*Lys.*

You wish me well.  
Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,  
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
I made to it to know of whence you are.

*Hel.* First, what is your place?

*Lys.* I am the governor of this place you lie before.

*Hel.* Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;  
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken  
To any one, nor taken sustenance,  
But to prorogue his grief.

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperature?

*Hel.* It would be too tedious to repeat;  
But the main grief of all springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

*Lys.* May we not see him, then?

*Hel.* You may,

But bootless is your sight; he will not speak  
To any.

*Lys.* Yet, let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him. *[PERICLES discovered.]* This  
was a goodly person,  
Till the disaster that one <sup>b</sup>mortal night  
Drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!  
Hail, royal sir!

*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

*1 Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst  
Would win some words of him. *[wager]*

*Lys.*

'Tis well bethought.  
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,  
And other choice attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,  
Which now are midway stopp'd:  
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,  
And with her fellow maids is now upon  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

*[He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord.]*

<sup>a</sup> "To prorogue," i. e., to prolong, lengthen.—<sup>b</sup> "Mortal," i. e., fatal; deadly.—<sup>c</sup> "His deafen'd parts," i. e., his ears.

*Hel.* Sure, all effectless; yet nothing we'll omit,  
That bears recovery's name.  
But, since your kindness we have stretch'd thus far,  
Let us beseech you,  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir! a courtesy,  
Which, if we should deny, the most just God  
For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
And so afflict our province.—Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.—  
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.*

*Lys.* O! here is  
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!  
Is't not a goodly presence?

*Hel.* She's a gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such a one, that were I well assur'd she  
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish [came]  
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.—  
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided none but I and my companion  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

*Lys.* Come, let us leave her;  
And the gods make her prosperous!

[*MARINA sings.*

*Lys.* Mark'd he your music?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.—

*Per.* Hum! ha!

*Mar.* I am a maid,  
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,  
My lord, that may be, hath endur'd a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and backward casualties  
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—  
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parent-  
You would not do me violence. [age,

*Per.* I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—  
You are like something that—What countrywoman?  
Here of these shores?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores;

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear. [ing.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver weep-  
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been: my queen's square  
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;  
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,

And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;  
Who starves the cars she feeds, and makes them  
hungry, [live?  
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you  
*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger: from the deck  
You may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred?  
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to owe.

*Mar.* Should I tell my history,  
'Twould seem like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Pr'ythee, speak:

Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st  
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I'll believe thee,  
And make my senses credit thy relation  
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st  
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?  
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,  
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee) that thou cam'st  
From good descending?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst  
Thou had'st been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,  
If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing  
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
Did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story;  
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look  
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling  
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?  
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind  
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

*Mar.* My name is Marina.

*Per.* O! I am mock'd,  
And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
To make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir,  
Or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient.  
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself Marina.

*Mar.* The name  
Was given me by one that had some power;  
My father, and a king.

*Per.* How! a king's daughter?  
And call'd Marina?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me;  
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?  
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy  
Motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born,  
And wherefore call'd Marina?

*Mar.* Call'd Marina,  
For I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea! what mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the minute I was born,  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.

*Per.* O! stop there a little.  
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull'd sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be. [bred?  
My daughter's buried.—Well:—where were you  
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,

\* *Inflict* for *afflict*.—b "Awkward," i. e., adverse.

c "To owe," i. e., to possess.—d "No fairy motion," i. e., no puppet dressed up to deceive me.

And never interrupt you.

[give o'er.

Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did

Per. I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:  
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me,  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me; and having wou'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,  
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,  
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be,

You think me an impostor: no, good faith;  
I am the daughter to king Pericles,  
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but

Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,  
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell

Her parentage; being demanded that,  
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus! strike me, honor'd sir;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness. O! come hither,  
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget:  
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,  
And found at sea again.—O Helicanus!  
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud  
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina!—  
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,

What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me, now,  
My drown'd queen's name, (as in the rest you said  
Thou hast been godlike perfect) the heir of kingdoms,  
And another like to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than  
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my  
child.

Give me fresh garments! Mine own, Helicanus,  
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,  
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;  
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,  
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you,  
Give me my robes! I am wild in my beholding.  
O heavens, bless my girl! But hark! what music?—  
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres! list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him: give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per.

Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [He sleeps  
Lys. A pillow for his head.

[The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES  
is closed.

So, leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you.

[Exit LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,  
and Lady.

## SCENE II.—The Same.

PERICLES on the Deck asleep; DIANA appearing to  
him in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee  
And do upon mine altar sacrifice. [thither,  
There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Before the people all,  
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:  
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,  
And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:  
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA disappears

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,  
I will obey thee.—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike  
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
For other service first: toward Ephesus  
Turn our blown sail; erefoons I'll tell thee why.—  
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,  
And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need? [ashore,

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come  
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,  
Were it to woo my daughter; for, it seems,  
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [Exit.

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at  
Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then dumb.

This, as my last boon, give me,  
For such kindness must relieve me,  
That you aptly will suppose  
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
The regent made in Mitylene,  
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,  
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd  
To fair Marina; but in no wise  
Till he had done his sacrifice,  
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
The interim, pray you, all confound.  
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
At Ephesus, the temple see,  
Our king, and all his company.  
That he can hither come so soon,  
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [Exit.

\* "And give them repetition to the life," i. e., give a life-like narrative of thy adventures.—<sup>b</sup> "Goddess argentine," i. e., regent of the silver moon.—<sup>c</sup> "Blown," i. e., swollen.—<sup>d</sup> "Erefoons," i. e., soon.—<sup>e</sup> "He," i. e., Pericles.—<sup>f</sup> "Confound," i. e., consume.

SCENE III.—The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus;  
THAISA standing near the Altar, as high Priest-  
ess; a number of Virgins on each side: CERIMON  
and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS,  
HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,  
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.  
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess!  
Wears yet thy silver <sup>a</sup>livery. She at Tharsus  
Was nurs'd with Cleon, whom at fourteen years  
He sought to murder, but her better stars  
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favor!—  
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*]

Per. What means the woman? she dies: help,  
Cer. Noble sir, [*gentlemen!*]  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no:  
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.  
Cer. Look to the lady.—O! she's but o'erjoy'd.  
Early in blust'ring morn this lady was  
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin,  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her  
Here, in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?  
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my  
house,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is recover'd.

Thai. O! let me look.  
If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my <sup>b</sup>sense bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord!  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!  
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead, and  
Per. Immortal Dian! [*drown'd.*]

Thai. Now I know you better.—  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a Ring.*]  
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present  
kindness

Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt, and no more be seen. O! come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.  
[*Kneels to THAISA.*]

Per. Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh,  
Thaisa;  
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,

For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!  
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.  
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from  
I left behind an ancient substitute: [*Tyre,*]  
Can you remember what I call'd the man?  
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus, then.

Per. Still confirmation!  
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.  
Now do I long to hear how you were found,  
How possibly preserv'd, and whom to thank,  
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man  
Through whom the gods have shown their power,  
From first to last resolve you. [*that can*]

Per. Reverend sir,  
The gods can have no mortal officer  
More like a god than you. Will you deliver  
How this dead queen relives?

Cer. I will, my lord:  
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;  
How she came placed here in the temple,  
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Puro Dian! bless thee for thy vision,  
I will offer night oblations to thee. Thaisa,  
This prince, the <sup>c</sup>fair-betrothed of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,  
This <sup>d</sup>ornament,  
<sup>e</sup>Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit:  
Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heavens, make a star of him! Yet there,  
my queen,  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:  
Our son and daughter shall in Tyros reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,  
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead's the way.

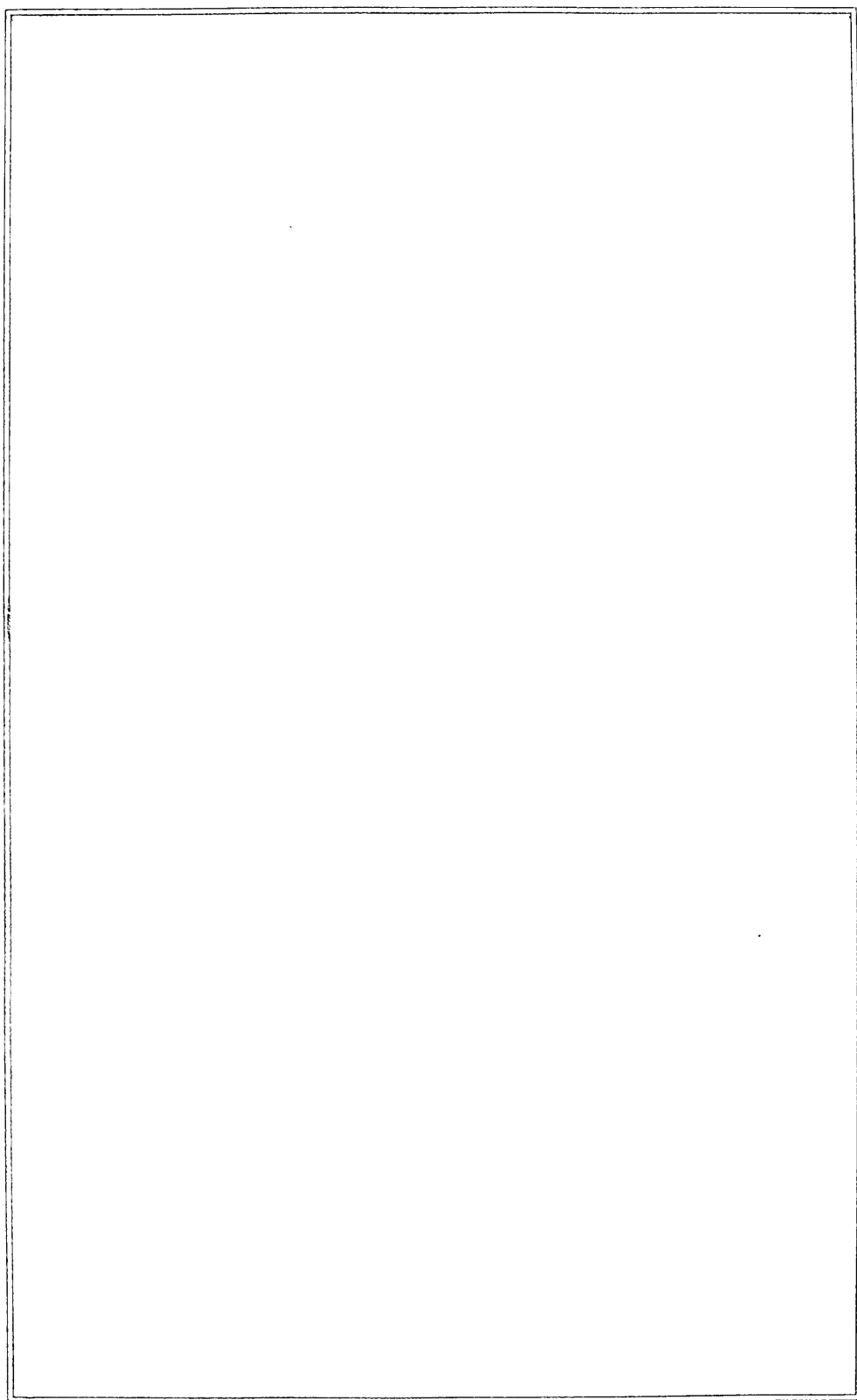
[*Exeunt*]

Enter GOWER.  
Gow. In <sup>f</sup>Antiochus, and his daughter, you  
have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:  
In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,  
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,  
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.  
In Helicanus may you well descry  
A figure of truth, of faith, and loyalty:  
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,  
The worth that learned charity aye wears.  
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
Had spread their cursed deed, the honor'd name  
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;  
That him and his they in his palace burn.  
The gods for murder seemed so content  
To punish them, although not done, but meant.  
So on your patience evermore attending,  
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

<sup>a</sup> "Thy silver livery," i. e., her white robe of innocence.  
—<sup>b</sup> *Sense* is here used for *sensual passion*.

<sup>c</sup> "Fair-betrothed," i. e., honorably affianced.—<sup>d</sup> "This  
ornament," i. e., his beard.—<sup>e</sup> "Makes," i. e., which makes.  
—<sup>f</sup> "Antiochus," i. e., the king of Antioch.





# VENUS AND ADONIS.



STANZA I.

## INTRODUCTION.

We are told by Shakespeare, in his dedication of this poem to the Earl of Southampton, in 1593, that it was "the first heir of his invention;" and as it was the earliest printed, so probably, it was the earliest written of his known productions.

The popularity of it is indisputable: having been originally printed by Richard Field, in 1593, 4to, that edition seems to have been soon exhausted, and it was republished by the same printer in 1594, 4to, before 25th June, because on that day, according to the Stationers' Registers, he assigned over his interest in it to John Harrison, for whom Field printed an octavo impression in 1596. Harrison published his second edition in 1600, which was the fourth time "Venus and Adonis" had been printed in seven years. It had been entered at Stationers' Hall by W. Leake, in 1596. After this date it went through the press many times, and copies in 1602, 1616, 1620, &c. are known: in 1627 it was printed by John Wreittoun, at Edinburgh.

Our text of "Venus and Adonis," is that of the earliest quarto, 1593, which, for the time, is very correctly printed.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,  
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONORABLE,  
I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honor seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honored you with some graver labor. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after a ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so had a harvest. I leave it to your honorable survey, and your honor to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honor's in all duty,  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-color'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-check'd Adonis lied him to the chase;  
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:  
Sick-thoughted Venus makes<sup>a</sup> amain unto him,  
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began)  
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,  
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
More white and red than doves or roses are;  
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,  
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;  
If thou wilt deign this favor, for thy need  
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:

<sup>a</sup> "Ear," i. e., till; plough.—<sup>b</sup> "Amain," i. e., furiously; violently.

Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,  
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses:

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,  
But rather furnish them amid their plenty,  
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;  
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:  
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,  
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
The precedent of pith and livelibeod,  
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:  
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force  
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,  
Under her other was the tender boy,  
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,  
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;

She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,  
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.  
 The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
 Nimble she fastens; (O, how quick is love!)  
 The steed is stalled up, and even now  
 To tie the rider she begins to prove:  
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,  
 And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,  
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:  
 Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
 And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;  
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,  
 If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful shame, she with her tears  
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;  
 Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,  
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:  
 He saith she is immodest, blames her <sup>a</sup> miss;  
 What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
<sup>b</sup> Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,  
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
 Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;  
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,  
 And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Fore'd to <sup>c</sup> content, but never to obey,  
 Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;  
 She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,  
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,  
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
 So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;  
 Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,  
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:  
 Rain added to a river that is <sup>d</sup> rank,  
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;  
 Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,  
 'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale;  
 Being red, she loves him best; and being white,  
 Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;  
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears  
 From his soft bosom never to remove,  
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,  
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;  
 And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
 Like a <sup>e</sup> dive-dapper peering through a wave,  
 Who being look'd on ducks as quickly in;  
 So offers he to give what she did crave,  
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
 He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat,  
 More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.  
 Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;  
 She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.

O, pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy!  
 'T is but a kiss I beg: why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd as I entreat thee now,  
 Even by the stern and dreadful god of war,  
 Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,

Who conquers where he comes, in every <sup>f</sup> jar;  
 Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
 And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have  
 Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
 His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,  
 To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;  
 Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,  
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-rul'd, I oversway'd,  
 Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain:  
 Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,  
 Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.  
 O! be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
 For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,  
 Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,  
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.  
 What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:  
 Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;  
 Then, why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

Art thou ashamed to kiss? then, wink again,  
 And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;  
 Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;  
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:  
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,  
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
 Shows thee three nupties, yet may'st thou well be tasted.  
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip;  
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted:  
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,  
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favor'd, foul, or wrinkled old,  
 Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
 O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,  
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,  
 Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for  
 thee;

But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;  
 Mine eyes are <sup>g</sup> grey and bright, and quick in turning;  
 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning:  
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,  
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
 Or like a fairy trip upon the green,  
 Or like a nymph with long dishevelled hair,  
 Dance on the sands, and yet no <sup>h</sup> footing seen:  
 Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,  
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;  
 These <sup>i</sup> forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;  
 Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky.  
 From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:  
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
 That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
 Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
 Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.  
 Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
 And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use;

<sup>a</sup> "Her 'miss," i. e., her amiss; her fault.—<sup>b</sup> "Tires," i. e., preys.—<sup>c</sup> "To content," i. e., to be content.—<sup>d</sup> "Runk," i. e., full.—<sup>e</sup> "Dive-dapper," i. e., didapper; a bird that dives.

<sup>f</sup> "Every jar," i. e., every quarrel, contest.—<sup>g</sup> Blue eyes were, in Shakespeare's time, called grey.—<sup>h</sup> Footing for foot print.—<sup>i</sup> "Forceless," i. e., feeble.

Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;  
 Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:  
 Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth  
 Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty. [beauty;

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,  
 Unless the earth in thy increase be fed?  
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
 That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;  
 And so in spite of death thou dost survive,  
 In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
 For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,  
 And "Titan," tired in the mid-day heat,  
 With burning eye did hotly overlook them;  
 Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
 So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy <sup>b</sup>sprite,  
 And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
 His lowering brows o'er-whelming his fair sight,  
 Like misty vapors, when they blot the sky,  
 Souring his cheeks, cries, Fie! no more of love:  
 The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.

Ah me! (quoth Venus,) young, and so unkind?  
 What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!  
 I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
 Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:  
 I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;  
 If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,  
 And lo! I lie between that sun and thee:  
 The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
 Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;  
 And were I not immortal, life were done,  
 Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?  
 Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth;  
 Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel,  
 What 't is to love? how want of love tormenteth?  
 O! had thy mother borne so hard a mind,  
 She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?  
 Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?  
 What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?  
 Speak fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:  
 Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,  
 And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie! lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
 Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
 Statue, contenting but the eye alone,  
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:  
 Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,  
 For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
 And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;  
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong:  
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause;  
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,  
 And now her sobs do her "intentments" break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,  
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;  
 Sometimes her arms unfold him like a band:  
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound;  
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
 She locks her lily fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here,  
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,  
 I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;

Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:  
 Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,  
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,  
 Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,  
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,  
 To shelter thee from tempest, and from rain:  
 Then, be my deer, since I am such a park;  
 No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,  
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:  
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,  
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple;  
 Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,  
 Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, the round enchanting pits,  
 Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.  
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?  
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?  
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?  
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;  
 The time is spent, her object will away,  
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.  
 Pity! she cries, some favor, some remorse!  
 Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse!

But lo! from forth a copse that neighbors by,  
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,  
 Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,  
 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:  
 The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,  
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;  
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder:  
 The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,  
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd, his braided hanging mane  
 Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;  
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,  
 As from a furnace, vapors doth he send:  
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
 Shows his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps  
 With gentle majesty, and modest pride;  
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,  
 As who should say, lo! thus my strength is tried;  
 And this I do, to captivate the eye  
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,  
 His flattering holla, or his "Stand, I say?"  
 What cares he now for curbs, or pricking spur,  
 For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?  
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
 As if the dead the living should exceed;  
 So did his horse excel a common one,  
 In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.  
 Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, the fetlocks shag and  
 long,  
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,  
 High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing  
 strong,  
 Thin mane, thick tail, broak buttock, tender hide:

<sup>a</sup> "Titan," i. e., the sun.—<sup>b</sup> *Sprite for spirit*.—<sup>c</sup> "Intendments," i. e., intentions.

Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;  
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather:

To bid the wind a <sup>a</sup>base he now prepares,  
And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether;  
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,  
Fanning the hairs, <sup>b</sup>who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;  
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:  
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
She puts on onward strangeness, seems unkind;  
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,  
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,  
He <sup>c</sup>vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,  
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:  
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.  
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,  
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him,  
When lo! the unback'd breeder, full of fear,  
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.

As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,  
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,  
<sup>d</sup>Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:  
And now the happy season once more fits,  
That love-sick love by pleading may be blest;  
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong.  
When it is barr'd the audience of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:  
So of concealed sorrow may be said,  
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;  
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,  
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,  
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;  
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,  
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,  
For all <sup>e</sup>askance he holds her in his eye.

O! what a sight it was, <sup>f</sup>wistly to view  
How she came stealing to the wayward boy;  
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
How white and red each other did destroy:  
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;  
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:  
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,  
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!  
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;  
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;  
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:  
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain  
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow,  
Or ivory in an alabaster band;

So white a friend engirts so white a foe:  
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:  
O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;  
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee  
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it?  
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it;  
O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,  
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:  
Then, love's deep groans I never can regard,  
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame! he cries, let go, and let me go;  
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:  
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;  
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: thy palfrey, as he should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:  
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;  
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none  
Therefore, no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
Servilely mastered with a leathern rein;  
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
He held such petty bondage in disdain;  
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,  
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents aim at like delight?  
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold  
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,  
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,  
To take advantage on presented joy;  
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:  
O! learn to love; the lesson is but plain,  
And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love, quoth he, nor will not know it:  
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;  
'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it;  
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?  
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:  
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young,  
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hunt my hand with wringing; let us part,  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat;  
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart:  
To love's alarms it will not open the gate:  
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery,  
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What! canst thou talk? (quoth she,) hast thou a  
tongue?

O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!  
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong!  
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:

<sup>a</sup> "To bid the wind a base," i. e., to challenge the wind to a game of *prison-base*, or *prison-bars*.—<sup>b</sup> *Wto* for which.—<sup>c</sup> "Vails," i. e., lowers; lets fall.—<sup>d</sup> "Banning," i. e., cursing.—<sup>e</sup> "Askance," i. e., obliquely; sideways.—<sup>f</sup> "Wistly," i. e., attentively.

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,  
Ear's deep sweet music, and heart's deep sore  
wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love  
That inward beauty and invisible;  
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
Each part in me that were but sensible:

Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,  
And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;  
For from the <sup>a</sup>stillitory of thy face excell'g  
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by  
smelling.

But O! what banquet wert thou to the taste,  
Being nurse and feeder of the other four:  
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,  
And bid suspicion double lock the door,  
Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,  
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?

Once more the ruby-color'd portal opened,  
Which to his speech did honey-passage yield;  
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,  
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advis'dly she marketh:  
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth;  
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth;  
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:  
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;  
But blessed bankrupt that by love so thriveth!  
The silly boy, believing she is dead,  
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,  
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,  
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:  
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!  
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,  
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,  
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks  
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:  
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,  
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:  
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,  
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:  
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.  
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;  
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,  
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

O! where am I? quoth she, in earth or heaven,  
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?  
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire?

But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

O! thou didst kill me; kill me once again:  
Thy eye's shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure!  
O! never let their crimson liveries wear,  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive <sup>b</sup>infection from the dangerous year!  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;  
Which purchase if you make, for fear of slips  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?  
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble!

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forebears:  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,  
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,  
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say good night; and so say you;  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.  
Good night, quoth she; and, ere he says adieu,  
The honey-fee of parting tender'd is:  
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;  
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew  
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well know  
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:  
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with death,  
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,  
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;  
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
Paying what ransom the insulter willet;  
Whose culture thought doth pitch the price so high,  
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;  
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;  
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honor's <sup>c</sup> wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,  
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,  
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,  
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,

<sup>b</sup> Growing plants were formerly supposed to possess the power of purifying the atmosphere. — <sup>c</sup> "Wrack," i. e., ruin, wreck.

<sup>a</sup> "Stillitory," i. e., alembic; laboratory.

He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she <sup>a</sup>listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
And yields at last to every light impression?  
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:

Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,  
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O! had she then gave over,  
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd;  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;  
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;  
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:

She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him,  
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,  
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?  
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?

He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
Usurps her cheek: she trembles at his tale,  
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws;  
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:  
All is imaginary she doth prove,  
He will not manage her, although he mount her;  
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,  
To <sup>b</sup>clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,  
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,  
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.

The warm effects which she in him finds missing,  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing:

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:  
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;  
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;  
She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.  
Fie, fie! he says, you crush me; let me go:  
You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere this,  
But that thou told'st me, thou wouldst hunt the boar.  
O! be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is  
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,  
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threaten his foes;  
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;  
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;  
Being mov'd, he strikes what'er is in his way,  
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,  
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;  
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;  
Being ireful on the lion he will venture:

The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine,  
To which love's eyes pay tributary gazes;  
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal <sup>c</sup>eyne,  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;  
But having thee at vantage, (wondrous dread!)  
Would root these beauties, as he roots the mead

O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still;  
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:  
Come not within his <sup>d</sup>danger by thy will;  
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.

When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,  
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?  
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?  
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
My hoding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy  
Doth call himself affection's sentinel;  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, "kill, kill;"

Distempering gentle love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.

This sour informer, this <sup>e</sup>bate-breeding spy,  
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,  
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,  
That if I love thee, if thy death should fear:

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,  
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
That tremble at th' imagination?  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination:

I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,  
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:  
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,  
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to <sup>f</sup>overshut his troubles,  
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care  
He <sup>g</sup>cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:  
The many <sup>h</sup>musets through the which he goes,  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;  
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;  
And sometime <sup>i</sup>sorteth with a herd of deer.  
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

For there his smell, with others being mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,

<sup>c</sup> "Eyne," i. e., eyes.—<sup>d</sup> "Within his danger," i. e., in his power.—<sup>e</sup> "Bate-breeding," i. e., contention-breeding.—<sup>f</sup> "To overshut," i. e., to end; to finish.—<sup>g</sup> "Cranks," i. e., winds; turns.—<sup>h</sup> A muset is a gap in a hedge.—<sup>i</sup> "Sorteth," i. e., consorteth.

<sup>a</sup> "Listeth," i. e., desireth.—<sup>b</sup> "To clip," i. e., to embrace.

Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled  
 With much ado the cold <sup>a</sup> fault cleanly out;  
 Then do they spend their mouths: echo replies,  
 As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still:  
 Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;  
 And now his grief may be compared well  
 To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
 Turn, and return, indenting with the way;  
 Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,  
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:  
 For misery is trodden on by many,  
 And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more;  
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:  
 To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
 Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,  
 Applying this to that, and so to so;  
 For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave?—No matter where, quoth he;  
 Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:  
 The night is spent. Why, what of that? quoth she;  
 I am, quoth he, expected of my friends;  
 And now 't is dark, and going I shall fall.  
 In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O! then imagine this,  
 The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,  
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
 Rich preys make true-men thieves; so do thy lips  
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
 Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:  
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
 Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,  
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,  
 Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,  
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,  
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature;  
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
 And pure perfection with impure <sup>b</sup> defeature;  
 Making it subject to the tyranny  
 Of mad mischances, and much misery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
 Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies <sup>c</sup> wood:  
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain  
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:  
 Surfeits, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,  
 Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies  
 But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:  
 Both favor, savor, hue, and qualities,  
 Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder,  
 Are on the sudden wash'd, thaw'd, and done,  
 As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
 Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,  
 That on the earth would breed a scarcity,  
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
 Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night,  
 Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
 Seeming to bury that posterity

Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
 If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?

If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
<sup>d</sup> Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away,  
 A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
 Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,  
 Or butcher sire that reaves his son of life.

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
 But gold that's put to use more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again  
 Into your idle over-handled theme:  
 The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,  
 And all in vain you strive against the stream;  
 For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,  
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
 And every tongue more moving than your own,  
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,  
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;  
 For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,  
 And will not let a false sound enter there;

Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
 Into the quiet closure of my breast,  
 And then my little heart were quite undone,  
 In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.  
 No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,  
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot <sup>e</sup> reprove?  
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;  
 I hate not love, but your device in love,  
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.  
 You do it for increase: O strange excuse!  
 When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,  
 Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name;  
 Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;  
 Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,  
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
 But lust's effect is tempest after sun;  
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done:  
 Love surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies;  
 Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
 The text is old, the orator too green.  
 Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;  
 My face is full of shame, my heart of <sup>f</sup> teen:  
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,  
 Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,  
 And homeward through the dark lawn runs apace;  
 Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
 Grazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:  
 So did the merciless and piteously night  
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware  
 Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,

<sup>a</sup> "The cold fault," i. e., the lost scent.—<sup>b</sup> "Defeature," i. e., change of feature.—<sup>c</sup> "Wood," i. e., mad; furious.

<sup>d</sup> Since.—<sup>e</sup> "Reprove," i. e., refute; disprove.—<sup>f</sup> "Teen," i. e., sorrow.

Or 'stonish'd as night wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;  
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbor-caves, as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans:  
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.

Ah me! she cries, and twenty times, woe, woe!  
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,  
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;  
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;  
How love is wise in folly, foolish witty:

Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:  
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight  
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:

Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,  
But idle sounds resembling parasites;  
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humor of fantastic wits!

She says, 't is so: they answer all, 't is so;  
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinets mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in his majesty;

Who doth the world so graciously behold,  
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow.  
O thou clear god, and patron of all light,  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow  
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,  
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn;  
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:  
She hearkens, for his hounds, and for his horn:  
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,  
And all in haste she <sup>a</sup>coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay.  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,  
Hasting to feed her fawn bid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:  
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud;  
Finding their enemy to be so erst,  
They all strain courtesy who shall <sup>b</sup>cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;  
<sup>c</sup>Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:

<sup>a</sup> "Coasteth," i. e., follows.—<sup>b</sup> "Cope him," i. e., encounter him; engage with him.—<sup>c</sup> *Who* for *which*.

Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,  
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,  
Till cheering up her senses all dismay'd,  
She tells them, 't is a causeless fantasy,  
And childish error that they are afraid;  
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:  
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:  
This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;  
She treads the path that she untreads again:  
Her more than haste is <sup>d</sup>mated with delays,  
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;  
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting,  
In hand with all things, nought at all affecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;  
And there another licking of his wound,  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;  
And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,  
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
Against the <sup>e</sup>welkin vollies out his voice;  
Another and another answer him,  
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed  
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,  
Whercon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,  
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;  
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,  
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favor'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death)  
Grim grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou  
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath, [<sup>f</sup>mean,  
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set  
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

If he be dead, O no! it cannot be,  
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it.  
O yes! it may; thou hast no eyes to see,  
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.

Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart  
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
And hearing him thy power had lost his power.  
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke;  
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower.  
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
And not death's ebony dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weep-  
What may a heavy groan advantage thee? [<sup>g</sup>ing?  
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping  
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?  
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigor,  
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigor.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
She <sup>h</sup>vail'd her eye-lids, <sup>i</sup>who, like sluices, stopped  
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped;

<sup>d</sup> "Mated," i. e., thwarted.—<sup>e</sup> "The welkin," i. e., the sky; the vault of heaven.—<sup>f</sup> "Vail'd," i. e., closed; let fall.—<sup>g</sup> *Who* for *which*.



But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,  
And with his strong course opens them again.  
O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !  
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;  
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,  
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;  
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.  
Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
As striving <sup>a</sup> who should best become her grief ;  
All entertain'd, each passion labors so,  
That every present sorrow seemeth chief  
But none is best ; then, join they all together,  
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.  
By this far off she hears some huntsman <sup>b</sup> hollow ;  
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well :  
The dire imagination she did follow  
This sound of hope doth labor to rejoice ;  
For now reviving joy bids her exult,  
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.  
Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass ;  
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,  
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass  
To wash the foul face of the slutish ground,  
Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd.  
O hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !  
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes ;  
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :  
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.  
Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;  
Adonis leaves, and Death is not to blame :  
It was not she that call'd him all to nought ;  
Now she adds honors to his hateful name ;  
She <sup>c</sup> clothes him king of graves, and grave for kings,  
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.  
No, no, quoth she, sweet Death, I did but jest ;  
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,  
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
Which knows no pity, but is still severe ;  
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess)  
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.  
'T is not my fault : the boar provok'd my tongue ;  
Be <sup>c</sup> wreak'd on him, invisible commander ;  
'T is he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;  
I did but act, he's author of thy slander.  
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet  
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.  
Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,  
Her rash <sup>a</sup> suspect she doth extenuate ;  
And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
With death she humbly doth insinuate  
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,  
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.  
O Jove ! quoth she, how much a fool was I,  
To be of such a weak and silly mind,  
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,  
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind ;  
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.  
Fie, fie, fond love ! thou art so full of fear,  
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves :  
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,  
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.  
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies :  
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light ;  
And in her haste unfortunately spies  
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight :  
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view  
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew  
Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
And there all smother'd up in shade doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creep forth again :  
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head :  
Where they resign their office and their light  
To the disposing of her troubled brain ;  
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
And never wound the heart with looks again ;  
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,  
Whereat each tributary subject quakes ;  
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,  
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,  
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.  
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,  
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes ;  
And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd  
In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white  
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd :  
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,  
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.  
This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;  
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,  
Dumbly she <sup>c</sup> passions, frantically she doteth ;  
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead :  
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,  
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.  
Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,  
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three ;  
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
That makes more gashes where no breach should be :  
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled ;  
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.  
My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons dead !  
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :  
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire !  
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.  
Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !  
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing ?  
Whose tongue is music now ? what canst thou boast  
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing ?  
The flowers are sweet, their colors fresh and trim ;  
But true sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.  
Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear ;  
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :  
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear ;  
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you :  
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air  
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his <sup>a</sup> fair :  
And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep,  
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,  
Play with his locks : then, would Adonis weep,  
And straight in pity of his tender years,  
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

<sup>a</sup> Who for which.—<sup>b</sup> Holla.—<sup>c</sup> "Clopes," i. e., calls ; names.  
—<sup>d</sup> "Wreak'd," i. e., revenged.—<sup>e</sup> "Suspect," i. e., suspicion.

<sup>f</sup> "She passions," i. e., she is affected with passion.—  
<sup>g</sup> "His fair," i. e., his fairness.

To see his face, the lion walk'd along  
Behind some hedge, because he would not <sup>a</sup> fear him;  
To recreate himself when he hath sung,  
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;  
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,  
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,  
The fishes spread on it their golden gills:  
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,  
That some would sing, some other in their bills  
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;  
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and <sup>b</sup>urchin-snouted boar,  
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;  
Witness the entertainment that he gave:  
If he did see his face, why then, I know,  
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'T is true, 't is true: thus was Adonis slain.  
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;  
And <sup>c</sup>muzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,  
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first:  
But he is dead, and never did he bless  
My youth with his, the more am I accurst.

With this she falleth in the place she stood,  
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;  
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;  
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
As if they heard the woful words she told:  
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies:

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;  
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,  
And every beauty robb'd of <sup>d</sup>his effect:  
Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite,  
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unsavory end;  
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,  
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;  
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;

The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd  
With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile:  
The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the <sup>e</sup>measures;  
The starting ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures:  
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;  
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;  
It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
And most deceiving, when it seems most just;  
Perverse it shall be, where it shows most toward;  
Put fear to valor, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war, and dire events,  
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;  
Subject and servile to all discounts,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire:  
<sup>f</sup>Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy.

By this the boy, that by her side lay kill'd,  
Was melted like a vapor from her sight,  
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white;  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by death:  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,  
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,  
For every little grief to wet his eyes:  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 't is thine; but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;  
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right:  
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:  
There shall not be one minute in an hour,  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid  
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies  
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen  
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

<sup>a</sup> "Fear him," i. e., affright, terrify him.—<sup>b</sup> An *urchin* is a *hedgehog*.—<sup>c</sup> "Nuzzling," i. e., working with the nose.—<sup>d</sup> His for us.

<sup>e</sup> The *measures* was a stately dance, peculiarly suited to elderly persons.—<sup>f</sup> Since.

# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.



*"Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed."*—Page 932.

## INTRODUCTION.

[*Lucrece*. London. Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Pauls Church-yard. 1594." 4to. 47 leaves. *Lucrece* At London. Printed by P. S. for John Harrison. 1598." 8vo. 36 leaves.

*Lucrece* London. Printed by I. H. for John Harrison 1600." 8vo. 36 leaves.

*Lucrece*. At London, Printed by N. O. for John Harrison. 1607." 8vo. 32 leaves.]

"*Lucrece*," as it is merely called in the earlier impressions, came out in the year following "*Venus and Adonis*," and it was printed for John Harrison, the publisher of the edition of "*Venus and Adonis*," in 1596. It had been previously entered, under a more explanatory title, in the Stationers' Registers :

"9 May 1594.

"Mr. Harrison, sen.] A booke intituled the Ravishment of *Lucrece*."

Like "*Venus and Adonis*," it was dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, but in a more confident and assured spirit.

This second production was, probably, not quite so popular as the first, and it was not again printed until 1598, for the same bookseller, who put forth a third edition of it in 1600: the fourth edition was issued in 1607: these are not so marked, and Malone tells us that he had heard of impressions in 1596 and 1602, but they have not since come to light; and our belief is, that "*Lucrece*" was only printed four times between 1594 and 1607. An edition in 1616 purports to have been "newly revised and corrected;" but as Malone truly states, "it is the most inaccurate and corrupt of the ancient copies;" and he adds that "most of the alterations seem to have been made, because the reviser did not understand the poet's meaning." That Shakespeare had nothing to do with the revision and correction of this edition requires no proof; and so little was it esteemed, that it was not followed in its changes in the edition of 1624, which also professes to have been "newly revised." This last is accompanied by marginal notes, prosodically explanatory of the incidents poetically narrated.

The edition of "*Lucrece*" we have taken as our text is the first, which, like "*Venus and Adonis*," was printed by Richard Field, though not on his own account. It may be stated on the whole to be an extremely creditable specimen of his typography: as the sheets were going through the press, some material errors were, however, observed in them, and they are therefore in several places corrected.

Modern editors have performed their task without due care, but of their want of attention we shall only here ad-

duce two specimens. In one of the speeches in which *Lucrece* endeavors to dissuade Tarquin from his purpose, she tells him,

"Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud."

Which every modern editor misprints,

"Thou back'st reproach against long-lived laud."

Our second proof is from a later portion of the poem, just after Collatine has returned home, and meets his dishonored wife: the true text, speaking of Collatine and *Lucretia*, is,

"Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance  
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance."

Malone, and all editors after him, make nonsense of the couplet, by printing,

"But stood like old acquaintance in a trance," &c.

depriving the verb of its nominative, and destroying the whole force of the figure.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honorable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride nicknamed *Superbus*) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea: during which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper

every one commended the virtues of his own wife ; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome ; and intending by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids : the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports ; whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp ; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early

in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius ; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself : which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins ; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer, and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king ; wherewith the people were so moved, that, with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,  
And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set  
This <sup>a</sup> bateless edge on his keen appetite ;  
When Collatine unwisely did not <sup>b</sup> let  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white,  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight ;  
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;  
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent  
In the possession of his beauteous mate ;  
Reckoning his fortune at such high proud rate,  
That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness ! enjoy'd but of a few ;  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done,  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendor of the sun :  
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun :  
Honor and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator ;  
What needeth, then, <sup>c</sup> apologies be made  
To set forth that which is so singular ?  
Or why is Collatine the publisher  
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty  
<sup>d</sup> Suggested this proud issue of a king,  
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :  
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting [vaunt  
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that sterner men should  
That golden <sup>e</sup> hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all too timeless speed, if none of those :  
His honor, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
O rash, false heat ! wrapt in repentant cold,  
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,  
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,

Within whose face beauty and virtue strived  
Which of them both should underprop her fame :  
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;  
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;  
Then, virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild  
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;  
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,  
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece's face was seen,  
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white :  
Of either's color was the other queen,  
Proving from world's minority their right,  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight,  
The sovereignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;  
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,  
The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
To those two armies, that would let him go,  
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue,  
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,  
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :  
Therefore, that praise which Collatine doth owe,  
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still gazing <sup>f</sup> eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper,  
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;  
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :  
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer,  
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he color'd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty :  
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;  
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,  
Could pick no meaning from their <sup>g</sup> parling looks,  
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies  
Writ in the glassy <sup>h</sup> margents of such books :

<sup>a</sup> "Bateless," i. e., unabatable. — <sup>b</sup> "Did not let," i. e., did not forbear. — <sup>c</sup> "Apologies," i. e., arguments. — <sup>d</sup> "Suggested," i. e., instigated. — <sup>e</sup> "Hap," i. e., fortune.

<sup>f</sup> "Parling," i. e., parleying ; discoursing. — <sup>g</sup> "Margents," i. e., margins.

She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;  
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,  
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He <sup>a</sup>stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;  
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,  
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:  
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,  
And wordless so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,  
He makes excuses for his being there:  
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
Doth yet in his fair <sup>b</sup>welkin once appear;  
Till sable night, mother of dread and fear,  
Upon the world dim darkness doth display.  
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,  
<sup>c</sup>Intending weariness with heavy <sup>d</sup>sprite;  
For after supper long he questioned  
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:  
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,  
And every one to rest themselves betake,  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that  
wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving, [ing]:  
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstain-  
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;  
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,  
Though death be adjunct, there's no death sup-  
posed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
That what they have not, that which they possess,  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;  
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honor, wealth, and ease, in waning age;  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage;  
As life for honor in fell battles' rage;  
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill, we leave to be  
The things we are for that which we expect;  
And this ambitious foul infirmity,  
In having much, torments us with defect  
Of that we have: so then we do neglect  
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
Pawning his honor to obtain his lust,  
And for himself himself he must forsake:  
Then, where is truth, if there be no self-trust?  
When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
When he himself himself confounds, betrays  
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;  
No comfortable star did lend his light,  
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries:  
Now serves the season that they may surprise  
The silly lumps. Pure thoughts are dead and still,  
While lust and murder wake, to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,  
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;  
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;  
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,  
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,  
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;  
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:  
As from this cold flint I enforce'd this fire,  
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.

Here, pale with fear, he doth premeditate  
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
And in his inward mind he doth debate  
What following sorrow may on this arise:  
Then, looking scornfully, he doth despise  
His naked armor of still slaughtered lust,  
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excelleth thine;  
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
With your uncleanness that which is divine:  
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:  
Let fair humanity abhor the deed, [weed.  
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white

O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms!  
O foul dishonor to my household's grave!  
O impious act, including all foul harms!  
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!  
True valor still a true respect should have;  
Then, my <sup>e</sup>digression is so vile, so base,  
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;  
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,  
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;  
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,  
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week,  
Or sells eternity to get a toy?  
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?  
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?  
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

O! what excuse can my invention make,  
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?  
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,  
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?  
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;  
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,

<sup>e</sup> "Digression," i. e., deviation from the path of virtue.—  
<sup>f</sup> In books of heraldry, a particular mark of disgrace is men-  
tioned, by which the escutcheons of those persons were an-  
ciently distinguished, who "discourteously used a widow,  
maid, or wife, against her will."

<sup>a</sup> "Stories," i. e., narrates. — <sup>b</sup> "Welkin," i. e., sky. —  
<sup>c</sup> "Intending," i. e., pretending. — <sup>d</sup> Sprite for spirits.

Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,  
As in revenge or <sup>a</sup>quital of such strife;  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:  
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:  
I'll beg her love:—but she is not her own:  
The worst is but denial, and reproving.  
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing:  
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worse sense for vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some bad news from the warlike band,  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O, how her fear did make her color rise!  
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
Then, white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,  
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,  
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I, then, for color or excuses?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:  
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;  
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then, childish fear, avunt! debating, die!  
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:  
Sad pause and deep regard bescem the age;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage.  
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;  
Then, who fears sinking where such treasure lies?

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so heedful fear  
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.  
Away he steals with open listening ear,  
Full of foul hope, and full of foud mistrust;  
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:  
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;  
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
Unto a view so false will not incline;  
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
Which, once corrupted, takes the worse part:

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,  
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;  
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforce'd retires <sup>c</sup>his ward;  
But as they open they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
Night-wandering <sup>d</sup>weels shriek, to see him there;  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place  
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;  
But his hot heart, with fond desire doth sear,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks;  
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks  
Is not inur'd; return again in haste;  
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;  
He in the worst sense construes their denial:  
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial,  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial;  
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth <sup>e</sup>let,  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt,

So, so, quoth he; these flets attend the time,  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
To add a more rejoicing to the <sup>f</sup>prime,  
And give the <sup>g</sup>sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves  
and sands,

The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.  
Now is he come unto the chamber-door,  
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
Having solicited th' eternal power  
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,  
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
Even there he starts:—quoth he, I must deflower:  
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
How can they, then, assist me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
My will is back'd with resolution:  
Thoughts are but dreams, till their effects be tried;  
The blackest sin is cleared with absolution;  
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
And with his knee the door he opens wide.  
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:  
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;  
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.

<sup>a</sup> Quital for requital.—<sup>b</sup> Owe for own.

<sup>c</sup> His for its.—<sup>d</sup> Weels for weasels.—<sup>e</sup> "Doth let." i. e., doth retard.—<sup>f</sup> "Lets," i. e., hindrances.—<sup>g</sup> "The prime," i. e., the spring.—<sup>h</sup> "Sneaped," i. e., frost-nipped.

The curtains being close, about he walks,  
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head :  
By their high treason is his heart misled ;  
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,  
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery pointed sun,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;  
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
To wink, being blinded with a greater light :  
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,  
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed,  
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O ! had they in that darksome prison died,  
Then had they seen the period of their ill :  
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,  
In his clear bed might have reposed still ;  
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill,  
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her bly hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,  
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his bliss,  
Between whose hills her head intomb'd is ;  
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,  
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath :  
O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !  
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
And death's dim look in life's mortality :  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
As if between them twain there were no strife,  
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered ;  
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honored.  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;  
Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted ?  
What did he note, but strongly he desired ?  
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
And in his will his wilful eye he 'd tired.  
With more than admiration he admired  
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisf'd,  
So o'er this sleeping son doth Tarquin stay,  
His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;  
Slak'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,  
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like struggling slaves for pillage fighting.  
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,  
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,  
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,  
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :  
Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,  
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
His eye commends the leading to his hand ;  
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,  
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand  
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land,  
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,  
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries :  
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,  
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night  
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly <sup>b</sup> sprite,  
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking ;  
What terror 'tis ! but she, in worse taking,  
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;  
She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears  
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :  
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries  
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,  
(Rude ram to batter such an ivory wall)  
May feel her heart (poor citizen ! ) distress'd,  
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.  
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin  
To sound a parley to his heartless foe ;  
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
Which he by dumb demeanor seeks to show ;  
But she with vehement prayers ureth still,  
Under what color he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : The color in thy face  
That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,  
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale ;  
Under that color am I come to scale  
Thy never conquer'd fort : the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestal thee, if thou mean to chide :  
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide,  
My will, that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,  
I know what thorns the growing rose defends,  
I think the honey guarded with a sting ;  
All this beforehand counsel comprehends,  
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends :  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated, even in my soul,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed ;  
But nothing can affection's course control,  
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,

<sup>a</sup> " Tired," i. e., fed.

<sup>b</sup> *Sprite* for *spirit*.

Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity,  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,  
Whose crooked beak threatens, if he mount he dies:  
So under his insulting falchion lies

Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,  
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee:  
If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.  
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,  
To kill thee honor with thy life's decay;  
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain  
The scornful mark of every open eye;  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:  
And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;  
A little harm, done to a great good end,  
For lawful policy remains enacted.  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In a pure compound: being so applied,  
His venom in effect is purified.

Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot;  
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:  
For marks descried in men's nativity  
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here, with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,  
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;  
While she, the picture of pure piety,  
Like a white hind under the \*gripe's sharp claws,  
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,  
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,  
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,  
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,  
Which blows these pitchy vapors from their biding,  
Hindering their present fall by this dividing:  
So his unhallowed haste her words delays,  
And moody Pluto winks, while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:  
Her sad behavior feeds his vulture's folly,  
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth.  
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining: [ing.  
Tears harden lust, though marble wears with rain-

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed  
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;  
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,  
Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
She puts the period often from his place;  
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,  
That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,  
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,

By holy human law, and common troth,  
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,  
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honor, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast <sup>b</sup>pretended;  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;  
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended:  
He is no wood-man, that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;  
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;  
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me;  
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me:  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labor hence to leave thee.  
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.

All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,  
To soften it with their continual motion;  
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.  
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears and be compassionate!  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
Thou wrong'st his honor, wound'st his princely name:  
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;  
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seed'd in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?  
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,  
What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king?  
O, be remember'd! no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;  
Then, kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear;  
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:  
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
When they in thee the like offences prove:  
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;  
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where lust shall learn?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern  
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,  
To privilege dishonor in thy name?  
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,  
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,  
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:  
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,  
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,  
To view thy present trespass in another.  
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;  
Their own transgressions partially they smother:  
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.  
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,  
That from their own misdeeds <sup>c</sup>askance their eyes!

\* "The gripe's," i. e., the vulture's.

<sup>b</sup> Pretended for intended. — "Askance," i. e., turn away obliquely.



To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,  
Not to seducing lust, thy rash reliev;  
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;  
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:  
His true respect will prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting <sup>a</sup>eyne,  
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he: my uncontrolled tide  
Turns not, but swells the higher by this <sup>b</sup>let.  
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
And with the wind in greater fury fire:  
The petty streams, that pay a daily debt  
To their salt sovereign with their fresh falls' haste,  
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king;  
And lo! there falls into thy boundless flood  
Black lust, dishonor, shame, misgoverning,  
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hersed,  
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;  
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;  
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:  
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:  
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;  
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—  
No more, quoth he; by heaven, I will not hear thee:  
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,  
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;  
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee  
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
For light and lust are deadly enemies:  
Shame, folded up in blind concealing night,  
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries;  
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd  
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet foot:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,  
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,  
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears  
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
O, that <sup>c</sup>prone lust should stain so pure a bed!  
The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
And he hath won what he would lose again;  
This forced league doth force a further strife;  
This momentary joy breeds months of pain:  
This hot desire converts to cold disdain.  
Pure chastity is rifled of her store,  
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound, or gorged hawk,  
Unapt for tender smell, or speedy flight,  
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
The prey wherein by nature they delight:  
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fires this night:  
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin, than bottomless conceit  
Can comprehend in still imagination!  
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,  
Ere he can see his own abomination.  
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation

Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,  
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then, with hark and lean discolor'd cheek,  
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,  
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,  
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:  
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,  
For there it revels; and when that decays,  
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this <sup>d</sup>faultful lord of Rome,  
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;  
For now against himself he sounds this doom,  
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:  
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;  
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
Her immortality, and made her thrall  
To living death, and pain perpetual:  
Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
But her foresight could not fore-stall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he  
A captive victor that hath lost in gain; [stealeth,  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scar that will despite of cure remain;  
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.  
She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,  
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;  
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,  
She desperate with her nails her flesh doth tear;  
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;  
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;  
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,  
She there remains a hopeless cast-away;  
He in his speed looks for the morning light,  
She prays she never may behold the day;  
For day, quoth she, night's scapes doth open lay,  
And my true eyes have never practis'd how  
To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see  
The same disgrace which they themselves behold,  
And therefore would they still in darkness be,  
To have their unseen sin remain untold;  
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,  
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite  
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O, comfort-killing night, image of hell!  
Dim register and notary of shame!  
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!  
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!  
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbor for <sup>e</sup>defame!  
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator  
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy night!  
Since thou art guilty of my careless crime,

<sup>a</sup> "Eyne," i. e., eyes.—<sup>b</sup> "Let," i. e., hindrance; obstacle.  
—<sup>c</sup> "Prone," i. e., headlong; precipitous.

<sup>d</sup> "Faultful," i. e., blameful.—<sup>e</sup> "Defame," i. e., defamation; infamy.

Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
Make war against proportion'd course of time:  
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb

His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air;  
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick  
The life of purity, the supreme fair,  
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;  
And let thy musty vapors march so thick,

That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light  
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,  
The silver-shining queen he would disdain;  
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,  
Through night's black bosom should not peep again:  
So should I have copartners in my pain;

And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

Where, now, I have no one to blush with me,  
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,  
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;  
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine;  
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,  
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
Let not the jealous day behold that face  
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace:  
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,

That all the faults which in thy reign are made,  
May likewise be sepulchr'd in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day!  
The light will show, character'd in my brow,  
The story of sweet chastity's decay,  
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:  
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how

To cipher what is writ in learned books,  
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse to still her child will tell my story,  
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;  
The orator to deck his oratory  
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;  
Feast-finding<sup>b</sup> minstrels, tuning my defame,  
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:  
If that be made a theme for disputation,  
The branches of another root are rotted,  
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,  
That is as clear from this attain of mine,  
As I ere this was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!  
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!  
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,  
And Tarquin's eye may read the 'not afar,  
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.

Alas! how many bear such shameful blows,  
Which not themselves, but he that gives them,  
knows.

If, Collatine, thine honor lay in me,  
From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
Have no perfection of my summer left,  
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:

<sup>a</sup> "Will quote," i. e., will note, observe.—<sup>b</sup> The ancient minstrels were constant attendants on feasts.—<sup>c</sup> "The mot," i. e., the word, motto.

In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honor's<sup>d</sup> wrack;  
Yet for thy honor did I entertain him;  
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
For it had been dishonor to disdain him:  
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
And talk'd of virtue.—O, unlook'd for evil,  
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud,  
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?  
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?  
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?  
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?  
But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,  
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless burns the harvest of his wits;  
Having no other pleasure of his gain,  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So, then he hath it, when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;  
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:  
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,  
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers,  
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing,  
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours;  
We have no good that we can say is ours,  
But ill annexed opportunity  
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O, Opportunity! thy guilt is great:  
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;  
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;  
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season:  
'T is thou that spur'st at right, at law, at reason:  
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,  
Sits sin to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;  
Thou blow'st the fire, when temperance is thaw'd;  
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth:  
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!  
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:  
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
Thy private feasting to a public fast;  
Thy smoothing titles to a 'ragged name,  
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:  
Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?  
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end,  
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?  
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?

The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee,  
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;  
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;  
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;

<sup>d</sup> "Wrack," i. e., ruin; wreck.—<sup>e</sup> "Ragged," i. e., tar  
nished.—<sup>f</sup> "Sort," i. e., select.

Advice is sporting with infection breeds:

Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages;

Thy lecherous hours wait on them as their pages.

When truth and virtue have to do with thee,

A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:

They buy thy help; but sin ne'er gives a fee:

He gratis comes, and thou art well 'appay'd,

As well to hear, as grant what he hath said.

My Collatine would else have come to me,

When Tarquin did; but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;

Guilty of perjury and subornation;

Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;

Guilty of incest, that abomination:

An accessory by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,

From the creation to the general doom.

Mis-shapen Time, <sup>b</sup> copesmate of ugly night,

Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;

Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,

Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;

Thou nurdest all, and murderest all that are.

O hear me, then, injurious, shifting Time!

Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,

Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?

Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me

To endless date of never-ending woes?

Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;

To eat up errors by opinion bred,

Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,

To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,

To stamp the seal of time in aged things,

To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,

To wrong the wronger till he render right;

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,

And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,

To feed oblivion with decay of things,

To blot old books, and alter their contents,

To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,

To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;

To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,

And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel:

To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,

To make the child a man, the man a child,

To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,

To tame the unicorn and lion wild;

To mock the subtle, in themselves beguild;

To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,

And waste huge stones with little water-drops;

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,

Unless thou couldst return to make amends?

One poor <sup>d</sup>retiring minute in an age

Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,

Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends: [back,

O! this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come

I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack.

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,

With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:

Devise extremes beyond extremity

To make him curse this cursed criminal night:

Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,

And the dire thought of his committed evil

Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,

Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;

Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,

To make him moan, but pity not his moans:

Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;

And let mild women to him lose their mildness,

Wildier to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,

Let him have time against himself to rave,

Let him have time of time's help to despair,

Let him have time to live a loathed slave;

Let him have time a beggar's outs to crave,

And time to see one that by alms doth live,

Disdain to him disdain'd scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,

And merry fools to mock at him resort;

Let him have time to mark how slow time goes

In time of sorrow, and how swift and short

His time of folly, and his time of sport:

And ever let his unrecalling crime

Have time to wait th' abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,

Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!

At his own shadow let the thief run mad,

Himself himself seek every hour to kill! [spill;

Such wretched hands such wretched blood should

For who so base should such an office have

As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

The baser is he, coming from a king,

To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing

That makes him honor'd, or begets him hate;

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,

But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,

And unpercev'd fly with the filth away;

But if the like the snow-white swan desire,

The stain upon his silver down will stay.

Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,

But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out, idle words! servants to shallow fools,

Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!

Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;

Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;

To trembling clients be you mediators:

For me, <sup>e</sup>I force not argument a straw,

Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,

At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;

In vain I cavil with mine infamy,

In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:

This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.

The remedy, indeed, to do me good,

Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?

Honor thyself to rid me of this shame;

For if I die, my honor lives in thee,

But if I live, thou liv'st in my <sup>f</sup>defame:

Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,

And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,

Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,

To find some desperate instrument of death;

But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,

To make more vent for passage of her breath,

<sup>a</sup> "Appay'd," i. e., satisfied.—<sup>b</sup> "Copesmate," i. e., companion; friend.—<sup>c</sup> "To fine," i. e., to end.—<sup>d</sup> *Retiring* for *returning*.

<sup>e</sup> "I force not," i. e., I value not.—<sup>f</sup> "Defame," i. e., infamy.

Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth  
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,  
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain, quoth she, I live; and seek in vain  
Some happy mean to end a hapless life:  
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,  
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife;  
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife.  
So am I now:—O no! that cannot be:  
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
To clear this spot by death, at least, I give  
A badge of fame to slander's livery;  
A dying life to living infamy.  
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,  
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
The stained taste of violated troth;  
I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
To flatter thee with an infing'd oath;  
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:  
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,  
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;  
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.  
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,  
And with my trespass never will dispense,  
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poison thee with my <sup>a</sup>attaint,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses;  
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:  
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,  
As from a mountain spring that feeds a dale,  
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,  
And solemn night with slow, sad gait descended  
To ugly hell; when lo! the blushing morrow  
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:  
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;  
To whom she sobbing speaks: O eye of eyes!  
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy  
peeping;

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:  
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees.  
True grief is fond and testy as a child,  
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees:  
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;  
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,  
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,  
With too much labor drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep drenched in a sea of care,  
Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare:  
No object but her passion's strength renews,  
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:  
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;  
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,  
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody;  
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy:  
Sad souls are slain in merry company;  
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:  
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,  
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in <sup>b</sup>ken of shore;  
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;  
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good:  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
<sup>c</sup>Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows:  
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb  
Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts,  
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:  
My restless discord loves no stops nor <sup>d</sup>rests;  
A woful hostess brooks not merry guests.  
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;  
Distress likes <sup>e</sup>dumps, when time is kept with  
tears.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
Make thy sad grave in my dishevel'd hair.  
As the <sup>f</sup>dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
And with deep groans the diapason bear:  
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
While thou on Tereus descant'st, better <sup>g</sup>skill.

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,  
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,  
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.  
These means, as frets upon an instrument,  
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,  
As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,  
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,  
Will we find out; and there we will unfold  
To creatures stern sad tunes to change their <sup>h</sup>kinds:  
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle  
minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
Wildly determining which way to fly,  
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readily;  
So with herself is she in mutiny,  
To live or die which of the twain were better,  
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack! what were it,  
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?  
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,  
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.  
That mother tries a merciless <sup>i</sup>conclusion, [one,  
Who having two sweet babes, when death takes  
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer,  
When the one pure, the other made divine?  
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,  
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?  
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
His love will wither, and his sap decay;  
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

<sup>b</sup> "In ken," i. e., in sight.—<sup>c</sup> *Who for which*.—<sup>d</sup> "Stops,"  
"rests," are terms in music.—<sup>e</sup> "Dumps," i. e., melancholy  
music.—<sup>f</sup> "Dank," i. e., wet; moist.—<sup>g</sup> "Better skill," i. e.,  
with better skill.—<sup>h</sup> "Their kinds," i. e., their natures.—  
<sup>i</sup> "Conclusion," i. e., experiment.

<sup>a</sup> "Attaint," i. e., taint; stain.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,  
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;  
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
 Grossly engirt with daring infamy:  
 Then, let it not be call'd impiety,  
 If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,  
 Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine  
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death,  
 That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.  
 My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,  
 Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,  
 And as his due writ in my testament.

My honor I'll bequeath unto the knife  
 That wounds my body so dishonored.  
 'Tis honor to \*deprive dishonor'd life;  
 The one will live, the other being dead:  
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;  
 For in my death I murder shameful scorn:  
 My shame so dead, mine honor is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?  
 My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,  
 By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.  
 How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:  
 Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,  
 And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:—  
 My soul and body to the skies and ground;  
 My resolution, husband, do thou take;  
 Mine honor be the knife's that makes my wound;  
 My shame be his that did my fame confound;  
 And all my fame that lives disbursed be  
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this<sup>b</sup> will;  
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!  
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;  
 My life's foul deed my life's fair end shall free it.  
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, "so be it."  
 Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:  
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
 And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
 With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,  
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;  
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.  
 Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so,  
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
 With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,  
 And 'sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,  
 For why, her face gave sorrow's livery;  
 But durst not ask of her audaciously  
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,  
 Even so the maid with smelling drops<sup>c</sup> gan wet  
 Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy  
 Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,  
<sup>d</sup>Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,  
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:  
 One justly weeps, the other takes in hand

No cause but company of her drops spilling:  
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,  
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,  
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their  
 hearts:

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,  
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will;  
 The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds  
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:  
 Then, call them not the authors of their ill,  
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
 Lays open all the little worms that creep:  
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep.  
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:  
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,  
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' looks.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,  
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd.  
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,  
 Is worthy blame. O! let it not be \*hild  
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd  
 With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,  
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,  
 Assail'd by night, with circumstances strong  
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong:  
 Such danger to resistance did belong,  
 That dying fear through all her body spread;  
 And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:  
 My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break  
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are  
 raining?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:  
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there she stay'd  
 Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence?  
 Madam, ere I was up, replied the maid;  
 The more to blame my sluggard negligence:  
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;  
 Myself was stirring ere the break of day,  
 And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
 She would request to know your heaviness.  
 O peace! quoth Lucrece: if it should be told,  
 The repetition cannot make it less;  
 For more it is than I can well express:  
 And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,  
 When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—  
 Yet save that labor, for I have them here.  
 What should I say?—One of my husband's men  
 Bid thou be ready by and by, to bear  
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:  
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;  
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill.  
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;  
 What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;  
 This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:  
 Much like a press of people at a door  
 Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

\* To deprive," i. e., to abridge.—<sup>b</sup> The overseer of a will was designed as a check upon the executors.—<sup>c</sup> "Sorts," i. e., suits.—<sup>d</sup> Who for which.

\* "Hild," i. e., held.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person: next, vouchsafe I<sup>a</sup> afford  
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)  
Some present speed to come and visit me.

So I commend me from our house in grief:

My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
By this short schedule Collatine may know  
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:  
She dares not thereof make discovery,

Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,

Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
She hears, to spend when he is by to hear her;  
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the  
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her [fashion  
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.

To shun this blot she would not blot the letter

With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told,  
For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion that it doth behold,  
When every part a part of woe doth bear:

'T is but a part of sorrow that we hear;

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,

And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,  
"At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste."

The post attends, and she delivers it,

Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast

As lagging fowls before the northern blast:

Speed more than speed but dull and slow she

Extremity still urgeth such extremes. [deems;

The homely villain court'sies to her low,

And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye

Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,

And forth with bashful innocence doth hie:

But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,

Imagine every eye beholds their blame,

For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame;

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect

Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.

Such harmless creatures have a true respect

To talk in deeds, while others saucily

Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:

Even so this pattern of a worn-out age

Pawn'd honest looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,

That two red fires in both their faces blazed;

She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,

And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;

Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:

The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,

The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,

And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.

The weary time she cannot entertain,

For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:

So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,

That she her plaints a little while doth stay,

Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece

Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;

Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,

For Helen's rape the city to destroy,

Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;

Which the <sup>b</sup>conceited painter drew so proud,  
As heaven it seem'd to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,

In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life.

Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,

Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:

The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;

And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,

Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the laboring pioneer

Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;

And from the towers of Troy there would appear

The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,

Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:

Such sweet observance in this work was had,

That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty

You might behold, triumphing in their faces;

In youth quick bearing and dexterity;

And here and there the painter interlaces

Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces:

Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,

That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art

Of physiognomy might one behold!

The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;

Their face their manners most expressly told:

In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigor roll'd;

But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,

Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,

As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;

Making such sober action with his hand,

That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight.

In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,

Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly

Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,

Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice

All jointly listening, but with several graces,

As if some mermaid did their ears entice:

Some high, some low; the painter was so nice,

The scalps of many, almost hid behind,

To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,

His nose being shadow'd by his neighbor's ear;

Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all <sup>c</sup>bol'n and

red;

Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;

And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,

As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,

It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;

Conceit deceitful, so compact, so <sup>d</sup>kind,

That for Achilles' image stood his spear,

Grip'd in an armed hand: himself behind

Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.

A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,

Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong besieged Troy

When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,

Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy

To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;

And to their hope they such odd action yield,

That through their light joy seemed to appear

(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear

<sup>a</sup> "Wistly," i. e., earnestly.

<sup>b</sup> "Conceited," i. e., ingenious. — <sup>c</sup> "Bol'n," i. e., swollen.  
— <sup>d</sup> "So kind," i. e., so natural.

And from the <sup>a</sup>strand of Dardan, where they fought,  
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,  
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and <sup>b</sup>than  
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks,  
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
To find a face where all distress is <sup>c</sup>steld.  
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,  
But none where all distress and dolor dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd  
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:  
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd,  
Of what she was no semblance did remain;  
Here blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,  
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had  
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead. [fed,

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer but her cries,  
And bitter words to <sup>d</sup>ban her cruel foes:  
The painter was no God to lend her those;  
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,  
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,  
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,  
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,  
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,  
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long,  
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:  
Thine eye kindled the fire that burneth here;  
And here, in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many <sup>e</sup>mo?  
Let sin, alone committed, light alone  
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.  
For one's offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in <sup>f</sup>general?

Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus <sup>g</sup>sounds;  
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,  
And one man's lust these many lives <sup>h</sup>confounds.

Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,  
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes;  
For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,  
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;  
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:  
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
To pencil'd pensiveness and color'd sorrow;  
She lends them words, and she their looks doth  
borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,  
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament:  
At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;  
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content.  
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labor'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show;  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
A brow unbent that seem'd to welcome woe;  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so  
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,  
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,  
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,  
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew  
For perjurd Sinon, whose enchanting story  
The credulous old Priam allow'd to see;  
Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining glory  
Of rich-built Ilium, that the skies were sorry,  
And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their  
faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,  
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,  
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;  
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill:  
And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,  
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,  
That she concludes the picture was belied.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile—  
(She would have said) can lurk in such a look;  
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue, "can lurk" from "cannot"  
"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook, [took;  
And turn'd it thus: it cannot be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)  
To me came Tarquin armed; too <sup>i</sup>beguill'd  
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd  
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,  
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look! how listening Priam wets his eyes,  
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.  
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?  
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;  
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy  
pity,

Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.  
Such devils steal effects from lightless hell,  
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;  
These contraries such unity do hold,  
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:  
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,  
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assaults,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.  
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,

<sup>a</sup> "The strand," i. e., the beach, strand.—<sup>b</sup> *Than for then*.  
—<sup>c</sup> "Steld," (German, *gestellt*), i. e., depicted; represented.  
—<sup>d</sup> "To ban," i. e., to curse.—<sup>e</sup> *Mo for more*.—<sup>f</sup> That is, 'To inflict upon man in general the punishment due to the sin of an individual.'—<sup>g</sup> "S'ounds," i. e., swoons.—<sup>h</sup> "Confounds," i. e., destroys.

<sup>i</sup> "Beguill'd," i. e., masked.

Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:  
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;  
Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
And time doth weary time with her complaining.  
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,  
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.  
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:  
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;  
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,  
That she with painted images hath spent,  
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
By deep surmise of others' detriment;  
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.  
It easeth some, though none it ever cures,  
To think their dolor others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back;  
Brings home his lord and other company,  
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;  
And round about her tear-distained eye  
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:  
These water-galls in her dim element  
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:  
Her eyes, though sad in tears, look'd red and raw;  
Her lively color kill'd with deadly cares.  
He hath no power to ask her how she fares;  
Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event  
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?  
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair color spent?  
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?  
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,  
And tell thy grief that we may give redress.

Three times with signs she gives her sorrow fire,  
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:  
At length, address'd to answer his desire,  
She modestly prepares to let them know  
Her honor is ta'en prisoner by the foe;  
While Collatine and his consorted lords  
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest  
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.  
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,  
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:  
In me more woes than words are now depending;  
And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then, be this all the task it hath to say:  
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay  
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;  
And what wrong else may be imagined  
By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
With shining falchion in my chamber came  
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,  
And entertain my love; else lasting shame  
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
If thou my love's desire do contadict.

For some hard-favor'd groom of thine, quoth he,  
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,

And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
The lechers in their deed: this act will be  
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,  
And then against my heart he set his sword,  
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
I should not live to speak another word;  
So should my shame still rest upon record,  
And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
And for the weaker with so strong a fear:  
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;  
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:  
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear  
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,  
And when the judge is rob'd, the prisoner dies.

O! teach me how to make mine own excuse,  
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find:  
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,  
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;  
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd  
To accessory yieldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,  
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,  
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
From lips new waxen pale begins to blow  
The grief away, that stops his answer so;  
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain,  
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste,  
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride  
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast,  
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past;  
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,  
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor self attendeth,  
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:  
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.  
My woe, too sensible, thy passion maketh  
More feeling painful: let it, then, suffice  
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,  
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:  
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me  
From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend me  
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;  
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,  
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine)  
Shall plight your honorable faiths to me,  
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;  
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,  
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:  
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies  
harm.

At this request, with noble disposition  
Each present lord began to promise aid,  
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd;  
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,  
The protestation stops. O! speak, quoth she,  
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,  
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?



May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
My low-declin'd honor to advance?

May any terms acquit me from this chance?

The poison'd fountain clears itself again,  
And why not I from this compelled stain?

With this, they all at once began to say,  
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;  
While with a joyless smile she turns away  
The face, that map which deep impression bears  
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.

No, no, quoth she; no dame, hereafter living,  
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.

Here, with a sigh as if her heart would break,  
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "he, he," she  
says,

But more than "he" her poor tongue could not speak;  
Till after many accents and delays,

Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,

She utters this: he, he, fair lords, 'tis he,

That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:

That blow did 'bail it from the deep unrest

Of that polluted prison where it breathed:

Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed [fly

Her winged <sup>b</sup>sprite, and through her wounds doth

Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,

Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;

Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,

Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw:

And from the purple fountain Brutus drew

The murderous knife, and as it left the place,

Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide

In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood

Circles her body in on every side,

'Who like a late-sack'd island <sup>d</sup>vastly stood,

Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,

And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin  
stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face

Of that black blood a watery <sup>e</sup>rigor goes,

Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:

And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,

Corrupted blood some watery token shows;

And blood untainted still doth red abide,

Blushing at that which is so putrid<sup>f</sup>.

Daughter, dear daughter! old Lucretius cries,

That life was mine, which thou hast here <sup>g</sup>deprived.

If in the child the father's image lies,

Where shall I live, now Lucrece is <sup>h</sup>unlived?

Thou wast not to this end from me derived.

If children <sup>i</sup>pre-decease progenitors,

We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold

In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;

But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,

Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn.

O! from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,

And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,

That I no more can see what once I was.

O time! cease thou thy course, and last no longer,

If they <sup>j</sup>surcease to be that should survive.

Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?

The old bees die, the young possess their hive:

Then live, sweet Lucrece; live again, and see

Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,

And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;

And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream

He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,

And counterfeits to die with her a space;

Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,

And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul

Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;

Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,

Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,

Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng

Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,

That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,

But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.

This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,

Held back his sorrows' tide to make it more;

At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:

Then, son and father weep with equal strife,

Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,

Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.

The father says, She's mine: O! mine she is,

Replies her husband: Do not take away

My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say

He weeps for her, for she was only mine,

And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O! quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,

Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.

Woe, woe! quoth Collatine, she was my wife,

I <sup>k</sup>ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.

"My daughter" and "my wife" with clamors  
fill'd

The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,

Answer'd their cries, "my daughter and my wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,

Seeing such emulation in their woe,

Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,

Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.

He with the Romans was esteemed so

As silly jeering idiots are with kings,

For sportive words, and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,

Wherein deep policy did him disguise,

And arm'd his long-bid wits advisedly,

To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.

Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise:

Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,

Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woes?

Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous  
deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,

For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?

Such childish humor from weak minds proceeds;

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,

To slay herself that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart

In such relenting dew of lamentations,

But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,

To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,

That they will suffer these abominations,

\* "Bail," i. e., release, — <sup>b</sup>"Sprite," i. e., *spirit*. — <sup>c</sup>"Who for which," — <sup>d</sup>"Vastly," i. e., devastated; laid waste. — <sup>e</sup>"Rigol," i. e., creole. — <sup>f</sup>"Deprived," i. e., abridged. — <sup>g</sup>"Unlived," i. e., deprived of life. — <sup>h</sup>"Pre-decease," i. e., die before. — <sup>i</sup>"Surcease," i. e., cease.

\* "Ow'd," i. e., owned.

Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,  
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets  
chased.

Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,  
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,  
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,  
And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complained  
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow ;  
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,

Who, wondering at him, did his words <sup>a</sup> allow ;  
Then, jointly to the ground their knees they bow,  
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;  
To show her bleeding body <sup>b</sup> thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans <sup>c</sup> plausibly did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

<sup>a</sup> "Allow," i. e., approve ; sanction. — <sup>b</sup> Through. —  
<sup>c</sup> "Plausibly," i. e., by acclamation ; applaudingly.

# SONNETS.

## INTRODUCTION.

"Shakespeare's Sonnets. Never before Imprinted. At London. By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be sold by William Aspley. 1609." 4to. 40 leaves.

"A Lovers complaint. By William Shakespeare," occupies eleven pages at the end of this volume. The late Mr. Caldecott presented a copy of "Shakespeare's Sonnets" to the Bodleian Library, with the following imprint: "At London By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be sold by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate." It is no doubt the same edition as that "to be sold by William Aspley."

"SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS" were printed under that title, and with the name of the poet in unusually large capital letters, in 1609. No Christian name is to be found until we arrive at "A Lover's Complaint," but "Shakespeare's Sonnets" is repeated at the head of the first of the series. Hence we may possibly be warranted in assuming that they were productions well known to have been for some time floating about among the lovers and admirers of poetry, and then collected into a volume. The celebrity of the author seems proved, if any proof of the kind were wanting, by the manner in which his "Sonnets" were put forth to the world.

The application of the initials T. T. on the title-page, is ascertained from the Registers of the Stationers' Company, where the subsequent entry is found:—

"20 May 1609.

"Tho. Thorpe] A booke called Shakespeares Sonnets."

A question has arisen, and has been much disputed of late years, who was the individual to whom Thorpe dedicated these sonnets, and whom, in a very unprecedented and peculiar form, he addresses as "Mr. W. H." That form is precisely as follows, on a separate leaf immediately succeeding the title-page:—

TO, THE, ONLIE, BEGETTER, OF.  
THESE, INSVING, SONNETS.  
MR. W. H. ALL, HAPPINESSE.  
AND, THAT, ETERNITIE.  
PROMISED.  
BY,  
OUR, EVER-LIVING, POET.  
WISHETH,  
THE, WELL-WISHING.  
ADVENTURER, IN,  
SETTING,  
FORTH.

T. T.

Farmer conjectured wildly that "Mr. W. H." might be William Hart, the poet's nephew, who was only born in 1600: Tyrwhitt guessed from a line in one of the sonnets (Son. XX.) that the name was W. Hughes, or Hows:

"A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,"

which is thus printed in 4to, 1609:

"A man in hue all hues in his controlling."

Although the word "hue" is repeatedly spelt *hew* in the old edition, this is the only instance in which it is printed in Italic type, and with a capital letter, exactly the same as *WILL*, in Sonnets CXXXV., CXXXVI., and CXLIII., where the author plays upon his own name. Dr. Drake imagined that W. H. were the initials of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, inverted ("Shakespeare and his Times," vol. ii. p. 62); and of late years Bodden, with great ingenuity, has contended that W. H. meant William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. We own that we cannot accord in any theory that has yet been advanced upon the point. We have no suggestions of our own to offer; but it seems to us the very height of improbability that a bookseller in the year 1609, when peculiar respect was paid to nobility and station, would venture to address an Earl and a Knight of the Garter merely as "Mr. W. H."

To the desperate speculation of Chalmers, that not a few of the Sonnets were addressed to Queen Elizabeth, it is hardly necessary even to advert.

It is evident that the Sonnets were written at very different periods of Shakespeare's life, and under very different circumstances—some in youth, some in more advanced age; some when he was hopeful and happy, and some when he was desponding and afflicted at his own condition in life, and place in society. In many there are to be found most remarkable indications of self-confidence, and of assurance in the immortality of his verses, and in this respect the author's opinion was constant and uniform. He never scrupled to express it, and perhaps there is no writer of ancient or of modern times who, for the quantity of such writings left be-

hind him, has so frequently or so strongly declared his firm belief that what he had written, in this department of poetry, "the world would not willingly let die." This conviction seems hardly reconcilable with the carelessness he appears to have displayed for the preservation of his dramatic writings. We know from Francis Mores that Shakespeare's Sonnets were scattered among his friends in 1598, and no doubt he continued to add to them from year to year; but it was left to a bookseller in 1609, perhaps, to cause them to be collected, and to be printed in a separate volume.

It is with reference to this circumstance that we understand Thorpe to address "Mr. W. H." in the dedication, as "the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets." Boswell quoted a passage from Dekker's "Satiromastix," 1602, (and many other instances might be adduced) to prove that "begetter" only meant *obtainer* or *procurer*; and as Thorpe had been under some obligation to W. H., for collecting Shakespeare's scattered sonnets from various parties, for this reason, perhaps, he inscribed them to him. There is no doubt that "Mr. W. H." could not be "the only begetter" of the sonnets in any other sense, for it is indisputable that many of them are addressed to a woman; and though a male object might have been the cause of some of them, and particularly of the first twenty-six, he could not have been the cause of the last twenty-seven sonnets.

Mr. Brown's work, "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems," contains the best solution of various difficulties arising out of these Sonnets yet published. He contends that Shakespeare used the form of the sonnet as Spenser and many others employed stanzas of various descriptions, and that 152 of the 154 sonnets are divisible into six distinct poems. His arrangement of them is the following; and we think with him, that if they be read with this key, much will be intelligible which upon any other supposition must remain obscure:—

First Poem. Sonnets 1 to 26. To his friend, persuading him to marry.

Second Poem. Sonnets 27 to 55. To his friend, forgiving him for having robbed him of his mistress.

Third Poem. Sonnets 56 to 77. To his friend, complaining of his coldness, and warning him of life's decay.

Fourth Poem. Sonnets 78 to 101. To his friend, complaining that he prefers another poet's praises, and reproving him for faults that may injure his character.

Fifth Poem. Sonnets 102 to 126. To his friend, excusing himself for having been some time silent, and disclaiming the charge of inconstancy.

Sixth Poem. Sonnets 127 to 152. To his mistress, on her infidelity.

Mr. Brown asserts, and goes far to prove, that the sonnets in the first five of these divisions are consecutive, following up the same thought, and working out the same purpose. With regard to the "sixth poem," as he terms it, he contends that the sonnets have been confused, and that they are not, like the others, to be read in the order in which they were printed in the edition of 1609. He rejects the last two sonnets as no part of any of the six poems.

Many years ago it had occurred to us, as a mode merely of removing some of the difficulties attending this portion of the works of Shakespeare, that it was possible that he had consented to write some of them, not in his own person, but for individuals who asked his assistance. We entirely abandon that supposition, notwithstanding we are aware that such was not an uncommon practice in Shakespeare's age.

It is remarkable, that while most of Shakespeare's plays came from the press in the quarto editions in so slowly and uncorrected a state, his minor poems have been handed down to us, perhaps, more accurately printed than those of any poets of the time, with the exception of Daniel and Drayton, who seem generally to have bestowed great pains upon their productions. At the end of the "Sonnets" is a poem, called "A Lover's Complaint;" and here, although it has no fresh title-page, we are assured that it is "by William Shakespeare." There could in fact be no doubt respecting the authorship of it; but on what occasion, or for what purpose it was written, we have no information.

The ensuing sonnets, with other poems, were reprinted in 1640, 8vo, with a frontispiece of the author, engraved by Marshall. It is an edition of no authority.

Our text is that of the 4to, 1609. In all modern reprints various errors have been committed in consequence of carelessness of collation, or because one editor copied the mistakes of another.

## I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the ripper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory :  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own buduriest thy content,  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in a niggarding.  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

## II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :  
Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,  
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.  
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,  
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine,  
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"—  
Proving his beauty by succession thine.  
This were to be new made, when thou art old,  
And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

## III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,  
Now is the time that face should form another ;  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.  
For where is she so fair, whose <sup>b</sup> un-ear'd womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?  
Or who is he so <sup>c</sup> fond, will be the tomb  
Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?  
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime :  
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.  
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?  
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend ;  
And being frank, she lends to those are free.  
Then, beautiful niggard, why dost thou abuse  
The bounteous largess given thee to give ?  
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?  
For, having traffic with thyself alone,  
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.  
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,  
What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?  
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which, used, lives thine executor to be.

## V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame  
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
And that unfair, which fairly doth excel :  
For never-resting time leads summer on

To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;  
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,  
Beauty o'er-snow'd and bareness every where :  
Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was :  
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,  
<sup>d</sup> Leese but their show ; their substance still lives  
sweet.

## VI.

Then, let not winter's ragged hand deface  
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :  
Make sweet some phial ; treasure thou some place  
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
That use is not forbidden usury,  
Which <sup>e</sup> happens those that pay the willing loan ;  
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,  
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one :  
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times reign'd <sup>f</sup> thee.  
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity ?  
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

## VII.

Lo ! in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;  
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage :  
But when from high-most pitch with weary car,  
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
From his low tract, and look another way.  
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,  
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

## VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?  
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,  
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?  
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
Mark, how one string, sweet husband to another,  
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering ;  
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
Who all in one one pleasing note do sing :  
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
Sings this to thee,—thou single wilt prove none.

## IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,  
That thou consum'st thyself in single life ?  
Ah ! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
The world will wail thee like a makeless wife ;  
The world will be thy widow, and still weep,  
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
When every private widow well may keep,  
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
Look, what an <sup>h</sup> unthrif in the world doth spend,

\* "In niggarding," i. e., in stinting, sparing.—<sup>b</sup> "Un-ear'd," i. e., untill'd.—<sup>c</sup> "Fond," i. e., foolish.

<sup>d</sup> "Leese," i. e., lose.—<sup>e</sup> "Happies," i. e., makes happy.—<sup>f</sup> "Music to hear," i. e., thou, whom it is music to hear.—<sup>g</sup> "Makeless," i. e., mateless.—<sup>h</sup> "An unthrif," i. e., a prodigal.

Shifts but <sup>a</sup> his place, for still the world enjoys it ;  
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
 And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.  
 No love toward others in that bosom sits,  
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

## X.

For shame ! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
 Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,  
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident ;  
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,  
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
 O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind !  
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love ?  
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
 Or, to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove :  
 Make thee another self, for love of me,  
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest  
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest :  
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest,  
 Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth <sup>b</sup> convertest.  
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase ;  
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay :  
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
 And threescore year would make the world away.  
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,  
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish :  
 Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave the more ;  
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish.  
 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,  
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

## XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white ;  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;  
 Then, of thy beauty do I question make,  
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
 And die as fast as they see others grow ;  
 And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,  
 Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

## XIII.

O, that you were yourself ! but, love, you are  
 No longer yours, than you yourself here live :  
 Against this coming end you should prepare,  
 And your sweet semblance to some other give :  
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease,  
 Find no determination : then, you were  
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
 Which husbandry in honor might uphold,  
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?

<sup>a</sup> His for its.—<sup>b</sup> "When thou from youth convertest," i. e., when thou art changed from youth to age.—<sup>c</sup> "Erst," i. e., once ; formerly.

O ! none but unthrifths. Dear my love, you know,  
 You had a father : let your son say so.

## XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,  
 And yet, methinks, I have astronomy,  
 But not to tell of good, or evil luck,  
 Of plagues, or dearths, or seasons' quality ;  
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind ;  
 Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
 By oft predict that I in heaven find :  
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
 And, constant stars, in them I read such art,  
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
 If from thyself to store thou would'st convert ;  
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

## XV.

When I consider every thing that grows  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment ;  
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows,  
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;  
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
 Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky,  
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
 And wear their brave state out of memory ;  
 Then, the conceit of this inconstant stay  
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay,  
 To change your day of youth to sullied night ;  
 And, all in war with time, for love of you,  
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

## XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time,  
 And fortify yourself in your decay  
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?  
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours,  
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset,  
 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,  
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit :  
 So should the lines of life that life repair,  
 Which this, time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
 Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,  
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
 To give away yourself, keeps yourself still,  
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

## XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?  
 Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.  
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
 The age to come would say, "this poet lies ;  
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."  
 So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
 Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,  
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
 And stretched metre of an antique song ;  
 But were some child of yours alive that time,  
 You should live twice—in it, and in my rhyme.

## XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

<sup>d</sup> "The conceit," i. e., the idea ; the image.

And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest.  
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood:  
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,  
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;  
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
 O! carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,  
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,  
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;  
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion:  
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;  
 A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,  
 Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth;  
 And for a woman wert thou first created;  
 Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
 And by addition me of thee defeated,  
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,  
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

## XXI.

So is it not with me, as with that muse  
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,  
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;  
 Making a complement of proud compare,  
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.  
 O! let me, true in love, but truly write,  
 And then, believe me, my love is as fair  
 As any mother's child, though not so bright  
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:

Let them say more that like of hear-say well;  
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

## XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
 So long as youth and thou are of one date;  
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
 Then look I death my days should expiate;  
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee,  
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me.  
 How can I, then, be elder than thou art?

O! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
 As I, not for myself, but for thee will,  
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
 Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain;  
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

## XXIII.

As an imperfect actor on the stage,  
 Who with his fear is put beside his part,  
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;  
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
 O'er-charg'd with burden of mine own love's might.  
 O! let my books be, then, the eloquence  
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,  
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense,  
 More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.  
 O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:  
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd  
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart:  
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,  
 And perspective it is best painter's art;  
 For through the painter must you see his skill,  
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies;  
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
 Now, see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:  
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me  
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;  
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

## XXV.

Let those who are in favor with their stars  
 Of public honor and proud titles boast,  
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honor most.  
 Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread,  
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye;  
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
 For at a frown they in their glory die.  
 The painful warrior, famous for fight,  
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
 Is from the book of honor razed quite,  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:  
 Then, happy I, that love and am beloved,  
 Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

## XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
 To thee I send this written embassy,  
 To witness duty, not to show my wit:  
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,  
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;  
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
 And puts apparel on my tattered loving,  
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:

\* "That fair thou owest," i. e., that beauty, fairness thou possessest. — *Fleets* for *fleetest*. — "Rondure," i. e., circle.

<sup>d</sup> "Steel'd:" in "The Rape of Lucrece" *steld* is used in the same sense; probably from the German *gestellt*, i. e., depicted; represented. — "Famous'd," i. e., renowned.

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;  
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st  
prove me.

## XXVII.

Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;  
But then begins a journey in my head,  
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:  
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.  
Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

## XXVIII.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,  
That am debar'd the benefit of rest?  
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?  
And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;  
The one by toil, the other to complain  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:  
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,  
When sparkling stars<sup>a</sup> twine not, though gild'st the even:  
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem  
stronger.

## XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate:  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:  
Then, can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.  
Then, can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,  
Which I new pay, as if not paid before:  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

## XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,

<sup>a</sup> "Twine," i. e., twinkle.

And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,  
And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and <sup>b</sup>obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
That due of many now is thine alone:  
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,  
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

## XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover,  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased <sup>c</sup>lover,  
Compare them with the bettering of the time;  
And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,  
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
O! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:  
"Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,  
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage:  
But since he died, and poets better prove,  
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

## XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly <sup>d</sup>rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;  
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;  
Suns of the world may <sup>e</sup>stain, when heaven's sun  
staineth.

## XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:  
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.  
Ah! but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,  
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

## XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare;

<sup>b</sup> "Obsequious," i. e., funeral. — <sup>c</sup> Lover was formerly used for friend. — <sup>d</sup> "Rack," i. e., floating vapor. — <sup>e</sup> "May stain," i. e., may be stained, clouded.

Myself corrupting, salving thy <sup>a</sup>amiss,  
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :  
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,  
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate,  
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.  
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
 That I an necessary needs must be  
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

## XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
 Although our undivided loves are one :  
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
 Without thy help by me be borne alone,  
 In our two loves there is but one respect,  
 Though in our lives a separable spite,  
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;  
 Nor thou with public kindness honor me,  
 Unless thou take that honor from thy name :  
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;  
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
 I make my love engrafted to this store :  
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,  
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
 And by a part of all thy glory live.  
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee :  
 This wish I have ; then, ten times happy me !

## XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,  
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?  
 O ! give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;  
 For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
 When thou thyself dost give invention light ?  
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth  
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke ;  
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
 Eternal numbers to out-live long date.

If my slight muse do please these curious days,  
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

## XXXIX

O ! how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
 When thou art all the better part of me ?  
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?  
 And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee ?  
 Even for this let us divided live,  
 And our dear love lose name of single one,  
 That by this separation I may give  
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.  
 O absence ! what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
 Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,

<sup>a</sup> "Thy amiss," i. e., thy fault.

And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love ; yea, take them all :  
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?  
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call :  
 All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.  
 Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,  
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest ;  
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest  
 By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.  
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;  
 And yet love knows it is a greater grief  
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.  
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
 Kill me with spites, yet we must not be foes.

## XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
 For still temptation follows where thou art.  
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed ;  
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed.  
 Ah me ! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,  
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their riot even there  
 Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth ;  
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

## XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
 And yet it may be said, I lov'd her dearly ;  
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :—  
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her ;  
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffering my friend for my sake to <sup>b</sup>approve her.  
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss ;  
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross :  
 But here 's the joy ; my friend and I are one.  
 Sweet flattery !—then, she loves but me alone.

## XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
 For all the day they view things <sup>c</sup>unrespected ;  
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
 And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.  
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,  
 How would thy shadow's form, form happy show  
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so ?  
 How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made  
 By looking on thee in the living day,  
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay ?  
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee,  
 And nights bright days, when dreams do show  
 thee me.

## XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
 Injurious distance should not stop my way ;

<sup>b</sup> "To approve," i. e., to prove.—<sup>c</sup> "They view things unrespected," i. e., they view things without regarding them.



For, then, despite of space, I would be brought  
 From limits far remote where thou dost stay.  
 No matter then, although my foot did stand  
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;  
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
 As soon as think the place where he would be.  
 But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
 But that, so much of earth and water <sup>a</sup> wrought,  
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;  
 Receiving nought by elements so slow  
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

## XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;  
 The first my thought, the other my desire,  
 These present-absent with swift motion slide:  
 For when these quicker elements are gone  
 In tender embassy of love to thee,  
 My life, being made of four, with two alone  
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy,  
 Until life's compositions be <sup>b</sup> recured  
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
 Who even but now come back again, assured  
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:

This told, I joy: but then, no longer glad,  
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

## XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;  
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,  
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,  
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes)  
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
 To <sup>c</sup> decide this title is impanelled  
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;  
 And by their verdict is determined  
 The clear eye's <sup>d</sup> moiety, and the dear heart's part:  
 As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,  
 And mine heart's right thine inward love of heart.

## XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
 And each doth good turns now unto the other.  
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:  
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:  
 So, either by thy picture or my love,  
 Thyself away art present still with me;  
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;  
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust;  
 That to my use it might unused stay  
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!  
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
 Most worthily comfort, now my greatest grief,

Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,  
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
 There have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
 From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part;  
 And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,  
 For truth proves thiefish for a prize so dear.

## XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
 When as thy love bath cast his utmost sum,  
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd <sup>e</sup> respects;  
 Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,  
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye;  
 When love, converted from the thing it was,  
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity;  
 Against that time do I esconce me here,  
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
 And this my hand against myself uprear,  
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:  
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,  
 Since why to love I can allege no cause.

## L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
 When what I seek (my weary travel's end)  
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
 "Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"  
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
 Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,  
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know,  
 His rider lov'd not speed being made from thee.  
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;  
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,  
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

## LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:  
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence?  
 Till I return of posting is no need.  
 O! what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
 When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;  
 In winged speed no motion shall I know:  
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;  
 Therefore desire, (of perfect love being made)  
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;  
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;  
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,  
 Towards thee I 'll run, and give him leave to go.

## LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
 The which he will not every hour survey,  
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure,  
 Therefore, are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set  
 Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,  
 Or captain jewels in the *carcanet*.  
 So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
 To make some special instant special-blest,  
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

<sup>a</sup> "Wrought," i. e., formed; made.—<sup>b</sup> "Until life's composition be recured," i. e., until the orderly adjustment of the elements of life be restored.—<sup>c</sup> *Cide* for *decide*.—<sup>d</sup> *Moiety* is used by Shakespeare for *portion* or *share*.

<sup>e</sup> "Respects," i. e., considerations.—*The carcanet* is a chain or collar of jewels.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

## LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?  
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,  
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit  
Is poorly imitated after you;  
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
And you in Grecian <sup>\*</sup>tires are painted new:  
Speak of the spring, and <sup>b</sup>foison of the year,  
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
The other as your bounty doth appear;  
And you in every blessed shape we know.  
In all external grace you have some part,  
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

## LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty *beauteous* seem,  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.  
The <sup>c</sup>canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses;  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;  
But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwood'd, and unrespected fade;  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:  
And so of you, *beauteous* and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

## LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
<sup>b</sup>Gaist death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still find room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity,  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So, till the judgment that yourself urise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:  
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,  
To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new  
Come daily to the banks, that when they see  
Return of love more blest may be the view;  
Or call it winter, which being full of care,  
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,  
more rare.

## LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?

<sup>a</sup> *Tires* for *attires*.—<sup>b</sup> "Foison," i. e., plenty.—<sup>c</sup> The *canker-bloom* is the *dog-rose*.

I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
When you have bid your servant once adieu:  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose:  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,  
Save where you are, how happy you make those.  
So true a fool is love, that in your will  
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

## LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,  
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,  
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!  
O! let me suffer (being at your beck)  
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,  
Without accusing you of injury.  
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,  
That you yourself may privilege your time:  
Do what you will, to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,  
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

## LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,  
Which, laboring for invention, bear amiss  
The second burden of a former child?  
O! that record could with a backward look,  
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
Show me your image in some antique book,  
Since mind at first in character was done;  
That I might see what the old world could say  
To this composed wonder of your frame;  
Whether we are mended, or where better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same.  
O! sure I am, the wits of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

## LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crook'd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:  
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite thy cruel hand.

## LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;  
To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?  
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great:  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;  
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,

To play the watchman ever for thy sake :

For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
From me far off, with others all too near.

## LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
And all my soul, and all my every part;  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account;  
And for myself mine own worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.

But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
Beated and chopp'd with tam'd antiquity,  
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'T is thee (myself) that for myself I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

## LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;  
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow  
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn  
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;  
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,  
Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring,  
For such a time do I now fortify  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life;  
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

## LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-rased,  
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage:  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store:  
When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay,  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—  
That time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

## LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
O! how shall summer's honey-breath hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?  
O fearful meditation! where, alack,  
Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?  
O none! unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

## LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restless death I cry;—  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honor shamefully misplac'd,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpetted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill:  
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that to die I leave my love alone.

## LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,  
And with his presence grace impiety,  
That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
And 'lace itself with his society?  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?  
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,  
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins?  
For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
O! him she stores, to show what wealth she had  
In days long since, before these last so bad.

## LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,  
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,  
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,  
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;  
Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head;  
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.  
In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
Without all ornament, itself, and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;  
And him as for a map doth nature store,  
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

## LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;  
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,  
Uttering bare truth, even so as fœes commend.  
Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;  
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,  
In other accents do this praise confound,  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.  
They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;  
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes  
were kind,  
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:  
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,  
The 'solve is this;—that thou dost common grow.

## LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
The ornament of beauty is 's suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;  
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
Thou hast past by the ambush of young days,

<sup>a</sup> "Lace," i. e., trim; adorn.—<sup>b</sup> "The solve," i. e., the solution.—<sup>c</sup> "Suspect," i. e., suspicion.

Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;  
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarged:  
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy shew,  
 Then, thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

## LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 O! if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
 But let your love even with my life decay;  
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXII.

O! lest the world should task you to recite  
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love  
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,  
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;  
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
 To do more for me than mine own desert,  
 And hang more praise upon deceased I,  
 'Then niggard truth would willingly impart.  
 O! lest your true love may seem false in this,  
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
 My name be buried where my body is,  
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,  
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

## LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
 As after sun-set fadeth in the west,  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest:  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more  
 strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

## LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest  
 Without all bail shall carry me away,  
 My life hath in this line some interest,  
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay:  
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
 The very part we consecrate to thee.  
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due;  
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me:  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The prey of worms, my body being dead;  
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
 Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,  
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

• Then for than. •

## LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,  
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;  
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found:  
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;  
 Now counting best to be with you alone,  
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:  
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
 And by and by clean starved for a look;  
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
 Save what is had or must from you be took.  
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day;  
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

## LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,  
 So far from variation or quick change?  
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?  
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
 And keep invention in a noted weed,  
 That every word doth almost tell my name,  
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?  
 O! know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
 And you and love are still my argument;  
 So, all my best is dressing old words new,  
 Spending again what is already spent:  
 For as the sun is daily new and old,  
 So is my love, still telling what is told.

## LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;  
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
 And of this book this learning may'st thou taste:  
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,  
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;  
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know  
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,  
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

## LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,  
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
 As every alien pen hath got my use,  
 And under thee their poesy disperse.  
 Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,  
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
 And given grace a double majesty.  
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:  
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;  
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

## LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;  
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
 And my sick muse doth give another place.  
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;  
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,

He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
 From thy behavior; beauty doth he give,  
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford  
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.  
 Then, thank him not for that which he doth say,  
 Since what he owes thee, thou thyself dost pay.

## LXXX.

O! how I faint when I of you do write,  
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame:  
 But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)  
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
 On your broad main doth willfully appear.  
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;  
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride:  
 Then, if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
 The worst was this—my love was my decay.

## LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;  
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,  
 When all the breathers of this world are dead;  
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen,)  
 Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths  
 of men.

## LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,  
 And, therefore, may'st without attaint o'er-look  
 The dedicated words which writers use  
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;  
 And, therefore, art enforc'd to seek anew  
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
 And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd  
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
 Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathiz'd  
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;  
 And their gross painting might be better used  
 Where cheeks need blood: in thee it is abused.

## LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,  
 And, therefore, to your fair no painting set;  
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
 The barren tender of a poet's debt:  
 And, therefore, have I slept in your report,  
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show  
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
 This silence for my sin you did impute,  
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;  
 For I impair not beauty being mute,  
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb.  
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,  
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

## LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,  
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?  
 In whose confine immured is the store,  
 Which should example where your equal grew.  
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,  
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
 Making his style admired every where.  
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
 Bringing fond on praise, which makes your praises  
 worse.

## LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,  
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,  
 Reserve their character with golden quill,  
 And precious phrase by all the muses fill'd.  
 I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,  
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"  
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.  
 Hearing you prais'd, I say, "'tis so, 'tis true,"  
 And to the most of praise add something more;  
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before:  
 Then, others for the breath of words respect,  
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

## LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
 Bound for the prize of all too precious you,  
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain <sup>inherse</sup>,  
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?  
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished:  
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost,  
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
 As victors of my silence cannot boast.  
 I was not sick of any fear from thence;  
 But when your countenance fill'd up his line,  
 Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

## LXXXVII.

Farewell; thou art too dear for my possessing,  
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
 And for that riches where is my deserving?  
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
 And so my patent back again is swerving. [ing,  
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not know  
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
 In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

## LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,  
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,  
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn:

\* "Inherse," i. e., inclose in a funeral monument.

With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
Upon thy part I can set down a story  
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attained,  
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory :  
And I by this will be a gainer too ;  
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
The injuries that to myself I do,  
Doing thee vantage, double vantage me.

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

## LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence :  
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,  
Against thy reasons making no defence.  
Thou couldest not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
To set a form upon desired change,  
As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;  
Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue  
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell  
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,  
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,  
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

## XC.

Then, hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now :  
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after loss.  
Ah ! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,  
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
But in the onset come : so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might ;  
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

## XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;  
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their  
horse ;

And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;  
But these particulars are not my measure :  
All these I better in one general best.  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;  
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :  
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take  
All this away, and me most wretched make.

## XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
For term of life thou art assured mine ;  
And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
For it depends upon that love of thine :  
Then, need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life hath end.  
I see a better state to me belongs  
Than that which on thy humor doth depend.  
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
O ! what a happy title do I find,  
Happy to have thy love, happy to die :

But what 's so blessed fair that fears no blot ?  
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

## XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceived husband ; so love's face  
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;  
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :  
For there can live no hatred in thine eye ;  
Therefore, in that I cannot know thy change,  
In many's looks the false heart's history  
Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange ;  
But heaven in thy creation did decree,  
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;  
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.  
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

## XCIV.

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,  
That do not do the thing they most do show,  
Who, moving others, are themselves a stone,  
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;  
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,  
And husband nature's riches from expense ;  
They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
Others but stewards of their excellence.  
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die ;  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity ;  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds :  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

## XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,  
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name ?  
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !  
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
(Making lascivious comments on thy sport)  
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;  
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.  
O ! what a mansion have those vices got,  
Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see !  
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege ;  
The hardest knife ill us'd doth lose his edge.

## XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;  
Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport ;  
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less :  
Thou mak'st fault's graces that to thee resort.  
As on the finger of a throned queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,  
So are those errors that in thee are seen  
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.  
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
If like a lamb he could his looks translate !  
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !  
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,  
What old December's bareness every where !  
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time ;

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease :  
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;  
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;  
 Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,  
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter 's near.

## XCIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him :  
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odor and in hue,  
 Could make me any summer's story tell,  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :  
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;  
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
 Drawn after you ; your pattern of all those.  
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
 As with your shadow I with these did play :

## XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide :— [smells,  
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that  
 If not from my love's breath ? the purple pride  
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.  
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
 And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair :  
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
 One blushing shame, another white despair ;  
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,  
 And to this robbery had annex'd thy breath ;  
 But, for thy theft, in pride of all his growth  
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
 But sweet or color it had stol'n from thee.

## C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long  
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?  
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
 Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light ?  
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent :  
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,  
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
 Rise, "resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there ;  
 If any, be a satire to decay,  
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.  
 Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life ;  
 So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

## CI.

O truant Muse ! what shall be thy amends,  
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed ?  
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;  
 So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
 Make answer, Muse : wilt thou not haply say,  
 "Truth needs no color, with his color fix'd ;  
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;  
 But best is best, if never intermix'd."  
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?  
 Excuse not silence so ; for 't lies in thee  
 To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,  
 And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

\* "Resty," i. e., restive.

Then, do thy office, Muse : I teach thee how  
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

## CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in  
 seeming,  
 I love not less, though less the show appear :  
 That love is <sup>b</sup>merchandiz'd, whose rich <sup>c</sup>esteeming  
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.  
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;  
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper days :  
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now,  
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,  
 But that wild music burdens every bough,  
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.  
 Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,  
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

## CIII.

Alack ! what poverty my muse brings forth,  
 That having such a scope to show her pride,  
 The argument, all bare, is of more worth,  
 Than when it hath my added praise beside.  
 O ! blame me not, if I no more can write :  
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face,  
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.  
 Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well ?  
 For to no other pass my verses tend,  
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;  
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,  
 Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

## CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride ;  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,  
 In process of the seasons have I seen ;  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
 Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived ;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived :  
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred.—  
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

## CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
 Since all alike my songs and praises be,  
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;  
 Therefore, my verse to constancy confin'd,  
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,  
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;  
 And in this change is my invention spent,  
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
 Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,  
 Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

## CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,

<sup>b</sup> "Merchandiz'd," i. e., exhibited for traffic.—<sup>c</sup> "Esteeming," i. e., value.

And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
 And for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

## CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now, with the drops of this most balmy time  
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,  
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
 When tyrants' crests, and tombs of brass are spent.

## CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,  
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?  
 What's new to speak, what new to register,  
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
 I must each day say o'er the very same,  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
 So that eternal love, in love's fresh case,  
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age;  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

## CIX.

O! never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.  
 As easy might I from myself depart,  
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.  
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,  
 Like him that travels, I return again,  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd;  
 So that myself bring water for my stain.  
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
 For nothing this wide universe I call,  
 Save thou, my Rose; in it thou art my all.

## CX.

Alas! 't is true, I have gone here and there,  
 And made myself a motley to the view; [dear,  
 God'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most  
 Made old offences of affections new:  
 Most true 't is, that I have look'd on truth  
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,  
 These <sup>a</sup>blenches gave my heart another youth,  
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.  
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end:

<sup>a</sup> "Blenches," i. e., fits.

Mine appetite I never more will grind  
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
 A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
 Then, give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
 Even to thy pure, and most most loving breast.

## CXI.

O! for my sake do you with fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means, which public manners breeds:  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;  
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.  
 Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd,  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of <sup>b</sup>ysel 'gainst my strong infection;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
 Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

## CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?  
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive  
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;  
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.  
 In so profound abysm I throw all care  
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense  
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.  
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—  
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
 That all the world besides methinks they are dead.

## CXIII.

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,  
 And that which governs me to go about  
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,  
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:  
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;  
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet favor, or deformed'st creature,  
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:  
 Incapable of more, replete with you,  
 My most true mind thus maketh mine <sup>c</sup>untrue.

## CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?  
 Or whether shall I say, my eye saith true,  
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,  
 To make, of monsters and things indigest,  
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
 Creating every bad a perfect best,  
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
 O! 't is the first: 't is flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
 Mine eye well knows what with his <sup>d</sup>gust is 'greeing,  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
 If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin  
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

<sup>b</sup> "Eysel," i. e., vinegar.—<sup>c</sup> *Untrue* is used here as a substantive.—<sup>d</sup> "His gust," i. e., his taste.



## CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer;  
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents  
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
 Divert strong minds t' the course of altering things;  
 Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,  
 Might I not then say, "now I love you best,"  
 When I was certain o'er uncertainty,  
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
 Love is a babe; then, might I not say so,  
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

## CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments: love is not love,  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove:  
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
 That looks on tempest, and is never shaken;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark, [taken.  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
 If this be error, and upon me proved,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

## CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all  
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay;  
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;  
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
 And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;  
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight:  
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
 And on just proof surmise accumulate;  
 Bring me within the level of your frown,  
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate,  
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove  
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

## CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
 With <sup>a</sup>eager compounds we our palate urge;  
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
 We sicken to sium sickness when we purge;  
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,  
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;  
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.  
 Thus policy in love, t' anticipate  
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,  
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd;  
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of syren tears,  
 Distill'd from <sup>b</sup>limbecks foul as hell within,  
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,

<sup>a</sup>"Eager," (Fr. *aisgre*), i. e., sour.—<sup>b</sup>"Limbecks," i. e.,  
 alembics.

Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!  
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,  
 In the distraction of this madding fever!  
 O benefit of ill! now I find true,  
 That better is by evil still made better;  
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,  
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

## CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,  
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,  
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
 As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;  
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
 O! that our night of woe might have remember'd  
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits;  
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fit!  
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;  
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

## CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteemed,  
 When not to be receives reproach of being;  
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed,  
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:  
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?  
 No, I am that I am; and they that level  
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:  
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel.  
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;  
 Unless this general evil they maintain,  
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

## CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
 Full character'd with lasting memory,  
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
 Beyond all date, even to eternity;  
 Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart  
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;  
 Till each to ras'd oblivion yield his part  
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
 That poor retention could not so much hold,  
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;  
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:  
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,  
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

## CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:  
 Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,  
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
 They are but dressings of a former sight.  
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,  
 And rather make them born to our desire,  
 Than think that we before have heard them told.  
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
 Not wondering at the present, nor the past;  
 For thy records and what we see do lie,  
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.  
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
 I will be true, despite thy scytie and thee;

## CCXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
 It might for fortune's bastard be unfathered,  
 As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,  
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered.  
 No, it was builded far from accident;  
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
 Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:  
 It fears not policy, that heretic,  
 Which works on leuses of short number'd hours,  
 But all alone stands hugely politic,  
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.  
 To this I witness call the fools of time,  
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

## CCXY.

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,  
 With my extern the outward honoring,  
 Or hid great bases for eternity,  
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?  
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favor  
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent;  
 For compound sweet fore-going simple savor,  
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
 No; let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,  
 But mutual render, only me for thee.  
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,  
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

## CCXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy! who in thy power  
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;  
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st  
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;  
 If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
 As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back,  
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.  
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!  
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:  
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,  
 And her quietus is to render thee.

## CCXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;  
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame;  
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,  
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,  
 But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.  
 Therefore, my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
 Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem  
 At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:  
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

## CCXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music playest,  
 Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds  
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently swayest  
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
 Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap  
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,

\* Jacks are keys of the virginal.

At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.  
 To be so tickled, they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing chips,  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.  
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

## CCXIX.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lost in action; and till action, lust  
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
 Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;  
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,  
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad:  
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
 A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;  
 Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.  
 All this the world well knows, yet none knows  
 well  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

## CCXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red:  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
 And in some perfumes is there more delight  
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound:  
 I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.  
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
 As any she belied with false compare.

## CCXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  
 For well thou know'st, to my dear dotting heart  
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,  
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:  
 To say they err I dare not be so bold,  
 Although I swear it to myself alone.  
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
 One on another's neck, do witness bear,  
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,  
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

## CCXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
 Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
 And, truly, not the morning sun of heaven  
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face.  
 O! let it, then, as well besem thy heart  
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
 And suit thy pity like in every part;  
 Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,  
 And all thy foul that thy complexion lack.

## CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart, that makes my heart to grow  
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !  
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?  
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
 And my next self thou harder hast engrossed :  
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;  
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.  
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
 But, then, my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;  
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;  
 Thou canst not then use rigor in my jail :  
 And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,  
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

## CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will ;  
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :  
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;  
 He leun'd but, surety-like, to write for me,  
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,  
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;  
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
 Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me :  
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

## CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy <sup>b</sup> Will,  
 And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus ;  
 More than enough am I, that vex thee still,  
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?  
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?  
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
 And in abundance addeth to his store ;  
 So thou, being rich in Will, add to thy Will  
 One will of mine, to make thy large Will more.  
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;  
 Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

## CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,  
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;  
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.  
 Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove,  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none :  
 Then, in the number let me pass untold,  
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be ;  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee :  
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is Will.

## CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see ?

They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied ?  
 Why should my heart think that a several <sup>b</sup> plot,  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common  
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say, this is not, [place ?  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?  
 In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,  
 And to this false plague are they now transferred.

CXXXVIII.<sup>d</sup>

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue :  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.  
 But wherefore says she not, she is unjust ?  
 And wherefore say not I, that I am old ?  
 O ! love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
 And age in love loves not to have years told :  
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

## CXXXIX.

O ! call not me to justify the wrong,  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;  
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue,  
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.  
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere ; but in my sight,  
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside :  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy  
 might  
 Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can 'bide ?  
 Let me excuse thee : ah ! my love well knows  
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.  
 Yet do not so ; but since I am near slain,  
 Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

## CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press  
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain ;  
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;  
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near.  
 No news but health from their physicians know :  
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee ;  
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
 That I may not be so, nor thou believ'd, [wide.  
 Bear thine eye straight, though thy proud heart go

## CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note ;  
 But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.

<sup>a</sup> "The statute," i. e., the security.—<sup>b</sup> "Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will." As there is in this and the next sonnet, as well as in Sonnet cxlii., an obvious play upon the Christian name of the poet, we have printed it exactly as it stands in the quarto, 1609, and as it probably stood in the manuscript from which it was printed.

<sup>c</sup> "A several plot," i. e., a piece of ground which has been "common," or uninclosed, but has been separated and made private property.—<sup>d</sup> This sonnet, with variations, was first printed in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599. It is inserted hereafter as it stands in that work, that the reader may have an opportunity of comparing the two copies.

Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;  
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor swell, desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:  
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
 Who leave unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:  
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

## CXLI.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving.  
 O! but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;  
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,  
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
 Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:  
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,  
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
 By self-example may'st thou be denied!

## CXLIH.

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch  
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch  
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
 To follow that which flies before her face,  
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:  
 So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
 Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind;  
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:  
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will,  
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.<sup>a</sup>

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
 The better angel is a man, right fair,  
 The worse spirit a woman, color'd ill.  
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
 But being both from me, both to each friend,  
 I guess one angel in another's hell:  
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,  
 Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"  
 To me that languish'd for her sake;  
 But when she saw my woeful state,  
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet  
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom,  
 And taught it thus anew to greet.  
 "I hate," she alter'd with an end,  
 That follow'd it as gentle day

Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,  
 From heaven to hell is flown away:  
 "I hate" from hate away she threw,  
 And sav'd my life, saying—"not you."

## CXLVI.

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,  
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,  
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying then

## CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
 Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
 My reason, the physician to my love,  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,  
 Desire is death, which physic did except.  
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
 And frantic mad with evermore unrest:  
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,  
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;  
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,  
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

## CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,  
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!  
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
 That censures falsely what they see aright?  
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dot,  
 What means the world to say it is not so?  
 If it be not, then love doth well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,  
 How can it? O! how can love's eye be true,  
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
 No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;  
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.  
 O cunning love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

## CXLIX.

Canst thou, O Cruel! say, I love thee not,  
 When I, against myself, with thee partake?  
 Do I not think on thee, when I forget  
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?  
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?  
 Nay, if thou lov'st not on me, do I not spend  
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?  
 What merit do I in myself respect,  
 That is so proud thy service to despise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?  
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind:  
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

## CL.

O! from what power hast thou this powerful might,  
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?

<sup>a</sup> "Partake," i. e., take part.

<sup>a</sup> This sonnet, with some variations, will be found hereafter in "The Passionate Pilgrim."—<sup>b</sup> "Suggest," i. e., tempt.

To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?  
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
 There is such strength and <sup>a</sup>warrantise of skill,  
 That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?  
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
 O! though I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:  
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

## CLII.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?  
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my <sup>b</sup>amiss.  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:  
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may  
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,  
 But rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
 No want of conscience hold it, that I call  
 Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

## CLIII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;  
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
 When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;

<sup>a</sup> "Warrantise," i. e., authority; security. — <sup>b</sup> "Amisss," i. e., fault.

For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost:  
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;  
 And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;  
 For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,  
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

## CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:  
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;  
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love  
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove,  
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
 But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,  
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;  
 I sick withal, the help of bath desired,  
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,  
 But found no cure: the bath for my help lies  
 Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

## CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep,  
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
 Whilst many nymphs, that vow'd chaste life to keep,  
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand  
 The fairest votary took up that fire  
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd:  
 And so the general of hot desire  
 Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,  
 Growing a bath, and healthful remedy  
 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

# A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded  
A plaintful story from a <sup>a</sup>sistering vale,  
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,  
And down I hid to list the sad-tun'd tale;  
Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,  
Tearing of papers, breaking rings <sup>b</sup>a-twain,  
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a <sup>c</sup>atted hive of straw,  
Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw  
The carcase of a beauty spent and done;  
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,  
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,  
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her <sup>c</sup>eyne,  
Which on it had conceited characters,  
<sup>d</sup> Laundering the silken figures in the brine  
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,  
And often reading what contents it bears;  
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe  
In clamors of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,  
As they did battery to the spheres intend;  
Sometime, diverted, their poor balls are tied  
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend  
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend  
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,  
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,  
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;  
For some, untuck'd, descended her <sup>e</sup>sheav'd hat,  
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;  
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,  
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,  
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favors from a <sup>f</sup>maund she drew  
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,  
Which one by one she in a river threw,  
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;  
Like usury, applying wet to wet,  
Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall  
Where want cries "some," but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;  
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;  
Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,  
With <sup>g</sup>sleided silk feat and affectedly  
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her <sup>h</sup>fluxive eyes,  
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;  
Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,  
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!  
Ink would have seen'd more black and damned here.  
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,  
Sometime a blusterer, that the <sup>i</sup>ruffle knew  
Of court, of city, and had let go by  
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;  
And, privileged by age, desires to know,  
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained <sup>k</sup>bat,  
And comely-distant sits he by her side;  
When he again desires her, being sat,  
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:  
If that from him there may be aught applied,  
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
'T is promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold  
The injury of many a blasting hour,  
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;  
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:  
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied  
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me! too early I attended  
A youthful suit, it was to gain my grace;  
O! one by nature's outwards so commended,  
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:  
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;  
And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,  
And every light occasion of the wind  
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls:  
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;  
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,  
For on his visage was in little drawn,  
What largeness thinks in paradise was <sup>l</sup>sawn.

Small show of man was yet upon his chin:  
His phoenix down began but to appear,  
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,  
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to wear;  
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear,  
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt  
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;  
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm  
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.  
His rudeness so, with his authoriz'd youth,  
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,  
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:  
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway, [makes!]  
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he  
And controversy hence a question takes,  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went.  
His real habitude gave life and grace

<sup>a</sup> "Sistering," i. e., neighboring.—<sup>b</sup> "A-twain," i. e., in twain; asunder.—<sup>c</sup> "Eyne," i. e., eyes.—<sup>d</sup> "Laundering," i. e., wetting; washing.—<sup>e</sup> "Sheav'd hat," i. e., straw hat.—<sup>f</sup> "A maund," i. e., a basket.—<sup>g</sup> "Sleided," i. e., untwisted.—<sup>h</sup> "Fluxive," i. e., flowing.

<sup>i</sup> "Ruffle," i. e., commotion.—<sup>k</sup> "Bat," i. e., club.—<sup>l</sup> *Sawn for soven.*

To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:  
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,  
Came for additions, yet their purpos'd trim  
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue,  
All kind of arguments and question deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:  
To make the weeper laugh, the laughier weep,  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
In personal duty, following where he haunted:  
Consents, bewitch'd, ere he desire have granted;  
And dialogued for him what he would say,  
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,  
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;  
Like fools that in th' imagination set  
The goodly objects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;  
And laboring in more pleasures to bestow them,  
Than the true gouty landlord which doth<sup>a</sup> owe them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.  
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,  
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part)  
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
Demand of him, nor, being desir'd, yielded;  
Finding myself in honor so forbid,  
With safest distance I mine honor shielded.  
Experience for me many bulwarks build'd  
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil  
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent  
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?  
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,  
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?  
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;  
For when we rage, advice is often seen  
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon others' proof,  
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!  
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
Though reason weep, and cry, "It is thy last."

For farther I could say, "This man's untrue,"  
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;  
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,  
Saw how deceipts were gilded in his smiling;  
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;  
Thought characters, and words, merely but art,  
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,  
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,  
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
And be not of my holy vows afraid:  
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;  
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,  
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,  
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:  
Love made them not: with<sup>b</sup> acture they may be,  
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:  
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,  
And so much less of shame in me remains,  
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,  
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warn'd,  
Or my affection put to the smallest<sup>c</sup> teen,  
Or any of my pleasures ever charmed:  
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed;  
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,  
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;  
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me  
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood  
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;  
Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo! behold these talents of their hair,  
With twisted metal amorously<sup>d</sup> impleach'd,  
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,  
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd)  
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,  
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify  
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond; why, 't was beautiful and hard,  
Whereto his<sup>e</sup> invis'd properties did tend,  
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;  
The heaven-hued sapphire, and the opal blend  
With objects manifold: each several stone,  
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan.

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,  
Nature hath charg'd me that I heard them not,  
But yield them up where I myself must render;  
That is, to you, my origin and ender:  
For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O! then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,  
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;  
Take all these similes to your own command,  
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;  
What me, your minister, for you obey,  
Works under you; and to your audit comes  
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,  
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest<sup>f</sup> havings made the<sup>g</sup> blossoms dote:  
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet! what labor is't to leave  
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?  
Paling the place which did no form receive;  
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O, pardon me, in that my boast is true!  
The accident which brought me to her eye,  
Upon the moment did her force subdue,

<sup>b</sup> "Acture," i. e., action.—<sup>c</sup> "Teen," i. e., sorrow.—<sup>d</sup> "Impleach'd," i. e., plaited.—<sup>e</sup> "His invis'd," i. e., its unseen.—<sup>f</sup> "Havings," i. e., possessions.—<sup>g</sup> "The blossoms," i. e., the flower of the young nobility.

<sup>a</sup> "Owe," i. e., own.

And now she would the caged cloister fly;  
Religious love put out religion's eye:  
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,  
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!  
The broken bosoms that to me belong,  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
Must for your victory us all congest,  
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,  
Who, disciplin'd, I dieted in grace,  
Believ'd her eyes, when they t' assail begun,  
All vows and consecrations giving place.  
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,  
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impressest, what are precepts worth  
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth  
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?  
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,  
'gainst shame;

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,  
The alocs of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now, all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;  
And suppliant their sighs to you extend,  
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,  
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face;  
Each cheek a river running from a fount  
With brinish current downward flow'd apace.  
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses  
That flame through water which their hue incloses.

O father! what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear;

But with the inundation of the eyes  
What rocky heart to water will not wear?  
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?  
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extirpature bath!

For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,  
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;  
There my white stole of chastity I <sup>a</sup> daff'd;  
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears:  
Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to <sup>b</sup> cautions, all strange forms receives,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,  
In either's aptness, as it best deceives  
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
Or <sup>c</sup> turn white, and swoon at tragic shows:

That not a heart which in his level came,  
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,  
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame,  
And veil'd in them, did win whom he would main:  
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;  
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd <sup>c</sup> luxury,  
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus, merely with the garment of a grace  
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;  
That th' unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,  
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?  
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make,  
What I should do again for such a sake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye!  
O, that false fire, which in his cheek so glow'd!  
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly!  
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestowed!  
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming owed,  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconciled maid!

<sup>a</sup> "Daff'd," i. e., put off.—<sup>b</sup> "To cautions," i. e., to cunning  
—<sup>c</sup> "Luxury," i. e., licentiousness.



# THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.



STANZA IV.

## INTRODUCTION.

["The Passionate Pilgrime By W. Shakespeare. At London Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Pauls Churchyard. 1599." 16mo. 30 leaves.

The title-page first given to the edition of 1612 ran thus: "The Passionate Pilgrime. Or Certaine Amorous Sonnets, betwene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespere. The third Edition. Whereunto is newly added two Loue-Epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's answer backe againe to Paris. Printed by W. Iaggard. 1612." The title-page substituted for the above differs in no other respect but in the omission of "By W. Shakespeare."

In the following pages we have reprinted "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599, as it came from the press of W. Iaggard, with the exception only of the orthography. Malone omitted several portions of it; some because they were substantially repetitions of poems contained elsewhere, and others because they appeared to have been improperly assigned to Shakespeare: one piece, the last in the tract, is not inserted at all in Boswell's edition, although Malone reprinted it in 1780, and no reason is assigned for rejecting it. We have given the whole, and in our notes we have stated the particular circumstances belonging to such pieces as there is reason to believe did not come from the pen of our great dramatist.

### I. <sup>a</sup>

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth  
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although I know my years be past the best,  
I smiling credit her false speaking tongue,  
Out-facing faults in love with love's ill rest.  
But wherefore says my love that she is young?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
O! love's best habit is a soothing tongue,  
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.  
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,  
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

### II. <sup>b</sup>

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
The better angel is a man, right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman, color'd ill.

<sup>a</sup> This sonnet is substantially the same as Sonnet cxxxviii.  
<sup>b</sup> This sonnet is also the same as Sonnet cxliv., but with some verbal variations.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt a saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her fair pride:  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
Suspect I may, but not directly tell;  
For being both to me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell.

The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

### III. <sup>c</sup>

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is:  
Then thou fair sun, that on this earth dost shine,

<sup>c</sup> This sonnet is found in "Love's Labor's Lost," but with some slight variations.

Exhale this vapor now; in thee it is:

If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

## IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,  
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,  
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
She told him stories to delight his ear;  
She show'd him favors to allure his eye;  
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:  
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.  
But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
Or he refus'd to take her <sup>a</sup>figur'd proffer,  
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:

Then, fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:  
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

## v. b

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?  
O! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;  
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers  
bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,  
Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;  
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,  
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:  
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful  
thunder,

Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.  
Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that wrong,  
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly  
tongue.

## VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,  
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
A longing tarrance for Adonis made,  
Under an osier growing by a brook,  
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen:  
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look  
For his approach, that often there had been.  
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;  
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:

He, spying her, bounc'd in, <sup>c</sup>whens he stood:  
O Jove! quoth she, why was not I a flood?

## VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,  
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;  
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,  
Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty:

A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,  
None fairer, nor none fairer to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,  
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!  
How many tales to please me hath she coined,  
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!

<sup>a</sup> "Figur'd" is probably a misprint for *sugar'd*.—<sup>b</sup> This poem, with variations, is read by Sir Nathaniel, in "Love's Labor's Lost."—<sup>c</sup> "Whereas," i. e., whereat; at the place where.

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were  
jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;  
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out burneth:  
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;  
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?  
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

## VIII. d

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
Then, must the love be great twixt thee and me  
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
Doulant to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense:  
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,  
As passing all conceit needs no defence.  
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound  
That Phœbus' lute (the queen of music) makes;  
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd  
<sup>e</sup>Whenas himself to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets feign,  
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

## IX.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,  
\* \* \* \* \*

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,  
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;  
Her stand she takes upon a steep up hill:  
Anon Adonis comes with horn and bounds;  
She silly queen, with more than love's good will,  
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.  
Once, (quoth she) did I see a fair sweet youth  
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,  
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!  
See, in my thigh, (quoth she,) here was the sore.  
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,  
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

## X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,  
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!  
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded,  
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!  
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
And falls, (through wind) before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;  
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.  
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;  
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:  
O yes, (dear friend,) I pardon crave of thee:  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

## XI. f

Venus with Adonis sitting by her,  
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:  
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,  
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.  
Even thus, (quoth she) the warlike god embrac'd me;  
And then she <sup>g</sup>cliv'd Adonis in her arms;  
Even thus, (quoth <sup>h</sup>) the warlike god unlac'd me,  
As if the boy should use like loving charms:

<sup>d</sup> This poem was published in 1598, in Richard Barnfield's "Encomion of Lady Pecunia." There is little doubt that it is his property.—<sup>e</sup> "Whenas," i. e., at the time when.—<sup>f</sup> This sonnet, with considerable variations, is the third in a collection of seventy-two sonnets, published in 1596, under the title of "Fidessa," with the name of B. Griffin, the author. A manuscript of the time, now before us, has the initials W. S. at the end.—<sup>g</sup> "Clipp'd," i. e., encircled.

Even thus, (quoth she) he seized on my lips,  
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;  
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
And would not take her meaning, nor her pleasure.  
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,  
To kiss and clip me till I ran away!

## XII.

Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot live together;  
Youth is full of <sup>a</sup>pleasance,  
Age is full of care:  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport,  
Age's breath is short;  
Youth is nimble, age is lame:  
Youth is hot and bold,  
Age is weak and cold;  
Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee,  
Youth, I do adore thee;  
O, my love, my love is young!  
Age, I do defy thee;  
O, sweet shepherd! hie thee,  
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

## XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;  
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;  
A brittle glass, that's broken presently:  
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.  
And as goods lost are <sup>b</sup>sold or never found,  
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh;  
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
As broken glass no cement can redress;  
So beauty blenish'd once, for ever lost,  
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

## XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:  
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;  
And duff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
To descant on the doubts of my decay.  
Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow:  
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.  
Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
In scorn or friendship, <sup>c</sup>nill I construe whether:  
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,  
'T may be, again to make me wonder thither;  
"Wander," a word for shadows like thyself,  
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

## XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!  
My heart doth charge the watch, the morning rise  
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;  
For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,  
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:  
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;  
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;  
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sor-  
row; [row.  
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-mor-

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;  
But now are minutes added to the hours;  
To spite me now, each minute seems a <sup>d</sup>moon:  
Yet not for me, shine sun to succor flowers!  
Pack night, peep day, good day, of night now  
borrow: [low.  
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-mor-

XVI.<sup>e</sup>

It was a lording's daughter,  
The fairest one of three,  
That liked of her master  
As well as well might be,  
Till looking on an Englishman,  
The fairest that eye could see,  
Her fancy fell a turning.  
Long was the combat doubtful,  
That love with love did fight,  
To leave the master loveless,  
Or kill the gallant knight:  
To put in practice either,  
Alas! it was a spite  
Unto the silly damsel.  
But one must be refused,  
More mickle was the pain,  
That nothing could be used,  
To turn them both to gain;  
For of the two the trusty knight  
Was wounded with disdain:  
Alas! she could not help it.  
Thus art with arms contending  
Was victor of the day,  
Which by a gift of learning  
Did bear the maid away;  
Then lullaby, the learned man  
Hath got the lady gay;  
For now my song is ended.

XVII.<sup>f</sup>

On a day (alack the day!)  
Love, whose month was ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
That the lover (sick to death)  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alas! my hand hath sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:  
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.  
Thou for whom Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiop were;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.

XVIII.<sup>g</sup>

My flocks feed not,  
My ewes breed not,

<sup>d</sup> "A moon," i. e., a month.—<sup>e</sup> This is the first piece in the division of "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599, called, "Sonnets to sundry Notes of Music."—"This poem, in a more complete state, may be seen in "Love's Labor's Lost." The poem is also printed in "England's Helicon," a miscellany of poetry, first published in 1600, where "W. Shakespeare" is appended to it.—<sup>f</sup> In "England's Helicon," 1600, this poem immediately follows "On a day (alack the day!)" but it is there entitled, "The unknown Shepherd's Complaint," and it is subscribed *Ignoto*. Hence, we may suppose that the compiler of that collection knew that it was not by Shakespeare, although it had been attributed to him in "The Passionate Pilgrim," of the year preceding.

<sup>a</sup> "Pleasance," i. e., gayety.—<sup>b</sup> *Sold for seldom*.—<sup>c</sup> "Nill I," i. e., I will not.

My rams speed not,  
 All is amiss :  
 Love is dying,  
 Faith's defying,  
 Heart's denying,  
 Causer of this.  
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
 All my lady's love is lost (God wot):  
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.  
 One silly cross  
 Wrought all my loss :  
 O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame !  
 For now I see  
 Inconstancy  
 More in women than in men remain.  
 In black mourn I,  
 All fears scorn I,  
 Love hath forlorn me,  
 Living in thrall :  
 Heart is bleeding,  
 All help needing,  
 O cruel speeding !  
<sup>a</sup> Fraughted with gall !  
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no <sup>b</sup> deal,  
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;  
 My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,  
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;  
 My sighs so deep,  
 Procure to weep,  
 In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.  
 How sighs resound  
 Through heartless ground, [fight!  
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody  
 Clear wells spring not,  
 Sweet birds sing not,  
 Green plants bring not  
 Forth their dye ;  
 Herds stand weeping,  
 Flocks all sleeping,  
 Nymphs back peeping  
 Fearfully :  
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
 All our merry meetings on the plains,  
 All our evening sport from us is fled ;  
 All our love is lost, for love is dead.  
 Farewell, sweet lass,  
 Thy like ne'er was  
 For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan  
 Poor Coridon  
 Must live alone,  
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

## XIX.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,  
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,  
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
 As well as partial fancy like :  
 Take counsel of some wiser head,  
 Neither too young, nor yet unwed.  
 And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,  
 Lest she some subtle practice smell ;  
 A cripple soon can find a halt :  
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,  
 And set thy person forth to sell.  
 What though her frowning brows be bent,  
 Her cloudy looks will clear ere night ;  
 And then too late she will repent  
 That thus dissembled her delight ;

<sup>a</sup> "Fraughted," i. e., filled.—<sup>b</sup> "No deal," i. e., no part.

And twice desire, ere it be day,  
 That which with scorn she put away.  
 What though she strive to try her strength,  
 And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,  
 Her feeble force will yield at length,  
 When craft hath taught her thus to say,—  
 "Had women been so strong as men,  
 In faith you had not had it then."  
 And to her will frame all thy ways :  
 Sparo not to spend, and chiefly there  
 Where thy desert may merit praise,  
 By ringing in thy lady's ear :  
 The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
 The golden bullet beats it down.  
 Serve always with assured trust,  
 And in thy suit be humble, true ;  
 Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
 Seek never thou to choose a new.  
 When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
 To proffer, though she put thee back.  
 The wiles and guiles that women work,  
 Dissembled with an outward show,  
 The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
 The cock that treads them shall not know.  
 Have you not heard it sail full oft,  
 A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?  
 Think, women still to strive with men  
 To sin, and never for to smite :  
 There is no heaven ; be holy then,  
 When time with age shall them attain.  
 Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
 One woman would another wed.  
 But soft ! enough,—too much, I fear ;  
 Lest that my mistress hear my song,  
 She will not stick to warm my ear,  
 To teach my tongue to be so long :  
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
 To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XX.<sup>c</sup>

Live with me and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove,  
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
 And the craggy mountain yields.  
 There will we sit upon the rocks,  
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks  
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.  
 There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
 With a thousand fragrant posies ;  
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.  
 A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
 With coral clasps and amber studs ;  
 And if these pleasures might thee move,  
 Then, live with me and be my love.

## LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,  
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
 These pretty pleasures might me move,  
 To live with thee and be thy love.

<sup>c</sup> This poem, here incomplete, and what is called "Love's Answer," still more imperfect, belong to Christopher Marlowe and Sir Walter Raleigh : the first is assigned by name to Marlowe, in "England's Helicon," 1600, and the last appears in the same collection, under the name of *Ignoto*, which was a signature sometimes adopted by Sir Walter Raleigh.

XXI.<sup>a</sup>

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade,  
Which a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow and plants did spring;  
Every thing did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone:  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity.  
Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;  
Tereu, Tereu! by and by;  
That to hear her so complain  
Scarce I could from tears refrain,  
For her griefs, so lively shown,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,  
None takes pity on thy pain:  
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,  
Ruthless bears they will not cheer thee.  
King Pandion he is dead,  
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead,  
All thy fellow birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing.

XXII.<sup>b</sup>

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,  
Thou and I were both beguil'd:  
Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy, like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find:  
Every man will be thy friend,  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call,  
And with such like flattering,  
Pity but he were a king.  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice:  
If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandement;  
But if fortune once do frown,  
Then, farewell his great renown:  
They that fav'n'd on him before  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed  
He will help thee in thy need:  
If thou sorrow, he will weep;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:  
Thus of every grief in heart,  
He with thee does bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE PHOENIX AND TURTLE.<sup>c</sup>

Let the bird of loudest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,  
Foul <sup>d</sup>pre-currer of the fiend,  
Angur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feather'd king:  
Keep the obsequy so strict.  
Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music can,  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the *requiem* lack his right.  
And thou, treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:  
Love and constancy is dead;  
Phoenix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts, division none:  
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;  
Distance, and no space was seen  
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:  
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the Phoenix' sight:  
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,  
That the self was not the same;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together;  
To themselves yet either neither,  
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cry'd, how true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one!  
Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this <sup>e</sup>throne,  
To the Phoenix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love,  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

<sup>f</sup>THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phoenix' nest;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest.

Leaving no posterity:  
'T was not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

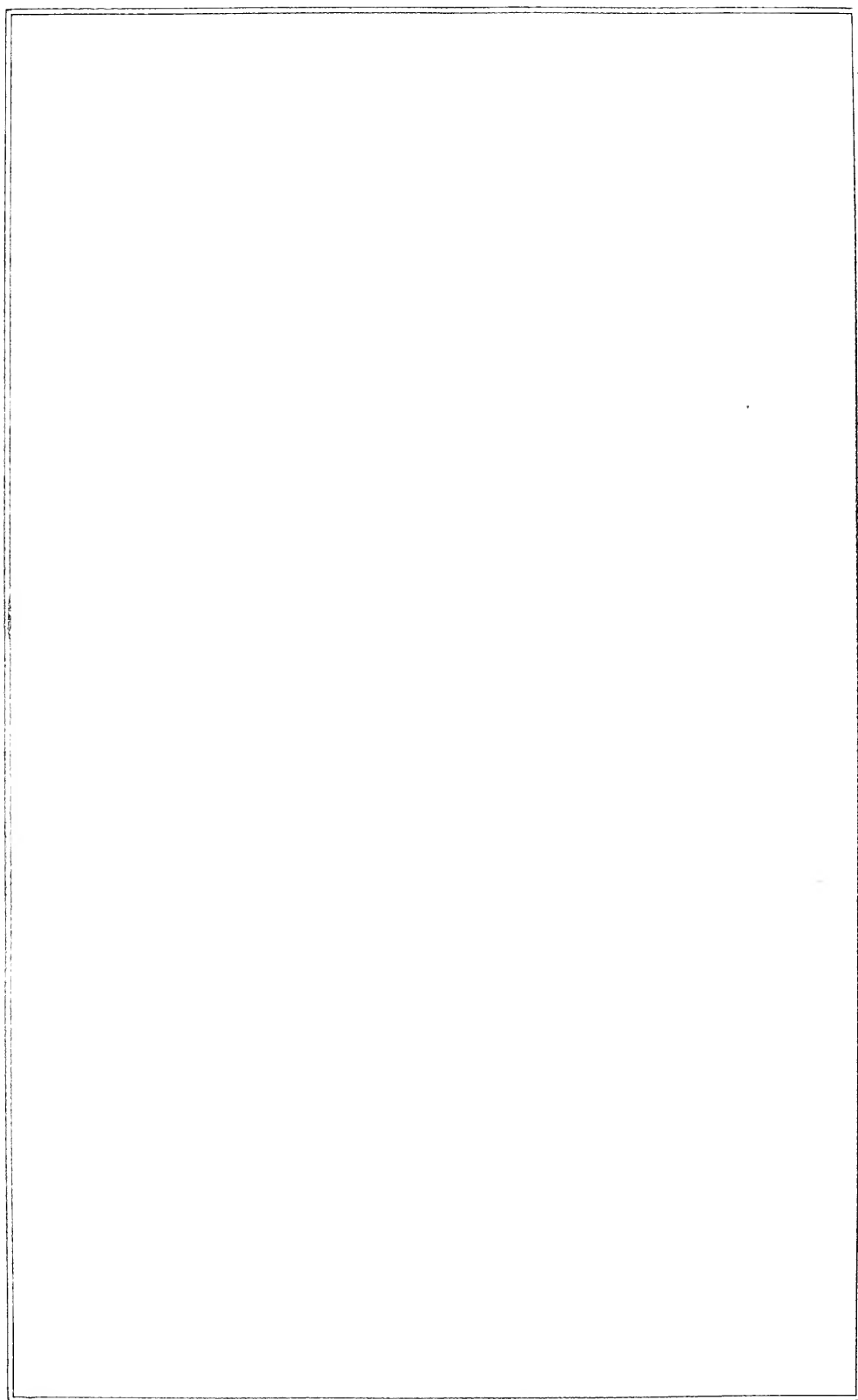
Truth may seem, but cannot be;  
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair;  
For these dead birds sing a prayer.

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

<sup>a</sup>This poem is contained in R. Barnfield's "Encomion of Lady Pecunia," 1598, and reprinted as his, in 1605.—<sup>b</sup>This is the last poem in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599. It is a separate production, both in subject and place, with a division between it and Barnfield's poem, which precedes it.—<sup>c</sup>This poem is printed, as we have given it, with the name of Shakespeare, in Robert Chester's "Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint," 1601.

<sup>d</sup>"Pre-currer," i. e., forerunner.—<sup>e</sup>"Threne," i. e., lamentation.—<sup>f</sup>"Threnos," i. e., song of lamentation.



# NOTES TO THE EMENDATIONS.

The figures to the right of the columns indicate the pages of the book, and the parallel figures correspond with those in the text. The abbreviation "f. e." is used to designate *former editions*.

## THE TEMPEST.

- PAGE
- 1.—1. "right," in f. e. "rightful."  
2. "a Ship at Sea," in f. e. "the Sea, with a Ship."  
3. "heard," not in f. e.  
4. "*as on shipboard*," &c. not in f. e.  
5. "from the cabin," not in f. e.  
6. "a," not in f. e.  
2.—1. "heat," in f. e. "cheek."  
2. "*robe*," in f. e. "*mantle*."  
3. "provision," in f. e. "provision."  
4. "*Sits down*," not in f. e.  
5. "thou," in f. e. "and."  
6. "And," in f. e. "A."  
3.—1. "loaded," in f. e. "larded."  
2. "to untruth," in f. e. "unto truth."  
3. "practise," in f. e. "purpose."  
4. "*Puts on*," &c. not in f. e.  
4.—1. "all," in f. e. "are."  
2. "boat," in f. e. "fote."  
3. "a," in f. e. "the."  
5.—1. "a," not in f. e. "like a."  
2. "*Waking*," not in f. e.  
3. "canst hear first," in f. e. "camest first."  
4. "Music above," not in f. e.  
6.—1. "*Seeing her*," not in f. e.  
2. "*Kneels*," not in f. e.  
3. "*Rises*," not in f. e.  
4. "master," in f. e. "masters."  
7.—1. "Which, or he," in f. e. "Which of them, he."  
2. "as," in f. e. "at."  
3. "should," in f. e. "she'd."  
8.—1. "needle-seed," in f. e. "nettle-seed."  
2. "above," not in f. e.  
3. f. e. add "*Exit ARIEL*."  
4. "for," in f. e. "from."  
9.—1. "what's," in f. e. "what."  
2. "*ARIEL descends invisible*," in f. e. "*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible*."  
3. "this," in f. e. "this."  
4. "not," in f. e. "nor."  
5. "*Seeing CALIBAN*," not in f. e.  
10.—1. "drench," in f. e. "dregs."  
2. "*CALIBAN dials*," not in f. e.  
3. "*Kneels*," not in f. e.  
4. "*CALIBAN lies down*," not in f. e.  
11.—1. "scamels," in f. e. "sea-nells."  
2. "trrencher," in f. e. "trouchering."  
3. "blest," in f. e. "least."  
4. "*behind*," in f. e. "*at a distance*."  
5. "*Aside*," not in f. e.  
6. "*To herself*," not in f. e.  
7. "ought," in f. e. "what."  
8. "*Aside*," not in f. e.  
12.—1. "*Kneels*," not in f. e.  
2. "*Rises*," not in f. e.  
3. "*CALIBAN kneels*," not in f. e.  
4. "then," in f. e. "there."  
5. "gestures," in f. e. "gesture."  
13.—1. "sounds," in f. e. "sound."  
3. f. e. "See ALON, SEB, &c. draw their swords," is here inserted.  
14.—1. "ALON, SEB, &c.," not in f. e.  
2. "titled," in f. e. "litled."  
3. "brown," in f. e. "broom."  
15.—1. "*Juno descends slowly*," not in f. e.  
2. "short-graz'd," in f. e. "short-grass'd."  
3. in f. e. *Ceres* here takes up the song.  
4. "Rain," in f. e. "Spring."  
5. "sedg," in f. e. "sedged."  
16.—1. "skins," in f. e. "shins."  
2. f. e. have but this: "PROSPERO and ARIEL remain unseen."  
3. "*Seeing*," &c. not in f. e.  
4. "*Cries*," &c. not in f. e.  
17.—1. "green-sward," in f. e. "green-sour."

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- 17.—2. "Noble," in f. e. "Holy."  
3. "flow," in f. e. "show."  
4. "servant," in f. e. "sir."  
5. "e'er," in f. e. "or."  
6. in f. e. the period after "*couch*" is omitted.  
7. "*Attired*," &c., not in f. e.  
8. "devil," in f. e. "trifle."  
9. "thy," in f. e. "my."  
10. "faults," in f. e. "fault."  
18.—1. "PROSPERO draws a curtain," in f. e. "*The entrance of the cell opens*."  
19.—1. "with all," in f. e. "without."  
2. f. e. add "*Exeunt*."  
3. "*Excunt omnes*," not in f. e.

## THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

- 20.—1. "THE," not in f. e.  
2. "The two Gentlemen," in f. e. "Gentlemen of Verona."  
3. "of," in f. e. "for."  
4. "the like," in f. e. "Servant."  
5. f. e. add, "in Milan."  
6. "with Valentine," not in f. e.  
7. "JULIA, beloved of," in f. e. "JULIA, a lady of Verona, beloved by."  
8. "SILVIA, beloved of," in f. e. "SILVIA, the Duke's Daughter, beloved by."  
9. "but," in f. e. "for."  
21.—1. "*Giving*," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "better," not in f. e.  
3. "to her," not in f. e.  
4. "you her," in f. e. "your."  
5. "*Exit*," not in f. e.  
6. "*Exit*," in f. e. "*Exeunt*."  
7. "Mercutio," in f. e. "Mercutio."  
8. "a loving," in f. e. "on lovely."  
22.—1. "*Gives a letter*," not in f. e.  
2. "*Gives it back*," not in f. e.  
3. "*Drops the letter*," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "*Snatching*," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "*and throws it down*," not in f. e.  
6. "pleas'd better," in f. e. "best pleas'd."  
7. "name," in f. e. "names."  
8. "unto," in f. e. "to."  
9. "see what sights you think," in f. e. "say what sights you see."  
23.—1. "*not seeing*," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "*Kissing*," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "and," in f. e. "to."  
4. "*Putting it up*," not in f. e.  
5. "Valentino," in f. e. "Valentinus."  
6, 7, 8. "hath," in f. e. "had."  
9. "go," not in f. e.  
24.—1. "be," not in f. e.  
2. "*Giving a paper*," not in f. e.  
3. "*Giving it back*," not in f. e.  
25.—1. f. e. insert here: "*Giving a ring*."  
2. "*Exchange rings*," not in f. e.  
3. "his," in f. e. "a."  
4. "wild," in f. e. "wood."  
5. "twill," in f. e. "I'll."  
26.—1. "wealth," in f. e. "worth."  
2. "you out," in f. e. "out you."  
3. "*Re-enter*," in f. e. "*Enter*."  
4. "summer-smelling," in f. e. "summer-sweeting."  
27.—1. "owner or Valentino's," in f. e. "eye, or Valentinus."  
2. "so," not in f. e.  
3. "I have," in f. e. "thou hast."  
4. "to," in f. e. "in."  
28.—1. "wide," in f. e. "wild."  
2. "loving," in f. e. "longing."  
29.—1. "*in his book*," not in f. e.  
2. "lady in Milano," in f. e. "lady, sir, in Milan."

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- 29.—3. "*Ladder*," &c., not in f. e.  
31.—1. "slip," in f. e. "sleep."  
2. "*running*," not in f. e.  
3. f. e. add: "PROTEUS *behind*."  
4. "*Enter PROTEUS*," not in f. e.  
5. "sure," in f. e. "some."  
32.—1. "wean," in f. e. "weed."  
2. "when," in f. e. "where."  
3. "strict," in f. e. "such."  
4. "*They*," &c., not in f. e.  
33.—1. "cave," in f. e. "crews."  
2. "*as free*," in f. e. "*as she*."  
3. "*Music*," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "not," not in f. e.  
34.—1. "I," not in f. e.  
2. "abhors," in f. e. "abhor'd."  
3. this line is not in f. e.  
4. "do," not in f. e.  
35.—1. "eur," not in f. e.  
2. "a hangman boy," in f. e. "the hangman's boys."  
3. "so please you to," in f. e. "please you."  
4, 5, 6. "*Giving*," &c., not in f. e.  
36.—1. "green as grass," in f. e. "grey as glass."  
2. "large," not in f. e.  
3. "angrily," not in f. e.  
4. "her," in f. e. "it."  
5. "*in haste*," not in f. e.  
6. "*Drawing*," &c., not in f. e.  
7. "These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods," in f. e. "This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods."  
37.—1. "too," in f. e. "so."  
2. "*Shouts*," not in f. e.  
3. "my rude," in f. e. "are my."  
4. "*Withdraues*," in f. e. "*Steps aside*."  
5. "having," in f. e. "I have."  
6. "*Coming forward*," not in f. e.  
7. "dared I to," in f. e. "I dare not."  
8. "my foes," in f. e. "foes, that."  
9. "desperate guilt at once," in f. e. "guilt."  
10. "This," in f. e. "Why this."  
11. "*Discovering herself*," not in f. e.  
38.—1. "Milano," in f. e. "Verona."  
2. "conclude," in f. e. "include."  
3. "stripling," not in f. e.  
4. "Valentine," not in f. e.  
5. "love's discoverer," in f. e. "loves discovered."  
6. "Our day of marriage shall be yours no less," in f. e. "That done, our day of marriage shall be yours."

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

- 39.—1. "THE," not in f. e.  
2. "JOHN," not in f. e.  
3. "ANNE," in f. e. "MRS. ANNE."  
40.—1. f. e. insert here: "*Enter PAGE*."  
2. "*Aboue*," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "*Enter PAGE*," not in f. e.  
4. "Cotsall," in f. e. "Cotsall."  
41.—1. "*and Mistress FORD*," &c., in f. e. "*Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE following*."  
2. "*Following*," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "demand," in f. e. "command."  
4. "*Dogs bark*," not in f. e.  
42.—1. "minut's," in f. e. "minute's."  
2. "earves," in f. e. "earves."  
3. "well," in f. e. "will."  
4. "a legion," in f. e. "legions."  
5. "beauty," in f. e. "bounty."  
6. "the," in f. e. "this."  
7. f. e. insert here: "in my head."  
8. "stars," in f. e. "star."

## PAGE

- 43.—1. "*running*," not in f. e.  
 2. "*Enter Rucny*," not in f. e.  
 3. "*Going to it*," not in f. e.  
 4. "*Drugging*," in f. e. "pulling."  
 44.—1. "I," in f. e. "we."  
 2. "physician," in f. e. "precisian."  
 3. "*giving a letter*," not in f. e.  
 4. "*Mrs. Page reads*," not in f. e.  
 5. "sain," in f. e. "strain."  
 45.—1. "*Nym*," in f. e. "*Pistol*."  
 2. f. e. add, "*and SHALLOW*."  
 3. "*Enter SHALLOW*," not in f. e.  
 4. "go on here," in f. e. "go, Myne-heers."  
 46.—1. "see them," not in f. e.  
 2. "fidelity," in f. e. "fidelity."  
 3. f. e. contain an additional line: "I will rebot the sum in equipage."  
 4. "coach fellow," in f. e. "coach-fellow."  
 5. "you," not in f. e.  
 6. "of a," in f. e. "this."  
 47.—1. "half, or all," in f. e. "all, or half."  
 2. "sail," in f. e. "soul."  
 48.—1. "*Rous*," &c., not in f. e.  
 49.—1. "cords and creams," in f. e. "eried gaine."  
 2. "*With a book*," not in f. e.  
 3. "pit way, the park-way," in f. e. "petty-ward, the park-ward, every way."  
 4. 5. "*Sings*," not in f. e.  
 50.—1. "hands, celestial and terrestrial," in f. e. "land, celestial."  
 2. "year," not in f. e.  
 3. "him," in f. e. "he."  
 4. "*ten*," not in f. e.  
 51.—1. "By the Lord," not in f. e.  
 52.—1. "*and falls over*," not in f. e.  
 53.—1. "*talk*," in f. e. "*converse*."  
 2. "*Stands back*," not in f. e.  
 54.—1. "me," in f. e. "one."  
 55.—1. "get," in f. e. "let."  
 2. "and," in f. e. "of."  
 3. "this," in f. e. "this his."  
 4. "*in flight*," not in f. e.  
 56.—1. "villains," in f. e. "villain."  
 2. "*out*," &c., in f. e. "*out of the basket*."  
 3. "*All clothes*," &c., not in f. e.  
 57.—1. "say," in f. e. "no."  
 2. "see," in f. e. "say."  
 3. "sonnily," in f. e. "sonnd."  
 58.—1. "him," in f. e. "he."  
 2. "*Ent. Yon*," in f. e. "*Sim. I*."  
 3. "and," in f. e. "or."  
 4. "hy," not in f. e.  
 59.—1. "enough," in f. e. "enough to say my prayers."  
 60.—1. "Hug," in f. e. "Hug."  
 2. "when thoust leapt," in f. e. "shalt thou leap."  
 3. "*To himself*," not in f. e.  
 4. "rouse," in f. e. "raise."  
 5. "but," in f. e. "as."  
 61.—1. "Loch hand," in f. e. "Pray you, loch hand," &c.  
 2. "*To himself*," not in f. e.  
 3. "*by one*," not in f. e.  
 4. "citizens," not in f. e.  
 5. "watch'd," in f. e. "watch'd."  
 6. "hodge pudding," in f. e. "hodge-pudding."  
 7. "rying," not in f. e.  
 62.—1. "*They kneel*," not in f. e.  
 2. "guile," in f. e. "title."

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

- 63.—1. f. e. add "*in the Duke's absence*."  
 2. "apt," in f. e. "put."  
 3. "But add to your sufficiency your worth," in f. e. "But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able."  
 4. "*Giving it*," not in f. e.  
 64.—1. "*Tempering*," &c., not in f. e.  
 2. "*Giving it*," not in f. e.  
 65.—1. "hewly," not in f. e.  
 2. "*CLAUDIO, JULIET and Officers*," in f. e. "*CLAUDIO, JULIET and Officers*;" *LUCIO and two Gentlemen*."  
 3. "*Enter LUCIO*," &c., not in f. e.  
 4. "scape," in f. e. "scape."  
 5. "pronunciation," in f. e. "denunciation."  
 6. "procuration," in f. e. "propagation."  
 66.—1. "in time the rod's More mock'd," &c., in f. e. "in time the rod becomes more mock'd," &c.  
 2. "due," in f. e. "the."  
 3. "in the sight, To draw on slander," &c., in f. e. "in the fight, To do in slander," &c.  
 4. "*LUCIO calls*," not in f. e.  
 5. "scorn," in f. e. "story."  
 6. "seedling," in f. e. "seedness."

## PAGE

- 66.—7. "who's," in f. e. "is."  
 67.—1. "A," in f. e. "the."  
 2. "breaks of ice," in f. e. "brakes of vice."  
 68.—1. "unto," in f. e. "into."  
 2. "windows," in f. e. "winter."  
 3. "lordship," in f. e. "worship."  
 69.—1. "day," in f. e. "day."  
 70.—1. "God," in f. e. "top."  
 2. "one," not in f. e.  
 3. "new," in f. e. "now."  
 4. "ere," in f. e. "where."  
 5. "but tyrannous," in f. e. "but it is tyrannous."  
 6. "You cannot . . . with yourself," in f. e. "We cannot . . . with ourself."  
 7. "circles," in f. e. "shckels."  
 8. "*Going*," not in f. e.  
 9. "offals," in f. e. "evils."  
 71.—1. "Even," in f. e. "Ever."  
 2. "*as a*," in f. e. "*loved-like a*."  
 3. "serve," in f. e. "spare."  
 4. "intention," in f. e. "invention."  
 5. "sear," in f. e. "sear'd."  
 6. "path," in f. e. "part."  
 72.—1. "insheld," in f. e. "enshield."  
 2. "force," in f. e. "loss."  
 3. "May vouch," in f. e. "My vouch."  
 73.—1. "do," in f. e. "dost."  
 2. "boasted," in f. e. "blessed."  
 3. "wouldst," in f. e. "shouldst."  
 4. "priestly," in f. e. "precise."  
 5. "priestly garb," in f. e. "precise guards."  
 74.—1. "chief," in f. e. "cheap."  
 2. "as," in f. e. "a."  
 75.—1. "usances," in f. e. "usuries."  
 2. "troth," in f. e. "trot."  
 77.—1. "the due of," not in f. e.  
 2. "virtue to," in f. e. "and virtue."  
 3. "Masking," in f. e. "Making."  
 4. "*But my kisses bring again*," *Seals of love, but seal'd in rain*, *bring again*, *Seals of love, but seal'd in rain*, *seal'd in rain*.  
 5. "Run with base, false, and most contrarious quests," in f. e. "Run with these false and most contrarious requests."  
 6. "dreams," in f. e. "dream."  
 78.—1. "field's," in f. e. "tith."  
 2. "resisting," in f. e. "musling."  
 79.—1. "*Giving a paper*," not in f. e.  
 80.—1. "grovelling beast," in f. e. "gravel heart."  
 2. "manifest," in f. e. "manifested."  
 3. "*Catching her*," not in f. e.  
 4. "Perjurious," in f. e. "Injurious."  
 5. "to you," not in f. e.  
 81.—1. "confined," in f. e. "combin'd."  
 2. 3. "*Going*," not in f. e.  
 4. "an hour," in f. e. "in an hour."  
 5. "such," in f. e. "of."  
 6. "them," in f. e. "letters."  
 7. "Unto," in f. e. "To."  
 82.—1. "*Kneeling*," not in f. e.  
 2. "*Rising*," not in f. e.  
 3. "*Kneeling again*," not in f. e.  
 4. "*Rising*," not in f. e.  
 5. "strangely," in f. e. "strange."  
 6. "Most strangely, yet," in f. e. "Most strange, but yet."  
 7. "inequality," in f. e. "inequality."  
 8. "Now," not in f. e.  
 83.—1. "truth," in f. e. "trust."  
 2. "*Kneeling*," not in f. e.  
 84.—1. "*Exit DUKE*," not in f. e.  
 2. f. e. insert here "*[Exit DUKE]*."  
 3. "then," in f. e. "and."  
 4. "reject," in f. e. "retort."  
 5. "your," in f. e. "his."  
 6. "place," in f. e. "close."  
 85.—1. "*Putting off the Friar's disguise*," in f. e. "*Putting off the Friar's hood, and discovers the DUKE*."  
 2. "All start," &c., not in f. e.  
 3. "demonstrance," in f. e. "remembrance."  
 4. "all," not in f. e.  
 5. "I'll lend you all," &c., in f. e. "I'll lend you; all," &c.  
 6. "*They rise*," not in f. e.  
 86.—1. "*unfetter*," not in f. e.  
 2. "Alas," in f. e. "CLAUDIO."  
 3. "CLAUDIO," &c., not in f. e.  
 4. "well," not in f. e.  
 5. "*Curtain drawn*," in f. e. "*Exeunt*."

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

- 87.—1. f. e. add "but unknown to each other."  
 2. f. e. add "and Conjuror."  
 3. f. e. add "an Abbess at Ephesus."

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- 87.—4. "Servant to Adriana," in f. e. "her servant."  
 5. "at Syracusan," in f. e. "at any Syracusan."  
 6. "fortune," in f. e. "nature."  
 88.—1. "gently," in f. e. "gladly."  
 2. "were," in f. e. "was."  
 3. "And by misfortune," in f. e. "That by misfortune."  
 4. "he luberd of all," in f. e. "I luberd of a."  
 5. "hope," in f. e. "help."  
 6. "now," not in f. e.  
 7. "then," in f. e. "that."  
 8. "*drinking none*," not in f. e.  
 89.—1. "would," in f. e. "will."  
 2. "*running*," not in f. e.  
 3. "libertines," in f. e. "liberties."  
 90.—1. 2. "doubly," in f. e. "doubtfully."  
 91.—1. "and," in f. e. "to."  
 2. "trimming," in f. e. "tiring."  
 3. f. e. add "it."  
 4. "thus," in f. e. "then."  
 5. "unmain'd," in f. e. "dustain'd."  
 92.—1. "means," in f. e. "moves."  
 2. "draws," in f. e. "drives."  
 3. "profer'd," in f. e. "offer'd."  
 4. "clves and," in f. e. "clvish."  
 5. "my," in f. e. "the."  
 6. "us," in f. e. "us all."  
 7. "my," in f. e. "e."  
 8. "for certain," not in f. e.  
 9. "*filling*," not in f. e.  
 10. "a face," in f. e. "an ass."  
 11. "trov," in f. e. "hope."  
 93.—1. "unkind debate," in f. e. "Antipholous."  
 2. "incline," in f. e. "decline."  
 94.—1. "*raising*," in f. e. "*hastily*."  
 2. "Polar," in f. e. "Poland."  
 95.—1. "*from the Countess*," not in f. e.  
 2. "these," in f. e. "her."  
 3. "me," not in f. e.  
 4. "for," in f. e. "thee."  
 96.—1. "merry," in f. e. "merrily."  
 2. "*raising*," not in f. e.  
 3. "dark," in f. e. "sweet."  
 4. "fell," not in f. e.  
 5. "Who knows no touch of mercy, cannot feel," not in f. e.  
 6. "fury," in f. e. "fairy."  
 7. "and," in f. e. "of."  
 8. "any," in f. e. "an."  
 9. "*rearing the chain*," not in f. e.  
 97.—1. "thou," in f. e. "then."  
 98.—1. "rigor," in f. e. "vigor."  
 2. "now," not in f. e.  
 3. "those," in f. e. "these."  
 4. "spoke," in f. e. "speak."  
 5. "to," in f. e. "to."  
 99.—1. "at," not in f. e.  
 2. "solemn," in f. e. "sorry."  
 100.—1. "strange," in f. e. "strong."  
 2. "They," in f. e. "There."  
 101.—1. "my voice, split," in f. e. "and it split."  
 2. 3. "his," in f. e. "her."  
 4. "all," in f. e. "are."  
 5. "at," in f. e. "till."  
 102.—1. "*[Exeunt ANT. S. and E. AND, and LUCIO]*," in f. e. "*[Exeunt all except the two Donio brothers]*."

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

- 103.—1. f. e. add "favorite to DON PEDRO."  
 2. f. e. add "favored likewise by DON PEDRO."  
 3. "A Gentleman," not in f. e.  
 4. "Watchmen," &c., in f. e. "Messengers, Watchmen," &c.  
 104.—1. f. e. add "were."  
 2. "That," in f. e. "This."  
 105.—1. "first," not in f. e.  
 2. "ground," in f. e. "grant."  
 3. "till," not in f. e.  
 107.—1. "n'ace," not in f. e.  
 2. 3. "*Bene*," in f. e. "*Bath*."  
 108.—1. "then," in f. e. "therefore."  
 2. "*deprity*," not in f. e.  
 3. "impossible," in f. e. "impossible."  
 4. "lent," in f. e. "left."  
 5. "Have you," in f. e. "You have."  
 109.—1. "as jealous as," in f. e. "that jealous."  
 2. "star," in f. e. "my."  
 110.—1. "proofs," in f. e. "truth."  
 2. "*a Boy*," &c., not in f. e.  
 3. "*[Retires behind the trees]*," in f. e. "*[Withdraws]*."  
 4. "hid-fox," in f. e. "kid-fox."  
 5. "*Marians*," in f. e. "*maids*."  
 6. "*[Behind]*," in f. e. "*[Aside]*."  
 7. "Or," in f. e. "Of."  
 8. "*frauds of men were*," &c., in f. e. "*fraud of men was*," &c.



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110.—0. "[Behind]," in f. e. "[f. side]."  
111.—1. "[Behind]," in f. e. "[f. side]."  
2. "full," not in f. e.  
3. "sheets," in f. e. "sheet."  
4. "cries," in f. e. "curses."  
5. "alms-deed," in f. e. "alms."  
112.—1. "in his age, that he cannot endure  
in his youth," in f. e. "in his  
youth, that he cannot endure in  
his age."  
2. "not," not in f. e.  
3. "*staying in*," not in f. e.  
4. "*Aloud*," not in f. e.  
113.—1. "in a day," in f. e. "every day."  
2. "but in the lack," in f. e. "behind  
the back."  
114.—1. "(Behind and)," not in f. e.  
115.—1. "(Coming forward)," not in f. e.  
2. "set with pearls down the sleeves,"  
in f. e. "set with pearls, down  
sleeves."  
117.—1. "Thou," in f. e. "Thus."  
2. "hazard," in f. e. "rearward."  
3. "frown?" in f. e. "frame?"  
118.—1. "soul-tainted," in f. e. "foul  
tainted."  
2. "cross," in f. e. "course."  
3. "observation," in f. e. "observa-  
tions."  
4. "reverend calling," in f. e. "re-  
verence, calling."  
5. "blighting," in f. e. "biting."  
6. "fraud and," in f. e. "frame of."  
7. "cause," in f. e. "kind."  
8. "lost and lack'd," in f. e. "lack'd  
and lost."  
119.—1. "courtesy," in f. e. "courtesies."  
2. "bona," in f. e. "in the hand."  
3. "Bona, hand, off, coxcomb," in  
f. e. "Com. Off, coxcomb."  
120.—1. "leases," in f. e. "losses."  
2. "to me," not in f. e.  
3. "Call sorry joy; cry hem," &c.,  
in f. e. "Cry—sorrow wag! and  
hem," &c. "*they*!"  
4. "you," in f. e. "yet."  
5. "an," not in f. e.  
121.—1. "capers," not in f. e. "a capon."  
122.—1. "cause," in f. e. "bid."  
123.—1. "bright," in f. e. "*knave*."  
2. "see," in f. e. "*they*!"  
3. "his way can tell," in f. e. "his  
several way."  
4. "wood," in f. e. "weeds."  
5. "speed," in f. e. "speeds."  
124.—1. "belied," in f. e. "defied."  
2. "Why, no more," &c., in f. e.  
3. "Why no, no more," &c.  
3. "Troth, no more," &c., in f. e.  
4. "Troth, no, no more," &c.  
5. "swore," in f. e. "did swear."  
6. "It is no matter," in f. e. "Tis no  
such matter."  
7. "of all the Actors," in f. e. "Exeunt."

## LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

- 125.—1. "a Spaniard," in f. e. "a fantasti-  
cal Spaniard."  
2. "[*Showing it*]," not in f. e.  
3. "oaths, and keep them," in f. e.  
4. "oath, and keep it."  
126.—1. "this," in f. e. "these."  
2. "this," in f. e. "thou."  
3. "by," in f. e. "to."  
4. "house-top to unlock the gate,"  
in f. e. "house to unlock the little  
gate."  
5. "to what I swore," in f. e. "what  
I have sworn."  
6. "garulity," in f. e. "gentility!"  
7. "rather," in f. e. "hither."  
8. "plead," in f. e. "speak."  
9. "world-new fashions flouted,"  
in f. e. "world's new fashion plant-  
ed."  
127.—1. "hearing," in f. e. "having."  
2. "chime in the," &c., in f. e. "climb  
in the," &c.  
3. "vessel," in f. e. "vassal."  
4. "*Dull*," not in f. e.  
128.—1. "poetical," in f. e. "pathetical."  
129.—1. "armiger," in f. e. "innager."  
2. "sonnet-maker," in f. e. "sonnets."  
3. "clearest," in f. e. "dearest."  
130.—1. "[*Reads*]," not in f. e.  
2. "free," in f. e. "fair."  
3. "[*Stands back*]," in f. e. "[*Retiring*]."  
4. "[*Coming forward*]," not in f. e.  
131.—1. "Soxe, Ser," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "(*Amato bene*)," not in f. e.  
3. "palm," in f. e. "penny."  
132.—1. "messenger," in f. e. "message."  
2. "fair," in f. e. "free."  
3. "Moist-eyed," in f. e. "Most rude."  
4. "them all," in f. e. "the male,"

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133.—5. "making," in f. e. "adding."  
6. "A good *Reverend*," &c., in f. e. "*Moth*, A good *Pen-  
cyl*," ending," &c.  
8. "marry," not in f. e.  
9. "he," not in f. e.  
10. "free," not in f. e.  
11. "[*Giving a letter*]," not in f. e.  
12. "[*Exit*]," not in f. e.  
13. f. e. insert here, "[*Exit Moth*]."  
14. "[*Showing it*]," not in f. e.  
133.—1. "witty," in f. e. "whitely."  
2. "faith," in f. e. "fair."  
3. "[*Giving it*]," not in f. e.  
4. "[*Handing it*]," &c., not in f. e.  
134.—1. "Looking babies in her eyes," &c.:  
this line not in f. e.  
2. "small," not in f. e.  
3. "not to think," not in f. e.  
4. "Which we, having taste and feel-  
ing, are," in f. e. "Which we of  
taste and feeling are," &c.  
5. "set," in f. e. "see."  
135.—1. "[*Doctress*]," in f. e. "Dictynna."  
2. "[*Reads*]," not in f. e.  
3. "[*Sings*]," not in f. e.  
4. "initiating," in f. e. "*Initiari*."  
5. "trained," in f. e. "tired."  
136.—1. "*den of night*," in f. e. "*night of  
dec*."  
2. f. e. insert here, "[*Steps aside*]."  
3. "*in the tree*," not in f. e.  
4. "us," not in f. e.  
5. "By earth, she is most corporal,"  
in f. e. "By earth, she is not—  
corporal."  
6. "Stoops," in f. e. "Stoop."  
137.—1. "[*Agreat*]," not in f. e.  
2. "fasting," in f. e. "fasting."  
3. "[*Giving*]," not in f. e.  
4. "pleasant," in f. e. "present."  
5. "[*Tearing it*]," not in f. e.  
6. "yet," in f. e. "not."  
138.—1. "shade," in f. e. "scowl."  
2. "these," in f. e. "crest."  
3. "these," in f. e. "the."  
4. "learning," in f. e. "beauty."  
5. "humanity," in f. e. "humility."  
139.—1. "one of *insult*," in f. e. "one of  
"insane."  
2. "large house," in f. e. "charge-  
house."  
140.—1. "for," not in f. e.  
2. "to," not in f. e.  
3. "*with presents*," not in f. e.  
4. "R," in f. e. "R."  
141.—1. "potently," in f. e. "portent-like."  
2. "encounters," in f. e. "encoun-  
ters."  
3. "the breach," in f. e. "their  
breath."  
4. "adieu," in f. e. "solemn."  
5. "kiss-suit," in f. e. "kiss-heat."  
142.—1. "kill'd by pure flout," in f. e.  
2. "kingly-poor flout."  
143.—1. "he," in f. e. "it."  
2. "these," in f. e. "the."  
144.—1. "pursuit," in f. e. "perfect."  
145.—1. f. e. insert here, "[*Seats brought for  
the KING, PRINCESS, etc.  
Pageant of the Nine Worthies*]."  
2. "King," in f. e. "Prin."  
146.—1. "gift," in f. e. "gift."  
2. f. e. insert here, "[*BIRON whispers  
COSTARD*]."  
3. "*Re-enter COSTARD*," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "nimble," in f. e. "humble."  
5. "parting time expressly forms," in  
f. e. "parts of time extremely  
form."  
6. "dall," in f. e. "double."  
7. "strangeness," in f. e. "strains."  
8. "so base," in f. e. "a sin."  
147.—1. "challenge by," in f. e. "challenge  
me by."  
2. "had," in f. e. "have."  
3. "exercise," in f. e. "execute."  
4. "dire," in f. e. "dear."  
5. "them," in f. e. "then."

## MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

- 149.—1. f. e. add, "betrothed to Theseus."  
2. f. e. insert here, "daughter to  
Egeus."  
3. f. e. add, "a fairy."  
4. f. e. add, "performed by the  
Clowns."  
5. "revelry," in f. e. "revelling."  
150.—1. "hardness," in f. e. "harshness."  
2. "to," not in f. e.  
3. "men," in f. e. "friends."  
151.—1. "Your words I'd catch," in f. e.  
2. "Your word I catch."  
2. "His fault, fair Helena, is none of  
mine," in f. e. "His folly, Helena,  
is no fault of mine."

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151.—3. "must," in f. e. "do."  
4. "dear recompence," in f. e. "a  
dear expense."  
5. "go on to appoint," in f. e. "grow  
to a point."  
6. "stones," in f. e. "storms."  
152.—1. "Take pains; be perfect; adieu,"  
in f. e. these words are attributed  
to Bottom.  
2. "*at opposite doors*," in f. e. "*from  
opposite sides*."  
3. "all," in f. e. "fall."  
4. "cups," in f. e. "spots."  
5. "Fairy," not in f. e.  
6. "Faries," in f. e. "Fairy."  
153.—1. "art," in f. e. "heart."  
2. "Thy," in f. e. "The."  
3. "ripe," in f. e. "rich."  
4. "is seen," in f. e. "it sees."  
5. "I'll," in f. e. "I'll."  
6. "[*Retiring*]," not in f. e.  
154.—1. "bowers," in f. e. "flowers."  
2. "*not your*," in f. e. "*in our*."  
3. "[*Anointing*]," in f. e. "[*Squeezing  
the flower on*]."  
155.—1. "conference," in f. e. "confer-  
ence."  
2. "[*Anointing*]," &c. not in f. e.  
3. "their," in f. e. "The."  
4. f. e. insert here, "[*Seating*]."  
5. "[*Waking*]," not in f. e.  
6. "TRAXIA," in f. e. "the queen of  
fairies."  
156.—1. "lime," in f. e. "loam."  
2. "and," in f. e. "or."  
3. "have," in f. e. "of."  
4. "on," not in f. e.  
5. "*in confusion*," not in f. e.  
6. "frightened," not in f. e.  
157.—1. "Their," in f. e. "The."  
2. "of you," in f. e. "you of."  
4. "of," not in f. e.  
5. "and," not in f. e.  
6. "[*They stand*]," &c., not in f. e.  
158.—1. "in a misprisd mood," in f. e. "on  
a misprisd mood."  
2. "[*Coming forward*]," not in f. e.  
3. "[*Anointing*]," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "[*They stand*]," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "impress," in f. e. "princess."  
6. "in," in f. e. "of."  
159.—1. "childhood's," in f. e. "child-  
hood."  
2. "loving," in f. e. "lovely."  
3. "had," in f. e. "have."  
4. "[*Holding him*]," not in f. e.  
5. "No, no, he'll," in f. e. "No, no  
sir."  
6. "means," in f. e. "news."  
160.—1. "[*Coming forward*]," not in f. e.  
161.—1. "[*Steps*]," in f. e. "[*Lies down*]."  
2. "[*Anointing*]," in f. e. "[*Squeezing  
the juice on*]."  
3. "see," not in f. e.  
4. "a while," in f. e. "all ways."  
5. "[*Anointing her eyes*]," in f. e.  
6. "[*Touching her eyes with an  
herb*]."  
162.—1. "shouts," in f. e. "shout."  
2. "the," in f. e. "a."  
3. "Thisby's," in f. e. "her."  
163.—1. "seething," in f. e. "strange."  
2. "this," in f. e. "there."  
164.—1. "his," not in f. e.  
2. "the PRESENTER," not in f. e.  
3. "Pres," in f. e. "Prin."  
4. "gentle," in f. e. "rusty."  
5. "PRES," in f. e. "PROL."  
6. "cranny," in f. e. "cranny'd."  
165.—1. "w," in f. e. "moral."  
2. "lion's," in f. e. "lion."  
3. "your," in f. e. "my."  
4. "not," in f. e. "no."  
5. "[*Seeing THISBE's mantle*]," not in  
f. e.  
6. "on," in f. e. "and."  
7. "[*Stabs himself*]," not in f. e.  
8. "[*Exit Moonshine*]," not in f. e.  
9. f. e. add, "*Exit Moonshine*."  
166.—1. "This lily lip,  
This cherry tip," in f. e.  
2. "These lily lips,  
This cherry nose."  
3. "with a broom," &c., not in f. e.  
3. in f. e. this song is attributed to  
Oberon.  
4. "it safely," in f. e. "in safety."

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

- 167.—1. "THE," not in f. e.  
168.—1. "it would," in f. e. "would."  
2. "It is that—any thing now," in  
f. e. "Is that any thing now?"  
3. "wastful," in f. e. "wilful."  
169.—1. "approbation," in f. e. "appropri-  
ation."

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169.—2. "homes," in f. e. "home."  
170.—1. "land thieves, and water thieves," in f. e. "water thieves, and land thieves."  
2. "Are you yet possess'd? How much he would? In f. e. "Is he yet possess'd? How much would you?"  
3. "inferred," in f. e. "inserted."  
4. "On," in f. e. "In."  
171.—1. "friend," in f. e. "friends."  
2. "Flourish," in f. e. "Flourish of."  
3. "burning," in f. e. "burnish'd."  
172.—1. "contagious," in f. e. "courageous."  
2. "Going out," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "Rising," not in f. e.  
4. "fructify," in f. e. "frutify."  
174.—1. "Safe bind, safe find," in f. e. "Fast bind, fast find."  
2. "as a boy," in f. e. "in boy's clothes."  
3. "garnish of a lovely boy," in f. e. "lovely garnish of a boy."  
175.—1. "to them below," not in f. e.  
2. "Carthus drachin aside," not in f. e.  
3. "her," not in f. e.  
4. "opens," in f. e. "unlocks."  
5. "Carthus drachin," not in f. e.  
6. "And jewels too," in f. e. "And jewels; two stones."  
176.—1. "apply," in f. e. "employ."  
2. "Flourish," in f. e. "Flourish of."  
3. "Carthus withdrawn," not in f. e.  
4. "prize not," in f. e. "prizes not to."  
5. "He opens the," &c., not in f. e.  
6. "go," in f. e. "goes."  
7. "Carthus drachin," not in f. e.  
8. "Cupid's quick," in f. e. "Quick Cupid's."  
177.—1. "Scher," in f. e. "Salam."  
2. "was wont," in f. e. "used."  
3. "then," in f. e. "thou."  
178.—1. f. e. add, "The caskets set out."  
2. "pause," in f. e. "peize."  
3. "Carthus drachin," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "the," not in f. e.  
5. f. e. insert here, "SONG."  
6. "gulling," in f. e. "guled."  
7. "Indian; heanty, in a word," in f. e. "Indian heanty; in," &c.  
8. "He opens," in f. e. "Opening."  
179.—1. "unfinish'd," in f. e. "unfinish'd."  
2. "happiest of all in that," &c., in f. e. "happiest of all is, that," &c.  
3. "Giving it," not in f. e.  
4. "tongue," in f. e. "roof."  
5. "reals," in f. e. "opens the letter."  
180.—1. "unwearied," in f. e. "unwearied."  
2. "my," not in f. e.  
3. "sacred," in f. e. "secret."  
182.—1. "mean it, then, in reason," &c., in f. e. "mean it, it is reason," &c.  
2. "hollen," in f. e. "woollen."  
3. "Or e'en," in f. e. "You may."  
4. "When you be hold," &c., in f. e. "Why he hath made," &c.  
183.—1. "Presenting," in f. e. "Presents."  
2. "SHYLOCK iches," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "Showering it," not in f. e.  
184.—1. "over," in f. e. "over."  
2. "Showering the," &c., in f. e.  
3. "his," in f. e. "this."  
4. "balance," in f. e. "substance."  
185.—1. "running," not in f. e.  
186.—1. "Lorenzo," in f. e. "Lorenzo?"  
2. "Misery," not in f. e.  
3. "now," in f. e. "how."  
187.—1. "to," not in f. e.  
2. "retain," in f. e. "contain."  
188.—1. "when," in f. e. "where."

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

- 189.—1. "Senior," not in f. e.  
2. "his Brother, usurper," &c., in f. e. "Brother to the Duke, and usurper," &c.  
3. "exiled Duke," in f. e. "Duke in his banishment."  
4. f. e. add, "attending upon Frederick."  
5. "exiled," in f. e. "banished."  
6. "the usurping Duke," in f. e. "Frederick."  
7. "Lords; Pages, Foresters, and Attendants," in f. e. "Lords belonging to the two Dukes; pages, foresters, and other attendants."  
8. "afterwards," in f. e. "afterwards partly."  
9. "and," in f. e. "and partly."  
10. "fashion; be bequeathed me," &c., in f. e. "fashion bequeathed me," &c.

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189.—11. "[ADAM retires," not in f. e.  
190.—1. "[Slaking him," not in f. e.  
2. "old," not in f. e.  
3. "not in f. e."  
191.—1. "ill-favored," in f. e. "ill-favor'dly."  
2. "Ros," in f. e. "Cel."  
3. "Spot," in f. e. "Sport."  
192.—1. "with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment," &c., in f. e. "with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment," &c.  
2. f. e. add, "from her neck."  
193.—1. "father's child," in f. e. "child's father."  
2. "fastest," in f. e. "safest."  
3. "in-separate," in f. e. "inseparable."  
194.—1. "charge," in f. e. "change."  
2. "worse," in f. e. "worse a."  
3. "or," in f. e. "as."  
4. "bath," in f. e. "lad."  
195.—1. "beneath," in f. e. "within."  
2. "diverted, proud," in f. e. "diverted blood."  
3. "favor," in f. e. "service."  
196.—1. "Love, love!" in f. e. "Jove, Jove!"  
2. "And begins to fall with me," not in f. e.  
197.—1. "comforted," in f. e. "comfortable."  
2. "But," in f. e. "Not."  
3. "very means of wear do ebb?" in f. e. "weary very means do ebb?"  
198.—1. "commend," in f. e. "command."  
2. "[Confess with ORLANDO," not in f. e.  
3. "seen," in f. e. "see."  
4. "hanging a paper on a tree," in f. e. "with a paper."  
201.—1. "stands he," in f. e. "stays it."  
202.—1. "it," not in f. e.  
2. "might," in f. e. "may."  
3. "Are horns given to, poor men alone," in f. e. "Horns! Even so:—Poor men alone!"  
203.—1. "wend," in f. e. "wind."  
2. "bind," in f. e. "with."  
3. "kills," in f. e. "dies."  
4. "palpable," in f. e. "capable."  
205.—1. "thank my honesty rather than my wit," in f. e. "think my honesty ranker than my wit."  
2. "out," not in f. e.  
3. "coners," in f. e. "chroniclers."  
4. "censuring," in f. e. "occasion."  
206.—1. "you," not in f. e.  
2. f. e. insert here, "Then sing him home."  
3. "[Then sing him home," not in f. e.  
4. "and gone," in f. e. "and is gone."  
5. "Ros, ready," not in f. e.  
207.—1. "[Raising her," not in f. e.  
209.—1. "obedience," in f. e. "observance."  
2. "Touch," in f. e. "Touchstone's words are attributed to Audrey."  
3. "only," in f. e. "the only."  
4. "not," in f. e. "e."  
5. "untenable," in f. e. "untunable."  
6. "to," in f. e. "they."  
7. "heard," in f. e. "arg'd."  
8. "even so," not in f. e.  
210.—1. "the," not in f. e.  
2. "led," in f. e. "lie."  
3. "thus we," in f. e. "these things."  
4. "in," in f. e. "of."

## TAMING OF THE SHREW.

- 212.—1. "CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker," in f. e. "CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker."  
2. "and Servants," in f. e. "and other Servants attending on the Lord."  
3. f. e. add, "in love with Bianca."  
4. f. e. add, "a suitor to Katharina."  
5. "The Pedant," in f. e. "Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio."  
6. f. e. add, "the Shrew."  
7. f. e. add, "her Sister."  
8. "CHRISTOPHER," not in f. e.  
9. "Jeronymus," in f. e. "S. Jeronimy," and "says Jeronimy."  
10. "headborough," in f. e. "third borough."  
11. "[Lies down," &c., in f. e. "[Lies down on the ground," &c.  
213.—1. "When he says what he is, say," &c., in f. e. "And, when he says he is,—say," &c.  
2. "humble," not in f. e.  
3. "Ave or sir," not in f. e.  
4. "their," in f. e. "the."  
5. "evil," in f. e. "idle."  
214.—1. "Warricks," in f. e. "sheer."  
2. "S," in f. e. "2."  
3. "hedges," in f. e. "sedges."

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214.—4. "wits," in f. e. "wit."  
5. "not," in f. e. "no."  
6. "about," in f. e. "above."  
7. "We shall ne'er be younger, and let the world slide," in f. e. "And let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger."  
215.—1. "now were," in f. e. "thou wert."  
2. "[They stand back," not in f. e.  
3. f. e. add, "LEVENTIO and TRANIO stand aside."  
4. "gracians," not in f. e.  
5. "mood," in f. e. "mould."  
6. "This," in f. e. "Their."  
216.—1. "Agenor's race," in f. e. "Agenor had."  
2. "scarce," in f. e. "hardly."  
3. "masters," in f. e. "schoolmasters."  
4. "Be brief, then, sir," in f. e. "In brief, sir."  
5. "wounding," in f. e. "wounded."  
217.—1. "[Grumio falls down," not in f. e.  
2. "[Rising," not in f. e.  
3. "mo?" in f. e. "out?"  
4. "even," in f. e. "a."  
218.—1. "master," in f. e. "schoolmaster."  
2. "to hear," in f. e. "to the ear."  
219.—1. "grains," in f. e. "goods."  
2. "[Holding her," not in f. e.  
3. "woman's," in f. e. "wondrous."  
220.—1. "to bear," in f. e. "as."  
2. "out," in f. e. "it."  
221.—1. "[Holding her," not in f. e.  
2. "moon," in f. e. "morn."  
3. "pact," in f. e. "part."  
222.—1. "winning," in f. e. "wooling."  
2. "Tut, wrangling pedant! I avouch, this is," in f. e. "But, wrangling pedant, this is."  
223.—1. "[Aside," not in f. e.  
2. "new," in f. e. "old."  
3. "news, and such old news," in f. e. "old news, and such news."  
4. "is," in f. e. "to."  
5. "heaped," in f. e. "hipped."  
6. "the amours or forty fancies," in f. e. "the humor of forty fancies."  
7. "strangely apparelled," not in f. e.  
8. "much," not in f. e.  
224.—1. "loving," in f. e. "lovely."  
2. "But, to our love," in f. e. "But, sir, to love."  
3. "not in f. e."  
225.—1. "thyselt," in f. e. "myself."  
226.—1. "[All servants," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "the," not in f. e.  
3. "[Kicks," in f. e. "[Strikes."  
4. "[Mord speed in," not in f. e.  
5. "[about," in f. e. "at them," and "about the stage."  
7. "running," not in f. e.  
8. "these," in f. e. "these."  
227.—1. "marry her, though she entreat," in f. e. "marry with her, though she would entreat."  
2. "her," not in f. e.  
3. "ambler," in f. e. "angel."  
4. "so like to Vincentio," in f. e. "like to Sir Vincentio."  
228.—1. "that," in f. e. "then."  
229.—1. "hated and," not in f. e.  
2. "happily," not in f. e.  
3. "hold," in f. e. "know."  
230.—1. "while," not in f. e.  
2. "one," in f. e. "on."  
3. "still," in f. e. "so."  
231.—1. "handed," in f. e. "haled."  
232.—1. "gone," in f. e. "done."  
2. "Here's," in f. e. "Ha."  
3. "several," not in f. e.  
233.—1. "Cost me one hundred," in f. e. "Hath cost me an hundred."  
2. "most," in f. e. "to be most."

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

- 234.—1. "French Envoy, serving with Bertram," in f. e. "Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the wars of Rousillon."  
2. "French Gentleman, also serving with Bertram," not in f. e.  
3. "RINALDO, Steward to the Countess of Rousillon."  
CLOWN in her household," in f. e. "Steward, servants to the Count-Crown of Rousillon."  
4. "A Widow," in f. e. "An old Widow."  
5. "almost," in f. e. "was almost."  
235.—1. "only," not in f. e.  
2. "my," in f. e. "our."  
3. "within two years it will make itself two," in f. e. "within ten years it will make itself ten."

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235.—1. "do," not in f. e.  
5. "with," not in f. e.  
236.—1. "make," in f. e. "makes."  
2. "nature fortune," in f. e. "fortune nature."  
237.—1. "*quoth she, the cause,*" in f. e. "*the cause, quoth she*."  
2. "*quoth with it me,*" not in f. e.  
3. "With *thou,*" &c., in f. e. this line is repeated.  
4. "*Among mine,*" &c., in f. e. this line is repeated.  
5. "and mending of the sex," not in f. e.  
6. "born—but one—every," in f. e. "born but on every."  
238.—1. f. e. insert here, "*Enter HELENA.*"  
2. "Search we out faults, for faults," &c., in f. e. "Such were our faults; or," &c.  
3. "*Knocking,*" not in f. e.  
4. "*Rising,*" not in f. e.  
5. "manifest," in f. e. "manifest."  
239.—1. "unto," in f. e. "into."  
2. "of," in f. e. "for."  
3. "here," in f. e. "here's."  
4. "*Rising,*" not in f. e.  
5. "aye," in f. e. "nay."  
6. "upraise," in f. e. "araise."  
7. "To," in f. e. "And."  
240.—1. "honor," not in f. e.  
2. "in," in f. e. "and."  
3. "To," in f. e. "And."  
241.—1. "sovereigns," in f. e. "sovercign."  
2. "with," in f. e. "writ."  
3. "steam," in f. e. "stream."  
4. "[*BERTRAM draws back,*" not in f. e.  
5. "defend," in f. e. "defeat."  
243.—1. "condition," in f. e. "commission."  
2. "wars," in f. e. "war."  
244.—1. "*Par. Go to,*" &c. This speech is not in f. e.  
245.—1. "Where are my other men?" &c. In f. e. these words are attributed to *Bertram*.  
2. "his," in f. e. "the."  
3. "*and two,*" in f. e. "*and the two.*"  
246.—1. "as," in f. e. "are."  
2. "Which" moves him much to leave," in f. e. "Which holds him much to have."  
3. "volant," in f. e. "violent."  
4. "wound," in f. e. "move."  
5. "ravens," in f. e. "ravin."  
247.—1. "or," in f. e. "in."  
248.—1. "off," not in f. e.  
2. "ores," in f. e. "ore."  
249.—1. "is to go straight to," in f. e. "is to know straight."  
2. "*They stand back,*" not in f. e.  
250.—1. "stone," in f. e. "stern."  
2. "suit," in f. e. "war."  
3. "twere," in f. e. "were."  
4. "none," in f. e. "done."  
251.—1. "most," in f. e. "mean."  
2. "companion," in f. e. "company."  
3. "judgment," in f. e. "judgments."  
4. "stranger," in f. e. "stronger."  
5. "and," in f. e. "was."  
6. "medal," in f. e. "model."  
252.—1. "my," in f. e. "the."  
2. "All's one to him," in f. e. these words are attributed to *Bertram*.  
3. "where," in f. e. "when."  
253.—1. "world," in f. e. "word."  
2. "reviles," in f. e. "revives."  
254.—1. "pot-herbs," in f. e. "salad-herbs."  
2. "the," in f. e. "his."  
3. "place," in f. e. "pace."  
4. "*a Gentleman, a Stranger,*" in f. e. "*a gentle Asdringer.*"  
5. "*Giving it to him,*" not in f. e.  
255.—1. "*ill-favored,*" not in f. e.  
256.—1. "Come on," &c.; in f. e. *Lafew's* speech commences here; the first two lines are attributed to the *Countess*.  
2. "The last time ere she took," in f. e. "The last that e'er I took."  
3. "with 't," in f. e. "with."  
4. "*the Gentleman, a Stranger,*" in f. e. "*a Gentleman, (the Asdringer),*"  
257.—1. "[*Knocking,*" not in f. e.  
2. "count," in f. e. "count."  
3. "[*Rising,*" not in f. e.  
4. "so," in f. e. "for."  
5. "infinite cunning," in f. e. "insnit coming."  
258.—1. "[*Knocking,*" not in f. e.  
2. "[*Rising,*" not in f. e.  
3. "EPILOGUE BY THE KING," in f. e. "*(Advancing),*"

## TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

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259.—2. "Attendants," in f. e. "other attendants."  
3. "*Music playing,*" in f. e. "*Musician attending.*"  
4. "*Music ceases,*" not in f. e.  
261.—1. "her," not in f. e.  
2. "O," in f. e. "a."  
3. "*(Dances,*" &c., not in f. e.  
4. "dun-colored," in f. e. "damask-colored."  
5. "*(Sir AND,*" &c., not in f. e.  
6. "O," in f. e. "a."  
262.—1. "to be," not in f. e.  
2. "here comes," in f. e. "here he comes."  
263.—1. "or," in f. e. "and."  
2. "I am not," in f. e. "I was."  
3. "I see what," in f. e. "I see you what."  
264.—1. "Should," in f. e. "Could."  
2. "*(Offering,*" &c., not in f. e.  
3. "with self-estimation wander so far to believe," in f. e. "with such estimable wonder overfar believe."  
4. "no," in f. e. "the."  
265.—1. "made, if such," in f. e. "made of, such."  
2. "Does not our life," in f. e. "Do not our lives."  
3. "leman," in f. e. "leman."  
4. "impetecote thy gratuity," in f. e. "impetecotes thy gratuity."  
5. "if one Knight give away," &c., in f. e. "if one Knight give a—"  
6. "*Sir Andrew's* speech is then interrupted by the *Clown*.  
7. "*O I stay, for here,*" in f. e. "*O stay and hear,*"  
8. "a," not in f. e.  
9. "the," in f. e. "thou."  
266.—1. "*(Singing,*" not in f. e.  
2. "*(Singing,*" not in f. e.  
3. "that," in f. e. "the."  
4. "letter," in f. e. "letters."  
5. "it comes," in f. e. "they come."  
6. "*(Music,*" not in f. e.  
7. "tunes," in f. e. "times."  
8. "*again,*" not in f. e.  
9. "*To VIOLA,*" not in f. e.  
267.—1. "won," in f. e. "worn."  
2. "*(Giving him money,*" not in f. e.  
3. "I give thee now leave," in f. e. "Give me now leave."  
268.—1. "*(Drops,*" in f. e. "*(Droves down,*"  
2. "honor," in f. e. "humor."  
3. "by th' ears," in f. e. "with ears."  
4. "not," not in f. e.  
269.—1. "Tartars," in f. e. "Tartar."  
2. "*playing on pipe and tabor,*" not in f. e.  
3. "lives," in f. e. "lies."  
4. "*(Giving money,*" not in f. e.  
5. "*(Singing more,*" not in f. e.  
270.—1. "Not," in f. e. "And."  
2. "*(Singing,*" &c., not in f. e.  
3. "shameful," in f. e. "shameful."  
4. "my," in f. e. "thy."  
271.—1. "sir," not in f. e.  
2. "And thanks, still thanks; and very oft," in f. e. "And thanks, and ever thanks: Often," &c.  
3. "wealth," in f. e. "worth."  
4. "county's," in f. e. "count his."  
272.—1. "*(Exit MARIA),*" not in f. e.  
2. "and MARIA," not in f. e.  
3. "ha, ha," in f. e. "ho, ho!"  
4. "hath it," in f. e. "is."  
5. "privacy," in f. e. "private."  
273.—1. "to," not in f. e.  
2. "to," not in f. e.  
3. "a," not in f. e.  
274.—1. "strip," in f. e. "or strip."  
2. "*hauling back,*" not in f. e.  
3. "*unwillingly,*" not in f. e.  
4. "*(They draw,*" &c., in f. e. "*(Draws)*" is twice inserted.  
5. "*(Drawing,*" in f. e. "*(Draws.*"  
6. "veritable," in f. e. "venerable."  
275.—1. "lubberly world," in f. e. "lubber, the world."  
2. "*(Breaking away,*" not in f. e.  
3. "*(They draw,*" &c., in f. e. "*(Draws.*"  
4. "*(Putting it on),*" not in f. e.  
276.—1. "*(Opening a door,*" not in f. e.  
2. "*(Giving the door,*" not in f. e.  
3. "all," not in f. e.  
4. "*(Opening the door,*" not in f. e.  
5. "*(Speaking as,*" &c., not in f. e.  
6. "*(Singing),*" not in f. e.  
7. "With," in f. e. "In."  
8. "*(Lies,*" in f. e. "*(Lies to,*"  
277.—1. "and thus despatch affairs," in f. e. "affairs, and their despatch."  
2. "*(Giving money,*" not in f. e.

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277.—3. "triple," in f. e. "*triplea.*"  
278.—1. "and," in f. e. "of."  
2. "*(all start),*" not in f. e.  
279.—1. "captains," in f. e. "captain."  
2. "true," in f. e. "drew."  
3. "distracting," in f. e. "extracting."  
4. "alliance, and," in f. e. "alliance on't."  
5. "*with straw about him,*" &c., not in f. e.  
280.—1. "thou," in f. e. "then."  
2. "preimpos'd," in f. e. "presupposed."  
3. "soul," in f. e. "fool."  
4. "thrust," in f. e. "thrown."  
5. "*To pipe,*" &c., not in f. e.  
6. "I," not in f. e.

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

- 281.—1. "TIE," not in f. e.  
2. "young Prince of Sicilia," in f. e. "his Son."  
3. f. e. insert, after DIOS, "Another Sicilian Lord."  
4. f. e. add, "An Attendant on the young Prince Mamilius."  
5. "Prince of Bohemia," in f. e. "his Son."  
6. "the," in f. e. "as."  
7. "EMILIA, a Lady attending the Queen," in f. e. "EMILIA, a Lady, attending Two other Ladies, & the Queen."  
8. "Satyrs," in f. e. "Satyrs for a dance."  
9. "so," not in f. e.  
282.—1. "may there blow," in f. e. "that may blow."  
2. "early," in f. e. "truly."  
3. f. e. add "so."  
4. "*(Heads apart,*" not in f. e.  
5. "*(Coming forward,*" not in f. e.  
283.—1. "clear," in f. e. "heat."  
2. "good," in f. e. "goal."  
3. "bounty's," in f. e. "bounty."  
4. "our dead," in f. e. "o'er-died."  
5. "*(Holding,*" &c., not in f. e.  
6. "*(Aside,*" not in f. e.  
7. "*To them,*" not in f. e.  
284.—1. "a," in f. e. "her."  
2. "Sure," in f. e. "Sir."  
285.—1. "I," in f. e. "me."  
2. "this though," in f. e. "his thought."  
286.—1. "heaven," in f. e. "and."  
2. "dream," in f. e. "thence."  
3. "*(Aside,*" not in f. e.  
4. "drink a part," in f. e. "drink, depart."  
5. "*(They depart,*" not in f. e.  
287.—1. "me stable," in f. e. "my stables."  
2. "lanback," in f. e. "land-damn."  
288.—1. "unsane," in f. e. "unsafe."  
2. "are," in f. e. "is."  
3. "*behind,*" not in f. e.  
289.—1. "*(Coming forward),*" not in f. e.  
290.—1. "you," not in f. e.  
2. "Am I a feather," in f. e. "I am a feather."  
3. "*(Taking it up),*" not in f. e.  
4. "*to her trid,*" not in f. e.  
291.—1. "stray'd," in f. e. "strain'd."  
2. "*(Officers,*" in f. e. "*several Officers,*"  
3. "*in haste,*" in f. e. "*hastily.*"  
292.—1. "HERMIONE swoons," not in f. e.  
2. f. e. insert here, "[*HERMIONE faints.*"  
3. "What flaying? burning, boiling," in f. e. "What flaying? boiling."  
4. "repetition," in f. e. "my petition."  
293.—1. "o'er-running," in f. e. "becoming."  
2. "wend," in f. e. "weep."  
3. "*(Thunder,*" in f. e. "*(Thunder.*"  
4. "*(Bale),*" in f. e. "*(Child).*"  
294.—1. "missingly," in f. e. "missingly."  
2. "*(I Tune,*" not in f. e.  
3. "*(pugging,*" in f. e. "*pugging.*"  
4. "*(2 Tune,*" not in f. e.  
5. "*(3 Tune,*" not in f. e.  
295.—1. "*(Cuts his purse),*" in f. e. "*(Picks his pocket).*"  
2. In f. e. this stage direction is placed at the end of the following speech of *Autolycus*.  
3. "enrolled," in f. e. "enrolled."  
4. "Sure," in f. e. "Sir."  
5. "so worn," in f. e. "sworn."  
296.—1. "any," in f. e. "in a."  
2. "girl," in f. e. "gentle."  
297.—1. "so," not in f. e.  
2. "says," in f. e. "seems."  
3. "That waxes her blood;—look on't," in f. e. "That makes her blood look out."  
4. "breeding," in f. e. "feeding."

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297.—5. "jape," in f. e. "gap."  
6. "embroidered," in f. e. "unbraided."  
7. "whisper," in f. e. "whistle."  
8. "Charm," in f. e. "Clamor."  
298.—1. "Whither," in f. e. "Where, it."  
2. "Exeunt Clown," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "Exit after them," in f. e. "Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS and MORS."  
4. "huddled," in f. e. "handed."  
5. "sense," in f. e. "force."  
299.—1. "Joining their hands," not in f. e.  
2. "dispose," in f. e. "dispute."  
3. "Per," in f. e. "Shep."  
300.—1. "They talk apart," not in f. e.  
2. "serious," in f. e. "curious."  
3. "appear," in f. e. "appear."  
4. "true," in f. e. "mine."  
5. "apart," in f. e. "aside."  
301.—1. "Giving away," not in f. e.  
2. "Gives," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "talk," in f. e. "converse."  
302.—1. "there," in f. e. "then."  
2. "luck," in f. e. "back."  
303.—1. "show," in f. e. "holy."  
305.—1. "nobly," in f. e. "do."  
2. "her," not in f. e.  
3. "heavily," in f. e. "bravely."  
307.—1. "in new apparel," not in f. e.  
2. "Trumpets," not in f. e.  
3. "Music playing,—A pause," not in f. e.  
4. "Knelling," not in f. e.  
5. "thus," in f. e. "then."  
6. "Offers to draw," not in f. e.  
7. "I am but dead," &c. This line is not in f. e.  
307.—1. "Officers again," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "She stays him," not in f. e.  
3. "stably," not in f. e.  
4. "and take her hand," in f. e. "and take her by the hand."

## KING JOHN.

- 308.—1. f. e. add, "afterwards King Henry III."  
2. f. e. add, "son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, (the elder brother of King John)."  
3. f. e. add, "chief justiciary of England."  
4. f. e. add, "son of Sir ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE."  
5. f. e. add, "his half-brother, bastard son to King Richard the First."  
6. f. e. add, "a Prophet."  
7. f. e. add, "to King John."  
8. f. e. add, "and niece to KING JOHN."  
9. f. e. add, "Mother to the Bastard, and ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE."  
10. "and Attendants," in f. e. "and other Attendants."  
309.—1. "sullen," in f. e. "sullen."  
310.—1. "East, kneels," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "ah," in f. e. "a."  
3. "a," in f. e. "the."  
4. "Could not get me," in f. e. "Could he get me?"  
311.—1. "his," in f. e. "their."  
2. "unstrained," in f. e. "unstained."  
3. "indiscreetly," in f. e. "indirectly."  
4. "as," in f. e. "an."  
5. f. e. add, "within."  
6. "her," in f. e. "his."  
7. "Pointing to ARTHUR," not in f. e.  
312.—1. "Hecpung," not in f. e.  
2. "shall heaven," in f. e. "heaven shall."  
3. "thy," in f. e. "This is thy."  
4. "on," in f. e. "in."  
5. "Come fore," in f. e. "Confronts."  
313.—1. "Aide," not in f. e.  
3. "any," in f. e. "a."  
4. "fire-kindled," in f. e. "fery-kindled."  
5. "fear," in f. e. "fears."  
314.—1. "niece," in f. e. "near."  
2. "behold," in f. e. "beheld."  
315.—1. "They join hands," not in f. e.  
2. "widow'd," in f. e. "widow."  
3. "poised," in f. e. "peised."  
4. "aim," in f. e. "aid."  
5. "no," in f. e. "the."  
6. "unsightly," in f. e. "and sightless."  
316.—1. "faint in," in f. e. "painted."  
2. "heaven," in f. e. "him."  
317.—1. "uptrimmed," in f. e. "untrimmed."  
2. "enged," in f. e. "chafed."  
3. "but," in f. e. "not."  
4. "lights," in f. e. "light."  
5. "Knelling," not in f. e.  
318.—1. "Knelling," not in f. e.

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318.—2. "fiery," in f. e. "airy."  
3. "their," not in f. e.  
4. "She talks apart with ARTHUR," in f. e. "She takes ARTHUR aside."  
5. "ear," in f. e. "race."  
6. "tingling," in f. e. "tickling."  
7. "the broad," in f. e. "broaded."  
319.—1. "convened," in f. e. "convicted."  
2. "from forth," in f. e. "forth from."  
3. "what," in f. e. "a."  
4. "widow's," in f. e. "modern."  
5. "lovers," in f. e. "loves."  
6. "Tearing her hair," in f. e. "Tearing off her head-dress."  
320.—1. "one," in f. e. "an."  
2. "should be merry," in f. e. "should be as merry."  
321.—1. "this," in f. e. "his."  
2. "Taking it," not in f. e.  
3. "extend," in f. e. "extends."  
322.—1. "thus lessening my fear," in f. e. "when lesser is my fear."  
2. "they," in f. e. "them."  
3. "should," in f. e. "then."  
4. "then," in f. e. "should."  
5. "yours," in f. e. "yon."  
6. "takes apart with," in f. e. "chispepers."  
323.—1. "into," in f. e. "withlin."  
2. "Or," in f. e. "As."  
3. "sign," in f. e. "sin."  
4. "missive," in f. e. "with me."  
324.—1. "sin-bested," in f. e. "thin-bested."  
2. "head," in f. e. "hand."  
3. "but," in f. e. "of."  
4. "Pointing to," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "HUBERT," &c., not in f. e.  
325.—1. "HUBERT," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "blank," in f. e. "sad."  
3. "meet," in f. e. "be."  
4. "Courage," in f. e. "Forage."  
5. "offers," in f. e. "ordoes."  
6. "thought," in f. e. "spot."  
325.—1. "of warm," in f. e. "warm of."  
2. "of," in f. e. "and."  
3. "crowing of your nation's cock," in f. e. "crying of your nation's crow."  
327.—1. "Unread the road-way," in f. e. "Unthead the rude eye."  
2. "Bright," in f. e. "Right."  
3. "supplies," in f. e. "supply."  
328.—1. "unvisited," in f. e. "unsensible."  
2. "model," in f. e. "module."  
329.—1. "own," not in f. e.

## THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

- 330.—1. f. e. add, (including "Uncles to EDMUND OF LANGLEY, & the King."  
2. "HENRY BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford," in f. e. "HENRY, sur-named BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son to JOHN OF GAUNT; afterwards King Henry IV."  
3. "THOMAS," not in f. e.  
4. "Gardeners," in f. e. "two Gardeners."  
5. "Full," not in f. e.  
331.—1. "wrath or," in f. e. "other."  
2. "clear," in f. e. "dear."  
332.—1. "they see," in f. e. "he sees."  
2. "farewell," not in f. e.  
3. "desperate," in f. e. "desolate."  
334.—1. "They kiss," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "fare," in f. e. "far."  
335.—1. "my tongue," in f. e. "that my tongue."  
2. "now?" not in f. e.  
3. "my liege," not in f. e.  
4. "may," in f. e. "must."  
336.—1. "arg'd," in f. e. "rag'd."  
337.—1. "wives," in f. e. "lives."  
338.—1. "our," in f. e. "as."  
2. "unthinking," in f. e. "in thinking."  
3. "woe," in f. e. "grief."  
4. "guess," in f. e. "grieve."  
5. "what," in f. e. "that."  
6. "part-armed," not in f. e.  
339.—1. "near," not in f. e.  
2. "bean," in f. e. "done."  
3. "company," in f. e. "noble company."  
340.—1. "despoiling," in f. e. "despised."  
2. "wrongers," in f. e. "wrongs, and."  
3. "farewell," in f. e. "fare you well."  
4. "my lords," not in f. e.  
341.—1. "[BUSBY," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "my," not in f. e.  
3. "good," not in f. e.  
4. "hand," in f. e. "hands."  
342.—1. "or," in f. e. "and."

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342.—2. "clasp their feeble," in f. e. "clap the female."  
3. "armor," in f. e. "arms."  
343.—1. "storm," in f. e. "harm."  
2. "faithful," in f. e. "fearful."  
344.—1. "as a," in f. e. "as I am a."  
2. "Unbattering," not in f. e.  
3. "blake," in f. e. "blakes."  
345.—1. "What," in f. e. "O! What."  
2. "At the," in f. e. "We, at."  
3. "We," in f. e. "Do."  
4. "and," in f. e. "of."  
5. f. e. add, "Officers behind, with BAGO."  
6. "Enter," &c., not in f. e.  
346.—1. "to," not in f. e.  
2. "he," in f. e. "he himself."  
3. "And look for little," in f. e. "And little look for."  
347.—1. "Crown brought," not in f. e.  
348.—1. "this," not in f. e.  
2. "Thy embrace," not in f. e.  
349.—1. "shortest," in f. e. "short'st of."  
2. "being," in f. e. "be."  
3. "then," not in f. e.  
4. "he enter'd," in f. e. "that he is enter'd."  
350.—1. "and locks it," &c., not in f. e.  
351.—1. "Rises," not in f. e.  
2. "where else," in f. e. "where'er."  
3. "be," in f. e. "are."  
4. "so," in f. e. "if."  
5. "mine," in f. e. "too."  
6. "small," not in f. e.  
7. "for," in f. e. "sir."  
352.—1. "proud," in f. e. "proudly."  
2. "with the bodies," not in f. e.  
3. "with you," not in f. e.  
4. "Bishop of Carlisle, this shall be your doom," in f. e. "Carlisle, this is your doom."  
5. "mourning," in f. e. "mournings."

## FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

- 353.—1. f. e. add, "Sons to the King."  
2. f. e. add, "Fiends to the King."  
3. "Sir MICHAEL," &c., not in f. e.  
4. f. e. add, "and sister to Mortimer."  
5. f. e. add, "and wife to Mortimer."  
6. "Carriers," in f. e. "two Carriers."  
354.—1. "the bold," not in f. e.  
2. "Faith," is a conquest, &c., in f. e. "In faith it is a conquest, &c."  
355.—1. "that it is," in f. e. "that were it not."  
356.—1. "good," not in f. e.  
2. "Lord," not in f. e.  
357.—1. "foes," in f. e. "fears."  
2. "Offers to go," not in f. e.  
3. "tarnish'd," in f. e. "baush'd."  
358.—1. "he," not in f. e.  
2. "the," in f. e. "your."  
359.—1. "the bold," not in f. e.  
2. "saugmity," in f. e. "tranquillity."  
3. "ones—yes," in f. e. "oneyers."  
360.—1. "we'll," in f. e. "we."  
2. "occurents," in f. e. "currents."  
3. "best," in f. e. "haste."  
361.—1. "to the park, Kate," not in f. e.  
362.—1. "Drawing off," not in f. e.  
363.—1. "to POIS," not in f. e.  
364.—1. "so," in f. e. "yet."  
2. "hulk," in f. e. "trunk."  
365.—1. "a," not in f. e.  
2. "reads," not in f. e.  
366.—1. "in," in f. e. "to."  
2. "scap'd," in f. e. "scapes."  
3. "all straight and evenly," in f. e. "straight and even."  
4. "I'll," not in f. e.  
5. "young," not in f. e.  
6. "the," not in f. e.  
367.—1. "my wilful lord, you are to blame," in f. e. "my lord, you are too wilful blame."  
2. "and," not in f. e.  
3. "welling," in f. e. "swelling."  
4. "If thou melt, then will she'en run mad," in f. e. "If you melt, then will she run mad."  
5. "to," not in f. e.  
6. "yours," in f. e. "yon."  
7. "As," in f. e. "And as."  
8. "protests," in f. e. "prelest."  
9. "on," in f. e. "come."  
10. "we'll seal and purt," in f. e. "we'll but seal, and then."  
368.—1. "discarded state," in f. e. "carded his state."  
369.—1. "favor," in f. e. "favors."  
2. "is," in f. e. "hath."  
3. "my," not in f. e.  
371.—1. "now," not in f. e.  
2. "should," in f. e. "shall."  
3. "intendeth," in f. e. "intended."

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372.—1. "inquired," in f. e. "inquire."  
2. "old piece," in f. e. "old faced."  
3. "a," not in f. e.  
373.—1. "with," in f. e. "and."  
374.—1. "say," not in f. e.  
2. "articulate," in f. e. "articulated."  
3. "cause," in f. e. "cause."  
375.—1. "then," in f. e. "there."  
2. "Fore heaven and," in f. e. "For heaven to."  
376.—1. "where'er," in f. e. "whither."  
2. "macking," in f. e. "murching."  
377.—1. "*dapping out* PEISY's," in f. e. "*heaving off the*."  
378.—1. "Which not to be avoided falls," in f. e. "Since not to be avoided, it falls."  
2. "put in act without delay," in f. e. "give away immediately."

## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

- 379.—1. f. e. add, "afterwards King Henry V."  
2. f. e. add, "afterwards (2d Henry V.) Duke of Bedford."  
3. f. e. add, "afterwards created (2d Henry V.) Duke of Gloster."  
4. "Opposites," in f. e. "Enemies."  
5. "Retainers," in f. e. "Domestics."  
6. "a," not in f. e.  
7. f. e. add, "Attendants on PRINCE HENRY."  
8. "the Presenter," not in f. e.  
9. "Attendants," in f. e. "other Attendants."  
380.—1. f. e. add, "The Porter before the gate."  
2. "*Enter Warden*," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "*Ward*," in f. e. the abbreviation used here is "*Part*."  
4. "*Exit Warden*," not in f. e.  
5. "the," in f. e. "a."  
381.—1. "raggedst," in f. e. "raggedst."  
2. "archbishop," in f. e. "bishop."  
383.—1. "for ever," in f. e. "ever."  
2. "degrees," in f. e. "degrees."  
3. "it," in f. e. "I."  
4. "know," in f. e. "known."  
384.—1. "act, and cause," in f. e. "action, a cause."  
2. "last," in f. e. "least."  
3. "The plot, the situation," in f. e. "The plot of situation."  
4. "consent," in f. e. "consent."  
5. "A careful leader," &c. This line is not in f. e.  
6. "one," in f. e. "in."  
7. "score," in f. e. "one" and "loan."  
385.—1. "this," in f. e. "the."  
2. "*C. J. reads*," not in f. e.  
385.—1. "red," not in f. e.  
387.—1. "but," not in f. e.  
2. "*Giving money*," not in f. e.  
388.—1. "sex," in f. e. "sect."  
2. "pure," in f. e. "poor."  
389.—1. "fates," in f. e. "futures!"  
2. "*Il sperare me contento*," in f. e. "*sperare me contento*."  
390.—1. "clasping," in f. e. "hissing."  
2. "irrevocably," in f. e. "irrecoverable."  
3. "souls," in f. e. "soul."  
391.—1. "She comes blubbered," in f. e. "*DOLL comes along blubbering*."  
2. "high," in f. e. "the."  
3. "shrouds," in f. e. "clouds."  
392.—1. "like," in f. e. "look."  
394.—1. "Let's away," in f. e. "Let us sway."  
2. "rags," in f. e. "rage."  
395.—1. "glieves," in f. e. "greaves," "graves."  
2. "report," in f. e. "a point."  
3. "chair," in f. e. "there," "sphere."  
4. "an," in f. e. "our."  
5. "And when that," in f. e. "And then, when."  
396.—1. "her man," in f. e. "him en."  
2. "seal," in f. e. "zeal."  
3. "griefs," in f. e. "grief."  
397.—1. 2. 3. "*Drinks*," not in f. e.  
4. "your," in f. e. "our."  
5. "dile," in f. e. "place," "a place."  
399.—1. "*Giving*," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "inde," in f. e. "true."  
3. "*Giving*," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "*Falls back*," in f. e. "*Spoons*."  
400.—1. "ringed," in f. e. "riged."  
2. "sickness hands," in f. e. "sickness hath."  
401.—1. "weight," in f. e. "might."  
2. "purchase," in f. e. "purchas'd."  
3. "my," in f. e. "thy."  
4. "some," in f. e. "them."

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401.—1. "this pleasant day," in f. e. "these pleasant days."  
405.—1. 2. "*Pist*," in f. e. "*Shat*."  
3. "*Il sperare me*," in f. e. "*sperare me*."  
4. "BY ONE THAT CAN DANCE," in f. e. "BY ONE THAT CAN DANCE."  
406.—1. "*End with*," &c., not in f. e.

## KING HENRY V.

- 407.—1. f. e. add, "against the King."  
2. f. e. add, "in the same."  
3. f. e. add, "formerly servants to Falstaff, now soldiers in the same."  
4. "to England," in f. e. "to the King of England."  
5. f. e. add, "Katharine."  
6. "Mrs QUICKLY," in f. e. "QUICKLY, PISTOL's wife."  
7. "The SORNE in England, and in France," in f. e. "The SORNE, at the beginning of the play, lies in ENGLAND; but afterwards, wholly in FRANCE."  
8. "CHORUS," not in f. e.  
9. "*us Prologue*," not in f. e.  
408.—1. "possessions," in f. e. "possessions."  
409.—1. "found," in f. e. "fine."  
2. "spirituality," in f. e. "spirituality."  
410.—1. "greedy," in f. e. "giddy."  
2. "train," in f. e. "fame."  
3. "out," in f. e. "but."  
4. "art," in f. e. "act."  
5. "state," in f. e. "sorts."  
6. "nite," in f. e. "meet in one town."  
7. "a," not in f. e.  
8. "Edward third," in f. e. "king Edward the third."  
9. "*Shewing it*," not in f. e.  
10. "*Opening it*," not in f. e.  
411.—1. "soul," in f. e. "sail."  
2. "here," in f. e. "that."  
3. "seasonable," in f. e. "reasonable."  
4. "strive," in f. e. "thrive."  
5. "and so," not in f. e.  
6. "smiles," in f. e. "smiles."  
7. "hewn," in f. e. "drawn."  
8. "*Draue*," &c., not in f. e.  
412.—1. f. e. add, "*Sheathing his sword*."  
2. f. e. add, "*Pistol and Nym draue*."  
3. "*Pistol*," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "*Draw again*," in f. e. "*Draues*."  
5. "*Sheathes*," &c., not in f. e.  
6. "*Phy*," &c., not in f. e.  
7. "there's not a subject," in f. e. "there's not, I think, a subject."  
413.—1. "our," in f. e. "his."  
2. "my lord," not in f. e.  
3. "You," in f. e. "Sir, you."  
4. "state," in f. e. "state."  
5. "*They read*," &c., not in f. e.  
6. "course," in f. e. "cause."  
414.—1. "fine," in f. e. "fner."  
2. "on a table of green frieze," in f. e. "and a habited of green fields."  
415.—1. "mighty," in f. e. "mountain."  
2. "*Flourish*," not in f. e.  
416.—1. "Blown," in f. e. "Borne."  
2. "To all and some," not in f. e.  
3. "feet the same," in f. e. "drop and die."  
4. "now," in f. e. "hie."  
5. "And," not in f. e.  
6. "*Fluellen drives out Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph*," in f. e. "*Exeunt Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph, followed by Fluellen*."  
7. f. e. add, "*Boys*."  
417.—1. "wars," in f. e. "war."  
2. "*his Train and Forces*," in f. e. "*and his Train*."  
3. f. e. add, "*The English forces below*."  
418.—1. "*Gates opened*," not in f. e.  
2. "states," in f. e. "seats."  
419.—1. "And," in f. e. "And of."  
2. "*making the sign*," not in f. e.  
3. "new-coined," in f. e. "new-tuned."  
4. "*sick and tattered*," not in f. e.  
420.—1. "*Strokes*," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "art," in f. e. "hairs."  
421.—1. "morning's nam'd," in f. e. "morning name."  
422.—1. "Enter JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS," in f. e. "Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS."  
424.—1. "but adulation," in f. e. "of adoration."  
2. "distasteful," in f. e. "distressful."  
3. "Hut," in f. e. "Had."  
4. "battles," in f. e. "battle."

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424.—5. "hands," in f. e. "hand."  
425.—1. "all," not in f. e.  
2. "rebounding," in f. e. "abounding."  
3. "relax," in f. e. "relapse."  
426.—1. "for," in f. e. "or."  
2. "here," in f. e. "again."  
3. "song," in f. e. "saying."  
4. "they," in f. e. "he."  
5. "*Retired, sounded*," in f. e. "*Abhorred*."  
6. "Let us not fly in—" in f. e. "Let us die in honor."  
427.—1. "Loading," in f. e. "Larding."  
2. "*and Prisoners*," not in f. e.  
3. "look," in f. e. "look."  
428.—1. "majesty," in f. e. "majesties."  
429.—1. "hal," not in f. e.  
2. "*Reads*," not in f. e.  
3. "*Kuching*," not in f. e.  
4. "*Rising*," not in f. e.  
5. "all," in f. e. "to."  
6. "for," in f. e. "of."  
431.—1. "plenty," in f. e. "plenties."  
2. "gift," in f. e. "put."  
3. "all," in f. e. "our."  
4. "or," in f. e. "or."  
5. "advantage," in f. e. "advantageable."  
432.—1. "nuttempting," in f. e. "nuttempering."  
433.—1. "not," in f. e. "never."  
2. "*Scout*," not in f. e.  
3. "*as Epilogue*," not in f. e.

## FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

- 434.—1. "DUKE OF EXETER," in f. e. "THOMAS BEAUCHAMPE, duke of Exeter, great uncle to the king."  
2. "Bishop of Winchester," in f. e. "great uncle to the king, bishop of Winchester, and afterwards cardinal."  
3. f. e. add, "afterwards duke."  
4. "Duke of York," in f. e. "eldest son of Richard, late earl of Cambridge; afterwards duke of York."  
5. "TALBOT," in f. e. "LORD TALBOT."  
6. "and King," in f. e. "and titular King."  
7. f. e. add, "afterwards married to King Henry."  
435.—1. "Cassiope," not in f. e.  
2. "flew," in f. e. "slew."  
3. "rearward," in f. e. "vaward."  
426.—1. "cause," in f. e. "make."  
2. "The whiles," in f. e. "Other-whiles."  
3. "forborne," in f. e. "forlorn."  
4. "die," in f. e. "die."  
5. "*They retire*," not in f. e.  
6. "gracious Lady," in f. e. "Lady gracious."  
437.—1. "Or, I renounce all confidence in you," in f. e. "Otherwise, I renounce all confidence."  
2. "no," in f. e. "a."  
3. "*They talk*," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "*To him*," not in f. e.  
5. "fortunes," in f. e. "fortune."  
6. "reverent," in f. e. "reverently."  
7. "now," not in f. e.  
8. "so," not in f. e.  
9. "We'll burst them open, if," in f. e. "Or we'll burst them open, if that."  
10. "and," in f. e. "attended by."  
11. "be," in f. e. "to be."  
12. "is a," not in f. e.  
438.—1. "as thou," in f. e. "as e'er thou."  
2. "off," not in f. e.  
3. "of," not in f. e.  
439.—1. "what dastard," in f. e. "what these dastard."  
2. "treacherous," in f. e. "timorous."  
440.—1. "*Frenchmen*," in f. e. "*The French*."  
441.—1. "lady," not in f. e.  
442.—1. "and," in f. e. "that."  
2. "braves," in f. e. "bears."  
3. "Ah," in f. e. "Ay."  
4. "Ten," in f. e. "A."  
5. "blind," not in f. e.  
6. "a cage," in f. e. "an age."  
443.—1. "*Exit Keeper*," not in f. e.  
2. "*and Keeper*," not in f. e.  
3. "cheek," in f. e. "cheeks."  
4. "my ill th' advancer," in f. e. "my ill th' advancer."  
444.—1. "prefer," in f. e. "preier'd."  
2. "proud," in f. e. "or per verse."  
3. "*Aside*," in f. e. is inserted at the end of the speech.  
4. "and some Citizens," in f. e. "attended."

- 444.—5. "bishop's," in f. e. "bishop."  
6. "pates," in f. e. "pate."  
7. f. e. add, "f. e. add."  
8. "preserve," in f. e. "prefer."  
9. "Yield, lord protector; and yield," &c., in f. e. "Yield, my lord protector; yield," &c.  
10. "(*Witcheder*)," &c., not in f. e.  
445.—1. "(*Gives*)," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "(*Citizens*)," not in f. e.  
3. "honour'd," in f. e. "humble."  
4. "(*Opening*)," in f. e. "(*Opens*)."   
446.—1. "bell's," in f. e. "all."  
2. "be speaker," in f. e. "be the speaker."  
3. "double," in f. e. "a double."  
4. "matchless," in f. e. "martial."  
447.—1. "her cities and her towns," in f. e. "the cities and the towns."  
2. "lovely," in f. e. "lowly."  
3. "(*Aside*)," not in f. e.  
4. "his," in f. e. "my."  
5. "that," in f. e. "your."  
6. "(*Sound*)," &c., not in f. e.  
448.—1. "(*Gives it*)," not in f. e.  
2. "his," in f. e. "this."  
3. "worst," in f. e. "most."  
4. "Portend," in f. e. "Pretend."  
5. "thy," in f. e. "your."  
6. "royal," in f. e. "noble."  
7. "still," in f. e. "shall."  
449.—1. "fly," in f. e. "bow."  
2. "(*Solter*)," in f. e. "(*Servant*)."   
3. "(*Sold*)," in f. e. "(*Serve*)."   
4. "(*Soldiers*)," in f. e. "(*Soldiers and Servant*)."   
452.—1. "Of the still bleeding," in f. e. "Of the most bloody."  
2. "hath," in f. e. "hath obtain'd."  
3. "But tell me briefly whom thou seekest now," in f. e. "But tell me whom thou seek'st."  
4. "realms," in f. e. "realm."  
5. "that I bear them forth," in f. e. "that I may bear them hence."  
6. "keep," in f. e. "to keep."  
7. "very," in f. e. "free."  
8. "do what," in f. e. "do with 'em what."  
9. "much," in f. e. "our."  
10. "kin," in f. e. "knight."  
11. "(*Gives it*)," not in f. e.  
12. "(*Exit*)," not in f. e.  
453.—1. "(*Exit*)," in f. e. "(*Exeunt*)."   
2. "go," in f. e. "pass."  
3. "stream," in f. e. "streams."  
4. "mocks the sense of touch," in f. e. "makes the senses rough."  
454.—1. "(*Aside*)," in f. e., is at the end of the speech.  
2. "(*Aside*)," not in f. e.  
3. "pray tell me," not in f. e.  
4. "then ween," in f. e. "suppose."  
5. "A queen in bondage," in f. e. "A queen to be queen in bondage."  
6. "true," in f. e. "free."  
7. "give consent," in f. e. "am content."  
8. "down," not in f. e.  
9. "Mid," in f. e. "Mad."  
455.—1. "prison'd," in f. e. "poison'd."  
2. "comparisons," in f. e. "comparison."  
456.—1. "interchange," in f. e. "entertain."  
2. "The," not in f. e.

## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

- 457.—1. f. e. add, "great uncle to the king."  
2. "and his Son," in f. e. "Young CUFFORD, his Son."  
3. f. e. insert here, "A Herald."  
4. "Priests," in f. e. "two Priests."  
5. f. e. add, "a rebel."  
6. "Card's," in f. e. "his."  
7. "Herald," not in f. e.  
8. "in various," in f. e. "dispersedly in various."  
458.—1. "(*Parting*)," not in f. e.  
2. "(*Car*," (*Revolts*) Item," &c., in f. e. "(*Wn*," Item."  
3. "thee," not in f. e.  
459.—1. "to," in f. e. "the."  
2. "did Warwick," in f. e. "Warwick did."  
3. "helpless," in f. e. "hapless."  
460.—1. "thou," in f. e. "thee."  
2. "Suffolk's," in f. e. "Suffolk."  
3. "sequel," in f. e. "the quill."  
461.—1. "we will weed all the realm," in f. e. "we will weed them all at last."  
2. "(*Aside*)," not in f. e.  
462.—1. "eracious," not in f. e.  
2. "this," not in f. e.  
3. "and silence," in f. e. "the silent."  
4. "ope," in f. e. "up."

- 462.—5. "BOLINGBROKE reads," in f. e. "BOLINGBROKE or SOUTHWELL reads."  
6. "Foul," in f. e. "False."  
463.—1. "so," not in f. e.  
2. "And with such holiness you well can," in f. e. "With such holiness can you."  
3. "tell," in f. e. "and tell."  
4. "the," in f. e. "a good."  
5. "Though," in f. e. "although."  
6. "Sander," in f. e. "Simpcox."  
464.—1. "(*Pointing*)," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "his," in f. e. "that."  
3. "(*Giving*)," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "the," not in f. e.  
465.—1. "very," not in f. e.  
2. "sin," in f. e. "sins."  
3. "is," in f. e. "are."  
4. "be protected," in f. e. "be to be protected."  
5. "by peers," not in f. e.  
6. "To think I ain would keep it makes me laugh," not in f. e.  
7. "proudest," in f. e. "youngest."  
8. "lists," in f. e. "the lists."  
466.—1. "both," not in f. e.  
2. "and," not in f. e.  
467.—1. "so," in f. e. "too."  
2. "lords," in f. e. "lord."  
3. "allegations," in f. e. "allegation."  
468.—1. "What's the news," in f. e. "What news."  
2. "easily," in f. e. "easy."  
3. "suspect," in f. e. "suspects," "suspense."  
4. "(*Rising*)," not in f. e.  
469.—1. "Fair," in f. e. "Free."  
2. "most," in f. e. "more."  
3. "lord Suffolk," in f. e. "my lord of Suffolk."  
4. "resolutely," in f. e. "tis resolutely."  
5. "order," in f. e. "orders."  
470.—1. "match," in f. e. "poorish."  
2. "men," in f. e. "the."  
3. "running over the stage," in f. e. "hastily."  
471.—1. "ingentle," in f. e. "gentle."  
2. "rain," in f. e. "drain."  
3. "And," in f. e. "For."  
472.—1. "sharp," in f. e. "smart."  
473.—1. "to," in f. e. "no."  
2. "casket," in f. e. "cask."  
3. "king," in f. e. "sovereign."  
4. "if't," in f. e. "if."  
5. "(*Cur*, dies," not in f. e.  
474.—1. "Cao," in f. e. "The."  
2. "foul-tongued slave!" in f. e. "foul-rovin swain!"  
3. "Are," in f. e. "Is."  
475.—1. f. e. insert here, "(*Aside*)."   
476.—1. "(*Rises*)," not in f. e.  
2. "All," in f. e. "And."  
3. "years," not in f. e.  
4. "(*Putting on* STAFFORD's armor," not in f. e.  
5. 6. "(*Aside*)," not in f. e.  
477.—1. "Lamenting still, and mourning," in f. e. "Still lamenting, and mourning for."  
2. "rebellion never thrives," in f. e. "for I must hence again."  
478.—1. "worthy," in f. e. "wealthy."  
2. "help," in f. e. "pap."  
3. "(*Join them together*)," not in f. e.  
4. "repeat," in f. e. "reclat."  
5. "rebel," in f. e. "rabble."  
479.—1. "united," in f. e. "a mighty."  
2. "Irish," not in f. e.  
3. "then," not in f. e.  
4. "o'er," in f. e. "on."  
480.—1. "fine," in f. e. "five."  
2. "squire," in f. e. "an esquire."  
3. "The," not in f. e.  
4. "Irish," not in f. e.  
5. "(*Aside*)," not in f. e.  
6. f. e. insert here, "(*Aside*)."   
481.—1. "(*Rising*)," not in f. e.  
2. "fell-looking," in f. e. "fell-lurking."  
3. "having," in f. e. "being."  
482.—1. "flying," in f. e. "retreating."  
483.—1. "Old," in f. e. "Of."  
2. "bruise," in f. e. "brow."  
3. "bliss," in f. e. "brush."

## THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

- 484.—1. "on King," &c., in f. e. "Lords on King," &c.  
2. "the rest," in f. e. "all the rest."  
3. "dangerously," in f. e. "dangers."  
485.—1. "you," in f. e. "and you both."  
486.—1. "my," in f. e. "thy."  
2. "TO YORK," not in f. e.

- 487.—1. "Intend," in f. e. "Intend."  
488.—1. "(*Thence*)," not in f. e.  
489.—1. "the rose's hues," not in f. e.  
2. "(*Thence*)," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "heaven's figure," in f. e. "heaven figures."  
490.—1. "are," in f. e. "is."  
491.—1. "in," in f. e. "with."  
2. "carriage," in f. e. "conrage."  
492.—1. "a welcome," in f. e. "else a."  
2. "bellies," in f. e. "belly."  
493.—1. 2. "(*Kneeling*)," not in f. e.  
3. "(*Rising*)," not in f. e.  
4. "wore," in f. e. "wear."  
5. "months," in f. e. "years."  
6. "to," in f. e. "doth."  
7. "bearing the body," in f. e. "with the body in his arms."  
494.—1. "a," in f. e. "our."  
2. "E'en," in f. e. "Sad."  
3. f. e. add, "and dies."  
4. "(*Soldiers*)," in f. e. "(*Attendants*)."   
495.—1. "(*They pull him*)," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "as a churchman," not in f. e.  
3. "ought," in f. e. "what."  
4. "(*Coming forward*)," not in f. e.  
496.—1. "in state, crowned," not in f. e.  
2. "back," in f. e. "apart."  
3. "(*Aside*)," not in f. e.  
497.—1. "(*GLOSTER and*)," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "send," in f. e. "set."  
498.—1. "all," in f. e. "a."  
2. "The," in f. e. "Our."  
3. "thee," in f. e. "thy."  
4. "apart," in f. e. "abof."  
499.—1. "warlike," not in f. e.  
501.—1. "(*Aside*)," not in f. e.  
2. "English forces," in f. e. "other Soldiers."  
3. "Shame and confusion," not in f. e.  
502.—1. "forcibly," not in f. e.  
2. "Hastings," in f. e. "Lord Hastings."  
3. "then," in f. e. "than."  
4. "Henry of RICHMOND," in f. e. "RICHMOND."  
503.—1. "foreign," not in f. e.  
2. "Knocks," not in f. e.  
3. "be," not in f. e.  
504.—1. "mind," in f. e. "meed."  
2. "bitter-flowing," in f. e. "water-flowing."  
507.—1. "Edward sits," not in f. e.  
2. "sequel," in f. e. "equal."  
508.—1. "King HENRY is discovered reading. Enter GLOSTER and the Lieutenant," in f. e. "King HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER."  
2. "tune," in f. e. "time."  
509.—1. "a Nurse," not in f. e.  
2. "CLARENCE, HASTINGS, and others," in f. e. "CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and others near him."  
3. "redoubted," in f. e. "undoubted."  
4. "Enter GLOSTER," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "(*Aside*)," not in f. e.  
6. "(*Kissing it*)," not in f. e.  
7. "(*Kissing*)," &c., not in f. e.

## LIFE AND DEATH OF KING

## RICHARD III.

- 510.—1. f. e. add, "afterwards King EDWARD V."  
2. f. e. add, "afterwards King RICHARD III."  
3. f. e. add, "afterwards King HENRY VI."  
4. f. e. add, "son to King HENRY VI; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster."  
5. "thus of," in f. e. "of this."  
511.—1. "same," not in f. e.  
2. "And the," in f. e. "And that the."  
512.—1. "(*Embracing him*)," not in f. e.  
513.—1. "posthaste," in f. e. "posthorse."  
2. "path," in f. e. "his fall."  
3. "Taking up," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "(*Sheathing*)," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "suppliant," in f. e. "servant."  
514.—1. f. e. insert here an additional line, "Glo. Sirs, take up the corpse."  
2. "stamping angrily, with," not in f. e.  
515.—1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. "(*Aside*)," not in f. e.  
8. "(*Coming forward*, They all start," in f. e. "(*Advancing*)."   
516.—1. "The stain of nature, and the scorn of hell," in f. e. "The slave of nature, and the son of hell."  
2. "bottle," in f. e. "bottled."  
3. "(*Aside*)," in f. e., is at the close of the next line.  
517.—1. "(*Sitting down*)," not in f. e.

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517.—2. "CLARENCE sleeps," in f. e. "CLARE, *repines himself on a chair*."  
518.—1. "compassionate," in f. e. "holy."  
519.—1. "so pity me," not in f. e.  
2. "sit," in f. e. "hym."  
3. "To," in f. e. "By."  
520.—1. "[*Aside*]," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Kneels*]," not in f. e.  
3. "prithce," not in f. e.  
4. "weep so? and oft beat," &c., in f. e. "weep so oft? and beat," &c.  
5. "light," in f. e. "night."  
521.—1. "[*Kneels*]," not in f. e.  
2. "With," in f. e. "That."  
522.—1. "with you?" not in f. e.  
2. "Too," in f. e. "And."  
523.—1. "strict and abstinent," in f. e. "senseless-obstinate."  
2. "goodness of his age," in f. e. "grossness of this age."  
3. "Therefore," in f. e. "And, therefore."  
4. "It is," not in f. e.  
5. "o'er me as a kinsman," in f. e. "in me, as in a kinsman."  
524.—1. "sharply pointed," in f. e. "sharp provided."  
2. "your grace to pass," in f. e. "you pass."  
3. "lord," in f. e. "my lord."  
525.—1. "[*Throwing*]," in f. e. "[*Throwing him*]."  
2. "me," in f. e. "I."  
526.—1. "and in haste," not in f. e.  
2. "on a *Sper*," not in f. e.  
527.—1. "hear," in f. e. "heard."  
2. "with a writing," not in f. e.  
3. "or," in f. e. "in."  
4. "dis resemblance," in f. e. "his resemblance."  
528.—1. "[*Kneeling heard*]," not in f. e.  
2. "sore," in f. e. "sure."  
3. "with a book," not in f. e.  
4. "ornament," in f. e. "ornaments."  
529.—1. "Zounds," in f. e. "Come."  
2. "*Glo*. O I do not swear," &c. This line is not in f. e.  
3. f. e. add, "and Citizens."  
4. "him," in f. e. "them."  
5. f. e. add, "and the rest."  
6. "in," in f. e. "Ou."  
530.—1. "her," not in f. e.  
2. f. e. add, "heg."  
3. "wch you," not in f. e.  
4. "[*Kneeling*]," not in f. e.  
5. "[*Tyrrel rises and Richard ichpers*]," in f. e. "[*Whispers*]."  
6. "saurly," not in f. e.  
7. "bloodet," in f. e. "bloody."  
532.—1. "Richard," in f. e. "Richmond."  
2. "in haste," not in f. e.  
3. 4. 5. "[*Aside*]," not in f. e.  
6. "y," in f. e. "with."  
533.—1. "hear," in f. e. "hear."  
2. "once," in f. e. "have."  
534.—1. "honor," in f. e. "fortune."  
2. "engraven," in f. e. "engrave."  
3. "Treads," in f. e. "Leads."  
535.—1. "lengthen," in f. e. "lengthens."  
2. "with," in f. e. "by."  
3. "of state and times," in f. e. "and state of times."  
4. "fond," in f. e. "found."  
5. "I'll," in f. e. "I."  
6. "Richard," not in f. e.  
7. "in haste," not in f. e.  
536.—1. "[*Kneeling*]," not in f. e.  
2. "Rising," not in f. e.  
3. "and mark," not in f. e.  
537.—1. "[*Shouting*]," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "reckless," in f. e. "wretched."  
538.—1. "Wife brought," not in f. e.  
2. "I pray," not in f. e.  
3. "[*Kneeling*]," not in f. e.  
4. "Rising," not in f. e.  
5. "[*Lies down and sleeps*]," in f. e. "[*Sleeps*]."  
6. "thou," not in f. e.  
7. "pointless," not in f. e.  
8. "so," not in f. e.  
9. "powerless arm," in f. e. "edgeless sword."  
539.—1. "foul," not in f. e.  
2. "cheerfully," in f. e. "and cheerfully."  
3. "[*Cadeubar brought*]," not in f. e.  
540.—1. "them," not in f. e.  
2. "*Paper*," in f. e. "*Scroll*."  
3. "distrain," in f. e. "restrain."  
4. "Rebate," in f. e. "Abate."

## KING HENRY VIII.

- 541.—1. "Charles V.," in f. e. "the emperor Charles V."

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541.—2. f. e. add, "afterwards divorced."  
3. f. e. add, "afterwards queen."  
542.—1. "Who did guide," in f. e. the speech of Buckingham commences here.  
2. "him, and which buys," in f. e. "for him, which buys."  
3. "the consummation," in f. e. "communication."  
543.—1. "brood," in f. e. "book."  
544.—1. And, "in f. e. "One."  
2. "Wolsey," in f. e. "Cardinal Wolsey."  
3. "*Secretary*," not in f. e.  
4. "ties," in f. e. "sides."  
5. "holike," in f. e. "alike."  
6. "Their," in f. e. "This."  
545.—1. "trebling," in f. e. "trembling."  
2. "From this to ruminate on it," in f. e. "For him to ruminate on this."  
546.—1. "a darning," not in f. e.  
2. "Or," in f. e. "And."  
3. "have," in f. e. "has."  
4. "sway," in f. e. "way."  
547.—1. "how," not in f. e.  
2. "me," not in f. e.  
3. "*ichpers*," in f. e. "goes to."  
4. "[*Kisses her*]," not in f. e.  
549.—1. "*Curia drawn*," in f. e. "Norfolk opens a folding door."  
550.—1. "Raising his book," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Kneeling*]," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "cruel," in f. e. "quarrel."  
551.—1. "improve," in f. e. "improve."  
2. "elate," in f. e. "salute."  
552.—1. "knife," in f. e. "kind."  
2. "defer," in f. e. "desire."  
553.—1. "nobly," in f. e. "noble."  
2. "[*Aboud*]," not in f. e.  
555.—1. "may all," in f. e. "all my."  
556.—1. "than," in f. e. "that."  
2. "[*They stand*]," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "[*Retires, musing*]," not in f. e.  
4. "[*Coming*]," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "[*Anatoly*]," not in f. e.  
6. "labor," in f. e. "leisure."  
557.—1. "fair," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Rekind*]," not in f. e.  
3. "Bl'd," in f. e. "Bl'd."  
4. "[*Opens the Paper*]," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "[*Sinks in*]," &c., not in f. e.  
6. "[*Rising*]," not in f. e.  
559.—1. "So," in f. e. "And so."  
560.—1. "[*Sits down*]," not in f. e.  
561.—1. "man," in f. e. "that."  
2. "[*Waking*]," not in f. e.  
3. "coldness," in f. e. "cold?"  
4. "[*Kneeling*]," not in f. e.  
563.—1. "[*Aside*]," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Kneeling*]," not in f. e.  
3. "to," in f. e. "you."  
4. "[*Kneeling*]," not in f. e.  
5. "[*Rising*]," not in f. e.  
6. "ground," in f. e. "good."  
7. "in haste," not in f. e.  
564.—1. "[*Aside*]," not in f. e.  
2. f. e. insert here, "[*Aside*]."  
3. "culpable," in f. e. "capable."  
4. "strives," in f. e. "stirs."  
565.—1. "*Enter Guard*," in f. e. this direction is put before *Cranmer's* speech.  
2. "[*Cranmer sits*]," not in f. e.  
3. "the," not in f. e.  
4. "[*They embrace*]," &c., not in f. e.  
566.—1. "brother's love," in f. e. "brother-love."  
2. "[*Embrace again*]," not in f. e.  
3. "[*Tumult within*]," not in f. e.  
4. "queen," in f. e. "chime."  
5. "erown," in f. e. "cow."  
6. "[*Noise*]," not in f. e.  
7. "[*Shouts*]," not in f. e.  
8. "[*Tumult*]," &c., not in f. e.  
9. "fair" in f. e. "fair here!"  
10. "[*Trumpets*]," not in f. e.  
11. "[*Tumult*]," &c., not in f. e.  
12. "pole," in f. e. "pales."  
567.—1. f. e. add, "[*The King kisses the child*]."  
2. "CRAN. rises," not in f. e.  
3. "[*Kissing*]," &c., not in f. e.

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

- 568.—1. "THE PROLOGUE (*in Armor*)," in f. e. "PROLOGUE."  
569.—1. "the," in f. e. "of the."  
570.—1. "thus," in f. e. "this."  
571.—1. "Exes," &c., in f. e. this direction is put before *Cressida's* speech.  
2. "his," not in f. e.  
3. "*Soldiers*," in f. e. "Forces."  
572.—1. 2. "upon," not in f. e.  
3. "still," in f. e. "us."  
4. "wrecks," in f. e. "works."

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572.—5. "call," in f. e. "think."  
6. "Replies," in f. e. "Returns."  
573.—1. "right," in f. e. "just."  
2. "all extract," in f. e. "of grace exact."  
574.—1. "[*A Tucket*]," in f. e. "[*Tucket sounds*]."  
2. "What," in f. e. "But what."  
3. "came," in f. e. "come."  
4. "comple," in f. e. "compass."  
5. "grown," in f. e. "blown."  
6. "Why, tis," in f. e. "Yes, it is."  
575.—1. "reputation," in f. e. "imputation."  
2. "Now I begin," &c., in f. e. "Now, Ulysses, I begin," &c.  
3. "orations," in f. e. "evasions."  
576.—1. f. e. add, "[*Achilles interpos*]."  
2. "he were," in f. e. "a were."  
577.—1. "eld," in f. e. "old."  
2. "noise," in f. e. "pass."  
578.—1. "[*Kneels*]," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Rises*]," not in f. e.  
3. "must," in f. e. "mayest."  
4. "thy Creator," in f. e. "the prover."  
5. "We sent," in f. e. "He sent."  
6. "*Re-enter PAROLICUS*," in f. e. this direction precedes *Nestor's* speech.  
580.—1. "her," in f. e. "she."  
2. "dispraiser," in f. e. "disposer."  
581.—1. "dispraiser's," in f. e. "disposer's."  
2. "a," in f. e. "the."  
3. in f. e. this speech of Pandarus is a continuation of that of *Paris*.  
4. in f. e. this speech and the following are omitted, and attributed to *Pandarus*.  
5. "[*Unceasing her*]," not in f. e.  
582.—1. "[*Kissing her*]," not in f. e.  
2. "selfish residues," in f. e. "of self residues."  
3. "flame," in f. e. "flames."  
583.—1. "[*TROILUS*]," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "[*Exeunt*]," not in f. e.  
3. "Appeal," in f. e. "Appear."  
4. "above," in f. e. "to come."  
5. "[*Looking up*]," &c., not in f. e.  
584.—1. "mirror," in f. e. "married."  
2. "edge," in f. e. "hedge."  
3. "Let," in f. e. "O let."  
4. "pace," in f. e. "place."  
5. "cradles," in f. e. "cradles."  
6. "Swift," in f. e. "Sweet."  
585.—1. "herse pursuit," &c., in f. e. "force, pursuit," &c.  
586.—1. "each," in f. e. "the."  
2. "not," in f. e. "to."  
3. "[*Opening it*]," not in f. e.  
4. "*Enter TROILUS*," in f. e. "*As Pandarus is going out, enter TROILUS*."  
5. "secret laws," in f. e. "secrets."  
587.—1. "[*O bearing him*]," not in f. e.  
2. "*O hear*," not in f. e.  
3. "silence," in f. e. "friendship."  
4. "one," in f. e. "a."  
588.—1. "goodly," in f. e. "godly."  
2. "chainful," in f. e. "changeful."  
3. "thy last," in f. e. "my last."  
4. "sounded," in f. e. "heard."  
5. "days," in f. e. "days."  
6. 7. 8. "[*Kissing her*]," not in f. e.  
9. "[*Putting*]," &c., not in f. e.  
10. 11. "[*Kissing her*]," not in f. e.  
589.—1. "occasion," in f. e. "a coasting."  
2. "aftermost," in f. e. "aftermost."  
3. "breach," in f. e. "breath."  
4. "subjects," in f. e. "objects."  
5. "[*They embrace*]," not in f. e.  
590.—1. "portly," in f. e. "pertly."  
2. "then," in f. e. "thou."  
591.—1. "cur," in f. e. "core."  
2. "discoverers," in f. e. "discoveries."  
592.—1. "And any man may find her key," in f. e. "And any man may sing her."  
2. "lord," in f. e. "la."  
3. "[*Giving it*]," not in f. e.  
4. "It is," not in f. e.  
5. "[*They strive*]," not in f. e.  
593.—1. "given," in f. e. "bound."  
2. "[*Coming forward*]," not in f. e.  
3. "For us to give much count to," in f. e. "For we would give much to so count."  
594.—1. "distraction," in f. e. "destruction."  
2. "[*Going*]," not in f. e.  
3. "*Enter PANDARUS*" in f. e. "*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS*."  
4. "come," not in f. e.  
5. "[*Giving it*]," not in f. e.  
6. "air," in f. e. "errors."  
7. "sleeveless," in f. e. "rother."  
8. "[*Stands back*]," not in f. e.  
595.—1. "sleeveless" in f. e. "sleeve!"

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- 595.—2. "*Dengging*," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "the," in f. e. "thy."  
4. "*spoolly*," in f. e. "*sumptuous*."  
595.—1. "*lays down his sword*," in f. e.  
2. "*hangs his shield behind him*," in f. e.  
3. "*is slain*," in f. e. "*falls*."  
4. "*Voles*," not in f. e.  
5. "*Trojan Forces*," in f. e. "*Trojanus*."  
6. "*frenzy's*," in f. e. "*frenzy*."  
7. "*Trojan Forces*," in f. e. "*Trojanus*."  
8. "*brother-lackey*!" in f. e. "*broken-lackey*!"  
9. "*[Left alone]*," &c., not in f. e.

## CORIOLANUS.

- 597.—1. "abjectness," in f. e. "object."  
598.—1. "partly to be," in f. e. "to be partly."  
2. "disgraces," in f. e. "disgrace."  
3. "the senate, brain," in f. e. "to the seat of the brain."  
4. "ranks," in f. e. "cranks."  
599.—1. "ye," in f. e. "thee."  
2. "exultation," in f. e. "emulation."  
3. "Would," in f. e. "I would."  
600.—1. "*[Giving it]*," not in f. e.  
2. "See," in f. e. "see the."  
601.—1. f. e. add. "*To them a Messenger*."  
2. "*Enter a*," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "Unheard of," in f. e. "you heard of."  
4. "port," in f. e. "pot."  
602.—1. "*The Gates open*," not in f. e.  
2. "ye," in f. e. "the."  
3. "it," not in f. e.  
4. "purpose," in f. e. "purpose."  
5. "Those," in f. e. "Their."  
603.—1. "march before," in f. e. "to march."  
2. "I," in f. e. "four."  
3. "I," in f. e. "and."  
604.—1. "Let it be made a overture," in f. e. "Let them be made an overture."  
2. "Embargements," in f. e. "Embarrasements."  
605.—1. "without," in f. e. "with not."  
2. "thirst," in f. e. "first."  
3. "you," not in f. e.  
4. "Adjourn," in f. e. "rejoins."  
5. "pleading," in f. e. "bleeding."  
6. "*stand back*," in f. e. "*retire to the back of the scene*."  
7. "*[The curtain up]*," &c., not in f. e.  
8. "empiric phisic," in f. e. "empiric."  
606.—1. "*[Rising]*," not in f. e.  
2. "charge," in f. e. "change."  
3. "cheers," in f. e. "chats."  
4. "at," in f. e. "as."  
5. "the," in f. e. "thee."  
6. "touch," in f. e. "teach."  
607.—1. "treatise," in f. e. "treaty."  
2. "prest," in f. e. "bless'd."  
608.—1. "tuned," in f. e. "tuned."  
2. "*[To SURIUS]*," not in f. e.  
609.—1. "brothers," in f. e. "brother."  
2. "stale," in f. e. "seal."  
3. "woolless toge," in f. e. "wolfish gown."  
4. "for," not in f. e.  
611.—1. "leave," not in f. e. "here."  
2. "monster," in f. e. "monsters."  
3. "innocence," in f. e. none, revok'd, in f. e. "ignorance: if none awake."  
4. "honoty," in f. e. "lenity."  
5. "their," in f. e. "our."  
6. "motive," in f. e. "native."  
7. "bisson multitude," in f. e. "bisson multitude."  
612.—1. "*See*," in f. e. "*All See*."  
2. "*Re-enter the Xfile with others, and a Riddle*," &c., in f. e. "*Enter Xfile with a Riddle*," &c.  
613.—1. "deserving," in f. e. "deserved."  
2. f. e. insert here, "*Enter VOLVANIA*."  
614.—1. "*Enter VOLVANIA*," not in f. e.  
2. f. e. insert, "*[To VOLVANIA]*."  
3. "O, son, son, son," in f. e. "O, sir, sir, sir."  
4. "To brook," &c. This line is not in f. e.  
5. "stoop" the heart," in f. e. "stoop to the heart."  
6. "Now's," in f. e. "Now."  
615.—1. "ow's," in f. e. "ow's."  
2. "their," in f. e. "the."  
3. "mouth," in f. e. "worth."  
616.—1. "carriage," in f. e. "courage."  
2. "mained," in f. e. "wounded."  
617.—1. "Curs," in f. e. "Cats."  
2. "approved," in f. e. "appeared."  
618.—1. "house," in f. e. "hours."

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- 618.—2. "*[Beats him]*," in f. e. "*[Beats him away]*."  
619.—1. "o'er-beat," in f. e. "o'er-beat."  
2. "on," in f. e. "of."  
620.—1. "dejectitude," in f. e. "directitude."  
2. "vaunt," in f. e. "vent."  
3. "Good den," in f. e. "Good-even."  
4. "come in," in f. e. "coming."  
5. "God," in f. e. "Good."  
621.—1. "You, and your handy crafts have," in f. e. "You, and your crafts! you have."  
2. "Though," in f. e. "Although."  
622.—1. "Lie," in f. e. "lie."  
2. "in," in f. e. "unto."  
3. "cheer," in f. e. "chair."  
4. "suffer," in f. e. "fooler."  
5. "To one," in f. e. "Which was."  
6. "least," in f. e. "less."  
7. "of blood," in f. e. "of our blood."  
8. "You," in f. e. "I."  
9. "The Volscian Camp," in f. e. "An advanced post of the Volscian Camp."  
623.—1. "magnified," in f. e. "verified."  
2. "queasy," in f. e. "easy."  
3. "*Paper*," in f. e. "*letter*."  
624.—1. "mistaking," in f. e. "mistaken."  
2. "*[Rising]*," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "curled," in f. e. "curled."  
4. "we," in f. e. "you."  
5. "*Takes his seat*," not in f. e.  
6. "son," in f. e. "to."  
7. "enemies," in f. e. "enmity's."  
8. "*[Aside]*," not in f. e.  
625.—1. "each," in f. e. "the."  
2. "*All kneel*," not in f. e.  
3. "*He holds VOLVANIA by the hand, turns, and soft stumbling*," in f. e. "*Holding VOLVANIA by the hands, sibat*."  
4. "O mother, mother!" in f. e. these words precede the stage direction.  
5. "*[Aside]*," not in f. e.  
6. "fencer," in f. e. "corner."  
7. f. e. insert, "*[Aside]*."  
8. "hem," in f. e. "hum."  
9. "*[Shouts]*," not in f. e.  
10. f. e. add. "*Shouting within*."  
626.—1. "Enter," in f. e. "their."  
2. "*Enter Complotinos*," in f. e. "*Enter three or four Complotinos*."  
3. "ferce," in f. e. "free."  
4. "ear," in f. e. "end."  
627.—1. "*While they pass round the Stage*," in f. e. "sounded."

## TITUS ANDRONICUS.

- 628.—1. "*[Capitol]*," in f. e. "*Senate*."  
2. "I am the first born son of him the last," in f. e. "I am his first-born son, that was the last."  
3. "conscience," in f. e. "continnence."  
629.—1. "my," in f. e. "the."  
2. "hazyn," not in f. e.  
3. f. e. add. "*and Titus speaks*," in f. e. "of mine hast thou."  
4. "their," in f. e. "the."  
5. "dust," in f. e. "gone."  
630.—1. "*[Kneeling]*," not in f. e.  
2. "no," in f. e. "are no."  
3. "*[Rising]*," not in f. e.  
4. "He chose with acclamations," in f. e. "He chosen with proclamations."  
5. "abroach," in f. e. "abroad."  
6. "obtain," in f. e. "obtain and ask."  
7. "*[Shouts]*," not in f. e.  
8. "*[Aside]*," not in f. e.  
9. "*[To her]*," not in f. e.  
631.—1. "not himself," in f. e. "not with himself."  
2. "awhile," not in f. e.  
632.—1. "*[Aside]*," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "you," in f. e. "us."  
3. "*They kneel*," not in f. e.  
4. "*They stand up*," not in f. e.  
5. "*Trumpets*," not in f. e.  
6. "will," in f. e. "wit."  
7. "was," in f. e. "is."  
633.—1. "and," in f. e. "of."  
2. "dreadless," in f. e. "dreadful."  
3. "gay," in f. e. "grey."  
4. "while," in f. e. "green."  
5. "save a hunter's round," in f. e. "ring a hunter's peal."  
6. "soud," in f. e. "noise."  
7. "and so will I," in f. e. "as it is ours."  
634.—1. "brought comfort and delight," in f. e. "brought new comfort hath inspired."  
2. "*they sing*," "*The hunt is up*," not in f. e.  
3. "promontory's," in f. e. "promontory."  
4. "colled," in f. e. "colled."  
5. "Whom," in f. e. "Who."  
6. "my," in f. e. "our."  
7. "dine," in f. e. "drive."  
8. "bately," in f. e. "body."  
635.—1. "painted shape she braves your might," in f. e. "painted hope braves your mightness."  
2. "her," in f. e. "thy."  
3. "claws," in f. e. "paws."  
4. "away," in f. e. "away with her."  
5. "*[Kneeling]*," not in f. e.  
6. "*Rising*," not in f. e.  
7. "lousome," in f. e. "loathsome."  
8. "*[Enter the stage]*," not in f. e.  
9. "the," in f. e. "this."  
636.—1. "this," in f. e. "their."  
2. "their," in f. e. "the."  
3. "cut out thy tongue," in f. e. "that cut thy tongue."  
4. "*Wind Horns*," not in f. e.  
5. "have," in f. e. "half."  
6. "rosed," in f. e. "rosed."  
7. "Tereus, cousin, hast thou met," in f. e. "Tereus hast thou met without."  
8. "in mistrelsy," not in f. e.  
637.—1. "anguish in my soul's," &c., in f. e. "languor and my soul's," &c.  
2. "with more," in f. e. "more with."  
3. "or if they did mark," in f. e. "oh, if they did hear."  
4. "yet plead I must, and bootless unto them," not in f. e.  
5. "*[Rising]*," not in f. e.  
6. "Rich," in f. e. "Sweet."  
7. "old and young," in f. e. "every car."  
8. "living," in f. e. "lively."  
638.—1. "I," in f. e. "like."  
2. "I'll send my hand to him," in f. e. "I'll send the emperor my hand."  
3. "it," in f. e. "the axe."  
4. "*[Aside]*," in f. e. "this direction is at the end of *Agrippa's* speech."  
5. "*with his sword*," not in f. e.  
6. "*Re-enter LUCIUS with an Axe*," in f. e. "*Enter LUCIUS*."  
639.—1. "one," in f. e. "a."  
2. "is true," in f. e. "you do."  
640.—1. "to," in f. e. "for."  
2. "where," not in f. e.  
3. "*They kneel*," not in f. e.  
4. "*They rise*," not in f. e.  
5. "to do it," not in f. e.  
61.—1. "ye," in f. e. "the."  
2. "*[Aside]*," not in f. e.  
3. "them," in f. e. "the."  
4. "*[To them]*," not in f. e.  
5. "liath," in f. e. "liad."  
6. f. e. insert here, "*[Aside]*."  
7. "*[Singing]*," not in f. e.  
8. "bairdes," in f. e. "breeders."  
9. "Zounds," in f. e. "Out."  
10. "a man," in f. e. "of age."  
12. "*[To the Nurse]*," not in f. e.  
642.—1. "*at a distance*," in f. e. "*on the ground*."  
2. "*she sings*," not in f. e.  
3. "Not far hence Multi lives," in f. e. "Not far one Multens lives."  
4. "make no long delays," in f. e. "take no longer days."  
5. "may," in f. e. "please."  
6. "thrive," in f. e. "lead."  
7. "*With the Child*," not in f. e.  
8. "catch," in f. e. "find."  
643.—1. "aim'd," in f. e. "aim."  
2. "his," in f. e. "your."  
3. "*that had been shot*," in f. e. "*that Titus shot*."  
4. "the mightful gods no less," in f. e. "as do the mightful gods."  
5. "freaks," in f. e. "wreaks."  
6. "stue," in f. e. "senate."  
7. "*Takes his seat*," not in f. e.  
8. "The life blood on't," in f. e. "Thy life-blood on't."  
9. "even," in f. e. "dew."  
10. "for want of better," in f. e. "here."  
11. "friend," not in f. e.  
12. "brought my neck," in f. e. "brought up a neck."  
13. "Have," in f. e. "shape."  
644.—1. "very," not in f. e.  
2. "And wish'd," in f. e. "And they have wish'd."  
3. "our," in f. e. "your."



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644.—4. "in's flame," in f. e. "in it."  
5. "food," in f. e. "feed."  
6. "fore him," in f. e. "to him."  
7. "[Speaking]" &c., not in f. e.  
8. "dispiteously," in f. e. "yet pitonously."  
9. "in," in f. e. "by."  
645.—1. "Whom," in f. e. "Who."  
2. "Cut her hands off," in f. e. "And cut her hands."  
3. "ofttimes," not in f. e.  
4. "as *R.venge,Rapine, and Murder,*" not in f. e.  
5. "[Shouting]" &c., not in f. e.  
6. "old," not in f. e.  
646.—1. "Provide two," in f. e. "Provide thee two."  
2. "below," not in f. e.  
3. "to *them*," not in f. e.  
4. "[*Exit*]," in f. e. "[*Exit* TAM.]"  
5. *Caius*, not in f. e.  
647.—1. "and she catches the Blood," not in f. e.  
2. "Trumpets sound," not in f. e.  
3. "and," not in f. e.  
4. "flee," in f. e. "die."  
648.—1. in f. e. the remainder of this speech is attributed to a *Sentinel*.  
2. f. e. insert here, "[*To Lucius*]."  
3. "And," in f. e. "Damn'd."  
4. "lingering," in f. e. "slaughtering."  
5. "style," in f. e. "task."  
6. "bier," in f. e. "trunk."  
7. "all that he can have," in f. e. "and take leave of him."  
8. "ravenous," in f. e. "heinous."

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

- 649.—1. "Musicians," in f. e. "Three Musicians."  
650.—1. "with his," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Draves*]," not in f. e.  
651.—1. "ste," in f. e. "and."  
2. "Beuolio," not in f. e.  
3. "puff'd," in f. e. "purg'd."  
4. "is't," in f. e. "is."  
5. "eucharm'd," in f. e. "unharm'd."  
652.—1. "married," in f. e. "made."  
2. "up," not in f. e.  
3. "help," in f. e. "help."  
4. "[*Going*]," not in f. e.  
653.—1. "preceded by a *Drum*," not in f. e.  
2. "*Bow*," in f. e. "*Mrs*."  
3. "its," in f. e. "sits."  
654.—1. "Pick'd," in f. e. "Pried'd."  
2. "milkmaid," in f. e. "maid."  
3. "counsellor's," in f. e. "counter's."  
4. "tide," in f. e. "face."  
5. "breath," in f. e. "breast."  
6. f. e. add, "*belov'd*."  
7. "To ROMEO," &c., not in f. e.  
8. "[*Pointing*]," &c., not in f. e.  
9. "[*Exit Boy*]," not in f. e.  
655.—1. "Go to" in f. e. these words are transposed to the end of the line.  
2. "[*Knocking her*]," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "[*Juliet retires*]," not in f. e.  
4. "[*Going*]," not in f. e.  
5. "[*Exit*]," in f. e. "[*Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE*]."  
6. "[*The Guests*]," &c., not in f. e.  
7. "[*Going*]," &c., not in f. e.  
8. "[*Exeunt*]," &c., not in f. e.  
656.—1. "true," in f. e. "trim."  
2. "An open *et cetera*," &c.: this line and the following one are not in f. e.  
3. "white," in f. e. "sick."  
4. "lacy-passing," in f. e. "lazy-pacing."  
5. "[*Starting*]," &c., not in f. e.  
657.—1. "[*Going*]," in f. e. "[*Retiring*]."  
658.—1. "act," in f. e. "part."  
2. "unbriest," in f. e. "unbraised."  
3. "a," in f. e. "the."  
659.—1. 2. "[*Singing*]," not in f. e.  
3. "wicked," in f. e. "weak."  
660.—1. "[*Giving her*]," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "seem as dead," in f. e. "many feign as they were dead."  
3. "dull," in f. e. "pale."  
4. "straightaway at my news," in f. e. "straight at any news."

- 661.—1. "sum the sum of half my wealth," in f. e. "sum up half my sum of wealth."  
2. "[*Striking*]," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "And," in f. e. "Or."  
4. "exceed," in f. e. "excuse."  
5. "as TYBALT," &c., not in f. e.  
6. "[ROMEO]," &c., not in f. e.  
662.—1. "You," in f. e. "Up."  
2. "Who," in f. e. "Beuolio, who."  
3. "home," not in f. e.

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662.—4. "enemies," in f. e. "unawares,"  
5. "run away's."  
663.—1. "with a *Locker of Cords*," in f. e. "*with Cords*."  
2. "or," in f. e. "of."  
3. "pour," in f. e. "bower."  
4. "[*Talking*]," &c., not in f. e.  
664.—1. "parted," in f. e. "unsh'd."  
2. "him," in f. e. "what."  
3. "[*Falling*]," not in f. e.  
4. "[*Rumors groans*]," not in f. e.  
5. "[*Rising*]," &c., not in f. e.  
665.—1. "agreed," in f. e. "devised."  
2. "Here is a ring," in f. e. "Here, sir, a ring."  
3. "in," in f. e. "to."  
4. "bow," in f. e. "brow."  
666.—1. "every hour in the day," in f. e. "every day in the hour."  
2. "would'st," in f. e. "could'st."  
3. "him," in f. e. "he."  
4. "[*Ex. Cap.*]," in f. e. the speech of this lady commences at the following line.  
667.—1. "Alack!" in f. e. "Alack I alack."  
2. "way," in f. e. "sway."  
668.—1. "count," in f. e. "county."  
3. "[*Shouting it*]," not in f. e.  
4. "[*Offers*]," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "[*Knurling*]," not in f. e.  
6. "becoming," in f. e. "becomed."  
669.—1. "[*Warrant*]," in f. e. "I warrant her, she can."  
670.—1. "[*Dancing*]," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "my," in f. e. "an."  
671.—1. 2. "Thou pratest!" in f. e. "Pretty!"  
3. f. e. add, "*singing*."  
4. "death," in f. e. "truth," "eye."  
5. "on," in f. e. "upon."  
6. "[*Exit*]," &c., not in f. e.  
7. "[*Giving it*]," not in f. e.  
672.—1. f. e. add, "there."  
2. "[*Giving*]," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "in," in f. e. "and."  
4. "[*Giving*]," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "[*Exit*]," in f. e. "[*Retires*]."  
6. "the Monument," in f. e. "the door of the Monument."  
7. "commiseration," in f. e. "thy commiseration."  
8. "[*Taking it*]," not in f. e.  
9. "I will believe," in f. e. "Shall I believe."  
673.—1. "near JULIET," not in f. e.  
2. "and BALTHASAR following," not in f. e.  
3. "[*Exit*]," not in f. e.  
4. "rest," in f. e. "rust."  
5. "ouery," in f. e. "outrage."  
674.—1. "Do," in f. e. "both."  
2. "waked," in f. e. "wakes."  
3. "the," in f. e. "his."  
4. "[*They shake*]," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "fair," in f. e. "true."

## TIMON OF ATHENS.

- 675.—1. "Three flattering Lords," in f. e. "Lords and flatterers of Timon."  
2. "Captain," in f. e. "General."  
3. "Servants of Varro, Ventidius, and Isidore," in f. e. "Two servants of Varro, and the servant of Isidore."  
4. "Lords," in f. e. "Other Lords."  
5. "[*Shouting it*]," not in f. e.  
6. "issues," in f. e. "onzes."  
676.—1. "[*Shouting it*]," not in f. e.  
2. "waxed," in f. e. "wax."  
3. "To show lord Timon that: mean eyes," &c., in f. e. "To show lord Timon, that mean eyes," &c.  
4. "most needs," in f. e. "must need."  
677.—1. "so hungry a wish," in f. e. "no angry will."  
678.—1. "unmappesable," in f. e. "unpeaceable."  
2. f. e. insert here, "[*They all stand ceremoniously looking at TIMON*]."  
3. "Evil," in f. e. "sinner."  
4. "do't," in f. e. "dich."  
679.—1. "ever," in f. e. "even."  
680.—1. "A stable of horses," in f. e. "And a stable horses."  
2. "no reserve; no care," in f. e. "nor resumes no care."  
3. "Was surely so," in f. e. "Was to be so."  
681.—1. "as from hunting," not in f. e.  
2. "my good," in f. e. "good my."  
3. "merely," in f. e. "nervy."  
4. "after him," not in f. e.  
682.—1. "yet now's a time too late," in f. e. "(too late) yet now's a time."

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682.—2. "nook," in f. e. "cock."  
3. "Timon's," in f. e. "Timon."  
683.—1. "[*Giving money*]," not in f. e.  
2. "his honor," in f. e. "this hour."  
3. "five hundred," in f. e. "so many."  
4. "five," in f. e. "fifty-five."  
5. "I, I say," in f. e. "I say."  
684.—1. "port," in f. e. "spirit."  
685.—1. "he," in f. e. "it."  
2. "fault," in f. e. "fate."  
3. "reprove," in f. e. "believe."  
4. "mov'd," in f. e. "mov'd."  
686.—1. "say," in f. e. "I say."  
2. "Were there no foes, that were itself enough," in f. e. "If there were no foes, that were enough."  
3. "willingly," in f. e. "willing."  
687.—1. "[*To the Servants*]," not in f. e.  
2. "will show," in f. e. "will—and so—"  
3. "fees," in f. e. "fees."  
4. "tag," in f. e. "lag."  
5. "let," in f. e. "yet."  
6. "[*Costing away*]," &c., not in f. e.  
688.—1. "as," in f. e. "or."  
2. "and revive," not in f. e.  
3. "all state composed," in f. e. "all what state compounds."  
4. "with a *Spade*," not in f. e.  
5. "decline," in f. e. "deny't," "decline."  
6. "[*Kindling gold*]," not in f. e.  
7. "hid," in f. e. "idle."  
689.—1. "ad," not in f. e.  
2. "abjects," in f. e. "objects."  
3. "[*Throwing it*]," not in f. e.  
4. "abhor'd," in f. e. "a lawd."  
690.—1. "[*Throwing it*]," not in f. e.  
2. "neighbour," in f. e. "marrrows."  
3. "dogs," in f. e. "drugs."  
691.—1. "I'd," in f. e. "I'll."  
2. "him," not in f. e.  
692.—1. 2. "[*Throcing*]," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "no," in f. e. "not."  
4. "Is't," in f. e. "I'll."  
5. "as," in f. e. "and as."  
6. "when," in f. e. "where."  
7. "[*Giving gold*]," not in f. e.  
693.—1. "[*Exit FLAVIUS; and TIMON into his Cave*]," in f. e. "[*Exeunt severally*]."  
2. "purposes," in f. e. "purposes."  
3. "we," in f. e. "they."  
4. "behind," not in f. e.  
5. "black-cover'd," in f. e. "black-corner'd."  
694.—1. "and," not in f. e.  
2. "embossh'd," in f. e. "embossed."  
695.—1. "is't not severe," in f. e. "it is not square."  
2. "by," in f. e. "to."

## JULIUS CESAR.

- 697.—1. "body," in f. e. "rabble."  
698.—1. "with *Trumpets and other Music*," in f. e. "with *Music*."  
699.—1. f. e. insert here "[*Shout*]."  
2. "such," in f. e. "these."  
700.—1. "shouted," in f. e. "hooted."  
701.—1. "seasons," in f. e. "reasons."  
702.—1. "[*Giving him*]," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "[*paper*]," in f. e. "Letter."  
703.—1. "[*He takes*]," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "crave," in f. e. "carve."  
3. "mark," in f. e. "make."  
704.—1. "heavy honey-dew," in f. e. "honey-heavy dew."  
2. "[*Knelling*]," not in f. e.  
3. "[*Rising her*]," not in f. e.  
4. "is't that," in f. e. "is't that."  
5. "[*Throcing*]," &c., not in f. e.  
705.—1. "ave," in f. e. "were."  
2. "[*Knelling*]," not in f. e.  
3. "[*Rising her*]," not in f. e.  
4. "Of," in f. e. "And."  
5. "stricken," in f. e. "strucked."  
706.—1. "[*Aside*]," not in f. e.  
2. "the," not in f. e.  
3. "That touches us? ourself," &c., in f. e. "What touches us ourself, &c."  
707.—1. "Caesar," in f. e. this speech is attributed to *Cesar*.  
2. "crouching's," in f. e. "couchings."  
3. "Low crouched," in f. e. "Low-crook'd."  
4. "not," in f. e. "at last."  
5. "[*Knelling*]," not in f. e.  
6. "[*Rising*]," not in f. e.  
708.—1. "Enter," in f. e. "Re-enter."  
2. "[*Knelling*]," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "[*Rising*]," not in f. e.  
4. "death-hour," in f. e. "death's hour."  
5. "welcome," in f. e. "malice."

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708.—6. "[*One after*," &c., not in f. e.  
7. "[*Turning to the*," &c., not in f. e.  
8. "death," in f. e. "letlie."  
9. "[*Apert*," in f. e. "[*Aside*."  
10. "die," in f. e. "true."  
11. "loins," in f. e. "limbs."  
709.—1. "all," in f. e. "Cit."  
2. f. e. insert here, "[*Seceral speaking at once*."  
3. "all," in f. e. "Cit."  
710.—1. "[*They are*," &c., not in f. e.  
711.—1. "[*nothing*," in f. e. "unhkeily."  
2. "unlike," in f. e. "unlike."  
3. "[*forcing out CINA*," not in f. e.  
4. "on," in f. e. "in."  
712.—1. "[*One after the*," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "abler," in f. e. "noble."  
3. "volger," in f. e. "elder."  
713.—1. "did," in f. e. "do."  
714.—1. "new-hearted," in f. e. "new-abled."  
2. "[*Lucius falls asleep*," not in f. e.  
3. "to rest," not in f. e.  
715.—1. "is," in f. e. "are."  
2. "word of traitor," in f. e. "sword of traitors."  
3. "forward," in f. e. "former."  
4. "[*LUCIUS stands back*," not in f. e.  
716.—1. "term," in f. e. "time."  
2. "those," in f. e. "some."  
3. "began," in f. e. "begin."  
717.—1. "[*Love Alarms*," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Shaking hands*," &c., not in f. e.  
718.—1. "generous," in f. e. "general."  
2. "Of," in f. e. "And."

## MACBETH.

- 719.—1. "Sennet," in f. e. "Alarm."  
2. "thy," in f. e. "the."  
720.—1. "haste," in f. e. "a haste."  
2. "comes," in f. e. "seems."  
3. "to show," not in f. e.  
721.—1. "[*Aside*," not in f. e.  
2. "thrust," in f. e. "trasted."  
3. "[*Aside*," not in f. e.  
4. "where," in f. e. "whose."  
5. "Give you," in f. e. "Give me your."  
6. "[*To BANQUO*," not in f. e.  
722.—1. "[*Embrace*," not in f. e.  
2. "wind," in f. e. "wing."  
3. "more!" in f. e. "mine!"  
4. "[*Embrace*," not in f. e.  
5. "[*with a letter*," in f. e. "reading a letter."  
6. "[*Reck*," not in f. e.  
7. "blankness," in f. e. "blanket."  
8. "[*They embrace*," not in f. e.  
723.—1. f. e. insert here "*Headings*."  
2. "thus," in f. e. "his."  
3. "beast," in f. e. "beast."  
724.—1. "sleeper," in f. e. "sleep."  
725.—1. "[*Shouting*," in f. e. "[*Looking on*."  
2. "in his night-open," not in f. e.  
726.—1. "warrely," not in f. e.  
2. "age," in f. e. "is."  
3. "[*Lady Macbeth's screams*," not in f. e.  
727.—1. "show," in f. e. "shine."  
2. f. e. add, "sounded."  
728.—1. "lay," in f. e. "let."  
2. "quill," in f. e. "bill."  
3. "weiried," in f. e. "weary."  
4. "[*Everet Murderers*," not in f. e.  
5. "eternal," not in f. e.  
729.—1. "thy," in f. e. "the."  
2. "here," in f. e. "near."  
3. f. e. insert here, "*Enter first Murderer, to the door*."  
4. "*Enter first Murderer*," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "him," in f. e. "he."  
6. "[*Pointing to the Ghost*," not in f. e.  
7. "[*Coming to MACBETH*," &c., not in f. e.  
730.—1. "[*Gaing back*," &c., not in f. e.  
2. f. e. insert here, "*Ghost Rises*."  
3. "*Re-enter Ghost*," not in f. e.  
4. "exhibit," in f. e. "inhibit" and "inhibit."  
5. "ill," in f. e. "f."  
731.—1. "HECATE," not in f. e.  
2. "fitches," not in f. e.  
3. "cold," in f. e. "the cold" and "coldest."  
4. "other," in f. e. "three other."  
5. "[*Exit HECATE*," not in f. e.  
732.—1. "headed," in f. e. "bladed."  
2. "o'er," in f. e. "on."  
3. "stoop," in f. e. "slope."  
4. "Rebellion's," in f. e. "Rebel lions."  
5. "[*The cauldron descends, Headings sound*," in f. e. "[*Headings*."  
6. "*first and last*," in f. e. "*last*."

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732.—7. "art," in f. e. "is."  
8. "flights," in f. e. "sights."  
733.—1. "know't," in f. e. "know."  
2. "I shall," in f. e. "shall."  
734.—1. "[*Shouting a Paper*," not in f. e.  
2. "[*riped*," in f. e. "open'd."  
3. "Enjoy," in f. e. "Convey."  
4. "foison," in f. e. "foisons."  
5. "heart," in f. e. "art."  
735.—1. "[*Exit*," in f. e. "as."  
736.—1. "[*Thiking out*," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "grief," in f. e. "stuff."  
3. "tongue," in f. e. "unrough."  
4. "course," in f. e. "cause."  
737.—1. "[*Exit Sern*," not in f. e.  
2. "chair," in f. e. "cheer."  
3. "May," in f. e. "way."  
4. "grief," in f. e. "stuff."  
5. "into," in f. e. "to."  
6. "gotten," in f. e. "given."  
7. "fare'd," in f. e. "forc'd."  
8. "[*A cry within*," &c., in f. e. this direction succeeds the following line.  
9. "[*Exit*," not in f. e.  
10. "fear," in f. e. "fears."  
11. "quail'd," in f. e. "cool'd."  
12. "*Re-enter SEYTON*," not in f. e.  
13. "should," in f. e. "shall."  
738.—1. "be," in f. e. "being."  
739.—1. "And God," &c., in f. e. "And so God," &c.  
2. "Pike," in f. e. "pole."  
3. "[*Sticking the Pike*," &c., not in f. e.

## HAMLET.

- 740.—1. "his Son," in f. e. "Son to Polonius."  
2. "Ambassadors," in f. e. "An Ambassador."  
3. "Two Clowns, Grave-diggers," not in f. e.  
4. "Plavers, Sailors," &c., in f. e. "Players, Clowns (Grave-diggers), Sailors," &c.  
5. "Attendants," in f. e. "other Attendants."  
6. "new," in f. e. "now."  
741.—1. "armed," not in f. e.  
2. f. e. insert asterisks, denoting that one or more lines are supposed to be lost.  
742.—1. "*Sennet*," not in f. e.  
2. "*The King takes his Seat*," not in f. e.  
3. "bathe," in f. e. "bear."  
4. "[*Giving them*," not in f. e.  
5. "night-like," in f. e. "nighted."  
743.—1. "whom?" in f. e. "who?"  
2. "wast," in f. e. "waste" and "wast."  
3. "hechill'd," in f. e. "distill'd."  
745.—1. "choice," in f. e. "chief."  
2. "Running," in f. e. "Wronging."  
3. "bawds," in f. e. "bonds."  
4. "squander," in f. e. "slander."  
5. "so now," not in f. e.  
6. "ill," in f. e. "base."  
7. "armed as before," not in f. e.  
8. "[*Pause*," not in f. e.  
746.—1. "[*They struggle*," not in f. e.  
2. "Heaven's," in f. e. "Heaven."  
3. "lasting fires," in f. e. "fast in fires."  
747.—1. "despoiled," in f. e. "despatched."  
2. "blossom," in f. e. "blossoms."  
3. "Hold heart," in f. e. "Hold, hold, my heart."  
4. "[*perflitions*," not in f. e.  
5. "We will," in f. e. these words form part of the preceding speech of *Horatio*.  
749.—1. "By heaven," in f. e. "It seems."  
2. "day, night," &c., in f. e. "night, day," &c.  
750.—1. "[*Reck*," not in f. e.  
2. "we all," in f. e. "all we."  
3. "for," in f. e. "four."  
4. "[*Aside*," not in f. e.  
5. "[*To him*," not in f. e.  
751.—1. "[*ROS. smiles*," not in f. e.  
752.—1. "What treasure," in f. e. "What a treasure."  
2. "there was no salt," in f. e. "there were no sallets."  
753.—1. "passionate the gods," in f. e. "passion in the gods."  
2. "transgression," in f. e. "oppression."  
754.—1. "to," in f. e. "of."  
2. "*Minet OPHELIA behind, reading*," not in f. e.  
3. "[*Coming forward*," not in f. e.  
4. "in f. e. "you."  
755.—1. "back," in f. e. "back."  
2. "unready," not in f. e.

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756.—1. "*Sennet*," not in f. e.  
2. f. e. insert here, "*A Flourish*."  
757.—1. "*The Player King and Player Queen*," in f. e. "*a King and a Queen*."  
2. "cart," in f. e. "cart."  
3. "Enactors," in f. e. "Enactures."  
4. "her vow," in f. e. "it now."  
758.—1. "raised," in f. e. "razed."  
2. "the," in f. e. "my."  
3. "*Enter one with a Recorder*," in f. e. "*Enter the Players with Recorders*."  
4. "recorder," in f. e. "recorders."  
759.—1. "very many," in f. e. "many many."  
2. "purs," in f. e. "prize."  
3. "[*Knock*," in f. e. "[*Retires and Knocks*."  
4. "behind, his Scurd drawn," not in f. e.  
5. f. e. insert here, "*The King rises and advances*."  
6. "[*Rising*," not in f. e.  
7. "sauce," in f. e. "silence."  
8. "[*Exit POLOIUS behind the Ar- ras*," in f. e. "[*POLOIUS hides himself*."  
9. "send," in f. e. "set."  
760.—1. "[*Coming forward*," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Seeing the body of POLOIUS*," in f. e. "[*To POLOIUS*."  
3. "stoop," in f. e. "step."  
4. "unarmed," not in f. e.  
5. "fume," in f. e. "time."  
761.—1. "most was," in f. e. "was most."  
762.—1. "palated," in f. e. "politic."  
2. "see," in f. e. "set."  
3. "hopes," in f. e. "haps."  
763.—1. "*Queen. HORTATIO, and a Gentleman*," in f. e. "*Queen and HORTATIO*."  
2. "*Grat*," in f. e. "*Hor*."  
3. "[*Unarmed*," not in f. e.  
4. "green grass," in f. e. "grass-green."  
764.—1. f. e. insert here, "*Enter a Gentleman*," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "*Enter a Gentleman*," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "king," in f. e. "lord."  
4. "with his scurd drawn," in f. e. "armed."  
5. "still distracted," not in f. e.  
765.—1. "[*Sings*," not in f. e.  
2. "*Give to his death bed*," in f. e. "*Go to thy death bed*."  
3. "was white," in f. e. "was as white."  
4. "[*dancing distractedly*," not in f. e.  
5. "criminal," in f. e. "criminal."  
766.—1. "was," in f. e. "Whose worth."  
2. "Sole," in f. e. "Stood."  
3. "This report," in f. e. "Sir, this report."  
767.—1. "redne'd," in f. e. "indu'd."  
769.—1. "*on one side*," not in f. e.  
2. "saw," in f. e. "saw."  
3. "[*They strive*," not in f. e.  
4. "storm," in f. e. "fast."  
5. "I'll do't," not in f. e.  
6. "*King*," in f. e. "*Queen*."  
7. "*Queen*," not in f. e.  
770.—1. "over," in f. e. "know."  
2. "fail," in f. e. "pall."  
3. "unfild," in f. e. "unseal."  
4. "[*Giving it*," not in f. e.  
5. "a," in f. e. "the."  
6. "thrown out," in f. e. these words are transposed to the beginning of the line.  
7. "his own," in f. e. "this arm."  
8. "court," in f. e. "count."  
772.—1. "[*Falls better*," not in f. e.  
2. "he is hotter," in f. e. "he's bettered."  
3. "Here is a napkin, rub thy brows, my son," in f. e. "Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows."  
4. "[*She drinks*," not in f. e.  
5. "[*Taking the Cup*," not in f. e.  
6. "[*Struggling*," HAMLET gets the Cup, not in f. e.  
773.—1. "scene," in f. e. "same."

## KING LEAR.

- 774.—1. "of Lear's Train," in f. e. "attending on the King."  
775.—1. "I love," &c., in f. e. "Sir, I love," &c.  
2. "sphere," in f. e. "square."  
3. "plenteous," in f. e. "richer."  
4. "And as my patron," in f. e. "As my great patron."  
776.—1. "recreunt," in f. e. "miscreant."

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776.—2. "if the seventh day," in f. e. "if, on the tenth day."  
3. "blest," in f. e. "best."  
4. "nor other loveliness," in f. e. "murder or foulness."  
777.—1. "sleep," in f. e. "step."  
2. "Ye," in f. e. "The."  
3. "As," in f. e. "A."  
4. "the *Bosked*," not in f. e.  
5. "on," in f. e. "in."  
6. "[*Reads the Letter*]," not in f. e.  
778.—6. "[*Holding*]," in f. e. "[*Putting up*]."  
779.—1. "stars," in f. e. "a star."  
2. "[*Exit Knight*]," not in f. e.  
3. "[*Re-enter Knight*]," not in f. e.  
780.—1. "stricken," in f. e. "struck."  
2. "cousin," in f. e. "cousins."  
3. "And *well mayst fear*," in f. e. "And *know not how*."  
4. "[*Knocking*]," not in f. e.  
5. "know," in f. e. "trow."  
781.—1. "worship," in f. e. "worshippis."  
2. "in *furgy*," not in f. e.  
782.—1. "Canst thou," in f. e. "Thou canst."  
2. "in haste," in f. e. "P the haste."  
783.—1. "whether," in f. e. "when."  
2. "dispatch'd," in f. e. "dispatch."  
3. "although," in f. e. "ay, though."  
4. "your heir," not in f. e.  
5. "Was he," &c., in f. e. "Was he not," &c.  
6. "yes," not in f. e.  
7. "As," not in f. e.  
8. "thought fit," in f. e. "thought it fit."  
9. "our," in f. e. "your."  
10. "Pinsbury," in f. e. "Lipsbury."  
784.—1. "at," in f. e. "you."  
2. "stand on any shoulders," in f. e. "stands on any shoulder."  
785.—1. "[*Walking*]," not in f. e.  
2. "salutation," in f. e. "salutations."  
3. "it follows," not in f. e.  
4. "dear," not in f. e.  
785.—1. "fool turns knave," in f. e. "knave turns fool."  
2. "knave no fool," in f. e. "fool no knave."  
3. "[*Pointing to KENT*]," in f. e. "[*Looking on KENT*]."  
4. "knapp'd," in f. e. "rapp'd."  
5. "thee," in f. e. "me."  
6. "mouth," in f. e. "house."  
7. "[*Rising*]," not in f. e.  
8. "tender-hearted," in f. e. "tender-hustled" and "tender-hefted."  
9. "thou hast," in f. e. "hast thou."  
787.—1. "howl," in f. e. "owl."  
2. "their," in f. e. "your."  
3. "but," in f. e. "that."  
4. "He," in f. e. "And."  
788.—1. "spectators," in f. e. "speculations."  
2. "furnishings," in f. e. "furnishings."  
3. "[*Flourish*]," not in f. e.  
789.—1. "perjures," in f. e. "perjur'd."  
790.—1. "swamp," in f. e. "ford."  
2. "[*Strikes*]," not in f. e.  
3. "of," in f. e. "on."  
4. "Keep thy word; do justice," in f. e. "Keep thy word justly."  
5. "only," in f. e. "of us."  
6. "[*Tearing*]," in f. e. "[*Tearing off*]."  
7. "[*They talk apart*]," not in f. e.  
792.—1. "disposure," in f. e. "displeasure."  
2. "[*They bind him*]," not in f. e.  
793.—1. "[*They bow out one Eye*]," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Tearing out his other Eye*]," not in f. e.  
3. "Yes, better thus, unknown," &c., in f. e. "Yet, better thus, and known," &c.  
4. "wants," in f. e. "means."  
794.—1. "braves," in f. e. "slaves."  
2. "*rhio*," in f. e. "*faor*."  
3. "[*Giving it*]," not in f. e.  
795.—1. "May," in f. e. "way" and "day."  
2. "*Proach*," not in f. e.  
796.—1. "horrible," in f. e. "Horrible."  
2. "[*Heeping him up*]," not in f. e.  
3. "*Stones and Flowers*," in f. e. "*willflowers*."  
797.—1. "mimics," in f. e. "micees."  
2. "Tis a good plot," in f. e. "This a good trick."  
3. "speaking in," in f. e. "speaking of."  
798.—1. "[*Draining*]," not in f. e.  
2. "unextinguish'd blaze," in f. e. "undistinguish'd space."  
3. "mad," in f. e. "made."  
799.—1. "[*Gaining*]," not in f. e.  
800.—1. "[*Showing a Paper*]," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Embracing her*]," not in f. e.

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801.—1. "[*Draining*]," not in f. e.  
2. "skill, youth, and eminence," in f. e. "youth, place, and eminence."  
3. "laws," in f. e. "law."  
4. "[*She snatches*]," &c., not in f. e.  
802.—1. "[*Thinks of his Blood*]," not in f. e.  
2. "shine," in f. e. "sting."  
803.—1. "light," in f. e. "sight."  
2. "To you your rights," in f. e. "You, to your rights."

## OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

- 801.—1. "Governor," in f. e. "former Governor."  
2. "of Venice," not in f. e.  
3. "*in shder*," not in f. e.  
4. "favor," in f. e. "letter."  
805.—1. "terms," in f. e. "term."  
2. "learn'd in forms and usages," in f. e. "trimm'd in forms and visages."  
3. "timorous," in f. e. "timorous."  
4. "laying," in f. e. "tying."  
5. "On an extravagant and wheeling," in f. e. "In an extravagant and wheeling."  
806.—1. "my," in f. e. "the."  
2. "The senate sent above," in f. e. "The senate hath sent about."  
807.—1. "in state," in f. e. "at a table."  
2. "with the same," in f. e. "where the aim."  
3. "its," in f. e. "your."  
808.—1. "more evidence and overt test," in f. e. "more certain and more overt test."  
2. "had," in f. e. "have."  
3. "On," in f. e. "Upon."  
4. "say," in f. e. "lay."  
809.—1. "pierced," in f. e. "pierced."  
2. "a prosperous," in f. e. "a prosperous," and "a gracious."  
3. "the young affects of heat," in f. e. "heat, the young affects."  
4. "counsels," in f. e. "good sons."  
5. "When," in f. e. "For."  
810.—1. "supersupple," in f. e. "super-suble."  
2. "Florentine," in f. e. "Veronese."  
811.—1. "and several Islanders," not in f. e.  
2. "[*They kneel*]," not in f. e.  
3. "lust," in f. e. "leave" and "list."  
4. "helps," in f. e. "help'd."  
812.—1. "censurer?" in f. e. "counsellor?"  
2. "[*Talks apart*]," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "makes," in f. e. "make."  
813.—1. "brach," in f. e. "trash."  
2. "*attolde*," in f. e. "and *Attend*."  
3. "elves," in f. e. "lads."  
814.—1. "Englishman," in f. e. "English."  
815.—1. "them," in f. e. "men."  
2. "quell'd," in f. e. "collied."  
816.—1. "denotement," in f. e. "denotement."  
2. "Probable," in f. e. "Probal."  
3. "angily," not in f. e.  
4. "where," in f. e. "when."  
5. "to the," not in f. e.  
6. "speak," in f. e. "speak."  
7. "so," not in f. e.  
817.—1. "our," in f. e. "her" and "their."  
818.—1. "delations," in f. e. "denotements."  
2. "foully," in f. e. "strongly."  
819.—1. "suspicion," in f. e. "posidon."  
2. "[*Offers to bind his Head*]," not in f. e.  
3. "Naphin," in f. e. "Handkerchief."  
820.—1. "[*Delousing him*]," not in f. e.  
2. "it," in f. e. "them."  
821.—1. "knows," in f. e. "feels."  
2. "to," in f. e. "by."  
3. "sudden," in f. e. "sullen."  
4. "[*Offering it*]," not in f. e.  
822.—1. "And shift myself upon," in f. e. "And shut myself up in."  
2. "a," in f. e. "the."  
3. "convenient," in f. e. "continue."  
823.—1. "shuddering," in f. e. "shadowing."  
2. "unfitting," in f. e. "unsueting."  
824.—1. "eler me," in f. e. "Roman."  
825.—1. "knee," in f. e. "knees."  
2. "[*Kneel*]," not in f. e.  
3. "*Rise*," not in f. e.  
826.—1. "hand," in f. e. "time."  
2. "slowly moving," in f. e. "slow moving."  
3. "[*Knocking*]," not in f. e.  
4. "[*Rising*]," not in f. e.  
5. "misdeed," in f. e. "misuse."

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827.—1. "[*Music*]," in f. e. "[*Trumpets*]."  
2. "faith," in f. e. "father."  
828.—1. "Not," in f. e. "But."  
2. "In," in f. e. "I" and "Good."  
3. "In troth," in f. e. "I toth!"  
4. "by my troth."  
4. f. e. insert here, "[*Retires to a little distance*]."  
5. "[*Stands back*]," in f. e. "[*Cos to his stand*]."  
6. "[*Retiring*]," not in f. e.  
7. "*foresaid*," in f. e. "out" and "from his post."  
829.—1. "*starts forward*," in f. e. "*rushes from his post*."  
2. "unready," not in f. e.  
3. "cries out murder thus?" in f. e. "cries on murder!"  
4. f. e. add here, "O I O I O!"  
5. "[*Looking at Roderigo*]," not in f. e.  
830.—1. "[*Locking the Door after him*]," not in f. e.  
2. "the," in f. e. "thy."  
3. f. e. insert here, "[*He snatches her*]."  
4. "Des. O. Lord, Lord! *He snatches her*." This line is not in f. e.  
5. "[*Stabs her*]," not in f. e.  
831.—1. "[*Going to the bed*]," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Threatening her*]," not in f. e.  
3. "heaven," in f. e. "heavens."  
4. "Ground," in f. e. "Bed."  
5. "wind," in f. e. "north" and "air."  
6. "[*Draining*]," not in f. e.  
832.—1. "[*They hold him*]," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Stabs her*]," &c., not in f. e.  
3. f. e. insert here, "*The Moor runs at Iago and is held and disarmed by MONTANO; IAGO slabs EMILIA, then runs out*."  
4. "O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead? O I O!" in f. e. "O Desdemona dead, Desdemona O I O!"  
5. "Enter LOBONICO and CASSIO," in f. e. "Enter LOBONICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair, and officers with IAGO, prisoner*."  
6. "Enter MONTANO with IAGO bound and officers," not in f. e.  
7. "[*Showing it*]," not in f. e.  
8. "[*Producing it*]," not in f. e.  
833.—1. "them," in f. e. "him."  
2. "When," in f. e. "Where."  
3. f. e. insert here, "[*Falling upon DESDEMONA*]."  
4. "on the Bed," not in f. e.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

- 831.—1. "under Ventidius," in f. e. "in Ventidius' army."  
2. "in several Parts," in f. e. "dispersed in several Parts."  
833.—1. "doom," in f. e. "damn."  
2. "filly," in f. e. "fully."  
3. "most," not in f. e.  
4. "fruitful," in f. e. "fertile."  
835.—1. "repetition souring," in f. e. "revolution lowering."  
2. "would," in f. e. "could."  
3. "leave," in f. e. "love."  
837.—1. "like a fool, the way to lose him," in f. e. "like a fool: the way to lose him."  
2. "evidence," in f. e. "evidence."  
838.—1. "Our," in f. e. "One."  
2. "foils," in f. e. "soils."  
3. "Fall," in f. e. "Call."  
4. "fleets," in f. e. "ports."  
5. "lov'd," in f. e. "dear'd."  
839.—1. "arm-girt," in f. e. "arrogant" and "terragant."  
2. "boastfully," in f. e. "heastly."  
3. "warm," in f. e. "w'nd."  
4. "Lay," in f. e. "Tie."  
5. "flood," in f. e. "fiend."  
840.—1. "[*Shake hands*]," not in f. e.  
2. "No," in f. e. "As."  
841.—1. "you," in f. e. "your."  
2. "for," in f. e. "of."  
3. "My," in f. e. "By."  
4. "beats," in f. e. "heart."  
5. "[*ANT. takes it*]," not in f. e.  
6. "and," in f. e. "of."  
842.—1. "Snell," in f. e. "Swell."  
2. f. e. add, "and a *Soothsayer*."  
3. "with," in f. e. "any."  
4. "Enter a *Soothsayer*," not in f. e.  
5. "afraid," in f. e. "a Fear."  
843.—1. "Elys," in f. e. "Elys."  
2. "O I from Italy," in f. e. these words precede the direction "Enter," &c.  
3. "it," in f. e. "is."  
4. "*Kite*," in f. e. "*Dagger*."  
5. "Elys," not in f. e.  
844.—1. "[*Flourish*]," not in f. e.

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- 844.—2. "Targes," in f. e. "Air targes."  
3. "[*They take hands*," not in f. e.  
845.—1. "pyramids," in f. e. "pyramises."  
2. 3, 4. "[*Aside*]," not in f. e.  
5. "[*Wishes aside*]," in f. e. "[*Rises and walks aside*,"  
6. "then," in f. e. "there."  
846.—1. "Possess," in f. e. "Possess."  
2. "[*By the Bay*]," not in f. e.  
3. "The burden," not in f. e.  
4. f. e. add, "[*of Trumpets with Drums*,"  
5. "deeds," in f. e. "deed."  
6. "Gains," in f. e. "Grants."  
847.—1. "Kiss, the Messenger," in f. e. "a Messenger."  
2. "you," in f. e. "she."  
848.—1. "but look'd," in f. e. "not took't."  
2. "stay," in f. e. "stain."  
3. "die," in f. e. "lie."  
849.—1. "held," in f. e. "left."  
2. "On," in f. e. "On."  
3. "they," in f. e. "who."  
4. "wronged," in f. e. "wrong led."  
5. "his," in f. e. "their" and "them."  
850.—1. "[*Giving in*," not in f. e.  
2. "bug," in f. e. "nag."  
3. f. e. insert here, "[*Aside*,"  
851.—1. "By," in f. e. "A."  
2. "what," in f. e. "on what."  
852.—1. "mooted," in f. e. "mered."  
2. "qualities," in f. e. "quality."  
3. "measures," in f. e. "measures."  
4. "but," in f. e. "buds."  
5. "who is," not in f. e.  
6. "that in deputation," in f. e. "this in disputation."  
7. "[*Thyr. kisses*," &c., not in f. e.  
853.—1. "that," in f. e. "this."  
2. "[*Re-enter*," &c., in f. e. this line is put at the end of *Antony's* speech.  
3. "but," in f. e. "thou."  
4. "a," in f. e. "and."  
854.—1. f. e. insert here, "[*Aside*,"  
2. "who," in f. e. "whom."  
3. "Omnes," in f. e. "Soli."  
4. "[*Speaking together*," in f. e. "[*Several speaking together*,"  
5. "Omnes," in f. e. "Soli." [*Several speaking*,"  
6. "mine," in f. e. "thine."  
7. "Thus it must be," in f. e. these words form part of *Cleopatra's* speech.  
8. "hear," in f. e. "hear."  
9. "a-m-d Soldier," in f. e. "officer around."  
10. "Soli," in f. e. "1 Offr."  
855.—1. "Captains," in f. e. "Officers."  
2. "Capt," in f. e. "2 Offr."  
3. "[*Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS*," in f. e. "[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his train*,"  
4. "[*Shouts after off*," not in f. e.  
5. "guests," in f. e. "guests."  
856.—1. f. e. insert here, "[*To SCARUS*,"  
2. "[*Pointing to SCARUS*," not in f. e.  
3. "glowing," in f. e. "holy."  
4. "[*Lying down*," not in f. e.  
5. "fore sleep," in f. e. "for sleep."  
6. "Do early," in f. e. "Demurely."  
857.—1. "spell of Egypt," in f. e. "Demurely,"  
2. "doits," in f. e. "dolts."  
3. "under," in f. e. "into."  
4. "Cæsar's," in f. e. "Cæsar."

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- 857.—5. "me," not in f. e.  
6. "minded," in f. e. "mind."  
858.—1. "his face," not in f. e.  
2. "compos'd," in f. e. "dispos'd."  
3. 4. "[*Behov*," not in f. e.  
5. "Thou," in f. e. "The."  
859.—1. "condition," in f. e. "conclusion."  
2. "port," in f. e. "sport."  
3. f. e. insert here, "[*She faints*,"  
4. "that," not in f. e.  
5. "Split that self noble heart," in f. e. "Spilt the heart."  
6. "Weighed," in f. e. "Waged."  
7. "Have I followed thee to this?" in f. e. "I have followed thee to this."  
860.—1. "All," in f. e. "Agr. Mec."  
2. "dug," in f. e. "dug."  
3. 4. 5. f. e. insert here, "[*W'thin*,"  
6. "[*Disarms her*," in f. e. "[*Seizes and disarms her*,"  
7. "necessary," in f. e. "necessary."  
861.—1. "smites," in f. e. "shoots."  
2. "[*Showing a Paper*," not in f. e.  
3. "Ye," in f. e. "The."  
4. "mischance," in f. e. "my chance."  
862.—1. "And," in f. e. "Aye."  
2. "[*Flourish*," not in f. e.  
3. "spoken," in f. e. "spoke."  
4. "assur'd," in f. e. "absurd."  
5. "Re-enter," in f. e. "Enter."  
6. "adder worm," in f. e. "add worm."  
7. "mine," in f. e. "live."  
863.—1. "[*She applies the sop*," &c., in f. e. "[*To the As which she applies*," &c.  
2. "Why," in f. e. "What."  
3. "[*Falls, and dies*," in f. e. "[*Falls on a bed, and dies*,"  
4. "all his Train," in f. e. "Attendants."

## CYMBELINE.

- 864.—1. "of," in f. e. "behind."  
865.—1. "of's," in f. e. "of."  
2. "for," in f. e. "to."  
3. "Strange," in f. e. "That."  
866.—1. "a beggar would," &c., in f. e. "a beggar would," &c.  
867.—1. "approbations," in f. e. "approbation."  
2. "and her dolours, are wont wonderfully," &c., in f. e. "under her colors, are wonderfully," &c.  
3. "more," in f. e. "less."  
868.—1. "you'll," in f. e. "you."  
2. "afraid," in f. e. "a friend."  
3. "good your vantage," in f. e. "your voyage."  
4. "[*She talks apart*," not in f. e.  
5. f. e. insert here, "[*Aside*,"  
869.—1. "instruction," in f. e. "instructions."  
2. "the," in f. e. "a."  
3. "and presents it," not in f. e.  
4. "chancest," in f. e. "changest."  
5. "cope," in f. e. "crop."  
6. "O'er," in f. e. "Of."  
7. "th' unnumber'd," in f. e. "the number'd."  
8. "to," not in f. e.  
870.—1. "account beyond," in f. e. "account his beyond."  
2. "bo peeping," in f. e. "by peeping" and "lie peeping."

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- 870.—3. "pay," in f. e. "play."  
4. "contemn," in f. e. "condemn."  
871.—1. "ontstay'd," in f. e. "ontstood."  
2. "as from the Bowling-alley," not in f. e.  
3. "great," not in f. e.  
4. "HELEN," in f. e. "a Lady."  
5. "HELEN," in f. e. "a Lady."  
872.—1. "[*Kissing her*," not in f. e.  
2. "the," in f. e. "these."  
3. "[*Takes out his table*," not in f. e.  
4. "dare," in f. e. "have."  
5. f. e. add, "[*The scene closes*,"  
6. "fault," in f. e. "vice."  
7. "an," not in f. e.  
8. "[*Calks*," in f. e. "[*Knocks*,"  
9. "and makes," in f. e. "yea, and makes."  
874.—1. "had," in f. e. "have."  
2. "are," in f. e. "is."  
3. "most," not in f. e.  
4. "winged," in f. e. "winking."  
875.—1. "foaming," in f. e. "German."  
876.—1. "Clo," not in f. e.  
2. "Cym," not in f. e.  
3. "by half," in f. e. "behalf."  
877.—1. "lady," in f. e. "bride" and "babe."  
2. "vicer," in f. e. "figure."  
3. "[*Horns wind*," not in f. e.  
4. "[*Horn*," not in f. e.  
878.—1. "[*Pis. offers a Letter*," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Giving it*," not in f. e.  
3. "Who smoothes her with painting," in f. e. "Whose mother was her painting."  
4. "followers," in f. e. "followers."  
5. "crack mine eye-balls first," in f. e. "wake mine eye-balls blind first."  
879.—1. "And," not in f. e.  
2. "empty," not in f. e.  
3. "Privy, yet full," in f. e. "Pretty, and full."  
4. "carriage," in f. e. "courage."  
5. "rebuke," in f. e. "rebukes."  
880.—1. "thy," in f. e. "my."  
881.—1. "[*Seeing the Carr*," not in f. e.  
2. "[*Exit into the Carr*," in f. e. "[*She enters the Carr*,"  
3. "into the Carr," not in f. e.  
4. "commands," in f. e. "commands."  
882.—1. "perverse errant," in f. e. "imper-severant."  
2. "[*They stand back*," not in f. e.  
881.—1. "leafy," in f. e. "leaf off."  
2. "winter guard," in f. e. "winter-ground."  
3. "is," in f. e. "are."  
4. "and losses must," in f. e. "and girls all must."  
5. "[*They place him beside IMOGEN*," not in f. e.  
885.—1. "For lo!" in f. e. "For so."  
2. "thy," in f. e. "this."  
3. "are," in f. e. "are here."  
886.—1. "with," in f. e. "our."  
2. "You," in f. e. "Does."  
3. "had," in f. e. "heard."  
4. f. e. insert here, "[*Aside*,"  
887.—1. "later," in f. e. "later."  
2. "men," in f. e. "them."  
3. "[*Trumpets and Drums*," not in f. e.  
4. "Alas on both sides," not in f. e.  
5. "Abacans," not in f. e.  
6. "Brlon," in f. e. "British."  
888.—1. "Brlon," in f. e. "British."  
2. "we," in f. e. "us."  
889.—1. "[*Finding the Tablet*," not in f. e.







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Feb. 2009

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